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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL.

EDITED BY

JEROME K. JEROME.

VOLUME V.

LONDON:
W. A. DUNKERLEY, HOWARD HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, W.C.

1895.

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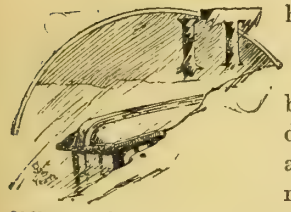
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 53. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MISSING PULLMAN CAR.

BY
W. L. ALDEN.



had been snowing at Jericho all night. The wind had gradually risen until it was blowing hard, and the soft, dry snow was drifting rapidly and heavily. Early in the morning I made my way with difficulty down to the railway-station. I found the station-master sitting by his big stove, smoking his after-breakfast pipe, and evidently extremely satisfied with the weather.

"There'll be no gettin' away from here for you to-day," said he, as I entered. "Everything's blocked. Number Seven is lying up at Spartanville, and Number Ten is doing the same at Athensville; and the snow is more than ten feet deep between the two. There's a regular blizzard in the air, unless I'm mistaken; and it may be a week before we can get the road in running order again."

I had heard so much of the eccentric ways of a Montana blizzard, that I was not sorry to have the opportunity of seeing one, especially as it was a matter of small consequence whether I got away from Jericho in a day or a week.

"Just you sit down here with me," said the station-master, "and we'll chin a while. A blizzard ain't of no sort of harm so long as you can stay indoor, and have got enough to eat, and drink, and smoke, and plenty of firewood. Now, if you was caught out in this storm, and couldn't get anywhere, you'd have reason to find fault with it; but when a blizzard gives you a holiday, as it's doing for me to-day, and can't get at you to make you uncomfortable, it's what I call a blessing in disguise."

"Isn't that a Pullman car standing out there on the side track?" I asked, trying to make out a shadowy object that occasionally glimmered through the storm in front of the station.

"You're right—it is," replied my friend. "That's the Pullman car 'Hawkeye,' and just the unluckiest car that was ever built. She came up on the 9.43 last night, and, having a hot box, the conductor was obliged to leave her."

"A hot box," I enquired—"what is that?"

"Well—a hot axle, perhaps you'd call it. The axle gets hot, and burns out the brass journal, and your car goes to everlasting smash. That's what a hot box does when you don't take care of it. Thishyer 'Hawkeye' is always heating up her boxes, and being side tracked. It's a part of her unluckiness and, as I told you before, she's the most unlucky car that ever left any shop."

"Tell me all about her," said I. "There isn't anything to do, and I know you don't mind talking. I've heard of such things as unlucky ships, but I never knew that luck troubled itself about Pullman cars."

"Well—to begin with, there's been a sight of people killed aboard that there car. There was fifteen that was smashed in a collision down by Denver, when she was running on the Pike's Peak road. Not a soul was hurt in any other car on that train. The accident happened where another road crossed the Pike's Peak track, and the train on this other road struck the Pike's Peak train just where thishyer 'Hawkeye' was, and naturally went through it.

"The company repaired her, and she got to running again, and killed two brakemen and a conductor, and then the Pike's Peak folks said they had had enough of her, and they got rid of her as soon as they could. That was when she came on our road, and she hadn't made her third trip on the Spartanville division before a man was killed aboard her for snoring. I don't say it didn't serve him right, but it was an unlucky thing for the company, for they had to pay his full value, and, besides, it gave the road a bad name.

"Thishyer man was one of those fellows that snores in a sort of miscellaneous way. Not a regular, straightfoward snore, you understand, but a snore that keeps doing unexpected and uncalled-for things, and that is full of chokings, and wheezings, and such. The car happened to be pretty full, and when this chap settled down to business there wasn't a man that could get a wink of sleep. The other passengers remonstrated with him, by heaving boots, and cussin' him; but it didn't do him no good. He'd stop for a few minutes, and,

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maybe, apologise a little; but just as soon as he dropped off to sleep he'd begin again, and seem to be trying to make up for lost time. The women and children were crying because they couldn't get the sleep that they'd paid the company for, and the men were gradually getting madder and madder. About two o'clock in the morning they came to the conclusion that something

THEY PUT IT OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH.

must be done, and they got the snoring man up out of his berth, and set him on the coal-box, with a miner a-setting opposite to him, and ready to job him in the ribs, or maybe the stomach, with the poker, in case he should drop off to sleep. This worked well; but the miner fell asleep himself, and then the fellow, not having the fear of the poker before his eyes, began to snore worse than ever. So about a dozen men turned out, and one of them, happening to have a Smith's Lung Plaster in his bag, he contributed it to the general fund, and the men put it over the snorer's nose and mouth, and held it there till it was good and dry. Then they tied him hand and foot, and chucked him into his bunk, and they all slept the sleep of the just till late the next morning.

"When they came to look after the man they found he was dead. The plaster had suffocated him, as any fool might have knowed it would, for when once you put one of them plasters on you, it's got to stay there unless you are willing to tear the skin off with it. Besides, this chap couldn't get his hands loose, to monkey with the plaster, even if he had been so disposed, so he just lay there and died, without making any disturbance. This was more than the passengers had bargained for, and when it turned out that the man was a leading citizen of Chicago, they didn't lose much time in leaving the train. The jury who assessed the damages against the railroad company made them pay forty-five thousand dollars to the heirs of the man, and, though some papers said that this was an exorbitant value to put on any Chicago man, the verdict was pretty generally popular, as anything that takes money out of a railroad company is sure to be.

"Then there was a shooting match on the 'Hawkeye,' a little later on, between the conductor and a man whom he tried to prevent from going to bed with his boots on, the day having been a particular muddy one; and as the conductor shot wild, he wounded two passengers before he was shot through the head. I seem to remember something about a nigger porter being hanged aboard that same car, but incidents of that kind are so frequent, that perhaps it isn't fair to throw it up against the 'Hawkeye.'

"But the most remarkable thing that ever happened to that car was her being lost one whole winter, and the company searching all over the whole United States for her. You'd think a big Pullman car wasn't an easy thing to mislay, but mislaid this car was, and no mistake.

"It was just about this time of year, two years ago. Perhaps you've heard of the great blizzard of 1890? No? Well, the news does seem pretty slow in getting round to England, as I've noticed more than once in my experience.

"About thirty miles from here is a side track, that runs to the southward, and then takes a bend, and comes into the main line again fifteen miles further on. It was made, in the first place, so as to reach some gravel pits, and as the gravel pits stretched along a good piece, and the track following them up, it was easier to connect the track with the main line up beyond Athensville than it was to bring the trains back over it every time. At the time I'm speaking about, the track wasn't used, the company having no call for gravel just then. One day, however, a wild cat, meeting the mail train close by the lower switch, opened it, and went on thishyer side track until the mail had passed."

"Wait a minute!" said I. "What in the world is a switch?"

"Oh!" replied the stationmaster, "I forgot you were an Englishman. You don't act as if you owned the whole earth; and you don't keep reminding everybody that ain't an Englishman that he's a poor miserable sinner, without no manners and no religion. So, you see, I find myself forgetting every now and then that you are English. Besides, you talk like a white man, and most Englishmen that pass through here don't seem to know how to speak the American language. Well, we can't all be free-born Americans. If we were, there wouldn't be no room for us to brag about being superior to all the combined nations of the earth. Such as you are, I've found you a square man, and I'll maintain that same against anybody that ventures to doubt it."

"Thanks, very much, for your good opinion," said I; but it doesn't exactly tell me what a switch is."

"I forgot where I was for a minute," said the stationmaster. "A switch is what Englishmen call 'points,' and a switchman is what you call a 'pointsman.' At least, so I've been informed. If I'm not correct, I shall be glad to be corrected."

I intimated that his explanation was entirely satisfactory, and he proceeded with his narrative—

"Now, whether it was because the blizzard had begun, and the brakeman who opened the switch was half-froze, or whether, the snow being middling deep, the switch didn't work easy, I can't say. What did happen was that the brakeman didn't close the switch after the wild cat had backed out on to the main track

again. There was no other train due to come along just there till the West-bound express that passes here at 4.13; and by the time she got up to the switch it was snowing so hard, and blowing so rampageous, that the engineer couldn't see the length of his cab ahead of him. The switch being open, the train naturally ran on to the side track, and kept right on, as if it knew it was in the right path, and was thinking no evil, as the good book says.

"The engineer afterwards said that he couldn't help wondering what had made the track so rough, all of a sudden, and several times he was astonished at finding his engine on a curve, when, according to his reckoning, there wasn't any curve at that part of the road. However, he reflected that no man could be expected to say just where he was while a blinding blizzard was blowing and his intellects was half froze, so he kept his train a-going as well as he could, she beginning to find the snow too much for her, and slowing down among the drifts in a way that showed that if the snow should get much deeper she would be blocked for good.

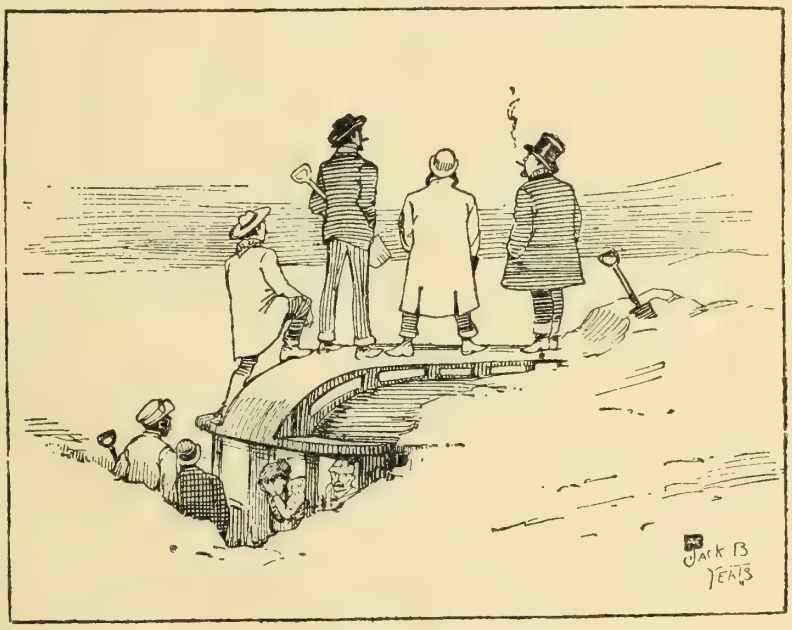
"The 'Hawkeye' was the last car of the train, which was just her luck. She was full, having thirty-three passengers besides the conductor and the nigger porter. The conductor I knew pretty well, and he wasn't a bad fellow for a Pullman conductor. You see, every Pullman car has its own conductor. He don't do no conducting; but he is put there by the Pullman Company to prevent the regular train conductor from stealing the Pullman fares. There's where the Pullman people are short-sighted, for, of course, the Pullman conductor has to divide with the train conductor, for no train conductor with any self-respect is going to stand by and see a Pullman man knock down fares on his train without he is going to have some benefit from it. The consequence is that the Pullman Company has to supply two conductors with extras, as you might say, instead of one, and it must cost them a good deal in the course of the year.

"But this hasn't anything to do with my story. The train kept on over the side track till she came to where it joined the main line again, a little west of Jerusalemville. The engineer caught a glimpse of a light glimmering ahead, and blew his whistle, and the switchman seeing that somebody was coming down the side track opening the switch, and the train went on to the main line and the conductor never knew where he had been until next spring.

"Now, when the train left Spartanville, the 'Hawkeye' was all right, but when she reached Jerusalemville, she was missing. The coupling had become uncoupled, and the car had been left behind on the track. That was what anybody could see, but the trouble was to know just where the accident had happened. From Spartanville to Jerusalemville is forty-three miles, and, when the conductor thought of the blizzard that was blowing he decided that he'd be—well! he said he wouldn't go back for that there car on that there night for nobody, and I don't blame him.

"But the next day everybody all along the line was notified that the 'Hawkeye' was missing, and asked if they knew anything about her. Not a station-master had seen hide or hair of her. So the Jerusalemville station-master fired up a locomotive that was kept at his place, there being a stiff grade just there, and trains frequently needing an extra engine to pull them up, and he sends it with a snow-plough down the road looking for the 'Hawkeye.' The locomotive took fourteen hours to get through to Spartanville, the snow had drifted so amazing deep; but nothing was seen of the missing car. It was clear that she wasn't anywhere on the main line between those two stations, and she wasn't anywhere beyond Spartanville, for the track was clear all the way from Spartanville to Milwaukee, and trains were running over it all the time.

"The General Superintendent came down here about the matter, and, after going over the road himself, he made up his own mind that the car had been stolen. Stealing freight cars is something that happens every day, but stealing a Pullman was something new in the stealing line. You see, it's easy enough to steal a freight car. You load one up in New York, for instance, and send it two or three thousand miles away. It passes over half a dozen different roads, and, when it is started back empty, with its destination chalked on to it, it is constantly getting left behind here and there, because it stands to reason that loaded cars must always have precedence over empty ones. By-and-bye the chalk marks get rubbed off, and the railroad men forget where the car ought to go, so she just lies on a siding month after month. If it so happens that the company owning the track where she lies is short of freight cars, nothing is easier than to give her a new coat of paint, and there she is, and her original owners can never identify her again. There ain't a road in the country that don't keep men constantly on the go, searching for lost freight cars. They generally find them after a while, for it's a mighty curious thing that when a freight car is lost she is generally sure to find her way either to Omaha, or Chattanooga, or Indianapolis, and if you search those three places for her you'll stand a middling good chance of finding her. No man can say why this is so. There was a college professor down here one time from Chicago, and I asked him about this. He said that missing cars went to those places because they were gregorious



ON THE SECOND MORNING THEY TUNNELLED OUT AGAIN.

That's a pretty big word, but I can't see as it makes the thing any plainer. What's your idea about it, may I ask?"

"I'll think about it while you tell me about the 'Hawkeye,'" I replied, evasively.

"I declare I'd pretty nigh forgot about her. Well! when the Superintendent had made up his mind that she was stole, he sent a man out to search for her. I didn't take any stock in his theory, for, granting that the Northern Pacific, for instance, wanted to steal a Pullman car, they wouldn't steal one choke-full of passengers, for what on earth could they do with them? Of course, the searcher never found that car, and the mystery preyed on the General Superintendent so heavy that he went to Canada with the Company's ready money a full year before he had intended to go, sacrificing in this way at least fifty thousand dollars that he might have taken with him. But he was a mighty proud man, and the fact that a car had been lost, and he couldn't explain how, hurt his pride.

HE FOUND IT MIDDLING EASY TRAVELLING ON THE ICE.

"What did become of that car? Well, I'm going to tell you in due time. Just you keep your collar on, and don't get excited. I never was one who could be hurried, and I'm too old to begin now.

"What had happened to the unfortunate 'Hawkeye" was this. She had become uncoupled in the middle of a deep cut that the side track ran through about ten miles this side of Jerusalemville. It was snowing and drifting something awful just at that time, and everybody aboard the car was asleep. When they woke up the next morning the car was snowed under, and, if you'd been outside, and looking for her, you couldn't have seen a thing except a monstrous big drift that filled the whole cutting.

"The passengers waited till pretty near noon for the train to start, and then, the firewood running low, and there being nothing more to eat aboard the car, some of them tunnelled out through the snow, and saw what was the matter.

"They weren't much frightened at first, so the nigger porter said, for they thought they could walk to some settlement as soon as the blizzard stopped. But the blizzard didn't stop all that day, and the next night, and when, on the second morning, they tunnelled out again, they found that they might as well try to walk through a quicksand as through that snow. Half-a-dozen men tried it, and only two of them came back again, the others sinking in the snow, and, when they became exhausted, stopping here for good. By this time the passengers were starving and freezing, for there was no more coal left, and nothing whatsoever to burn."

The station-master paused in his narrative and smoked thoughtfully. "What finally became of the passengers?" I asked, after leaving him for a short time to his meditations.

"Well! after they had stayed in the car and froze and starved till they must have been mighty weak, they made another attempt to break out. This time the whole lot of them started together; but they never got nowhere, barring the nigger porter, who, being the most worthless of the lot, naturally had the best luck. They all sank down, one by one, and went to sleep, and that was the end of them—that is, till the wolves and the coyotes found them, a little later on. The nigger porter, however, kept up till he struck a frozen river, about ten miles south of the cutting, and then he found it middling easy travelling on the ice. He managed to get down to Carthageopolis, where he was found, and put in a hospital, he having, by this time, lost his wits, and being pretty sick. He laid in that hospital till spring, and, before he got back to the road, and told the story about the 'Hawkeye,' the snow had thawed, and the company had found her.

"You can look at her, setting out there on the track as innocent, so far as appearance goes, as any car that ever ran. But I wouldn't travel in that car not for no money. If the company knew its business, they'd either sell her, or they'd take and make her into kindling wood. You mark my words. She hasn't got through yet, and, before she comes to her end, she'll do something that will cost the company ten times her value, and fill a whole cemetery full of graves.

A WILY PROPHET.

In the days when Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one-legged man near Dulwich. This man, now strong in faith, conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might effect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident. So a month later he presented himself, weary and travel-stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon Church, and told his desires. Strange as it may seem, the prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg; but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears, and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.—(*The Chat Book.*)

A BREAKING OF BONDS.

BY

HILDA JOHNSON.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

It was growing dark.

Cicely sat in the window-seat, her small brown capable hands tightly clasped in her lap. She was looking down at them. The needlework, with which she had been busy, when Manning came in, was lying in a tidy heap at the top of her work-basket.

Outside a little dry, fine snow was falling. It lightly powdered the ground, and the buildings, and made apparent high-lights on the delicate branches of the skeleton trees. The sun had hardly disappeared behind the little pond across the street. The boys and girls who darted across its frozen surface seemed to be skating on burnished copper, and their skates flashed as they moved. The exhilaration of the keen air, and of the vigorous exercise, was expressed in every turn of the dark young figures, and in every tone of the loud young voices.

Inside, an occasional flash of firelight showed up the faces of the room's two occupants in exaggerated whiteness, and then died out, leaving darkness and silence.

Without, the immortal Comedy of Youth and Hope; within, the immortal Tragedy of Love and Pain were being played out.

SHE HELD OUT THE RING.

Manning sat on the piano-stool, a frown on his handsome face. He stared fixedly at Cicely's bowed head, but when she raised it he averted his eyes.

The smooth darkness of her hair, the seriousness of her face, the repose of her manner—all irritated him. He remembered that the little actress, whom he had seen in light comedy the night before, had a merry, changeful face, a mass of fair curls, and a saucy manner. The recollection pleased. He forgot that when he had first known Cicely it had seemed to him that to be with her was like passing from the glare and heat and tumult of a crowded room into a clear cool stillness of the night.

After a time the silence became unbearable to him. He broke it.

"You must know, Cicely," he said, with the petulance of one who is trying to convince himself that he wishes his argument to convince another, "you must know that you are utterly unreasonable."

Cicely shook her head.

"If it were anyone else!" he went on—"I suppose there are plenty of girls who would do it. But you—my ideal of steadiness and stability, and all that sort of thing—that you should say 'I will' in one breath, and 'I won't' in the next—well, it destroys my faith in everything and everybody—that's all! And then, to cap all, you will give no reason for calmly breaking off our engagement."

Cicely sighed.

"Arthur, she said gently, "it's been a mistake. Can't you *see* it's been a mistake?"

"No," said Manning, doggedly, "I can't."

She took no notice of the interruption, but went on with steadiness—

"I have seen that this must come. Don't make it any harder than it need be, Arthur."

He rose, and walked over to her, leaning against the woodwork by the side of the window.

"You've got some crochet in your head," he said, with no great gentleness, "and like all you amiable, tractable people, when you *do* get your face turned one way, wild horses won't drag you round. But I wish I knew what mad fancy possesses you."

"No mad fancy at all, but a sober common-sense," she said, in the low, level tones, that had once been so soothing, and now jarred so much. "Indeed, indeed, you will think with me, in a month—a week—less than that. And you know"—with a faint little smile—"you think a lot of my judgment."

Manning made an impatient gesture. His hand struck the work-basket on the little table, and sent its contents flying to the floor. Cicely knelt, and began, in her methodical way, to wind the spools, and to gather up the rest of her work-things. Manning did not attempt to help her, but stood watching her, gloomily. His irritation increased with every turn of her wrist, with every pose of her head. At last he walked to the

fireplace, and began to poke the fire with unnecessary energy.

When he turned, Cicely was standing at his elbow. She held out the ring.

"Take it, Arthur," she said, and for the first time the voice trembled. He took it, and, with a womanish petulance, threw it into the fire. It fell into one bright spot of glowing heat, and lay there. Cicely did not try to recover it. An expression of pain and dejection passed across her face, and her slight figure dropped.

Something in her attitude fanned the little dying flame of tenderness in Manning's heart. He drew her to him. She remained passively in his arms, for a moment, her small, dark, sleek head resting against his tweed-covered shoulder. Then she disengaged herself, and moved away. She tried to say something, but the words died in her throat. She swallowed the lump there, and spoke, as Manning thought, with an utter absence of feeling.

"Please go."

The feeble flame of tenderness died out, and his heart grew cold. Without speaking, he went out of the room.

Cicely heard him take his coat from the rack. A knob at the end of one of the pegs was loose, and fell, with a rattle, into the umbrella-stand. She thought, with a pang, of how she had teased him for his forgetfulness in always hanging his coat upon that particular shaky peg. She remembered that this was the only time he had put on his coat in the hall, alone, since—— She felt an absurd touch of pity for his loneliness. She heard the front door close. He had gone. No. He was stopping, outside. Would he come back? Her heart stood still at the thought of a renewal of the struggle, but Manning was only lighting his cigar.

That he should think of the simple little act of self-gratification, at this time, cut her, like a knife. She was spared the knowledge that he was whistling before he had gone half-a-mile. His firm step sounded on the frozen footpath, and he was gone.

Cicely crept across the room, like a blind woman, and looked out. It was night. The children had gone home. A thin shred of a moon had risen, and the stars were shining.

She pressed her hot forehead against the icy pane and was still. She was thinking it over—this thing that had happened five minutes, or a month, or a thousand years ago.

Then she pulled down the blind, and lit the lamp. Her mouth was tight at the corners, but her eyes were tearless. She sat down near the table, and began to sew. Everything was over, and done with—five minutes, or a month, or a thousand years ago—but there was the sewing. The end of the world had come—but she went on with her sewing.

THE LOVE UNKNOWN.

Sweetheart, you have not known me,—
If I be great or wise;
Yet somewhere you shall own me
Beneath God's splendid skies;
Though now life's broken chalice
No earthly sweets contain,
Some day, at Love's own palace,
Your arms shall take me in!

Some day a rose shall blossom,
White in the thorny ways,
And on the dark night's bosom
Will fall the morning's rays;
Some day, when I am lying
Pale from the storm and strife,
Your lips shall seek me, dying,
And kiss me back to life!

Then will the bird-songs, ringing,
Fall soft on fields of bloom;
Then will the streams flow singing
Through groves of rich perfume!
Then shall the world benighted,
The rarest splendour win,
And at Love's palace lighted
Your arms shall take me in!

Frank L. Stanton.

A CHAT WITH MR. FRANK RICHARDS.

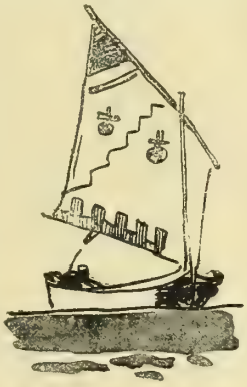
Although it might be too much to affirm that every one-man show at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries has been epoch-making, still so many reputations have been made or strengthened in those rooms, that, hearing a very promising young artist, Mr. Frank Richards, was about to fill a gallery there with "colour and character sketches," I called at his studio near Addison Road Station to find him in the midst of a medley of pictures framed and unfinished just being sorted for the coming show.

"You are a Birmingham man, I know," I began. "Did you study in the schools there?"

"Yes," he replied, "for five years. Afterwards I went to Italy, then worked at Newlyn for another five years, and have since revisited Italy with my friend Dudley Hardy, where we both did much sketching, and had one sensational adventure which fortunately is not always in the programme of an artist's tour."

"You shall tell me more about that, if you will, presently," I said. "First, what is your show to consist of?"

"All sorts," he replied. "Oils and water-colours—figure-pieces, portraits, and landscapes. My big thing is a nine-footer—a Hamlet. I only hope the fog will hold off, and permit me to finish it in time." As he spoke he wheeled a huge easel to the light, and I saw a really powerful work—tragic in composition, and sombre in colour—of which he was good enough to give me a "black and white," to be reproduced herewith. "Is it a portrait?"



"As a matter of fact it is, of a very clever young actor who has played the part; but that is not its main purpose. I have not gone in for the likeness of an actor, but to represent the ideal Hamlet. Here are some portraits of To-Day men—Dudley Hardy and Douglas Sladen.

This information was superfluous as the likenesses were of the sort called "speaking."

"Here is a sketch of Zangwill—too unfinished to show, I think."

"Who is that?" (as I pointed to a charming water-colour portrait).

"Why, Garnier," Mr. Richards replied.

"What, the monkey-linguist! Why didn't you paint him in his cage?"

Mr. Richards smiled as if he had good reasons for his abstention, and, turning to a big landscape with a charming girl's figure in the foreground, said, "That is a picture I hope will be popular—'The Way through the Orchard.'" The blossoms were carefully studied.

"Did you paint this at Newlyn?"

"Yes, the greater part of it. My pictures, however, are not many of them of subjects in the neighbourhood of Penzance—about half-a-dozen at most. I have five rather important canvases done at Newlyn now in the big Cornish Painters' Exhibition at Nottingham."

Then Mr. Richards showed me a mass of interesting work—charming pastorals with sheep, and quiet sky effects; brilliant impressions of Venice and Chioggia; clever character studies of peasants and fisherfolk. Indeed, it was hard to realise that one young artist had done so much varied work.

"You must be a rapid worker?"

"In a way, yes! but I take a long time over some things. Still I keep at it from dawn to dusk very often."

"Have you done much black and white," I asked.

"A fair amount," he replied. "I have a big commission now to illustrate a somewhat important classic, but I must get my show off my hands before I attack it."

"Which of all these various subjects do you like best?" I enquired.

"Portraits! most decidedly," said Mr. Richards, without a moment's hesitation, "I hope to paint many celebrities. Any strongly-marked individuality attracts me, especially in a man who has done something in the world. I should like to paint———," but perhaps it would be unfair to repeat the list of selected men of the time, Mr. Richards wishes to immortalise. They were a very catholic party.

"They would be an epoch-making group," I said laughingly, and added, "What was the adventure you spoke of just now?"

"I do not know that it is much to put in words," he rejoined, "but it was nasty while it lasted. One afternoon last autumn, when Dudley Hardy

and myself were sketching in a rude out-of-the-way Italian village on a mountain slope about forty miles from any decent town, we were very much interrupted and pestered in our work by two beggars—uncomely bipeds—whose aspect suggested brigands. As the day grew older, and they renewed their solicitations, discretion bade us pack up our sketching trap, and retrace our steps to a bit of a village some seven miles distant. But the couple, still begging, and emboldened by the fading light, followed close at our heels. Utter strangers to the district, and almost unfamiliar with the language, we pressed quickly on; they followed, we broke into a trot, so did our pursuers, when suddenly without warning another loafer, brigand, or whatever you like to call him, crossed our path, and flourished his cloak full into Hardy's face, at the same time giving a low shriek. Then Dudley without hesitation gave him 'one' full in the face, bowling him over like a ninepin, where he lay spluttering, swearing, and probably with a new impression of an English painter's 'handling.' The other cowards took to their heels, leaving their confederate to look after himself."

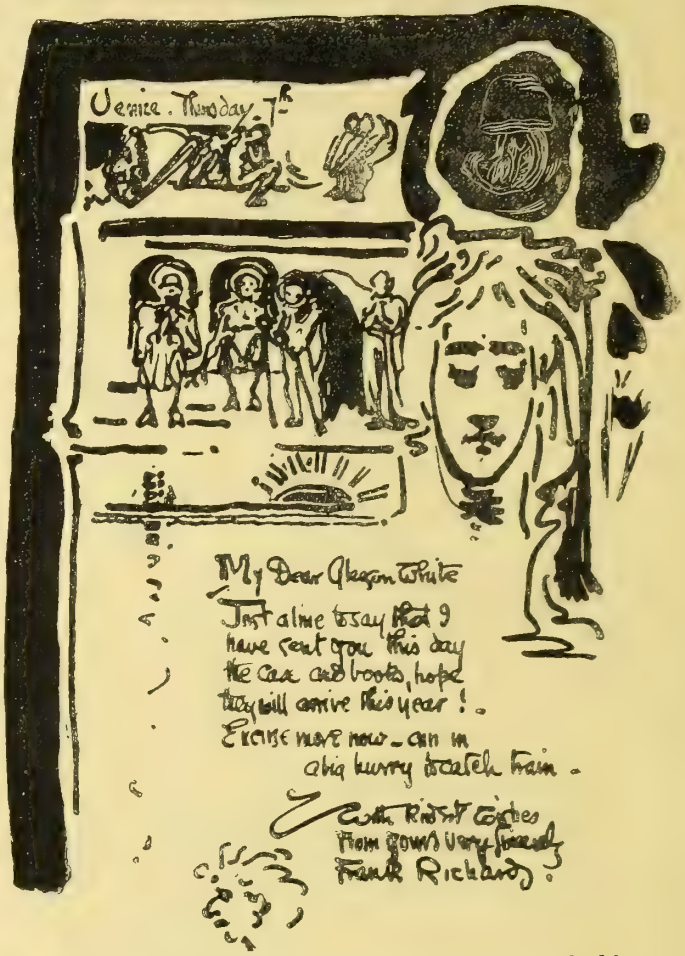
"That was not a very pleasant incident," I said, "although it shows Mr. Hardy to be as dexterous with his fist as his brush."

"I had met with something of the sort in Southern Italy years before," Mr. Richards added; "it shows that on a sketching expedition into wild districts it is as well to go in pairs, and to be prepared for squalls."

"Is that one of Mr. Fred Hall's perversions?" I asked pointing to a caricature of Mr. Richards on the wall.

"Yes," he replied, "Hall did several for me at Newlyn. Perhaps you noticed in the *Sketch* lately a sketch of English knickerbockers astonishing Venetians; that was one Dudley Hardy did of me then, when the costume that seems so natural to us drew more attention that was pleasant."

As I left, I felt that gifted with youth, energy, and talent, Mr. Richards is likely to leave a brilliant record on the pages of English Art, especially as he does not lack the British pluck which tackles big subjects, such as the Hamlet he then returned to work upon as I left.



Not the least characteristic of Mr. Richards is his private correspondence, decorated as it is with wonderful sketches. I bore off one as a sample—which would be a unique document on any breakfast-table, however motley the rest of the letters. The seal he affixes is also to be found impressed on many of his sketches—sometimes on the mounts, sometimes on the frames.

The sketch of Mr. Richards by Mr. Phil May, reproduced here, is as like the sitter as a pen drawing can well be, and like most of the interchange of amities among fellow-artists, has peculiar charm in itself. No one knows better than Mr. Richards that work done for love as a present often represents the artist at his easiest and therefore his best moments.

FOR MANY MINDS.

It is not given to any man to gauge the scope of his own work. The future escapes even the penetrating gaze of genius.

God, it is said, fashioned man out of clay, and man has always borne traces, more or less, of his muddy origin.

We receive three educations—from our parents, our schoolmasters, and the world. What we learn in the last overturns all the ideas acquired from the two first.

The heaviest taxes are not those imposed upon us by the State, but those we pay to our own foolishness.

Civilisation develops our needs much more than the means of satisfying them.

Children are like the common people: they do not require to understand completely in order to be deeply moved.

It is not enough to be a great man; he must appear at the right moment.

Every age has its formulæ, its pass-words, and its Open Sesames, which dispense with intelligence, talent, and virtue.

All stimulants are abused, but they are quite as necessary in morals as in medicine.

Those who love either doubt nothing or everything.

Men are like wine, only the good sorts become better as they grow old.

War is a part of the divine order of things. Without it the world would fall into decay or become lost in materialism.

We traverse the great ocean of life in many courses. Reason serves us as compass, but passion is most often the wind.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

One o' them show'ry dyes lawst week. Satterdy it were, nar I come to think abart it. I 'appened ter be walkin' acrorst the Pawk along of 'Ankin. When we was in the middle it come on to rine. "Look 'ere," says 'Ankin, "I'm gettin' bloomin' wet through." "So am I," says I. "Cawn't we stand under somewheer?" says 'e; let's git hunder a tree." "Why, yer silly infunt," I says, "the trees is all gone bald along of its bein' hautumn. Yer might as well stand under a bloomin' toastrack." 'E mide a remawk abart them trees as I 'ont repeat. "No," I says, "it ain't the fault o' the trees, it's the fault o' the bloomin' Carnty Carncil." So it is. Whart we warnt is shelters from the rine, free ter the public, put up in the pawks. When you're in the middle of 'Yde Pawk, and it comes on to rine shawp, you're wet through afore yer can git to the Awch. Then yer mye ketch yer death of cold, as I dessay me and 'Ankin might 'ave done larst Saterday, if it 'adn't bin fur a drop o' rum took prompt and joodishus. It's a curis thing, but yer 'awdly ever finds tew men as agrees abart the best wye of curin' a cold. Why, I knowed a pore young man—a promisin' young man 'e was too, and a sort o' step-cousin o' mine, if yer can yoose the word, an' this young man got settin' in a drauft one dye, an' the drauft went ter is chist. When eny one told 'im whort 'e ought ter tike fur that korf, 'e didn't argy at all, 'e jest went an' took it. 'Undreds of things 'e must 'ave took. It mye 'ave bin the korf as did it in the end, or it mye not. Any'ow 'e's in Kensal Green now, and a lessing aginst mixin' your liquars to my mind.

* * * *

'Ankin's 'ot against the fifth o' November, sayin' as 'e wishes the 'Ouse o' Commings 'ad bin blowed up an' never come darn agin. 'E says the presint condishun of porlitics fills 'im with despeer, and a 'Ouse of Commings with a 'Ouse o' Lords sittin' on its 'ead, as yer might say, ain't no more yoose nor a dead dorg. I didn't celebrite the fifth o' November any wye particler myself, but when I were a boy I thought a deal of it. Me and some other boys used to git fireworks, crackers, an' sich, an' mike arselves as beastly a noosance ter the nybrood as any man need wish fur ter see. It's the sime thing with Valentine's dye. Nar I don't regawd it at all. I never sends one, and I never gets one. But when I were a boy I'd send a insultin' valentine ter anyone as I wasn't on terms with, an' I've give as much as a bob fur subthing tisety when I were courtin'. As 'Ankin remarked once, bein' a quotishun from a poick, the light of other dyes is fided, an' all their glory's done a bilk. As I says, 'Ankin 'ot aginst the fifth, but 'e's a deal 'otter aginst the Lord Meer's Show, which 'e says is a inferior success an' a gen'ral noosance. 'E's pretty 'ot aginst everythink is 'Ankin.

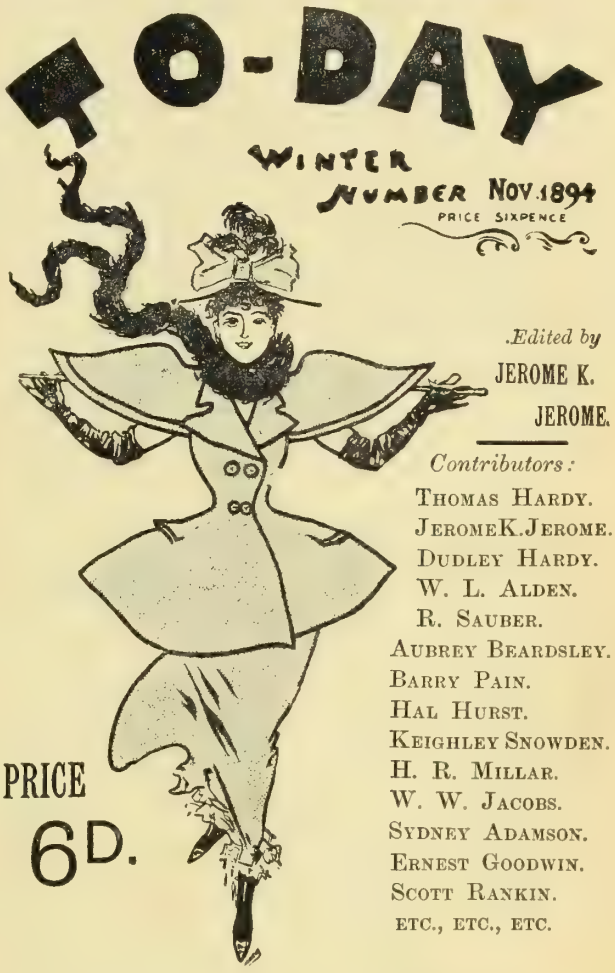
* * * *

'Arrever, I kin well remember when I lost my hinterest in the fifth o' November. I was art with another boy. 'E'd gort a lantun with 'im, whort 'e were lightin' 'is squibs an' crackers from. So I says, "Give us a light, Bill," my meanin' bein' ter light a cracker from 'is lantun, blow out the lantun, then bolt, and when he comed awter me ter let 'im 'ave the lighted cracker in 'is fice. Well, I got my light, blowed art 'is lantun, and horf I cut. 'Arrever, I were surprised to find 'e didn't come arter me. As I were stannin', thinkin' abart it, hall of a sudden there was a whizz and a bang, an' the pocket of my jackit blowed up. Yer see, while I was lightin' from 'is lantun 'e'd bin droppin' of a lighted cracker inter the pockut where I kep' my fireworks. No, I weren't 'urt—nort so much as my jackit were. I went 'orf 'ome awter that, an' then I got the strap fur bein' keerless with my clothes. It took me a week to find that boy arterwards; 'e kep' art of my wye, 'earin' as I were angry. I gort 'im at lawst, an' pretty well bust 'is crust fur 'im. But awter that I sorter lost my hinterest in Guy Fawkes dye.

READY NOVEMBER 17th.

A SHILLING CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR SIXPENCE.

TWO COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS.



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ERNEST GOODWIN.
SCOTT RANKIN.
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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"The Man who did not believe in Luck."

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"THE FALL—ITS MANAGEMENT IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH."

By BARRY PAIN.

"SLAMMOCKY SAM."

By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

"BROWN'S WIDOWS."

By W. L. ALDEN.

"AN ELABORATE ELOPEMENT."

By W. W. JACOBS.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

60 ILLUSTRATIONS, some in Colours,

BY

R. SAUBER: H. R. MILLAR.
AUBREY BEARDSLEY. S. ADAMSON.
DUDLEY HARDY. E. GOODWIN.
HAL HURST. SCOTT RANKIN.

Etc., Etc.

TWO COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS.

SOME MEDICAL STORIES.

"ROUND THE RED LAMP." BY A. CONAN DOYLE. 1 VOL., 6S. METHUEN AND CO.

"IF you deal with life at all," says the author in his preface, "and if you are anxious to make your doctors something more than marionettes it is quite essential that you should paint the darker side, since it is that which is principally presented to the surgeon or the physician. . . . . One cannot write of medical life and be merry over it."

Of the fifteen stories about which the reader has thus been put on his guard, as it were, none is more audacious than "The Third Generation." This is, perhaps, the most painfully powerful short story ever written. Hardly another author would have dared to grapple with the theme, but Dr. Doyle's skill has enabled him to handle even so delicate a matter with perfect cleanness, and the terrible truth and sincerity of the sketch removes every suggestion of offence.

As an example of the incisive force employed by Dr. Doyle in this strange collection, take the following scene. Sir Francis Norton has come to consult a specialist, Dr. Horace Selby, on the eve of his wedding.

> Twice the young man parted his lips. Then he stooped with a sudden gesture, and, turning up the right leg of his trousers, he pulled down his sock and thrust forward his shin. The doctor made a clicking noise with his tongue as he glanced at it.
>
> "Both legs?"
>
> "No; only one."
>
> "Suddenly?"
>
> "This morning."
>
> "Hum!" The doctor pouted his lips, and drew his finger and thumb down the line of his chin. "Can you account for it?" he said, briskly.
>
> "No."
>
> A trace of sternness came into the large brown eyes.
>
> "I need not point out to you that unless the most absolute frankness——"
>
> The patient sprang from his chair.
>
> "So help me God, doctor," he cried, "I have nothing in my life with which to reproach myself. Do you think that I would be such a fool as to come here and tell you lies. Once for all, I have nothing to regret."
>
> He was a pitiful, half-tragic, and half-grotesque figure as he stood with one trouser leg rolled to his knee, and that ever-present horror still lurking in his eyes. A burst of merriment came from the card players in the next room, and the two looked at each other in silence.
>
> "Sit down," said the doctor, abruptly. "Your assurance is quite sufficient." He stooped and ran his fingers down the line of the young man's skin, raising it at one point. "Hum! Serpiginous!" he murmured, shaking his head; "any other symptoms?"
>
> "My eyes have been a little weak."
>
> "Let me see your teeth!" He glanced at them, and again made the gentle clicking sound of sympathy and disapprobation.
>
> * * * * *
>
> "My dear sir, there is no occasion for us to go into strictly professional details together," said he, soothingly. "If, for example, I were to say that you have interstitial peratitis, how would you be the wiser? There are indications of a strumous diathesis. In broad terms, I may say that you have a constitutional and hereditary taint."
>
> The young baronet sank back into his chair, and his chin fell forward upon his chest. The doctor sprang to a side table, and poured out a half-glass of liqueur brandy, which he held to his patient's lips. A little fleck of colour came into his cheeks as he drank it down.
>
> "Perhaps I spoke a little abruptly," said the doctor. "But you must have known the nature of your complaint; why, otherwise, should you have come to me?"
>
> "God help me! I suspected it—but only to-day when my leg grew bad. My father had a leg like this."
>
> "It was from him, then?"
>
> "No, from my grandfather. You may have heard of Sir Rupert Norton, the great Corinthian."
>
> The doctor was a man of wide reading, with a retentive memory. The name brought back to him instantly the remembrance of the sinister reputation of its owner—a notorious buck of the thirties, who had gambled, and duelled, and steeped himself in drink and debauchery until even the vile set with whom he consorted had shrunk away from him in horror, and left him to a sinister old age, with the barmaid wife whom, in some drunken frolic, he had espoused. As he looked at the young man still leaning back in the leather chair, there seemed for the instant to flicker up behind him some vague presentiment of that foul old dandy with his dangling seals, many-wreathed scarf, and dark, satyric face. What was he now? An armful of bones in a mouldy box. But his deeds—they were living, and rotting the blood in the veins of an innocent man.
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Do you think—do you think the poison has spent itself on me? Do you think if I had children that they would suffer?"
>
> "I can only give one answer to that. 'The third and fourth generation,' says the trite old text. You may in time eliminate it from your system, but many years must pass before you can think of marriage."
>
> "I am to be married on Tuesday," whispered the patient.
>
> It was Dr. Horace Selby's turn to be thrilled with horror. There were not many situations which would yield such a sensation to his well-seasoned nerves. He sat in silence while the babble of the card-table broke in again upon them.
>
> "We had a double ruff if you had returned a heart."
>
> "I was bound to clear the trumps."
>
> They were hot and angry about it.
>
> "How could you?" cried the doctor severely. "It was criminal."
>
> "You forget that I have only learned how I stand to-day." He put his two hands to his temples and pressed them convulsively. "You are a man of the world, Doctor Selby. You have seen or heard of such things before. Give me some advice. I'm in your hands. It is all very sudden and horrible, and I don't think I'm strong enough to bear it."
>
> The doctor's heavy brows thickened into two straight lines, and he bit his nails in perplexity.
>
> "The marriage must not take place."
>
> "Then what am I to do?"
>
> "At all costs it must not take place."
>
> "And I must give her up!"
>
> "There can be no question about that."
>
> The young man took out a pocket-book and drew from it a small photograph, holding it out towards the doctor. The firm face softened as he looked at it.
>
> "It is very hard on you, no doubt. I can appreciate it more now that I have seen that. But there is no alternative at all. You must give up all thought of it."
>
> "But this is madness, doctor—madness I tell you. No, I won't raise my voice! I forgot myself! But realise it, man! I am to be married on Tuesday—this coming Tuesday, you know. And all the world knows it. How can I put such a public affront on her? It would be monstrous."
>
> "None the less it must be done. My dear sir, there is no way out of it."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Now, good-bye, and thank you a thousand times for your sympathy and advice."
>
> "Why, dear me, you haven't even got your prescription yet. This is the mixture, and I should recommend one of these powders every morning, and the chemist will put all directions upon the ointment-box. You are placed in a cruel situation, but I trust that these may be but passing clouds. When may I hope to hear from you again?"
>
> "To-morrow morning."
>
> "Very good. How the rain is splashing in the street! You have your waterproof there. You will need it. Good-bye, then, until to-morrow."
>
> He opened the door. A gust of cold, damp air swept into the hall. And yet the doctor stood for a minute or more watching the lonely figure which passed slowly through the yellow splotches of the gas-lamps, and into the broad bars of darkness between. It was but his own shadow which trailed up the wall as he passed the lights, and yet it looked to the doctor's eye as though some huge and sombre figure walked by a mannikin's side, and led him silently up the lonely street.

No one but a fool would think of calling this indecent or even indelicate. One might as well talk of the indelicacy of the dissecting room. But it is horrible; and whether it comes within the legitimate province of Art thus to travel outside the region of emotions and probe into the gloomy depths of the swamp thatforms the subsoil of human nature, is a question upon which there is sure to be much argument.

"The Curse of Eve" is a similarly painful study of a woman in child-birth; and "A Medical Document" is a collection of gruesome anecdotes of medical life. Lighter touches are not wanting in the collection; "Sweethearts" is a piece of pretty sentiment, and "The Los Amigos Fiasco" is out-and-out burlesque. But whatever the subject, each one is in its own way excellent, and above all individual. Many will already have read some of the stories in the pages of the *Idler*, but others have never appeared in serial form, and their collection and publication in book form marks an epoch in the onward march of English literature.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I THINK it was Mr. Bret Harte, when he was in the shop the other day, who told me that Bill Nye, whose uncommonly entertaining and uncommonly shrewd "History of the United States" has just been issued in this country by Chatto and Windus, has such a characteristic address, E. W. Nye, Arden, Buncombe County, North Carolina. Buncombe got its unenviable connotation from a member it once sent up to the North Carolina Legislature, who talked out time on the Buncombe County question.

* * * *

I booked a great many orders in advance for Mr. Bret Harte's "The Bell-Ringer of Angels," and other stories. Among the other stories is "Johnny Boy," one of the many *bonnes bouches* which the *Idler* has given to the public, at an expense which would frighten most English magazines. I remember, while that delightful story, "The Bell-Ringer of Angels," was running in To-Day, someone—I think it was Mr. A. P. Watt, the great literary agent, telling me that Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has read every line that Bret Harte ever wrote—and that, not only for the subject-matter, but with an artist's delight in studying the style—liked the "Bell-Ringer" almost as well as anything Bret Harte has written.

* * * *

I see that Mr. S. T. Pickard's "Life and Letters of Whittier" will include the correspondence with John Bright. Everyone knows that John Bright often quoted Whittier's poetry, but everyone does not know how indignant Whittier was when the Irish wire pullers in the United States prevented any great exhibition of America's sympathy on the occasion of John Bright's death. Whittier raised his voice almost for the last time in fiery denunciation of the treatment accorded to the man whom he pronounced the greatest friend the Union ever had outside of America. I was over in America just afterwards, and had the honour of meeting Mr. Whittier. He spoke with great warmth on the subject, and mentioned how completely out of sympathy with the Irish he had latterly become. He told me with his own lips that he considered England the only country under the sun in which the consideration of their duty to mankind counted for anything with the Government.

* * * *

I am still doing excellently, both in my library and sales, with Mr. William Le Queux's "Great War of 1897." Its popularity began with the admiration of adults for the daring, the ingenuity, the mastery of military and naval details displayed in its conception and execution. Then a new public, the most desirable in the world from the point of view of the publisher, seized upon it—the schoolboy public. I know a *blasé* schoolboy of twelve, who turns over the boys' books of adventure on my counter with a callousness akin to contempt; but he has read "The Great War" six times through.

* * * *

Mr. T. Banks Machachlan, the editor of the *Weekly Scotsman*, came into my shop not long ago—a clean shaven man of middle height, with a face full of capacity. I was particularly glad to meet him, because my customers have been so interested in his capital Press-experience novel, "William Blacklock, Journalist." While it has a charming literary style and a very distinct, sad story, it is so obviously the work of a man who has been through every stage of journalism from the reporter's table to the editor's chair, and not of the many spoilt children of literature who draw large incomes from journalism, without knowing a single reporter by sight, owing to their reputation as writers of books. I wished to ask him how far he had drawn his scenes and characters from the office of the *Scotsman*. He told me that they were, of course, very much altered, but that all the details, which came from real life, came from that great paper.

* * * *

I am always glad when Lady Colin Campbell pays me a visit. It is such a pleasure to see a well-dressed woman in a shop situated only in the beaten track of men. She showed me a dummy copy of her new paper —*The Realm*. It will be a kind of cross between the *Spectator* and the *World*, the same shape as the *Spectator*, but in larger and more attractive print. The fore part of the paper, with its half-dozen leading articles and four or five "middles," will be *à la Spectator*. The after part will have all manner of gossipy, up-to-date, miscellaneous features. The paper has capital editors. Lady Colin has had eleven years' experience on the *World* for the latter part of the paper, and Mr. Hodgson, who will doubtless make the more serious parts his department, is one of our soundest journalists, who could get a post on any of the great papers to-morrow if he chose.

* * * *

Of course I am selling a lot of Max O'Rell's new book, "John Bull and Co." By far the largest part of the book is devoted to Australia. He gives it many hard knocks, but with the exception of his allegations about the alarming frequency of drunkenness, not so hard as Francis Adams gave.

* * * *

Mr. Adams was the more accurate observer, and spoke his mind with absolute frankness, whatever odium he might incur thereby. Max O'Rell, M. Blouet, the big burly man with the bright blue eyes and rather Semetic cast of countenance and curl of hair, who is so constantly in the shop when he is in London, is far more outspoken in this than in previous books; which I was very glad to see. It is refreshing in these latter days to hear a man speaking his mind instead of catering to the people he is writing about.

* * * *

I have laid in a big stock of "Vernon's Aunt," Miss Sarah Jeanette Duncan's brilliant story, which charmed all readers when it was running in the *Idler*. I was a huge admirer of the young lady, who struck such an altogether original and vivacious note in writing, long before the summer afternoon upon which an Oxford customer brought in a tall, slender, blue-eyed brunette with a delightful smile, indicative of the delightful personality behind it. This was Mrs. Everard Cotes, the pretty Mem Sahib who was Miss Sarah Jeanette Duncan, when she went round the world on her "Social Departure." She was then living at Oxford in the road which leads out to the exquisite old Norman church and the famous mill at Iffley. Her husband after a successful career in India was "taking some school" there.

* * * *

Now, I am glad to say, Mrs. Cotes is often in the shop, for they have recently taken a house in Kensington close by another customer of mine—the Parnellite leader, Mr. T. P. Gill. "Vernon's Aunt" will certainly add to a reputation which was already brilliant.

1. "History of the United States." (Chatto and Windus. Price not stated.)
2. "The Bell Ringer of Angels," &c. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)
3. "Life and Letters of Whittier." (Sampson Low & Co. Two Vols., 18s.)
4. "Great War of 1897." (Tower Publishing Company. 6s.)
5. "The Curse of Clement Waynfleet." (Ward, Locke, and Bowden. Price not stated.)
6. "Renshaw Fanning's Quest." (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)
7. "William Blacklock, Journalist." (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.)
8. "John Bull and Co." (F. Warne. 3s. 6d.)
9. "Vernon's Aunt." (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)
10. "The Land of the Dawning." (Remington & Co. Price not stated.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Ashby.—Yes, all back numbers of To-Day can be procured at this office.

H. H.—"In Sugar Cane Land" would suit you.

H. P. H. (Bolton).—I do not know the song you mention, but I should say that the words were suggested by Heine's poem.

Hawaii.—Chatto and Windus publish all Besant's novels. The story you name is not in their list, but you may possibly find it in the volume "Uncle Jack and Other Stories."

R. Bott.—Try Mr. S. French, dramatic publisher, Strand.

J. T. D.—This is the first number of the fifth volume of To-Day. There are thirteen numbers in each volume.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My Dear Helen,—The prohibitions of fashion are increasing. We are not allowed now to show the fastenings of our gowns. Hooks and eyes must all be hidden away; and buttons—odd inconsistency!—must only be put on for ornament, not for use. At the Marquis of Hamilton's wedding I noticed that not a single gown showed where the fastenings were. And there surely never was a better object-lesson in fashionable dress than this. I never saw the Duchess of Manchester look better than she did in her splendid sealskin and sables. Her pretty twin-daughters wore sky-blue velvet skirts and silk bodices of the same colour. Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox was lovely in cyclamen velvet, her exquisite colouring, in its delicate tinting, being enhanced by the brightness of tone of the velvet. Lady Hothfield wore a gown of the same colour and material, but spoiled the effect of it by huge torquoise pins in her hair, and earrings to match. The Duchess of Abercorn looked very sweet and charming in Irish poplin, the colour being a clouded blue, with a paler tint for trimming. The bodice was relieved with white lace, and there was a pink rose or two in her bonnet. The Dowager Duchess wore grey, which harmonised pleasantly with her snow-white hair, and even had affinities with her lovely diamond ear-rings and brooch. Mother remembers her in the height of her beauty, when the late Duke was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and mother was presented. The Duchess had then dark-brown hair, and was the centre of the handsomest family of young sons and daughters that it is possible to imagine. It was quite a beauty wedding. The Marchioness of Blandford, who so strongly resembles the Princess of Wales, looked delightful in rhododendron satin, veiled with black chiffon. She wore a cluster of lovely mauve orchids on her bodice. The Marchioness of Lansdowne, who is also very handsome, had the prettiest bonnet on that I have seen this season; a little "Dutch," in cream-coloured velvet, embroidered in jet, and trimmed with roses and black feathers. The Duchess of Albany did not look so well as usual. She wears such very matronly clothes that she does not give herself a chance. Her black velvet cape, trimmed with fur, would have suited the oldest dowager there.

The very smartest women wore full-skirted, three-quarter jackets, made of black satin, black velvet, or black moiré silk. In one instance, a moiré one was cut away to show a very pretty, slender neck, round which was a necklace of lovely pearls. The others were all high to the throat, and were finished with ruffles of lace, and sometimes with fur. All of them fitted closely to the figure, and most of them had some arrangement suggesting epaulettes over the tops of the very large sleeves. Lady Henry Lennox's very handsome mantle had a kind of pent-house over each arm, with a bunch of violets tucked in beneath. Some exquisite old Brussels point veiled the top of the shoulders, and the neck was finished with a band of sable of the deepest and darkest. Is there anything more becoming than a sable collar?

Some of the hats were lovely. I did not at all like those of the bridesmaids, with their inartistic union of golden-brown felt, dark-red velvet, and violets. They were much too heavy and elaborate for their sweetly-pretty dresses, made of ivory-white poplin. The yokes were in deep-red velvet, outlined with beaver, which gave them a very comfortable look, well suited to the autumnal season. A pretty hat had a sky-blue plush crown, and the brim, in black velvet, was trimmed with violets. Another, small and round, quite a toque, was composed of a crown of pale-blue brocade, set into a turban of beaver. A rather small black velvet hat was trimmed with a twist of turquoise velvet, climbing the high crown, descending again, crossing the brim, passing beneath it, and resting on the hair in a kind of coil. The

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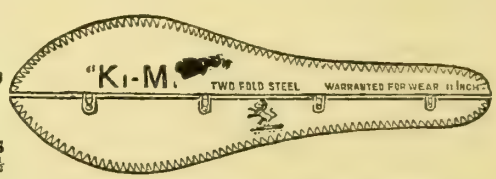

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HEIGHT INCREASED
Three Inches without detection by PINET'S Boot and shoe Elevator (Patented).—Mons. PINET, L 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.

ARABINE MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! 6D.
NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED PER BOTTLE
Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the
Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

CREME DE VIOLET (FOR THE COMPLEXION),
Crème de Violet has attained enormous popularity since we introduced it into Great Britain.
It is a pure and exquisite Skin Cream.
It cleanses the Pores and removes the bad effects of Paints and Powders.
Prevents and removes Wrinkles. Prevents and removes Pimples.
Prevents and removes all Skin Imperfections. Counteracts the bad effects of Sun, Wind, and Sea Air.
Is deliciously cool and refreshing to the Skin.
Makes the Skin soft and smooth as a Baby's.
Will make the most faded Complexion assume all the natural tints of Youthful Health and Beauty.
See that the Signature Le Frere et Cie is on the label, or send direct.
Post-free in plain wrappers 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. from
LE FRERE ET CIE., 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.
MRS. GRABURN, 13, Bonchurch-road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to Measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies own Materials made up from £1 1s.

rest was all black feathers. They are used in huge quantities on the new hats.

The bonnets worn at this smart wedding were decidedly larger than those we have been accustomed to, and many of them were composed of quite an extensive variety of different materials. One, worn by a lady in a handsome brown costume, was made of brown velvet, and trimmed with yellow velvet embroidered in jet, brown fur, cream-coloured lace, black feathers, and red roses. Think of all that crowded on the top of one woman's head!

The bride looked extremely well in her lovely, old-fashioned, "glancing" satin, trimmed with exquisite Brussels lace. She wore a veil that had been her great-grandmother's, and it was more becoming than lace veils usually are. The few jewels that were scattered over her head and the bodice of her dress were just sufficient to give the idea of richness without suggesting over-elaboration.

I noticed a black dress that was given a festive air by inserting, back and front, a pointed piece of gathered blue brocade at the neck, and bordering it all round with fur. Most of the black dresses, however, had coloured bodices, covered with guipure or chiffon, a fashion that is in as great favour now as when it was first introduced two years ago. A novelty is a way of covering the bodice with strands of chenille, the yoke being embroidered with sequins of rainbow tints.

It was a lovely wedding!

Good-bye, dear.

Your affectionate sister,

Suzette.

COUNTY COUNCILLORS "ON THE MAKE."

My excellent, but little-known contemporary, *London*, has given the enemy cause to blaspheme. *London* is a Local Government organ, the mouthpiece in the Press of the Progressive party in the London County Council. Started some two years ago, and worked by a limited company, its principal shareholders are well-known County Councillors, and members of the Puritan party. That very estimable man, Mr. Percy Bunting, is one of the directors, and Mr. Massingham, Mr. Fletcher's brilliant lieutenant of the *Daily Chronicle*, is another. Sir John Hutton, Chairman of the County Council, is a shareholder. So, too, is Mr. McKinnon-Wood, Chairman of the Advertisement Committee of the Council. Among other shareholders is Mr. B. Costelloe. Small wonder, then, that *London* exhales virtue from every page, and that the decision of the Council in the Empire matter has met with its vehement approval. As here:—

> The campaign of cant, hypocrisy, and humbug has ignominiously failed, and the ignoble attempt to intimidate the County Council, and exploit labour for the sake of 75 per cent., has been exposed.

And here:—

> The efforts made to introduce the methods of Tammany Hall into public life met with his stern contempt. The Labour men could not be "got at," and the purity of our public life proved unassailable.

London is not mealy-mouthed. It has nothing in common with Canning's candid man. White to it is very white, and black is of the blackest. The virtuous are apt to lack imagination. *London* is a very Penelope of virtue, and so, perfectly sincere in its denunciation of those who dissent from its conclusions, it cannot imagine how there can be honest difference of opinion where virtue reigns.

But it is the lot of virtue to be maligned, and *London* has not escaped the jibes of the traducer. During the past week sinners have been saying that "the methods of Tammany Hall" are not quite unknown to the shareholders of *London*, and that though "the Labour men could not be got at," some of the proprietors of *London* are more accessible. The Council, it seems, issue a large number of advertisements, and, to quote from the *Standard*, "pages upon pages of these notifications have of late been inserted in a weekly paper called *London*." Well, why not? Man, as we know from Holy Writ, cannot live on bread alone, and few weekly newspapers could pay their printer's bills if in their columns advertisements were only conspicuous by their absence. Still, to the mundane mind it would seem that County Council advertisements should go into the papers best fitted to make them known to the people concerned. Now it is said that *London* does not meet this necessary condition. To quote once more from the *Standard*—slowest of journals to indulge in exaggeration—"the paper in question was singularly ill-adapted for the service imposed upon it. It is a 'Local Government,' not a local, paper. . . . If any given district be taken, the number of its readers would be trifling as compared with those who consulted the strictly local papers. Yet it has been allowed a monopoly in respect of notifications which are of distinctly local interest." The Editor of *London* replies that tenders were invited, and that the tender of *London* was the lowest. The local men deny that they had the opportunity of tendering. Be that as it may, ought the lowness of the tender to be the one consideration? Hardly. Usually it is not the best papers that send in the lowest tenders. The Council's advertisements should appear in those papers where they are most likely to be seen by the persons concerned, and these would seem to be the leading local papers.

London is not to be blamed for getting these official advertisements. To borrow its own words, "it would be cant, hypocrisy, and humbug" to blame it for doing what every newspaper proprietor does, and must do, if his paper is to live—that is, to use what influence he may have to get advertisements. But it behoves the Progressive, the Puritan Progressive, the Radical Puritan Progressive shareholder of *London*, to be doubly careful, and the gentlemen I have named have been very careless. The chairman of the Advertisement Committee of the Council, Mr. McKinnon-Wood, is the largest shareholder in *London*, and those who do not construe purity quite in the same way as Mr. Percy Bunting are talking about scandalous jobbery. Of course there is nothing in it. It is very absurd to suppose that Mr. Bunting, who may have put a couple of hundreds into *London*, or Sir John Hutton, who has some ten shares, or Mr. Massingham, who has only the holding necessary to qualify for a seat on the Board, would sanction, much less suggest, jobbery that under no conceivable circumstances could put more than a few sovereigns into his pockets, whilst sooner or later it must be exposed. It is the merest justice to assume, anyway until there is something more than mere assertion to go upon, that these gentlemen are blameless in the matter, but the annoyance they must suffer from this advertisement scandal, as their opponents are calling it, may be of use to them if it serves to quicken sluggish imagination—if it helps them to see that men may differ from them without being admirers of "the methods of Tammany Hall," or wanting to tamper with "the purity of our public life." It would not be more unjust to say that Mr. Percy Bunting, or Sir John Hutton, is corrupt because the manager of a newspaper in which they are interested pecuniarily to a trifling extent—a connection due entirely to the wish to help a policy they believe to be best for the country—has got some advertisements that should have gone elsewhere, than to say, as *London* has said, that men who condemn the action of the County Council in certain matters are moved by nothing higher than "cant, hypocrisy and humbug."

IN THE CITY.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., F.R.S. M.P AND THE HONOURABLE SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., G.C.M.G., C.B.

On October 24th, Messrs. Miller, Macdonald, and Co. sent us a copy of the prospectus of the Argus Assurance Company, Limited, with the request that we would "favourably notice" it. And, with a thoughtfulness we hereby acknowledge, Messrs. Miller, Macdonald, and Co. enclosed with this request the notice they wished us to insert, so that we might be saved the trouble of examining the prospectus. As many of our contemporaries have published this notice, we must assume that a similar letter and enclosure were sent to other newspapers; those sent to us found resting-room in the waste-paper basket.

We have, however, had sundry inquiries from correspondents respecting this company, and one of them has sent us with the prospectus a letter he has received from Mr. T. Hayward Jones, the secretary of the company, which satisfies us that we shall be doing the public service by making some observations upon the methods that commend themselves to the promoters of the Argus Assurance Company, Limited.

The letter in question is dated October 23rd, 1894. Its first paragraph, addressed, be it remembered, to a stranger, is as follows:—

> "Previous to registration, and under the name of the 'National Alliance Assurance Company,' I had the honour, by special request, of offering for your acceptance a seat on the directorate, which you were unable to accept."

Our correspondent assures us that he never specially requested, or in any way requested, a seat upon the Board of the "National Alliance Assurance Company," a concern of which he had never heard. The letter goes on to say that the secretary, "in asking the favour of the perusal of the enclosed prospectus," has "the utmost confidence in recommending this investment for your favourable support on the following grounds." Note the "grounds," which we summarise:—

1. Because "assurance shares are the least speculative and most remunerative of all investments."
2. Because "within the past few years the number of fire insurance offices has been considerably reduced, and the facilities for placing assurances at present are consequently so restricted that a large number of insurers are compelled to seek foreign protection."
3. Because "the increase in fire insurance rates, now in force, amounting in many cases from 50 to 200 per cent., without any increase of risk, compels men of business to seek a channel for insurances upon less extravagant terms."
4. Because "when the new Employers' Liability Bill comes into force it is estimated to create new insurers, *yielding annual premiums of six millions sterling.*"

The italics are those of the letter. We will not insult the intelligence of our readers by commenting upon the "grounds" given by Mr. T. Hayward Jones, presumably at the instance of the Board, for the assertion that the shares of the Argus Assurance Company, Limited, will be a profitable investment. What we wish to direct attention to is the fact Sir Edward J. Reed and Sir Charles Tupper figure as directors.

Now Sir Edward Reed's name is no longer the name to conjure with it once was. A somewhat painful experience has taught the investing public that this gentleman is unlucky in his reports—perfectly honest, no doubt, but over-sanguine—as when, to be content with a single illustration, he thought the Hopcraft Furnace patent worth £150,000. Still, memories are short, and Sir Edward Reed's presence on a Board may be assumed, even now, to influence subscriptions. As for Sir Charles Tupper, he is High Commissioner for the Dominion, a man high in the estimation of successive Governments, and his presence upon a Board can hardly fail to greatly influence investors. We put it then to both these gentlemen, Do they think it right to lend their names and influence to a company like the Argus Assurance Company, Limited? Do they think it honest to ask the public to subscribe for shares in this company upon the grounds we have quoted, as given by their Secretary? If not—and we cannot suppose their answer will be other than in the negative—we look to them to disavow the letter, and to retire from the Board forthwith.

MR. JABEZ BALFOUR: THE SANDS HAVE RUN DOWN.

In our issue of June 2nd we wrote, "The funds Miss Freeman took to Argentina were sufficient to bring about Mr Balfour's release from prison; they are not sufficient to prevent his ultimate surrender to the British Government." Now we have the news that the Supreme Court has decided against his appeal, and that within a fortnight an outgoing steamer for England will have him, with Inspector Troubridge, on board. So far, good. A man who has worked much evil, it is well that Mr. Balfour should be brought back and placed upon his trial. But even Jabez Balfour has a right to a fair trial, and how is he to get it if he is to be tried by judge and *jury?* At worst, he is not a bigger, or a more nauseous rogue than others who have gone before him—than some who still sit in the high seats of the Synagogue. But never in our time was a man so generally judged and condemned beforehand. We do not believe that it would be possible to empanel a jury in any part of the country to try him whose members would come to the work with open minds. Under these circumstances, and if he cares to have it, Mr, Balfour should be tried by a Commission of Judges.

One word more. It would be scandalous if Jabez Balfour stood in the dock alone. If he is guilty of misfeasance, it is the veriest folly to maintain that he alone fs guilty, is deserving of punishment. Some of his colleagues must have been his accomplices, and though he may have been the arch rogue, they were not mere dupes. They, too, were rogues, and must bear with him the consequences of their roguery. We have reason to believe that this is the view of the matter taken by the Law Officers of the Crown, and to be acted upon.

THE LONDON AND SCOTTISH BANKING AND DISCOUNT CORPORATION, LIMITED.

In our issue of June 2nd we directed attention to a circular issued by Messrs. J. Lloyd, Morgan, and Co., who described themselves as stock and share dealers, of 4, Copthall Chambers, Throgmorton Street, in which they recommended the public to buy the deferred shares of the London and Scottish Banking Corporation at £11 each, and supported this advice by the statement that "the deferred shares will be entitled to a very large dividend at the end of the financial year, with the almost certainty of receiving very much more next year." We asked the directors if that statement was made with their knowledge, and if the corporation's financial year did not close on March 31st. In our issue of June 16th we made further reference to the matter, and again asked when the balance-sheet was to be published. Five months have passed since then, and the balance-sheet has still to be issued.

We understand that several of the directors have retired, and that the only member of the original Board who remains is Mr. Carruthers-Wain. Perhaps that gentleman will tell us why no report has yet been issued, when it will be issued, and why trustees and directors have resigned. There are ugly rumours about the management and position of the London and Scottish Banking and Discount Corporation, Limited.

THE "FRODSHAM" WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED.

A correspondent has sent us a copy of the prospectus of this concern, "a sound, industrial investment" as it calls itself. It would be hard to beat in the way of impudence. The capital is £25,000, and £15,000 of it is to go to the vendor, who sells to the company "the sole and exclusive right to trade in the name of Frodsham." This vendor, who is also the promoter of the company, is the manager of the manufacturing department of G. E. Frodsham and Co., of 31, Gracechurch Street, and the prospectus informs us that "the vendor has granted a license, on terms, to the firm of G. E. Frodsham and Co., of 31, Gracechurch Street, London, of the inclusive right to sell by retail only these Frodsham watches within five miles of the Royal Exchange." But how comes it that G. E. Frodsham and Co. want a license to sell their own watches?

Two of the three directors hail from 31, Gracechurch Street, and the third is described as "a manufacturing goldsmith, of 29, Wilmington Square." There is not a word as to the profits made by the Frodshams in the past from the sale of their watches, nothing to give us any idea of the value of the goodwill. We are indeed told that the company's business is "of the soundest industrial nature," and assured of "the practical certainty of profits," and these profits, it seems, are to be mainly derivable from "the sale to retail watchmakers of the license to sell these Frodsham watches over specified areas." If, as the prospectus sapiently observes, "£10, or even £5, a year be charged for the license to sell this Frodsham watch, the result will be an annual income amounting to a very large percentage

of the company's capital"—if only retail watchmakers are willing to take up this license. But why should they?

The Frodshams had a good business—once.

SIR MALCOLM FRASER, K.C.M.G.

WE understand that Sir Malcolm Fraser's term of office as Agent-General for Western Australia will not be continued beyond April next, and after the statements made in Court last week, his Government might be better pleased if he resigned at once. Sir Malcolm Fraser agreed to join the Board of the Western Australian Proprietary Company, and then wanted to "cry off." That would have been an intelligible course to take if it had been due to an intimation from his Government that they did not wish their agent-general to lend his name to a speculative enterprise of the kind. But it is said that there was no such interference by his Government, and that Sir Malcolm Fraser simply wished to join another Board. Be that as it may, the various Colonial Governments would do well to follow the practice of the Mother Country, which prevents a man in office from joining the Boards of speculative companies. An agent-general cannot join the Board of a company formed to operate in the colony he represents without leading people to believe that since he is connected with it the company must be a sound one. That by no means necessarily follows when the company is a mining company, and anyway, agents-general, like Cabinet Ministers, should steer clear of directorships.

THOMAS DANIEL AND CO., LIMITED.

A MOTION that was before Mr. Justice Williams on Thursday for an order for the sale of the property of this company, recalls the collapse of a firm that was amongst the foremost for three quarters of a century. The founder of the house was a cabin boy, serving in a sugar ship trading between Bristol and Barbadoes, and he lived to be a wealthy merchant. His son and grandson developed the business, until the Daniels owned more West Indian Estates than anyone else, and shipped from Barbadoes alone from 25,000 to 30,000 tons of sugar yearly, and made a profit of at least £1 in freight alone—charging £3, and often chartering at 30s. and under—upon every ton they shipped. But times changed, death led to the withdrawal of capital, prices fell, American competition played its part, and the old firm, with cash gone and credit tottering, was turned into a company, and soon afterwards went into liquidation. It is a sad ending to a great commercial career.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Respectable Brokers. H. C. (Stratford).—1. We know nothing against them. 2. We cannot recommend purchase of the shares in question, even at their present low price. The management arrangements are anything but satisfactory. **New Oriental Bank.** A. T. S.—We will see the liquidator. **Stock and Share Dealers.** MARS (Buttevant).—You had better go to a member of "the House." **Collins' Paper Mill Company, Limited.** CONSTANT READER (Blackburn).—We have no information respecting it. **Turkish Loans.** SEGINA (Dublin).—Under the circumstances you name A would be entitled to the bonds. **Artizans', Labourers' and General Dwellings Company.** GIBBS (Holborn).—Safe enough, but the return would be very small. **Broken Hill Proprietary Mine.** O. B. (Glasgow).—The shares were originally of £2 each, but each share was sub-divided in February, 1890, into five shares of 8s., and so remain. The price as we write is about 61s. The mine is one of the wonders of the mining world; but we advise you not to buy just now. **Victoria Government Stock.** W. L. B. (London).—We are glad to know that you have found it to your advantage to act upon our advice. **St. Helens Tramway Company.** C. B. (Blackburn).—We should prefer another selection. **Deep Level Gold Fields.** FAIRY (Paris).—Certainly not. **Sidney Pneumatic Tyre Company.** P. V. J. (Eccles).—We fear there has been over long delay. **Oriental Leatherette Company.** ZADOT (Ealing).—We will see if we can get the information for you. **London Provident Building Society.** SIMPLETON.—If you can do so, yes. **The Stamp Distribution Company.** H. E. (Birmingham).—You may well substitute "conviction" for "impression." The shares are unsaleable. **Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Stock.** C. D. (Manchester).—Better hold. It is quite possible that by-and-bye the quotation may get up again to the figures you give. **Howard and Bullough's.** K. G. (Keighley).—You would be paying quite enough. **G. H. Hammond and Co.** CONSTANT READER (Liverpool). — We have but little faith in the future of the company. **Universal Stock Exchange.** W. W. G. (Torquay).—It is not an "A" stock, and sums as small as £5 are accepted. **J. T. J.** (Whitchurch). Yes. **N. McL.** (Edinburgh). We have no information as to the mining shares referred to. **The United Kingdom Colonial and Foreign General Accountancy Offices.** J. H. (Bristol).—We have no information respecting this agency. Will any of our readers who have had dealings with it communicate with us?

INSURANCE.

Westminster and Lancashire Life Offices. F. W. S. (Paddington).—Both offices are sound. The former is somewhat antiquated; the latter more go-a-head. **Royal Insurance Company.** YORKSHIREMAN (Hull).—1. This is a splendid life office. 2. There is nothing in the system that makes it better than whole life payments, except personal convenience in the case of some persons. 3. We can. **Sun Life of India.** B. E. (Sheffield).—This is a sound accident company. **Standard Life Office.** TEMPLETON.—1. It is one of the good ones. 2. Four offices publish such information. We recommend you to write to the company on the question.

Co-operative Assurance Company. SCONTHORPE (Sconthorpe).—Quite sound. Give the company a turn. **Mortgage Insurance Company.** CONSTANT READER (Liverpool).—There is no quotation for these shares. **Argus Insurance Company.** E. H. (Brockley).—Yes, we understand that the gentleman who is to be manager of the concern was manager of the Economic Fire, of unhappy memory. Having regard to the formation of the Argus—about which we have something to say in another column—it may be useful to give some facts about the Economic. Started in 1886, it received—

In Premiums	£767,975	
Interest	14,386	
Sundries	50	
		£782,411
On the other side it showed:—		
Losses	£514,166	
Expenses	288,218	
Sundries	998	
		£803,383
Loss to the end of year, 1892		£20,971

The accounts of 1893 were not issued, but the loss was increased, for the company went into liquidation. The paid-up capital was £89,370 and a call.

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The Editor begs to inform Contributors that he has sufficient Serials, Short Stories, and Poems to last for at least Two Years. All unsolicited MS.S. will, therefore, be returned unread.

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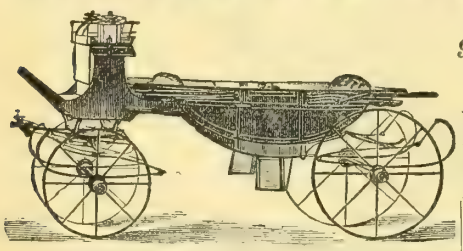

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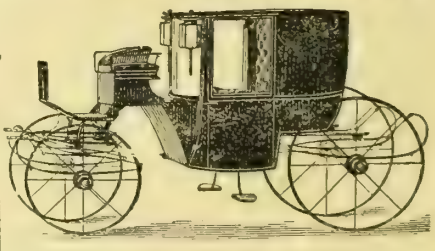

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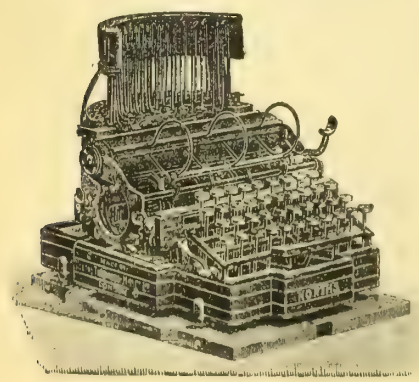

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

If the Conservatives be wise, and the question of the ending or the mending of the House of Lords be not entirely forgotten in the course of the next week or two, about which there seems to be extreme danger, they will seize the opportunity to propound a scheme of reform that, while strongly appealing to the popular imagination, will strengthen the House of Lords considerably. We want a powerful second Chamber—a second Chamber representative of all that is thoughtful, consistent and stable in the nation—a second Chamber that is not swayed by the passing passions of the moment, or by the fickle affections of the mob—a Chamber that will represent the deeper feelings and more lasting ambitions of the nation. This can never be provided by a purely hereditary body. It needs to be recruited systematically from men of character and intellect. It should be representative of all classes. Its nucleus might still consist of the peerage, but the wisdom, knowledge and patriotism of the country should be made to flow steadily into it. Commerce, education, art and labour should find places upon its benches, and at regular intervals fresh blood should be added to it, and the old and worn drawn away.

The utter impossibility of rooting out original sin from human nature is very appropriately exemplified in the recent raid of the police on the gambling clubs of Aberdeen. Our Chief Commissioner, Sir Edward Bradford, is so busy stamping out gambling from the city of London that he is compelled to tell me that he must decline to interfere in a case of suspected murder, and the Anti-Gambling League are going to abolish betting from Newmarket Heath. And meanwhile, in one of the most select haunts of the unco' guid, in the very centre of Presbyterian Scotland, lo and behold! we find worthy citizens and public officials gambling with wicked cards in sixty-three clubs. It is not at all improbable that another generation will sit with its wives and mothers in the Empire lounge, while Exeter Hall may be the recognised place of assignation for the exchange and barter of amateur affection. The public-houses will probably be prohibited, and the only place where a man can get an alcoholic drink will be the private committee-rooms of the United Temperance Alliance.

Some foolish, unthinking person, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, I believe, likened the instinct towards wickedness to fire that could be put out by the cold water of respectability, but, unfortunately, the simile does not hold good. I have observed a little, and I have taken the liberty of reading history a little, and I fear we must come to the conclusion that it is the fanatical intolerance that is the fire. Every now and then it burns up brightly in its endeavour to make things warm for humanity generally. But it has a knack of dying out after each burst, while the waters of human nature flow quietly onwards, carrying with them the ashes of its burnt-out embers towards the unknown. That the fire has its purposes in the scheme of life I have no doubt; nothing is allowed to exist that does not work towards some useful object. It no doubt serves to keep the temperature mean, and when it blazes too fiercely, and there is danger of its doing harm, it is quietly quenched.

I have received many letters from readers of To-Day moved, by an article I published recently, to try their fortune in the Channel Islands. The writer of that article showed that small patches of land in those islands may be made to yield a handsome income, and many correspondents ask me if I advise them to try their hand there. It is a difficult question to answer. If a man has a few hundreds at his command, is a practical farmer or horticulturist, vigorous, careful, industrious, he would, I have little doubt, get a better return for his money from land in the Channel Islands than at home. But without these qualifications it is useless for him to go to Jersey or Guernsey. With them he must bear in mind that the competition these islands have to fear grows keener year by year, and if profits in a good year are very large, there are lean years there as elsewhere.

At the Conference of Women Workers at Glasgow the other day the terrible effects of an occasional glass of beer upon an over-worked laundry-woman formed the subject of a good deal of discussion. A Miss W. Richardson told the meeting that among poor women intemperance was steadily increasing, which does not seem to say very much for the useful purpose served by our energetic teetotal friends, who are always telling us how they have to improve society; but my chief interest lies in the contradiction of some of Miss Richardson's statements by a lady doctor who followed. This lady altogether pooh-poohed the general theory among teetotalers that vice was unknown in the world before bottled beer came into existence, and went on to say that in an experience of over fifteen years' practice, chiefly among women, she had found that alcohol was the agency of evil in not more than one per cent. "In my medical experience," she added, "I have found that more evil is caused by the abuse of tea and coffee than by the abuse of alcohol." This lady's speech, I notice, was carefully left out of the majority of the temperance organs.

As appears from an article on another page, the old spirit of the Board of Works is creeping into even our immaculate County Council. The Chairman of the Advertising Committee is a large shareholder in a paper called *London*, and *London* is said to be receiving more of the County Council advertisements

than are quite its share. The evidence seems to be extremely strong; but one must dismiss that from one's mind, and endeavour to disbelieve the facts, for it is of course quite impossible that this collection of latter-day saints could possibly be tinged with any of the original sin that forms such a large proportion of human nature outside Spring Gardens. Could I bring myself to credit anything of the kind against members of the County Council I should candidly be glad, and should like them all the better. Their goodness oppresses me; their sainted lives, I cannot help feeling, are a daily reproach to myself. To find that even one of them had a touch of human nature, and was made of common clay, would be a relief to my nerves.

The *Yorkshire Post* publishes a story from which it would appear that a poor old fellow was turned out of the workhouse ill and decrepit because it was discovered that he had put by a few pounds so that he might not be buried in a pauper's grave, but might lie in death in the churchyard beside his wife. Put into literature by a clever writer, such an incident would come out pathetic enough to draw tears even from the eyes of a guardian, but in the cold light of reality it seems only to have moved them to anger. "You have no right here," said the chairman; "this is not a lodging-house. The best thing you can do is to take your discharge." So the old gentleman went out into the world again, even the workhouse door being closed against him. I am not a sentimentalist, and the poor-house, I know, is not the place for a man so long as he has a pound or two laid by; but most of us would live a hard life if the world were ruled by logic. There is a time to advocate the principles of economy, and there are times when a man—and even a guardian—does well to forget them.

A correspondent draws my attention to two cases lately tried at Doncaster West Riding Police-court. The case was brought by the police against a publican and two other men; the evidence broke down, and the case was dismissed. But that is not the important point. The serious part of the matter is the way the evidence was obtained by the police. If the defending counsel's statement be correct, then Superintendent Blake deserves to be kicked out of the police force, and that he should continue in it would be a public scandal. From the counsel's statement it appears that the police deliberately set to work by a mixture of bribes and threats to compel a witness to perjure himself. According to his own account the witness, repenting at the last moment, came of his own accord to the house of the defending counsel and cleared his conscience by telling the whole truth. In ordinary cases the word of a man who had for a few shillings and a few threats given deliberate false evidence would be of little value, but one has to remember the immense power of the police in country districts, and the opportunities they have of making a poor man's life dangerous and wretched to him. The whole statement against the police may, of course, be false, but the Magistrates, after hearing the case carefully, decided upon it, and it is grave enough to call for further attention. We do not desire to see the spirit of the New Christianity extending into the police force. In the ordinary affairs of civil life truth and honour are still necessary.

The Manifesto of the new Czar sets at rest any doubt as to his intention to marry the Princess Alix. Only a few weeks ago this Princess was staying at Harrogate, unattended save by a single lady-in-waiting. Her life there was of the simplest, and in curious contrast to the popular notion of the ways of the bride-elect of the Czarvitch. The Princess went to Harrogate to drink the waters for some slight ailment, and, wishing to avoid publicity, took a furnished house instead of staying at an hotel. This house—selected by the lady-in-waiting, who was sent down to find one—is a very unpretentious building close to the main road, and without even a garden. The landlady, who, by the way, remained in the house, is the wife of a small tradesman, a house decorator, blessed at the time of house-letting with seven children; but, as the Princess objected to the noise of children, it was agreed that they should be sent away.

As luck would have it, however, on the day of the Princess's arrival, the decorator's family was increased by the advent of twins—a boy and girl. Instead of being scared away, the Princess took much interest in these babies, and actually offered to stand godmother to them. The children were christened at St. Peter's Church, Princess Alix being present with the other sponsors—a butcher and a draper. The children were named by the Princess—the boy Nicholas and the girl Alix. After the ceremony the Princess shook hands with the sponsors, and gave the boy-child a cup and the girl a gold bangle, with monogram set in diamonds, whilst to the parents the Princess gave a photograph of herself and the Czarvitch, signed with her own name.

The Princess became extremely popular at Harrogate, owing to her simple, unaffected ways. Her favourite mode of going about was in one of the bicycle chairs so much used there, and in this way she and her lady-in-waiting travelled many miles, visiting the numerous places of interest in the neighbourhood—Plumpton Rocks, Knaresborough, Ripley Castle, Fountains Abbey. Many hours, too, were spent on Harlow Moors sketching and painting. On one occasion the Princess, accompanied by her sister, Princess Louis of Battenberg, with her little girl, had tea on the moors, Princess Alix herself cutting the bread and butter, some of which she offered to the bicycle chairmen; indeed she actually waited on them, handing them their tea and what they had to eat.

The ill-bred curiosity which is such an unpleasant characteristic of a large section of our people must have been a source of great annoyance to the Princess while at Harrogate. Residents and visitors literally mobbed her whenever she walked out. There was a florist's shop not far from her residence, somewhere in James Street, where she was fond of going, and it was often quite difficult for her to get in and out owing to the people pressing round her. Men and women would wait about for hours on the chance of getting a glimpse of the Princess. To escape them she would often leave by the back-door, sending her lady-in-waiting by the front, that she might be mistaken, as she often was, for the Princess. After the Princess's departure from Harrogate her landlady was besieged by ladies calling and begging to have a look at "the Royal twins." The Princess is decidedly pretty, with a sweet though rather pensive expression—that expression which was

so characteristic of her mother, the Queen's favourite daughter, Princess Alice.

The recent controversy on net prices for books, as opposed to the present discount system, seems to me to have taken much more account of publishers and booksellers than of the public. From the booksellers there come many and diverse opinions, as was to be expected. One could not expect Messrs. Smith and Son to supply books on the same terms as other booksellers; the rapid deterioration of stock exposed on a station stall, and the price paid for the privilege, are sufficient reasons why the two-shilling novel at Messrs. Smith's stalls is not to be purchased for eighteenpence. But, after all, it is not the bookseller or the publisher, but the public (whose servants the booksellers and publishers are) that will finally decide the question. And the public is not always quite logical. Even when it knows that an attraction is illusory, it is still attracted. So long as anything has the superficial appearance of a bargain, it will always present a stronger allurement than a commonplace commercial transaction.

At the discount shop the public is free to imagine that every time it spends a shilling it saves threepence. It does not really save threepence; if it argued the thing out with itself, it would see that it did not save threepence; but the imagination, the impression, is so delightful that the public will not like to lose it. There is no charm in buying a four-and-sixpenny book for four-and-sixpence; but to buy the same book, published at six shillings, for four-and-sixpence allows the purchaser to think that he is doing a rather good thing. He has got something knocked off. Many men, and more women, spend their lives in trying to get something knocked off. If books were published at net prices—prices that did not admit of any discount—it is possible that the small shops in the provinces would increase their stock, and, in consequence, their sales. But this gain would, I think, be more than made up in the large towns, where the public has got used to the discount trade, and would buy fewer books if deprived of its twopence or threepence in the shilling.

From what the secretary of the National Cat Show has to tell us, I am afraid that many men—myself amongst the number—have not done full justice to that animal. I know that the cat was to many women a companion, that it was on occasions a thief, that it acted also as an alarum. But I did not know that it was medicinal, but now I hear that to pat gently a cat's back may "have a beneficial effect on persons in bad health." Even the *Lancet*, while mildly and professionally amused at the secretary's ideas on the subject of electricity, is not prepared, "in view of all that is known of 'suggestion,' and the effects of peripheral stimulation on nervous centres," to give this an absolute denial. This should be good news for the cat world; hitherto the cat has been liable to ill-treatment at the hands of youth, and to contempt from those of riper years. Now its day has come, and it can pose safely as a benefactor to humanity.

The courage of the youth of London streets in questions of food and drink is considerable; but no street arab who reads what Dr. Klein has to say on the subject of ice cream is likely to yield again to the temptations of the Italian's stall. Dr. Klein examined sundry samples of ice cream, and of the water in which the glasses were washed. That he found bacilli goes without saying. All scientists find bacilli everywhere and always. But when he says of one sample that it "was practically the same as sewage," he is speaking language that the merest layman can understand, and leaves us no ground to consider this a faddist's scare. Unfortunately among the people who are not interested in what the analysts have to say are the very people who most need his words of warning; and until something is done the boy of the streets will continue to patronise something "the same as sewage."

Mr. Eric Mackay's verses have the merit of promptitude. He bewailed "The Dead Tsar" in the *Daily Chronicle* of last Saturday. Of late our poets have been singularly prompt; from the death of the last Poet Laureate to the birth of the last Royal baby they have never on any important occasion kept the public waiting. Uncharitable reasons have been suggested, but there is really no necessity for them. On the contrary, one may welcome this display of quickness and punctuality because it shows that those who fail to write poetry may yet have business abilities which would ensure their success in some different line. I see that in a note to Mr. Eric Mackay's verses the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* refuses to hold himself responsible for all the opinions of his poets. The refusal is possibly wise. Mr. Eric Mackay's opinions may be wrong; I do not profess to know anything about them, but if I were told that they were anything in particular, I should probably believe it. And yet it is difficult to see how his opinions can be any worse than his verses on the death of the Tsar.

Conservatives, above all people, should welcome the extension of the allotment scheme. Sixty-five per cent. of the inhabitants of France are landlords, and their principles are strongly conservative. A man with his little freehold of four or five acres into which he puts the labour of his lifetime, is not very Socialistic in his ideas, and has no desire for the upheaval of society. Every English labourer put in possession of a piece of land would at once become at heart a staunch Conservative, and an eager upholder of the rights of landlordism. It is better for a nation that its land should be divided among as large a proportion of its citizens as possible. The result is patriotism of the best kind, steadiness, and thrift.

I am sending three guineas from the Gallantry Fund (and a medal will follow) to James Rowley, an *employé* at Mr. Whiteley's, who was instrumental, a little while ago, in saving four lives at Sheerness. Mr. Rowley is an expert swimmer, but he had to plunge into deep water with all his clothes on, and to rescue four struggling people — two lads and both their parents — none of whom could swim, and who were naturally in a state of mortal terror. The fear was that he would become exhausted before he could possibly land the whole of them, or that they in their frantic efforts would pull him down; but the gallant fellow seems never to have thought of that, and to have stuck to his task till everyone was safe on shore. With regard to the memorial to little John Clinton, the cemetery authorities have kindly offered to give the ground, and the monument is now in hand. I have to acknowledge the receipt of ten shillings for the fund from Mrs. Aylmer Gowing.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

J. F. H. (Toronto).—It is monstrous that you should be charged ten or fifteen cents for To-Day in Canada, and I am inquiring into the matter. It would certainly be cheaper at that rate for our Canadian friends to subscribe to the paper. We send it post free from this office for 12s. 6d. per annum, and also give each subscriber the bonus of a book. See last page.

J. F. W. (Selby) sends me an account of a meeting of the Wesleyan Young Women's Mutual Improvement Society. We are told that our modern Puritans are very broad-minded people indeed. Here is an example of their broad-mindedness and sense. This delightful society discussed the subject of questionable amusements, and decided that novel-reading, dancing, theatres, card-playing, flirting, and gossiping were all to be prohibited. With regard to the last-named, I believe it forms the staple recreation of some religious circles. Now, if there is any serious-minded young man on the look-out for a wife, I should say he could not do better than apply to the secretary of the Selby Young Women's Mutual Improvement Society.

E. H. writes me:—"Surely mankind cannot go on many more centuries priding himself on his intellect and his superiority and yet failing to see that it is he, and he alone, amongst the animal kingdom, who is steeped in vice." Perhaps there may come a time when he will see himself in his true light. Meanwhile, he has for a good many centuries been very fairly pleased with himself notwithstanding. My correspondent thinks that one day there will be no more vice, and quotes the verse announcing that in the future there will be no more sea. It is just about that period that I expect vice will disappear. The rest of my corrospondent's letter is an argument for the return of pre-historic barbarism—a period which undoubtedly had its advantages.

R. T. H.—The sentiment is on a par with others. The tyranny that these fanatics would exercise over their fellow men if they again got the chance they did three hundred years ago, would turn England into a nation of slaves.

J. S. (Liverpool).—Thanks for your note with cutting. Our narrow-minded friends still seem to think—even after all these eighteen hundred years—that man was made for the Sabbath.

Murray.—"Feminine Affairs" was only cut down that one week. It will always have its place in the paper.

J. H. B.—For the life of me I cannot see anything in the article that shows the slightest discourtesy of any kind to the wife of your friend, the Amir's veterinary surgeon. Miss Hamilton is sure to be delighted when she finds your friend's wife at Afghanistan, and it will, no doubt, be a comfort to Mrs. Clarence to find Miss Hamilton there. They will be the only two European women in the whole of the country. When Miss Hamilton started for Bombay she knew nothing of the order to Mr. Clarence's party to wait for her at Peshawar.

Gas Manager.—On account of ill-health caused by exposure in the performance of his duties, wishes to know if there is any chance of light labour being obtained in Madeira or any place of similar climate. Perhaps some correspondent would help, or "Gas Manager" might communicate with the Emigrants' Information Office for Australia and South Africa, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

J. M.—I don't remember having said a word one way or the other about the subject you mention. Apart from the ethics of the question, I thought the living picture craze a very silly one, and could never see the slightest art in it, but for all that, if other people like them, I would let them have them. Freedom is the ground-work of all humanity. Without perfect liberty of choice, there can be neither good nor evil, and we may as well become oysters.

E. R. (Uxbridge).—It is really painful to follow the speeches of the anti-opium faddists. Their statements are one long tissue of lies. For instance, they say "the people of India would tell us that opium is the great curse of the country." The people of India said exactly the opposite. No cause ever gained by lying yet, and no cause ever will.

C. B. (Leamington) calls my attention to the attitude taken up by the Rev. C. Wilson in demanding that his choristers should not be members of an amateur opera company. This, of course, is a piece of tyranny on the part of the reverend gentleman that I strongly disapprove of. Too many clergymen regard their congregations as private property, and themselves as irresponsible autocrats. But with many of Mr. Wilson's remarks I am inclined to agree. Interviewed on the subject, he says that "spiritual principles and worldly principles cannot be mixed up. These things (amusements) belong exclusively to the man of the world." I wish more of the clergy would take this view, and leave "these things" alone.

R. E. F. argues in favour of City cycling, but I still think it dangerous to the community at large, and therefore a matter which society has a right to interfere with. There would be no hardship in compelling cyclists to walk their machines through the more crowded thoroughfares.

J. M. (Shrewsbury).—Does not the very name—United Kingdom Temperance Company—suggest a prejudiced view of the case? I know it is a common idea that teetotalers live longer than moderate drinkers, but on more than one occasion this has been proved an utter fallacy.

M. S. F. (Elswick).—The experience of *Tit-Bits* and *Answers*, which, from their circulation, is certainly valuable, clearly proves that serials are preferred by the great body of readers. The Master, as you will see, is concluded this week, and, in future there will not appear more than one serial at a time in To-Day.

E. B.—I have forwarded the letter. I wish more of the "New Women" would resemble your description of yourself. No man of sense objects to the independent woman; in fact some of us like them better. All we object to is the interfering woman. Please send your address; we have a letter to forward to you.

W. and S.—"There is no doubt the second mortgagee can hold this liability over your head. We should advise your refusal to give any such promises as asked, and immediately to see the first mortgagee, tell him the facts, as well as the other secured creditors, and allege your intention to file your own petition unless the second mortgagee withdraws from the position he has taken up."

Fraternal Subscriber and Vexed-at-You.—You appear to have learned lessons in argument from platform speakers of the Socialistic order, but I would point out to you that abuse of a person is not argument in favour of a principle. What you, my good friends, think of me and what I think of you, is a very small matter. Strange as it may appear to you, your calling me names does not in the least convince me that Socialism is a soul-inspiring creed, nor even that its advocates are the class of people to be entrusted with the management of the universe. I shall no doubt oblige you before long with further remarks as to Socialism, but I shall choose my own time and way.

J. S. E.—I have asked Messrs. Constable and Co., 55 and 56, Chancery Lane, to reply to you. They can give you all information on the subject.

J. T., referring to my paragraph on military regulations, is reminded of an incident occurring in a Derbyshire Volunteer corps:—The corps had a set of "standing orders," respecting dress and other matters, which were read over to each company by its captain at one of the parades early in each season. The pioneer of the company was a big, raw-boned youth, with about as much hair on his face as he had on the back of his hand. One of the paragraphs respecting dress was, "Pioneers will wear beards." When the captain read out this, the individual referred to remarked, "Well, captain, Ah s' ha' t' bey one" (I shall have to buy one).

T. A. Kaye.—Many thanks, but the suggested article would be of no use to us. I do not remember Huddersfield being in the list. E. L.—The lady in question has generally been accepted as a type. W. H. (Edinburgh).—You quite misunderstood the tenor of the paragraph. The matter was carefully considered before being published, and it was felt that to state the terrible illness from which his lordship was suffering was really a perfect excuse for much that has appeared strange to his admirers. The whole paragraph was written in sincere sympathy with his lordship, nor can I see how you could have so strangely misunderstood the sentiment. J. R. S. sends me further particulars of the Jarrow case (as does also H. D.), and laments the terrible frequency of strikes in the North of England. He tells me that this horrible warfare which inflicts such wide-reaching misery on the innocent, is resorted to by the workers of Northumberland for the most trivial causes. C. H. C.—Thanks for your letter and cutting. Morlands.—Show your picture to a good artist. The market is just now flooded with imitation Morlands, and the chances are against any picture being a genuine one. A. F.—Thanks for all your good advice. Mile End Road.—Much obliged for your cuttings. If the matter is taken up again I shall be glad to refer to them. W. A. S. (Halifax).—Thanks for your cuttings from the *Clarion*, but if I stopped to answer all the personal attacks made upon me by Tom, Dick and Harry I should get no time to do any real work. Collen Vale.—You could not do better than read Mrs. Lynn Linton's contributions during the last few months to the *St. James' Gazette* and the *St. James' Budget*. Exmoor asks if any reader can recommend a suitable home for a poor woman, aged 68, who is partly paralysed. Her children are willing to contribute a small sum per week, but are unable to do more.

T. O. M.—The Winter Number, which will be ready next week, will be quite distinct from the ordinary number.

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SEE PAGE 3.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—By the time you get this letter on Wednesday, you will probably know what has happened in the matter of the Empire appeal.

Writing before the event, I fail to see that anything in particular is likely to result. If the case is not to be re-heard, we all know where we are. If the case is to be re-heard, it does not seem probable that the stalwarts of the Progressive party on the County Council will change their minds. The Empire is pretty certain not to get a full licence again, and, short of a full licence, no compromise that has yet been suggested would benefit them materially. Anyhow, so much harm has been done all round by a lot of ill-advised chatter, that I hope the final battle will be fought out in comparative silence. Everybody has lately taken to reminding the County Council that it is a judicial body, exercising judicial functions, and that it ought to behave as such, and then, having said this, everybody has set to work to influence the County Council in every possible way—by petitions, agitations, public meetings, letters, and articles. If the County Council had any of the powers vested in an ordinary Judge trying an ordinary case, about half the Purist party, the entire Empire staff, and nearly every newspaper editor in London, would be locked up by this time for flagrant contempt of court!

The County Council is *not* a judicial body; it is a little Parliament. It is an administrative body.

This being so, I fail to see why its members should not concern themselves with outside agitations. If a Local Veto Bill came before the Imperial Parliament to-morrow, Sir Wilfrid Lawson would be haranguing the Sons of the Phœnix in Trafalgar Square to-day. But this would not disqualify him from speaking and voting in the House of Commons for his pet measure. It seems to me, therefore, that, even if any of the Progressives really did go and take a cup of weak tea and a penny bun with the Lady Crusaders, prior to the trial of the Empire case, they do not deserve any very scathing condemnation. Really, from the solemn way some people have been talking, you would imagine that such things as cabals, wire-pulling, and political intriguing had never been heard of in this country.

The County Council is not a perfect organisation, but it never got as far as a "Kilmainham Treaty," or anything of that sort. The Imperial Parliament gave it life, and you cannot expect to reflect anything other than Parliamentary methods.

Personally, I wish that the licensing of entertainments could be settled without all this everlasting fuss. I should like to see the licensing of all buildings, architecturally, left in the hands of the Council. But, after that, I would make all entertainments free. I would let anybody and everybody do as they liked, leaving the common law to deal with an entertainment if it were libellous or indecent, or with a place of entertainment if it became the habitual resort of bad characters. You do not go to the licensing authorities, but to a police magistrate, if a publican permits betting to take place on his premises. Very well; if the manager of a place of entertainment permitted not only betting men, but improper women, to frequent his establishment in pursuit of their calling, I should take him before a police magistrate too. Then there would be an end of all the bother, and, what is more, the necessary evidence would have to be given on oath, and so neither one side nor the other would feel inclined to make hysterical assertions in face of a possible prosecution for perjury.

In dramatic matters, however, both Freedom and Free Trade are alike opposed by the older Conservative managers. Henry Irving has just written to explain most emphatically that a theatre and a place of amusement are not one and the same thing. They are not indeed, sometimes—and more is the pity. But that apart, it is curious to note how the older managers—large-minded men in other things—cling to their old-fashioned machinery of Lord Chamberlain, Censor, and the other antediluvian survivals of the days when the number of theatres was strictly limited, and anything approaching the modern music-hall was rigorously suppressed in the interests of trade rivalry.

I presume common sense will prevail some day, but to my thinking a reasonable reform is much more likely to be inaugurated by a daring Democratic revolutionary of the Burns type, than by the party that just now is so loudly bewailing its wrongs.

I never believed, as I told you, that the Empire would remain closed, and I am happy to say it opened on Saturday last. Some of the offending bars have been removed. Others are partitioned off, so that they are no longer, technically, in the auditorium. The celebrated lounge is a little less comfortable than it was, perhaps, but otherwise it is unaltered. I hear that the County Council architects cannot quite make up their minds with regard to it. I wonder that they do not suggest the reconstruction of the comfortable private boxes that used to go all along the back of the dress circle—thus continuing the sweep of boxes right round the auditorium. The lounge would then become nothing more than the ordinary passage-way to be found in every theatre. As the stage could not be seen from it, no one would be tempted to hang about it. The management would be relieved of a big responsibility, and the Crusaders would be satisfied.

I will not be quite sure, but I think that most of, if not all, the boxes, I mean, were in the position I have indicated when first the Empire got its music-hall licence.

On Saturday, immediately after the performance, a lot of silly idiots broke down the partitions that screened off the bars. The crowd was so dense that neither the officials nor the police were able to interfere. It is exceedingly rough on George Edwardes, and those who are working their hardest for the Empire and its shareholders, that their endeavours should be hampered by such insensate conduct. To create a riot and to destroy property in the lounge at the Empire is to put the very strongest possible weapon into the hands of the opposition. The most Satanic of conspiring County Councillors could not possibly have contrived anything calculated to do the cause of the Empire more harm. If I were George Edwardes, and I knew any of the rioters, I would never admit a single one of them to the place again, and I should feel sorely tempted to invite them to a matinée at Bow Street.

George Edwards, by the way, has made an arrangement which the Gaiety shareholders have accepted as satisfactory. He gives them a half interest in all his undertakings outside the Gaiety Theatre. The *Gaiety Girl* is not, I believe, included, but I presume that the next production at Daly's will be, and then the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales', the Lyric, and Daly's will all be under one control. You may remember that I told you that this combination was contemplated a year ago. How it will work, I can't pretend to prophesy. But it is a curious and remarkable development of theatrical enterprise.

The production of *Al My Eye-Vanhoe* at the Trafalgar was not a success on the first night; but such is the rush for the theatres just now, that it may run on to comparative prosperity after all. *The Lady Slavey* is doing excellent business at the Avenue, despite its shaky first production *The Gay Widow* is picking up nicely at the Court. *Rebellious Susan* crams the Criterion. *The New Woman* at the Comedy; *His Excellency*, of course, packs the Lyric; *The New Boy* has reached its 300th night; *Claude Duval* and *The Gaiety Girl* are playing to real good houses. At Terry's, *Little Christopher Columbus* seems to run, if anything, more brightly, smoothly, tunefully, and successfully than ever. Except at pantomime time, nothing has ever drawn so much money into Drury Lane as *The Derby Winner*. The nightly receipts on more than one occasion lately have exceeded £500. By the way, pitites will be glad

to learn that Sir Augustus Harris has just been giving especial attention to their comfort, in the matter of carpets, padded backs, and "tip-up" seats.

After Haddon Chambers' new play, *John-a-Dreams*, is produced at the Haymarket, nothing very much in the way of novelties will be forthcoming before Christmas. Haddon Chambers, you know, writes, with Stephenson, the next new drama for the Adelphi, where I hear there is again some whispering of a pantomime for 1896. But, as the same whisper went round before, and there was nothing in it, I don't advise you to believe it—for the present.

Your affectionate Cousin,
RANDOLPH.

MR. HALL CAINE PLEADS FOR LITERARY FREEDOM.

Mr. Hall Caine delivered an address to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh on November 7th, upon the moral responsibility of the novel and the drama. Mr. Hall Caine argues for freedom in literature. "People speak," said Mr. Hall Caine, quoting from Balzac, "of the immorality of certain books; here is a horrible, foul, and corrupt book, always open and never to be shut—the great book of the world. We can read it in the newspapers—we can see it in the streets—we can hear it in the police-courts. What is the use of sweeping your books clean of sin while the world is full of it? Do you think that merely by painting up a fancy picture of an existence without fault that life is going to copy it? In the English lake country somebody has set up a foolish tower which overlooks Windermere by four stained glass windows, one in each of the four walls. Look out at the first and everything is green and all the scene below is like spring; look out at the second and it is like summer; the third and it is like autumn; the fourth and it is like winter. It is an innocent folly enough, and if you are content with that sort of stained-glass fiction, if it amuses you, and you are happy in your amusement, so be it; live and be cheerful in your little peep-show, and you may go on next to the House that Jack built. Only if you expect literature to have anything to do with life, if you want it to speak to you in your dark hours, just break to pieces the foolish and deceptive medium that is giving false colours to the world." . . . . "God forbid that I should stand here as an apologist for what George Eliot calls 'the Cremorne walks and shows of fiction.' But I want to stand here for the twin angels of freedom and truth. If the novel and the drama is to act upon life, it must be at liberty to represent it, not in one aspect only, but in all aspects; not in its Sunday clothes merely, but in its week-day garments."

Mr. Hall Caine sees the danger of the didactic novel, however, and is by no means a friend to "art with a purpose."

"I cannot believe," says Mr. Hall Caine, "that British humanity, at all events, feels an opposition to morality itself, that it has any objection to being preached at. It is preached at on Sunday, and it is preached at on Monday; it is preached at from the pulpit, and it is preached at from the Press; it is preached at when it is born, it is preached at when it is married, and it is preached over when it is dead—no, I cannot believe that it has any rooted objection to being preached at. And taking its preaching from so many mouths, I think it would take it as resignedly from the mouths of the novelist and the dramatist also, but for one fundamental difficulty. It is in terror lest the play should become as dull as the pulpit sometimes is, lest the three-volume novel should become a three-volume tract." . . . . "But I plead with you," continues Mr. Caine, "to grant liberty to us who are novelists and dramatists to deal with whatever political or religious subjects come into touch with man's moral life. Don't cripple us; don't ask us to let the intellectual activities of the age pass us by. If the great religious public, which has so long stood aloof from the theatre and given the novel a wide berth, are now coming timidly to the one, and are nervously picking up the other, let them be prepared to find their own world there, themselves there, the thoughts and temptations of their lives there—and not a foolish, irresponsible fable that is something between a pantomime and the tragedy of a Punch-and-Judy show."

Mr. Hall Caine thinks that the future of the novel will be a compound "of the penny newspaper and the Sermon on the Mount—the plainest realism and the highest idealism."

"He will be the Shakespeare of the future," says Mr Hall Caine, "who will show us the undying heroism of humanity in the common things of every day; in the struggles of workmen on strike; of poor women with drunken husbands; of enslaved men with besotted wives; of children left to take care of themselves and one another in the wilderness of the world. Then there is the joy and sweetness, as well as the pathos and tragedy, of the common life of the modern world. The passions of men and women are the same now as they were in the heroic days of old, just as strong, just as active, only working in different ways; and, depend upon it, he is to be the great writer who will realise that fact to the full."

"To be a noble writer," added Mr. Caine, concluding this portion of his discourse, "you must first of all be a noble man."

Mr. Hall Caine is in favour of the happy ending. "The craving of the human heart," he says, "is not for the clap-trap of the marriage bells, but for compensation. It will suffer itself to see the hero die, if only he dies in a good cause, if only his death is the crown of his life, if only it can feel that, though everything passes away from him—youth, fortune, love—one thing remains—recompense." . . . . "We look around and we see wrong-doing victorious, and right-doing in the dust; the evil man growing rich and dying in his bed, the good man becoming poor and dying in the streets, and our hearts sink; and we say, 'What is God doing after all in this world of His children?' But our days are few, our view is limited; we cannot watch the event long enough to see the end which Providence sees. Well, am I irreverent? The place of the great novelist, the great dramatist—Tolstoi, Hugo, Scott, Shakspeare—is that of a temporal Providence—to answer the craving of the human soul for compensation, to show us that success may be the worst failure, and failure the best success; that poverty may be better than riches; that—

"'Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen and his swine,
Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine.'

"When he does this, when he gathers together the scattered parts of life and shows 'the axis on which the frame of things turns,' then he speaks to the world's want. When he does not he might as well leave poor human nature to turn its eyes on life itself. It is what art is for at its highest, and I count him the greatest artist who does it best; I count him the greatest genius who touches the magnetic and divine chord in humanity, which is always waiting to vibrate to the sublime hope of recompense; I count him the greatest man who teaches man that the world is ruled in righteousness."

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CLUB CHATTER.

Horse-racing in Russia is not carried out on such a large scale as in this country, but the late Czar, like most Russians, was an ardent admirer of the thoroughbred. Several English jockeys who have at times ridden in Russia and Poland have expressed themselves as satisfied with the general arrangements. Alexander II. was an honorary member of the English Jockey Club. His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia was elected an honorary member as long ago as 1871.

Another Russian who has since 1867 been a prominent member of the Jockey Club is Prince Soltykoff. Only the other day at Newmarket the Prince had the satisfaction of seeing his colt Speed defeat the crack Matchbox, who is now the property of the Austrians.

It was not until 1886 that the *Racing Calender* issued a list of members of the Jockey Club, and up to 1863 the names of new members were never given, only a statement being made to the effect that a ballot had taken place. Amongst those elected in 1864 were the Prince of Wales, and the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, of Hermit fame, and Colonel Forester, who went through the Crimea War. The Duke of Edinburgh was chosen in 1871, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge in 1872. Lord Rosebery was elected in 1870, and Sir Frederick Johnston as long ago as 1860. Sir Henry Hawkins became a member in 1878.

Mention of Hermit in the preceding paragraph reminds me that the Right Hon. H. Chaplin is rarely seen at a race-meeting nowadays. He may, perhaps, attend Goodwood, Ascot, Epsom, and one or two of the Newmarket gatherings, but he does not appear to have retained his old love for the Turf. His colours are still given as rose, but the jacket is never unfurled now. By the way, the skeleton of Hermit is preserved in the Royal Veterinary College.

It is extremely satisfactory to know that the Sporting League is meeting with the approval of every well-known sportman in the kingdom. Such prominent men as Lords Durham, March, Hawke, Rendlesham, Lonsdale, Howe, Cholmondeley, Right Hon. J. Lowther, Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Vize, and Mr. Guy Nickals have already been appointed members of the council. Mr. W. Allison, who is for the time being acting as hon. sec., is a well-known sporting journalist. He at one time ran a big stud farm, and what he does not know about horse breeding is not worth troubling after.

I noticed in Streeter's the other day a quantity of chrysoprase cuff links and scarf pins, with the information added that it was "a lucky stone." Why, I am sure I don't know, no more than I can ever understand the superstitious awe with which the opal is regarded. Sooner than give up his opal to Mark Antony the Roman senator, Nonius, preferred exile; but a jeweller told me recently that only the hardiest individuals ever mention its name now. With its fine leek or apple-green colour, no stone could be more beautiful than that of the chrysoprase, but the unfortunate part is that it is liable to fade, especially if it is kept in a warm place. On the Continent it has always been very popular, and it is somewhat curious that so late in the day it should be sprung on England in the light of a novelty.

A revival in jewellery is the increasing popularity of the medallion portrait, both in scarf-pins and cuff-links. So far, I have not seen any attempt to produce the faces of living people, most of the medallions simply being those of ladies of the Duchess of Gainsborough type. As a matter of fact, I believe that the art of medallion painting is almost extinct, notwithstanding that some five or six years ago a determined attempt was made to revive it. Hence it does not seem very probable that the medallion will take the place of the extinct locket as a photographic monitor to thoughtless married men.

Hat makers do not seem to have come to a mutual understanding in regard to the exact shape of the silk hat. Some are showing as the latest fashion those with a broad brim and a low bell crown, while others have gone in for a higher crown with a narrow brim. It seems pretty certain that another year will elapse before the favoured shapes of last year are out of date.

The silk braid binding that was introduced for frock coats seems destined to be used for overcoats and morning coats. Laid on flat in military style, it gives a garment a decidedly dressy appearance; but great care should always be taken to see that the black of the braid and the cloth are the same. The finely-woven diagonals are, to my thinking, the only cloths suitable; but braid is being now worn on vicunas and worsteds.

I think I may take some credit for the popularising of the collar which has recently been re-christened "The Golf." In an early number of To-Day I called attention to this striking innovation, which, while as high as the usual stand-up, was turned down all the way round. The idea was brought over from France, but for a couple of years it was neglected by fashionable men, till at the end of last year it came at once into public favour. With golfing men it is almost *de rigueur*, and is generally worn with a cotton plaid bow. So far it has not been used much for evening dress, but its turn will probably come.

Favourites for several winters past, the Scotch plaid ties do not seem to have lost any of their popularity. The windows are filled with them, and their variety is greater than ever. Hardly a clan has been overlooked this year. It is much the same with stockings. The patterns are innumerable, and it has become a fad with the innumerable wearers of knee-breeches this year to collect as many as twenty and thirty pairs in different colourings. By the way, there is a noticable change in the make of knickerbockers. The box cloth is no longer shown, the trouser being so cut that it hangs over and hides it.

The custom of having one's initials in silver put on to leather cigar cases and pocket-books has led to very cheap and clumsy-looking letters being manufactured by the hundred. Any mechanic can rivet these letters to leather, but the wise man will avoid shops where goods can be initialled "while you wait." The correct form of lettering is obtained by cutting the monogram out of a solid sheet of silver. It is then rounded and polished, and when finished resembles fine silver wire.

I am taken to task in a kindly fashion by a local reader, who imagines that my attack on the shoddy factories of Yorkshire was intended to apply to the whole of the woollen industries of his county. That was not my idea. Everyone knows that in the West Riding of Yorkshire the finest of broadcloths and tweeds are produced. Nor was my attack directed at "shoddy." What I protested against was the swindle practised on the public when "shoddy" imitations of fashionable patterns were sold as genuine Scotch or West of England's. While I am on the subject of these swindles, I should like to know whether certain famous firms of glove makers can be aware of the goods sold to the public, with their name as a guarantee, at a ridiculously low price, and of a quality that would ruin any reputation.

Judging from correspondence from time to time, there seem to be amongst my readers a very large number who smoke cigarettes because they like them, and console

themselves with the idea that they are simply ruining body and soul through the habit. For their benefit I may mention another attempt to destroy the nicotine. It consists of a cotton wad fixed to a glass mouthpiece, and is secured to each cigarette. I smoked one—only one.

The attitude of the Rugby Union towards professionalism will meet with the approval of everyone who has the interests of the sport at heart. There is no sign of faltering in the circular which has been sent round to all the clubs, and the demand made to the clubs in the North to plainly state whether they intend "to comply with the letter and spirit of the bye-laws, rules and regulations of the Union" will force the hands of those who have so long resorted to the methods which have made Yorkshire and Lancashire a bye-word. The Union can, without doubt, reckon on the united support of the clubs in the South, the Midlands, and the West of England. The projected professional union is not yet an accomplished fact, but with clubs like Leigh, Salford, and Radcliffe "hung up," it is probable that before many weeks are over others will declare themselves.

There seems to be no holding the Woolwich Arsenal Club in their career of success. To draw with the English Cup holders (Notts County) at Nottingham, and then to beat them at Plumstead are feats which are meritorious in a high degree. And there was no luck about the victory. It was won by sheer pluck and skill. The defence was always excellent. The improvement is in the forward rank, in spite of the unfortunate accident to Boyd, who is, without doubt, to be credited with having got the wings together, and having shown them the necessity of combination. The ambition of the Arsenal is to work their way up into the first division of the League. Although they may not do that just yet, I fancy they will occupy a respectable position in the table of the second division by the end of the season.

Professionalism in the South has received another recruit in a fifth-rate club at the East End called the Old Castle Swifts. The secession seems to be a piece of pique because the Association refused to reinstate a professional named Cunningham, whom the club wished to play as an amateur. Absolutely no significance is to be attached to what a certain section of the Press has dignified as an important event.

On Saturday there is a miniature battle between London and Manchester at the Oval, the combatants being boys. The Surrey Club has generously granted the use of the ground, and as the proceeds are to be devoted to charities connected with that hard-working body, the school teachers, I hope that the football public will support the match by their presence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. R.—If neither of the cosmetiques you mention enable you to train your moustache in the way you want, I am at a loss to make a suggestion. I remember that at the time when "I a Debacle" started a controversy as to the use of rouge and powder by Napoleon III., an acquaintance of the Emperor's told me that that remarkable pointed moustache was produced by the insertion of two fine steel wires.

W. R. (Bedford).—You are only one of many correspondents who have during the last few weeks sent me in suggestions about dyeing my hair. I am sure if we were personally acquainted you would spare me. At any rate, I am at a loss to understand this remarkable interest in my appearance.

Bullfinder.—I could not improve on your idea and thank you for your kind remarks.

Affiliation of Clubs (Leicester). — In order to affiliate with another club you must first of all find out one run on similar lines to your own, and having a similar class of members, and then approach its committee. Not unfrequently a provincial club throws its doors open to a London club, although the privilege is not exchanged.

Indian Lottery.—I cannot find any agency in England where tickets for the big Indian Derby lottery are sold.

W. F. L. H.—I mention the "Sporting League" elsewhere.

The Major.

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COOL. SWEET. FRAGRANT.

CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

IGHT at last, and the stir and tumult of a great fight over. Even the excitement that had swept this portion of the battle-field — only a small section of a vaster area of struggle — into which a brigade had marched, held its own, been beaten back, recovered its ground, and pursuing, had passed out of it, for ever, leaving only its dead behind, and knowing nothing more of that struggle than its own impact and momentum — even this wild excitement had long since evaporated with the stinging smoke of gunpowder, the acrid smell of burning rags from the clothing of a dead soldier fired by a bursting shell, or the heated reek of sweat and leather. A cool breath that seemed to bring back once more the odour of the upturned earthworks along the now dumb line of battle, began to move from the suggestive darkness beyond.

But into that awful penetralia of death and silence there was no invasion—there had been no retreat. A few of the wounded had been brought out, under fire, but the others had been left with the dead for the morning light and succour. For it was known that in that horrible obscurity, riderless horses, frantic with the smell of blood, galloped wildly here and there, or, maddened by wounds, plunged furiously at the intruder; that the wounded soldier, still armed, could not always distinguish friend from foe or from the ghouls of camp followers who stripped the dead in the darkness, and struggled with the dying. A shot or two heard somewhere in that obscurity counted as nothing with the long fusilade that had swept it in the daytime; the passing of a single life, more or less, amounted to little in the long roll-call of the day's slaughter.

But with the first beams of the morning sun—and the slowly moving "relief detail" from the camp—came a weird half-resurrection of that ghastly field. Then it was that the long rays of sunlight, streaming away a mile beyond the battle line, pointed out the first harvest of the dead where the reserves had been posted. There they lay in heaps and piles, killed by solid shot or bursting shells that had leaped the battle line to plunge into the waiting ranks beyond. As the sun lifted higher its beams fell within the range of musketry fire, where the dead lay thicker—even as they had fallen when killed outright—with arms extended, and feet at all angles to the field. As it touched these dead upturned faces, strangely enough it brought out no expression of pain nor anguish—but rather as if death had arrested them only in surprise and awe. It revealed on the lips of those who had been mortally wounded and had turned upon their side, the relief which death had brought their suffering, sometimes shown in a faint smile. Mounting higher, it glanced upon the actual battle line, curiously curving for the shelter of walls, fences, and breastworks, and here the dead lay, even as when they lay and fired, their faces prone in the grass but their muskets still resting across the breastworks. Exposed to grape and canister from the battery on the ridge, death had come to them mercifully also—through the head and throat. And now the whole field lay bare in the sunlight, broken with grotesque shadows cast from sitting, crouching, half-recumbent—but always

THE FIRST HARVEST OF THE DEAD.

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rigid—figures, which might have been effigies on their own monuments. One half-kneeling soldier, with head bowed between his stiffened hands, might have stood for a carven figure of Grief at the feet of his dead comrade. A captain shot through the brain in the act of mounting a wall, lay sideways half across it, his lips parted with a word of command; his sword still pointing over the barrier the way that they should go.

But it was not until the sun had mounted higher that it struck the central horror of the field and seemed to linger there in dazzling persistence, now and then returning to it in startling flashes that it might be seen of men and they who brought succour. A tiny brook had run obliquely near the battle line. It was here that the night before the battle, friend and foe had filled their canteens side by side with soldierly recklessness, or perhaps a higher instinct—purposely ignoring each other's presence; it was here that the wounded had afterwards crept, crawled, and dragged themselves; here they had pushed, wrangled, striven, and fought for a draught of that precious fluid which assuaged the thirst of their wounds—or happily put them out of their misery for ever; here overborne, crushed, suffocated by numbers, pouring their own blood into the flood, and tumbling after it with their helpless bodies, they dammed the stream, until recoiling, red and angry, it had burst its banks and overflowed the cotton field in a broad pool that now sparkled in the sunlight. But below this human dam—a mile away—where the brook still crept sluggishly, the ambulance horses sniffed and started from it.

The detail moved on slowly, doing their work expeditiously, and apparently callously, but really only with that mechanical movement that saves emotion. Only once they were moved to an outbreak of indignation—the discovery of the body of an officer whose pockets were turned inside out, but whose hand was still tightly grasped on his buttoned waistcoat, as if resisting the outrage that had been done while still in life. As the men disengaged the stiffened hand something slipped from the waistcoat to the ground. The corporal picked it up and handed it to his officer. It was a sealed packet. The officer received it with the carelessness which long experience of these pathetic missives from the dying to their living relations had induced, and dropped it in the pocket of his tunic, with the half-dozen others that he had picked up that morning, and moved on with the detail. A little further on they halted, in the attitude of attention, as a mounted officer appeared, riding slowly down the line.

There was something more than the habitual respect of their superior in their faces as he came forward. For it was the General who had commanded the brigade the day before—the man who had leaped with one bound into the forward rank of military leaders. It was his invincible spirit that had led the advance, held back defeat against overwhelming numbers, sustained the rally, impressed his subordinate officers with his own undeviating purpose, and even infused them with an almost superstitious belief in his destiny of success. It was this man who had done what it was deemed impossible to do—what even at the time it was thought unwise and unstrategic to do—who had held a weak position, of apparently no importance, under the mandate of an incomprehensible order from his superior, which at best asked only for a sacrifice, and was rewarded with a victory. He had decimated his brigade, but the wounded and dying had cheered him as he passed, and the survivors had pursued the enemy until the bugle called them back. For such a record he looked still too young, and even too scholarly, albeit his handsome face was dark and energetic, and his manner taciturn.

His quick eye had already caught sight of the rifled body of the officer, and contracted. As the captain of the detail saluted him he said, curtly—

"I thought the orders were to fire upon anyone desecrating the dead?"

"They are, General; but the hyænas don't give us a chance. That's all yonder poor fellow saved from their claws," replied the officer, as he held up the sealed packet. "It has no address."

The General took it, examined the envelope, thrust it into his belt, and said—

"I will take charge of it."

The sound of horse hoofs came from the rocky roadside beyond the brook. Both men turned. A number of field officers were approaching.

"The Division Staff," said the Captain, in a lower voice, falling back.

They came slowly forward, a central figure on a grey horse leading here—as in history. A short, thick-set man with a grizzled beard closely cropped around an inscrutable mouth, and the serious formality of a respectable country deacon in his aspect, which even the Major-General's blazon on the shoulder-strap of his loose tunic, on his soldierly seat in the saddle could not entirely obliterate. He had evidently perceived the General of Brigade, and quickened his horse as the latter drew up. The staff followed more leisurely, but still with some curiosity to witness the meeting of the first general of the army with the youngest. The Division General saluted, but almost instantly withdrew his leathern gauntlet, and offered his bared hand to the Brigadier. The words of heroes are scant. The drawn-up detail, the waiting staff listened. This was all they heard—

"Halleck tells me you're from California?"

"Yes, General."

"Ah! I lived there, too, in the early days. Wonderful country. Developed greatly since my time, I suppose?"

"Yes, General."

"Great resources; finest wheat-growing country in the world, sir. You don't happen to know what the actual crop was, this year?"

"Hardly, General; but something enormous."

"Yes, I have always said it would be. Have a cigar?"

He handed his cigar-case to the brigadier. Then he took one himself, lighted it at the smouldering end of the one he had taken from his mouth, was about to throw the stump carelessly down, but suddenly recollecting himself, leaned over his horse, and dropped it carefully a few inches away from the face of a dead soldier. Then, straightening himself in the saddle, he shoved his horse against the Brigadier, moving him a little further on, while a slight movement of his hand kept the staff from following.

"A heavy loss here!"

"I'm afraid so, General."

"It couldn't be helped. We had to rush in your brigade to gain time, and occupy the enemy, until we could change front."

The young general looked at the shrewd, cold eyes of his chief.

"Change front?" he echoed.

"Yes. Before a gun was fired, we discovered that the

HE HANDED IT TO BRANT.

enemy was in complete possession of all our plans, and knew every detail of our forward movement. All had to be changed."

The younger man now instantly understood the incomprehensible order of the day before.

The General of Division continued, with his first touch of official formality—

"You understand, therefore, General Brant, that in the face of this extraordinary treachery, the utmost vigilance is required, and a complete surveillance of your camp followers and civilians, to detect the actual spy within our lines, or the traitor we are harbouring, who has become possessed of this information. You will overhaul your brigade, and weed out all suspects, and in the position which you are to take to-morrow, and the plantation you will occupy, you will see that your private quarters, as well as your lines, are cleared of all but those you can vouch for."

He reined in his horse, again extended his hand, saluted, and rejoined his staff.

Brigadier-General Clarence Brant remained for a moment with his head bent in thoughtful contemplation of the coolness of his veteran chief, under this exciting disclosure, and the strategy with which he had frustrated the traitor's success. Then his eye caught the sealed packet in his belt. He mechanically drew it out, and broke the seal. The envelope was filled with papers and memorandums. But as he looked at them his face darkened and his brow knit. He glanced quickly around him. The staff had trotted away; the Captain and his detail were continuing their work at a little distance. He took a long breath. For he was holding in his hand a tracing of their camp, even of the position *he* was to occupy to-morrow, and a detailed account of the movements, plans, and force of the whole division as had been arranged in council of war the day before the battle! But there was no indication of the writer or his intentions.

He thrust the papers hurriedly back into the envelope, but placed it, this time, in his breast. He galloped towards the captain.

"Let me see again the officer from whom you took that packet!"

The captain led him where the body lay, with others, extended more decently on the grass awaiting removal. General Brant with difficulty repressed an ejaculation.

"Why, it's one of our own men," he said quickly.

"Yes, general. They say it's Lieutenant Wainwright, a regular, of the Paymaster General's Department."

"Then what was he doing here?" asks General Brant, sternly.

"I can't make out, sir, unless he went into the last advance as a volunteer. Wanted to see the fight, I suppose. He was a dashing fellow, a West Pointer—and a Southerner, too—a Virginian."

"A Southerner!" echoed Brant, quickly.

"Yes, sir."

"Search him again," said Brant, quietly. He had recovered his usual coolness, and as the Captain again examined the body, he took out his tablets and wrote a few lines. It was an order to search the quarters of Lieutenant Wainwright and bring all papers, letters, and documents to him. He then beckoned one of the detail towards him. "Take that to the Provost Marshal, at once. Well, Captain," he added, calmly, as the officer again approached him. "What do you find?"

"Only this, sir," returned the Captain, with a half smile, producing a small photograph. "I suppose it was overlooked, too."

He handed it to Brant.

There was a sudden fixing of his commanding officer's eyes, but his face did not otherwise change.

"It's the usual find, General. Always a photograph! But this time a handsome woman!"

"Very," said Clarence Brant, quietly. It was the portrait of his own wife!

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER OF MRS. GRUNDY'S MISTAKES.

"Bicycling is not a womanly exercise, *my dear*," said Mrs. Grundy to me one afternoon; and she poured out a delicious cup of tea.

That night I debated the question in my mind for half an hour. Then I said to myself: "I will judge from experience." Thereupon I fell soundly asleep. The next day I began taking lessons. A few notes from my diary show the conclusion I came to.

First Lesson.—Kindly supported I start. After various serpentine movements, during which my feet make spasmodic and desperate efforts to get on friendly terms with the pedals, I fall on my left side. I mount again, and awkwardly tumble down, this time on my right. Yes, two falls; but gentle and encouraging ones, for they prove to me how near I am to the ground when in my saddle, and teach me that I have only to put my foot forward to stand upright once more. The lesson over I feel no fatigue whatever, only a healthy languor similar to that which pervades one's frame after a good swim.

Second Lesson.—My feet and the pedals agree. I begin to lessen my grip of the hand-bar, and instinctively understand that I must school the machine to follow my will instead of giving myself into its power.

Third Lesson.—Like all other studies, bicycling has a period in which no apparent progress is made. It is a standstill that savours of regress. Trying to ride without assistance, to-day, I lost my head, and consequently my balance. The result was a bad fall. Moreover I learnt, by the convincing proof of a scratch on my ankle, that I must keep my feet steady if I do not wish them caught between the pedals and the hind wheel.

Fourth Lesson.—Unable to balance myself or to steer correctly. I attribute this nervous state to the shaking of yesterday's fall. I bring the lesson to an early close.

Fifth Lesson.—I start with better success, and begin to feel the instinct of equilibrium. My teacher has some difficulty in running up with me. I am sorry when the time allowed for the lesson is over.

Sixth Lesson.—My balance is decidedly improved; so is my steering.

Seventh Lesson.—I am off—alone! In the cool morning breeze that fans my face, I go on pedalling to the harmonious swing of the healthy exercise, which, brought to a conclusion, leaves my body in the glow of a perfect circulation.

Such my first experience of bicycling. Taking it from a woman's point of view—aye, say a *mother's*—I believe the exercise to be an excellent one. If I had a daughter in her "teens," I would like to see her take up this pastime in preference to having her lounge in the drawing-room with an every-day novel. Those who have not tried cycling cannot realise the absurdity of condemning it as unsuited to ladies.

To us women journalists the bicycle will prove, in the long run, eminently useful. We cannot always afford

hansoms, and however enjoyable the top of a 'bus may be under some circumstances, it certainly robs us, by its penny hypocrisy, of our most valuable time. What swifter conveyance to a place wherefrom to gather notes for copy to be delivered at a few hours' notice? And what relaxation to the strained mind, after a long and lonely companionship with the writing-table, to swing ourselves in the flying saddle, and in breathing God's fresh air, to have our thoughts diverted from that word or that phrase which has hammered our over-taxed brain all day!

I should like to hear more of the experience and ideas of women on the subject; and I shall be happy to hold out a friendly hand to the ones who are wishing, though still hesitating, to adopt this interesting exercise. To these I can safely say that the secret of success in steering a bicycle on the road, as well as in Mrs. Grundy's domains, is the same that serves us in all the difficulties of life. The secret lies in the motto: "A cool head and a warm heart."

Elvira Tarney-Archer.

GIVE AND TAKE.

BY

H. F. GETHEN.

The district visitor opened the door of No. 4, Gardener's Cottages, and stepped into a tiny little bare room, where a sick woman lay on the shabby bedstead.

"Are you better, Mrs. Grey? How's the cough to-day?" she asked in a brisk, kindly way.

"Mortal bad, thank'ee kindly, and I'm most tore to pieces with the cough, night and day. Your syrup's done me good, and George, he's very kind like, and puts it by me afore he's off to his work," replied the invalid.

"Can I get you anything, Mrs. Grey? Will you let me make you a cup of tea?"

The sick woman looked pleased.

"I'd like it, I'd like it ever so, but George 'ud be vexed. He comes home straight from his work when he knows I've got to wait for he to put my tea. You see, Miss, while I was well, he'd stay out all evenin', and never mind me bein' lonesome, but he's rare and tender over me since I was stricken down. I'd sooner wait till he comes, thank'ee all the same."

"Well, I'm glad he's a comfort to you now, Mrs. Grey, but I don't like you to go without your tea so long," said her pitying visitor.

SHE FOUND GEORGE STANDING ON THE DOORSTEP.

Mrs. Grey had a pair of honest blue eyes which often betrayed their owner's thoughts, and at the word "comfort" a shadow seemed to pass across and dim their brightness. She hesitated a minute, but then said frankly—

"Perhaps he ain't rightly jes' what you'd call a comfort, miss, but there's worse sons than he. I do find his 'bacca a bit tryin', but I'm gettin' used to it; you see it ain't a big room, and when he's had a couple o' pipes you can't hardly see across it. I jes' coughs and coughs, but the tea stops me in gineral, and if he couldn't smoke here he'd be off somewhere else, and so I mun put up with it if I wants to have my boy wi' me to the last. When yer lonesome and sick, it's wonderful how you clings to yer children, and George is all I've got left. He's promised me as I sha'n't die alone, and I've promised he as I'll bear wi' his 'bacca. So I'll wait for my tea, and good evening and thank'ee all the same."

Next time the district visitor called at No. 4, Gardener's Cottages, she found George standing on the doorstep, pipe in mouth. He touched his forelock sheepishly, as he said, "She told me you was allers a friend to her, miss, and she hoped you'd be a friend to me, too. I'm goin' to keep straight now, I tell 'ee. I promised 'er I'd try again. Will you go in, she's rare and peaceful lookin' now?"

So the visitor followed George into the room, where, covered by a clean white sheet, lay the dead form of his mother. She had indeed a look of rare peace on her sweet old face, and it was easy to see that her long-suffering patience had not been in vain. Her dread of "lonesomeness" had vanished before the end came, for George had kept his promise, and had faithfully watched with her through those last hours when human nature clings to human companionship, and she had passed away, comforted by his newly whispered promise, "to try once again."

As the district visitor passed out into the sunshine, she echoed the dead mother's words, "There's worse sons than he, after all."

THE POSITION OF EPHESUS.

BY

BARRY PAIN.

[*Being an extract from the note-book of a private School-Master.*]

The day commenced as usual with the Scripture lesson in early morning school. In accordance with my instructions to be moral, geographical, or historical, but not doctrinal, I put the question, "Where is Ephesus?" George Weeks was, as usual, at the top of the class; I generally find that he has prepared his work; but he did not know where Ephesus was. I told him how impossible it was for him to take any intelligent interest in the subject unless he looked up such points. He seemed downcast.

The next boy repeated the question aloud: "Where is Ephesus? Oh!" Then he paused, and looked at me much as old Peter used to look in my unregenerate days when we played poker together, and he suspected me of bluff. It was a searching suspicious look. "I see," he continued brightly. "Ephesus was one of those cities that are now extinct; it isn't properly anywhere at the present time; it's stopped."

"Look here, Melsham," I said, frigidly. "Do not try to be too sharp, and do not imagine for one moment that if you are ignorant upon any point, you can conceal your ignorance from Me. If you would kindly remember those two things, you would get on much better. Now then—next, please. Where is Ephesus?"

The next boy, Smithson, did not know. In the ordinary course, if a boy does not know the answer to the question he merely says nothing. Smithson said nothing, but he shook his head. It was an unusual and unnecessary action. I feel certain that he had shaken his head, because his guilty conscience told him that there was that within his mouth which would make articulation difficult—or, indeed, impossible.

"Smithson," I said, "I must ask you to tell me exactly what you are eating."

He turned white, and told me—very indistinctly—that it was a chocolate caramel.

It takes a complete boy to eat a chocolate caramel just five minutes before he will—in all human probability—be eating a boiled egg.

I told him to place the remainder of the sweetmeat in the waste-paper basket and go to the bottom of the class. I spare details, but I should think that the chocolate caramel might be used for mending broken china. I said a few words to Smithson on the subject of conscience and the futility of any attempt to conceal sin. He wept a little.

The next boy really knew nothing about the position of Ephesus, but asked me vaguely if it wasn't a part of Palestine.

"Let us suppose for one moment that Ephesus *is* a part of Palestine. Would your answer be correct? No, my dear boy. Accuracy—absolute accuracy—is essential to information of every kind, if it is to have any real value."

It seems hard to believe that not one of these boys who had been reading about Ephesus the night before had taken the trouble to look it up in the atlas. But it was so.

The true educationalist uses his opportunities, and I think that I had used mine. Starting with a question as to the position of Ephesus, I had found an opportunity to impress upon these young boys, with their minds open to every salutary influence, the necessity for intelligent work and absolute accuracy and straightforward dealing. I had warned them against over-subtlety and futile attempts to conceal sin. In a word, I had set up before them a far higher moral standard than that which I have found it expedient so far to keep in general use.

When the question had gone all round the class, and every boy had missed, that little brute Melsham had the cheek to put the question to me—

"Well, sir, where *is* Ephesus really?"

How could I possibly know? It is one of the things which you are taught, only to forget. I knew where Ephesus was once; but I certainly did not know when I asked the question, and I could not get a couple of minutes with the atlas just then. What ordinary man *does* know the position of Ephesus? If he wants it he looks it up; if he does not want it he leaves it. I glanced at the clock, and saw that it was just on breakfast time.

"Very good, Melsham," I said; "I am very glad to hear you ask that question; it shows that you are beginning to see now the necessity for an intelligent interest in your work. I wish that you had seen it before, but better late than never. Now, before I draw on the blackboard the map that will—what, the breakfast bell! Next chapter for next time, and use the atlas."

So that was quite all right.

At breakfast I got another letter from old Peter. He still insists that I should do better to take orders, as he has done. He gets ninety-five and boards himself; I get seventy and am boarded—except the holidays, of course. No, thank you, Peter; arithmetic is arithmetic and the proposal is not funny enough. This post is not brilliant but it's better than that.

Just fancy old Peter a curate! He is really not fit for it.

THE MASTER.

BY

I. ZANGWILL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued.*)

The stage of the world is not adapted for heroic attitudes; unless the curtain be dropped on the instant.

To pass after a tedious day-long journey from the vivid Boulevards to the grey dreariness of a poor London suburb on a Sunday evening was already a chill to the artistic mind; to find that the wife into whose arms he had come to fall in dramatic contrition, was not only out, but gone to church with Aunt Clara and little Clara, was to be further reminded of the essentially inartistic character of life in general and of its especial narrowness in church-going districts.

But he stooped down to kiss little Davie who, by reason of the servant's "Sunday out," had opened the door and explained these things to him. He saw that the child had a little wooden mannikin in his hand, and was sucking it.

"Don't suck that, Davie," he said.

"There ain't no paint to spoil," Davie urged gravely. "It's all gone."

Matthew carried both the little men downstairs on his shoulder. In the kitchen he found Billy moping by the fire—profiting by the absence of the servant to enjoy the only fire Rosina's economy permitted at this season of the year, but sunk so deep in a black reverie that he did not raise his head at the unwonted footsteps.

A wave of protective love, almost paternal, flooded Matthew's soul; he laid his hand on poor Billy's head as in benediction. Never more would they be parted, never more.

"Billy," he said, softly.

The young man started violently, and looked up.

"I've come back, Billy," he said, tenderly.

"So I see," replied Billy, ungraciously.

He was stung to the quick, but he controlled his pain: he knew this was part of his atonement.

"I have come to make it up with Rosina. I'm not going away again," he went on gently, his hand on Billy's shoulder.

"And what's the use of that?" Billy snapped. "Even

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if she makes it up with you, she'll break out again in a few days. I know her."

He set down the child with a sigh, and drew a chair to his brother's side. Davie climbed trustfully on his knee. The kettle was singing, and a plump, grey cat purred in the fender.

"Besides," Billy went on, "you've always said you couldn't live here—it was necessary to live at your studio."

"I know; but I am giving up the studio."

Billy turned whiter than usual.

"What's happened?" he cried in alarm.

"Nothing in particular."

"Then I suppose you're going to turn me out of my work-room?"

"No, no, Billy. I am giving up painting altogether."

Billy's eyes dilated in horror, as on the night when his mother had dragged him out of bed to trudge the frozen fields.

"Are you mad?" he gasped.

Something of his awe sent a shiver through his brother.

"Perhaps I am," said Matthew.

He fell silent.

Billy regarded him furtively. The minutes dragged on. Matthew looked at his watch—getting on for seven. Eleanor Wyndwood would have been dressing for him—he saw her matchless loveliness. Another few minutes, and his kisses would have been on her lips—those lips that had lain on his in what was already an enchanted, hazy dream rather than a waking memory.

"Perhaps I *am* mad," he muttered again, as he sat waiting for Rosina instead. And then he caught sight of the little figure Davie was sucking and began to laugh boisterously.

Billy was terrified.

"You can have the studio back if you like," he said, soothingly; the cripple's tones became protective in their turn. "I can write anywhere—and after all, what's the use of my writing?—nobody will take what I write."

"I can write kisses," interposed Davie, looking up proudly.

"What does he mean, Billy?" said Matthew.

"Oh, he used to put crosses at the end of the letter when Rosina wrote to poor old Coble—kisses to his grandfather, you know."

"He's a angel now," said Davie, gravely.

"What's that you're sucking?" Billy responded, sternly. "You know you mustn't."

He took it away, and Davie set up a howl, till pacified by a penny.

"It's an image of a preacher, Matt," Billy explained. "I forget his name. He died last year—Rosina used to go and hear him. She said he gave her great comfort. These images are sold in thousands. What a ludicrous thing popular religion is!"

Matthew laughed, but there was a tear for Rosina in the laughter.

"By the way," he said suddenly. "Did old Coble leave her any money?"

"Yes—but a few thousand dollars was all there was, when his estate was wound up. He couldn't have expected to crack up, for he made no provision whatever for Aunt Clara."

"Then Rosina is keeping her?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"How does she reconcile that with her economy?" he thought, with an added throb of tenderness. The kettle sang on, the cat purred; he had a flash of hope, he might grow to love her yet. But he thought of Eleanor Wyndwood, and the hope died. They would have been on their way now to their restaurant—sitting close together, driving through the flashing streets. Oh, was he not mad to be here?

"What are you doing all alone?" he thought. "My love, my first love and my last, you who believed in me, who were ready to sacrifice yourself to me!"

"Did you go to see Ruth Hailey?" asked Billy, suddenly.

Eleanor's face vanished. He put his hand to his breast-pocket, and drew out the portrait with the sweet, shy eyes.

"Yes," he said, tremulously, "and she gave me this."

Billy took the photograph and kissed it.

"God bless you," he said.

Davie pricked up his ears.

"You're not in love with her?" Matthew asked lightly, with a sudden apprehension.

"I? I know better than to be in love with any woman," said Billy sadly, as he returned the portrait. "Only in my stories can I love and be loved."

"It was she who sent us that mysterious money," said Matthew, and told him the story. Billy listened in surprise and emotion.

"God bless you, Ruth," he said again.

"What is that God in 'God bless you?'" interrupted Davie.

The brothers looked at each other, embarrassed.

"Ask mummy, she'll tell you," said Matthew at last.

"Mummy did tell me, but I can't 'derstand." He sat there wondering. "When does God sleep?"

The sudden blare and boom of a Salvationist procession saved reply. The blatant clangour passed, died. They waited for Rosina.

Presently they heard the returning church-party descending into the area, so as not to soil the white upper steps.

He had kissed her before she was aware of his presence, as she stepped across the kitchen threshold, red-edged prayer-book in hand. After that her sullenness was only half-hearted. He said he had come to supper. By the time they sat down to it a reconciliation had been patched up. Warned by Billy's reception of his determination, he did not even break it to her yet. Thus tamely passed off the great renunciation scene—the crisis of his life—like everything else in his life, unlike what he had imagined beforehand. Rosina did not even understand what this home-coming meant to him. He pleaded that Davie, who did not want to go to sleep, should be allowed to stay up to supper, but this request was not granted.

"Mummy, when does God go to sleep?" the persistent Davie remembered to ask, as she was leading him from the room.

"God never sleeps," replied Rosina sternly, and haled him to bed.

Matthew pondered the immense saying, so glibly spoken, as he waited for her to return. "Aunt Clara," pouch-eyed and wan, her head nodding queerly with excitement at the great man's presence, was laying the supper in the warm kitchen, where the servant would not resume possession till ten; little Clara was at her task of Bible reading. Billy drowsed on his chair, exhausted. The fire glowed red, the cat was still stretched in the warmth. Something in the scene thrilled him with a sense of restful kinship with it, half sweet, half sad; a sense of being more really at home than in delicate drawing-rooms; the old homely kitchen far away on the borders of the forest sent out subtle links, binding his childhood to the manhood that had come at last.

This half-and-half-ness was typical of the new life which began that night and which on the morrow was sealed and consecrated by the message from Eleanor: "You are right. We have chosen the highest." It was a life full of petty pricks and everyday worries. But if it was not so grandiosely heroic as he had intended, neither was the consequence to his Art as he had foreseen.

He has not given up Art. Neither Rosina nor Billy would permit that folly, and Eleanor's brief letter had a postscript of inspiring protest. He had meant to sacrifice Art and happiness, but only the latter sacrifice was accepted. For unhappiness drove him back to his studio—where the "Angelus" hung now like an inspiration. From the glooms and trials of the daily routine in this prosaic home, with its faithful but narrow-

souled mistress, who knew not what was passing in her husband's mind, nor at what cost he had made her happy, and who would not even agree to live in some beautiful country spot which would have softened life for him; from this depressing household with its unsprightly children, its cheerless pensioner, its querulous cripple resenting the very hand that fed him, he escaped to the little white-washed studio, to find in his Art oblivion of the burden of life.

And now, at last, his true life-work was begun. Removed from the sapping cynicism of the club conscience, from the drought of drawing-room disbelief, from the miasma of fashionable conversation, from the confusing cackle of critics; saved from the intrigue with Mrs. Wyndwood that would have distracted his soul and imposed an extra need for money-making; withdrawn from the feverish rush of fashion and the enervating consumption of superfluous food and drink; exempted from keeping up a luxurious position purchased by scamped, soulless pictures; able to work without the whims of sisters or patrons, without regard to prices, for Rosina's income, augmented by her very considerable hoardings, and by his balance supplemented by the proceeds of the sale of his studio effects and ancient pictures, the whole doubled by Rosina's economic administration, was amply sufficient for every rational need; Matthew Strang began at last, without underthought of anything but Art, in this homely environment to which his soul was native, to express his own inmost individuality; to produce faithfully and finely the work it was in him to do.

With the aristocratic in art or life he has no sympathy; to him, to be honest and faithful, is to belong to the only aristocracy in the world—and the smallest. Sometimes he dreams of some great Common Art—for all men like the sky and the air, which should somehow soften and ennoble life for all. And dreaming thus, he somewhat frets against the limitations of his Art and of its influence, wishing rather he had been a great poet or a great musician.

But life is too long for ideals; the unending procession of the days depresses the finest enthusiasm. Sometimes when the domestic horizon is dark, or when his body is racked with pain, he rebels against the *rôle* thrust upon him in the world's workshop, against the fate that mocked at his free will, and made of him a voluntary instrument for the happiness of Rosina and Herbert, turning his every action to undreamed-of issues; and then he longs for the life that had been his second nature, the life of gay talk, and rustling dresses, and wine, and woman, and song. And in such moments as these—when the natural human instinct for happiness, yearning sunward, breaks through all the strata of laborious philosophy and experience—he remembers that men call him "The Master," and then he seems to hear the sardonic laughter of Mad Peggy, as he asks himself what Master he has followed in his sacrifice, or what Master, working imperturbably, moulds human life at his ironic, inscrutable will.

THE END.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 54. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

IN MID-ATLANTIC.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by SCOTT RANKIN.

"NO sir," said the night-watchman, as he took a seat on a post at the end of the jetty, and stowed a huge piece of tobacco in his cheek. "No, man an' boy, I was at sea forty years afore I took on this job, but I can't say as ever I saw a real, downright ghost."

This was disappointing, and I said so. Previous experience of the power of Bill's vision had led me to expect something very different.

"Not but what I've known some queer things happen," said Bill, fixing his eyes on the Surrey side, and going off into a kind of trance. "Queer things."

I waited patiently; Bill's eyes, after resting for some time on Surrey, began to slowly cross the river, paused midway in reasonable hopes of a collision between a tug with its flotilla of barges and a penny steamer, and then came back to me.

"You heard that yarn old Cap'n Harris was telling the other day about the skipper he knew having a warning one night to alter his course, an' doing so, picked up five live men and three dead skeletons in a open boat?" he enquired.

I nodded.

"The yarn in various forms is an old one," said I.

"It's all founded on something I told him once," said Bill. "I don't wish to accuse Cap'n Harris of taking another man's true story an' spoiling it; he's got a bad memory, that's all. Fust of all, he forgets he ever heard the yarn; secondly, he goes and spoils it."

I gave a sympathetic murmur. Harris was as truthful an old man as ever breathed, but his tales were terribly restricted by this circumstance, whereas Bill's were limited by nothing but his own imagination.

"It was about fifteen years ago now," began Bill, getting the quid into a bye-way of his cheek, where it would not impede his utterance. "I was A.B. on the 'Swallow,' a barque trading wherever we could pick up stuff. On this v'y'ge we was bound from London to Jamaica with a general cargo.

"The start of that v'y'ge was excellent. We was towed out of the St. Katherine's docks here, to the Nore, an' the tug left us to a stiff breeze which fairly raced us down Channel and out into the Atlantic. Everybody was saying what a fine v'y'ge we was having, an' what quick time we should make, an' the fust mate was in such a lovely temper that you might do anything with him a'most.

"We was about ten days out, an' still slipping along in this spanking way, when all of a sudden things changed. I was at the wheel with the second mate one night, when the skipper, whose name was Brown, came up from below in a uneasy sort o' fashion, and stood looking at us for some time without speaking. Then at last he sort o' makes up his mind, and ses he—

"'Mr. McMillan, I've just had a most remarkable experience, an' I don't know what to do about it.'

"'Yes, sir?' ses Mr. McMillan.

"'Three times I've been woke up this night by something shouting in my ear "Steer Nor'-Nor'-West," ses the cap'n very solemnly, "Steer Nor'-Nor'-West," that's all it says. The first time I thought it was somebody got into my cabin skylarking, and I laid for 'em with a stick, but I've heard it three times, an' there's nothing there.'

"'It's a supernatural warning,' ses the second mate, who had a great uncle once who had the second sight, and was the most unpopular man of his family, because he always knew what to expect, and laid his plans according.

"'That's what I think,' ses the cap'n. 'There's some shipwrecked fellow creatures in distress.'

"'It's a verra grave responsebeelity,' ses Mr. McMillan. 'I should just ca' up the fairst mate.'

"'Bill,' ses the cap'n, 'just go down below, and tell Mr. Salmon I'd like a few words with him partikler.'

"Well, I went down below, and called up the first mate, and as soon as I'd explained to him what he was wanted for, he went right off into a fit of outrageous bad language

an' hit me. He came right up on deck in his pants an' socks. A most disrespekful way to come to the cap'n, but he was that hot and excited he didn't care what he did.

"'Mr. Salmon,' ses the cap'n, gravely, 'I've just had a most solemn warning, and I want to——'

"'I know,' says the mate, gruffly.

"'What! have you heard it too?' ses the cap'n in surprise. 'Three times?'

"'I heard it from him,' ses the mate, pointing to me. 'Nightmare, sir, nightmare.'

"'It was not nightmare, sir,' ses the cap'n, very huffy, 'an if I hear it again, I'm going to alter this ship's course.'

"Well, the fust mate was in a hole. He wanted to call the skipper something which he knew wasn't discipline. I knew what it was, an I knew if the mate didn't do something he'd be ill, he was that sort o' man, everything flew to his head. He walked away, and put his head over the side for a bit, an' at last, when he came back, he was, comparatively speaking, calm.

"'You mustn't hear them words again, sir,' ses he; 'don't go to sleep again to-night. Stay up, an' we'll have a hand o' cards, and in the morning you take a good stiff dose o' rhoobarb. Don't spoil one o' the best trips we've ever had for the sake of a pennyworth of rhoobarb,' ses he, pleading-like.

"'Mr. Salmon,' ses the cap'n, very angry, 'I shall not fly in the face o' Providence in any such way. I shall sleep as usual, an' as for your rhoobarb,' ses the cap'n, working hisself up into a passion—'damme, sir, I'll—I'll dose the whole crew with it, from first mate to cabin-boy, if I have any impertinence.'

"Well, Mr. Salmon, who was getting very mad, stalks down below, followed by the cap'n, an' Mr. McMillan was that excited that he even started talking to me about it. Half an hour arterwards the cap'n comes running up on deck again.

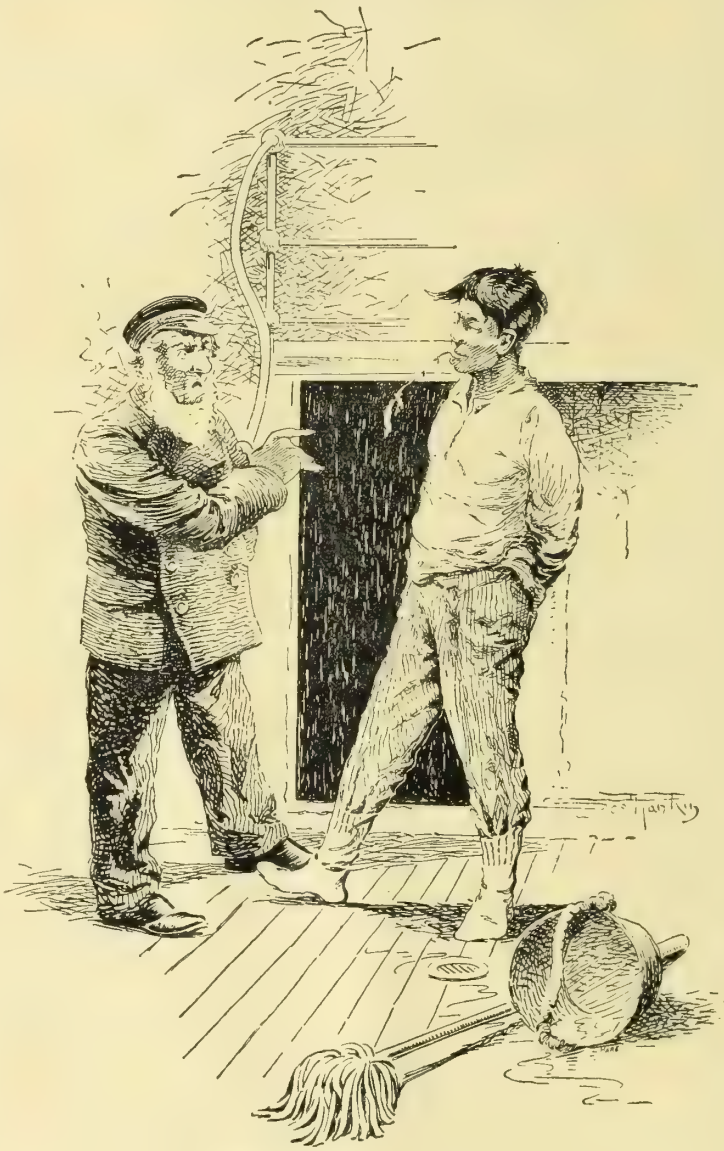
"'Mr. McMillan,' ses he, excitedly, 'steer Nor'-Nor'-West until further orders. I've heard it again, an' this time it nearly split the drum of my ear.'

"The ship's course was altered, an' after the old man was satisfied he went back to bed again, an' almost directly arter eight bells went, an' I was relieved. I wasn't on deck when the fust mate come up, but those that were said he took it very calm. He didn't say a word. He just sat down on the poop, and blew his cheeks out.

"As soon as ever it was daylight the skipper was on deck with his glasses. He sent men up to the masthead to keep a good look-out, an' he was dancing about like a cat on hot bricks all the morning.

"'How long are we to go on this course, sir?' asks Mr. Salmon, about ten o'clock in the morning.

"'I've not made up my mind, sir,' ses the cap'n, very stately; but I could see he was looking a trifle foolish.



A MOST DISRESPEKFUL WAY TO COME TO THE CAP'N.

"At twelve o'clock in the day, the fust mate got a cough, and every time he coughed it seemed to act upon the skipper, and make him madder and madder. Now that it was broad daylight, Mr. McMillan didn't seem to be so creepy as the night before, an' I could see the cap'n was only waiting for the slightest excuse to get into our proper course again.

"'That's a nasty, bad cough o' yours, Mr. Salmon,' ses he, eyeing the mate very hard.

"'Yes, a nasty, irritating sort o' cough, sir,' ses the other; 'it worries me a great deal. It's this going up Nor'ards what's sticking in my throat,' ses he.

"The cap'n give a gulp, and walked off, but he comes back in a minute, and, ses he—

"'Mr. Salmon, I should think it a great pity to lose a valuable officer like yourself, even to do good to others. There's a hard ring about that cough I don't like, an' if you really think it's going up this bit North, why, I don't mind putting the ship in her course again.'

"Well, the mate thanked him kindly, and he was just about to give the orders when one o' the men who was at the masthead suddenly shouts out—

"'Ahoy! Small boat on the port bow!'

"The cap'n started as if he'd been shot, and ran up the rigging with his glasses. He came down again almost direckly, and his face was all in a glow with pleasure and excitement.

"'Mr. Salmon,' ses he, 'here's a small boat with a lug sail in the middle o' the Atlantic, with one pore man lying in the bottom of her. What do you think o' my warning now?'

"The mate didn't say anything at first, but he took the glasses and had a look, an' when he came back anyone could see his opinion of the skipper had gone up miles and miles.

"'It's a wonderful thing, sir,' ses he, 'and one I'll remember all my life. It's evident that you've been picked out as a instrument to do this good work.'

"I'd never heard the fust mate talk like that afore, 'cept once, when he fell overboard, when he was full, and stuck in the Thames mud. He said it was Providence, though, as it was low water, according to the tide-table, I couldn't see what Providence had to do with it myself. He was as excited as anybody, and took the wheel himself, and put the ship's head for the boat, and as she came closer our boat was slung out, and me and the second mate and three other men dropped into her, an' pulled so as to meet the other.

"'Never mind the boat: we don't want to be bothered with her,' shouts out the cap'n, as we pulled away. 'Save the man!'

"I'll say this for Mr. McMillan, he steered that boat beautifully, and we ran alongside o' the other as clever as possible. Two of us shipped our oars, and gripped her tight, and then we saw that she was just an ordinary boat, partly decked in, with the head and shoulders of a man showing in the opening, fast asleep, and snoring like thunder.

"SMALL BOAT ON THE PORT BOW."

"'Puir chap,' ses Mr. McMillan, standing up. 'Look how wasted he is.'

"He laid hold o' the man by the neck of his coat an' his belt, an', being a very powerful man, dragged him up and swung him into our boat, which was bobbing up and down, and grating against the side of the other. We let go then, an' the man we'd rescued opened his eyes as Mr. McMillan tumbled over one of the thwarts with him, and, letting off a roar like a bull, tried to jump back into his boat.

"'Hold him,' shouted the second mate. 'Hold him tight. He's mad, puir feller.'

"By the way that man fought and yelled we thought the mate was right, too. He was a short, stiff chap, hard as iron, and he bit and kicked and swore for all he was worth, until, at last, we tripped him up and tumbled him into the bottom of the boat, and held him there with his head hanging back over a thwart.

"'It's all right, my puir feller,' ses the second mate; 'ye're in good hands—ye're saved.'

"'Damme!' ses the man; 'what's your little game? Where's my boat—eh? Where's my boat?'

"He wriggled a bit and got his head up, and, when he saw it bowling along two or three hundred yards away, his temper got the better of him, and he swore that if Mr. McMillan didn't row after it he'd knife him.

"'We can't bother about the boat,' ses the mate; 'we've had enough bother to rescue you.'

"'Who the devil wanted you to rescue me?' bellowed the man. 'I'll make you pay for this, you miserable swabs. If there's any law in Amerikey, you shall have it!'

"By this time we had got to the ship, which had shortened sail, and the cap'n was standing by the side, looking down upon the stranger with a big, kind smile which nearly sent him crazy.

"'Welcome aboard, my pore feller,' ses he, holding out his hand as the chap got up the side.

"'Are you the author of this outrage?' ses the man, fiercely.

"'I don't understand you,' ses the cap'n, very dignified, and drawing himself up.

"'Did you send your chaps to sneak me out o' my boat while I was having forty winks?' roars the other. 'Damme! that's English, ain't it?'

"'Surely,' ses the cap'n, 'surely you didn't wish to be left to perish in that little craft. I had a supernatural warning to steer this course on purpose to pick you up, and this is your gratitude.'

"'Look here!' ses the other. 'My name's Cap'n Naskett, and I'm doing a record trip from New York to Liverpool in the smallest boat that has ever crossed the Atlantic, an' you go and bust everything with your cussed officiousness. If you think I'm going to be kidnapped just to fulfil your beastly warnings you've made a mistake. I'll have the law on you, that's what I'll do. Kidnapping's a punishable offence.'

"'What did you come here for, then?' ses the cap'n.

"'Come!' howls Cap'n Naskett. 'Come! A feller sneaks up alongside o' me with a boat-load of street-sweepings dressed as sailors, and snaps me up while I'm asleep, and you ask me what I come for. Look here. You clap on all sail and catch that boat o' mine, and put me back, and I'll call it quits. If you don't, I'll bring a law-suit agin you and make you the laughing-stock o' two continents into the bargain.'

"Well, to make the best of a bad bargain the cap'n sailed after the cussed little boat, and Mr. Salmon, who thought more than enough time had been lost already, fell foul o' Cap'n Naskett. They was both pretty talkers, and the way they went on was a education for every sailorman afloat. Every man aboard got as near as they durst to listen to them; but I must say Cap'n

Naskett had the best of it. He was a sarkastik man, and pretended to think the ship was fitted out just to pick up shipwrecked people, an' he also pretended to think we was castaways what had been saved by it. He said o' course anybody could see at a glance we wasn't sailormen, an' he supposed Mr. Salmon was a butcher what had been carried out to sea, while paddling at Margate to strengthen his ankles. He said a lot more o' this sort o' thing, and all this time we was chasing his miserable little boat, an' he was admiring the way she sailed, while the fust mate was answering his reflexshuns, an' I'm sure that not even our skipper was more pleased than Mr. Salmon when we caught it at last and shoved him back. He was ungrateful up to the last, an', just before leaving the ship, actually went up to Cap'n Brown and advised him to shut his eyes an' turn round three times and catch what he could.

"YOU CLAP ON ALL SAIL AND CATCH THAT BOAT."

"I never saw the skipper so upset afore; but I heard him tell Mr. McMillan that night that if he ever went out of his way again after a craft it would only be to run it down. Most people keep pretty quiet about supernatural things that happen to them, but he was about the quietest I ever heard of, an', what's more, he made everyone else keep quiet about it, too. Even when he had to steer Nor'-Nor'-West arter that in the way o' business, he didn't like it, an' he was about the most cruelly disappointed man you ever saw when he heard afterwards that Cap'n Naskett got safe to Liverpool."

THE REVOLT OF A DAUGHTER.

I REVOLTED last year, in June. I had for some time been nursing in my brain a resolve to have a personal experience of liberty in London. With this end in view, I looked about for a room, and found it in —— Street, near Oxford Circus, where I noticed a placard over a hairdresser's shop, which advertised, "Bedroom to let." I knocked, and the door was opened by a kind-looking but not over-tidy Frenchwoman, who informed me that there was an attic for 6s. weekly. I inspected it, returned the next day, and rented the room for a week.

"Of course, I want a latchkey," I added, whereupon she replied:

"Of course; I give zem to all my lodgers."

I walked home blithely; my brain was dazzled with exciting prospects. After tea, I bade farewell to the narrow-minded family with whom I stayed, and who, blissfully ignorant of the shocking truth, believed me about to visit friends. How should they know that, beneath my apparent calm, there lay a wild and almost overpowering desire to dance and clap my hands, and shout, "Hurrah! hurrah! they don't know where I'm going!"

Having reached my "bachelor diggings," I was conducted upstairs by Madame, who said, "It is to be paid in advance." To many people, the arrival at lodgings of a solitary girl, with her hair down—the arbitrary mark of distinction between girl and young lady-hood—may have seemed strange. Thus, I could not take umbrage at her demand, but smilingly handed her the six shillings. Once alone, I shut the door, looking care-

fully to see if the lock was safe; then I sat down on my bed, and surveyed my surroundings. The furniture consisted of a chest of drawers, with a fairly good looking-glass, an iron chair, covered with a dirty cushion; a table, or, rather, a board fixed into the wall; an iron bedstead, and a washstand. The cushion was dirty, so was the apology for a lace curtain which hung above the window. The torn blind reached only half-way, and squeaked protestingly when drawn up or down. On the ble were nailed the remains—about half—of a dirty c.etonne tablecloth. As to the bed, to be candid, the mattress was grimy, and the sheets looked as if they had been washed at home, and not ironed. Two pictures formed the only ornaments.

My inspection over, I looked at my watch—7 p.m. It would be fun to go to a music-hall alone, I thought; and I put on a full-length skirt of my sister's, and dressed my hair in orthodox grown-up style, not that I was either ashamed or afraid, but because I guessed that if there was danger, it would assuredly be greater in the case of a girl with loose hair and a short skirt. In this garb I found my way to the "Palace," and, being fairly flush of money, asked for a three-shilling ticket.

"For two!" asked the man.

"No, one," I answered, calmly, mounted the large staircase, and sat down on the luxurious velvet seat. No one, I was glad to see, remarked me, even in the interval, when I was left sitting alone. So this was the way the predictions of my friends were verified! They, of course, had said it was simply impossible for a lady to go to a music-hall alone without being at once insulted and annoyed. A pleasant feeling it was to be, for once, able to stay till the end; and at 11.30 I left, and roamed along several streets.

How my cheeks burned, in spite of the fresh night wind upon them! What an exquisite sensation of excitement and freedom, which made my heart beat faster than my hurrying feet, thrilled through me, mingled with a shiver of horror at the possibility of discovery!

Gradually weariness overcame other feelings; I found my way to Madame's, and, for the first time in my life, proudly put in my own latchkey, and flung open the door. All within was dark and silent; feeling my way up two wide flights of stairs, and a third steep and narrow one, I reached my room, and was soon sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

A sixpenny breakfast was brought up to me; it consisted of excellent tea, but the bread was not very inviting, nor, indeed, sufficient, for my appetite was as emancipated as my ideas. I, therefore, decided to have the pot of tea alone each morning, and to keep my own provisions.

After breakfast I met, by appointment, my brother (adopted); our first duty was to eat ices, during which I told him of my bachelor room, and driving past it on a 'bus half-an-hour later, I pointed out, to his great amusement, the dingy curtain and fragmentary blind.

It being impossible to feel comfortable in London in such weather, we took the train to Sunbury, to drift in a boat between the pretty wooded banks, and to refresh with occasional iced clarets, lemonades, or tea.

We returned in a full smoking-car, in which I, strong in the assurance of a male protector, also enjoyed the weed, usually indulged in furtively in the back garden.

One evening I went, as recommended, to see "Diplomacy" at the Garrick. As I had heard it said, even in Little H., that occasionally ladies went alone to a good theatre, I deemed disguise unnecessary, and wore my usual dress, my white straw hat, and my hair loose, but, returning, I suffered for my want of foresight; I might certainly have known that it would attract attention to see a school-girl alone at that hour. I felt tired, and my throat ached, as I walked through Regent Street, looking vainly for some hospitably open café, where I might get a cup of coffee. As it was just midnight, all were closed, and I was obliged to continue my search down Oxford Street, where I found what I wanted.

An adventure was yet in store for me. As I walked a little less quickly along Regent Street, I heard steps behind me, and a voice said, "Good evening." I quickened my pace, but the speaker, a short, dark gentleman, looked into my face, and slipped his arm through mine. I pulled mine away indignantly, though, feeling somewhat nervous, I did not speak.

He seemed rather uncomfortable, half-conscious of having made a mistake, and stopped, saying—

"Well, you're not coming home with me to-night?"

"Certainly not," I answered sharply, and checking the other words on my lips, I crossed to the other side.

I afterwards regretted not having said something scathing, but I don't mind confessing that I was somewhat nervous, it being my first, and I hope last, experience of the kind.

I slept till 10.30 a.m., when I hastily dressed, and met my "chum," Alice, by the Marble Arch; we took lunch (tea and bacon and eggs for fivepence) in a workman's restaurant in Edgware Road, and then went to my lodgings, with which she was not exactly charmed, though envious of my liberty. She accepted my proposal to share my bed, instead of returning home, and wired the fact to her parents, they, of course, thinking I was boarding at Mrs. H's.

I suggested the Troc. for the evening—a music-hall was a new experience to her—and having donned my long skirt and veil, much to her amusement, I drove thither, and at midnight we walked through Regent Street, where the prospect of tea, even at Lockhart's, attracted us more than a long walk down Oxford Street, and we entered.

I, rather thirsty, ordered a large mug of tea, but when it came, we laughed so much that even the steady young man who served us smiled. The mug was simply enormous, and it was with difficulty that I emptied half; my friend, more fastidious than I, did not attack the large yellow cakes with the same gusto as I did.

Quietly we ascended Madame's dark stairs, and slept like two rosebuds in a cradle of moss, we two up-to-date girls in our "diggings." Next morning, we parted for the day, and I went to Mowbray House, Mr. Stead having kindly consented to an interview to talk over "what to do with my life." After waiting, nervous and expectant, as in a dentist's waiting-room, I was ushered into the august presence. Mr. Stead received me in his kind, genial way, and proceeded to draw me out.

We spoke of the Women's Movement, and I was overjoyed to hear his liberal views thereon—men didn't speak like that in Little H., where we lived.

"I hold that women should be everything they want to—if they like to be soldiers or lawyers, let them; I can enter into a woman's feelings, and sympathise deeply with them," said Mr. Stead.

As to my plans, journalism was a path difficult of access, poems didn't pay at all; perhaps I might go in for sketching for journals, and he gave me the address of a well-known teacher.

We talked some little time longer on marriage and other abstruse subjects, and it was with reluctance that I left.

"Well, good-bye," said W. T., opening the door (I had told him of my "revolt"), "write to me and tell me when you get into a scrape, as you're sure to do one of these days," with which comforting sentence ringing in my ears, I departed, sad and hopeless, because my future was as undecided as before my visit.

In the evening—in my long skirt, you may be sure—I went to the two-shilling seats at the "Palace." Next me sat two men, with honest, not unpleasant faces—respectable shopmen they were, probably. By-and-by, the one next me said, most politely—

"May I offer you my glass to look through?"

Not wishing to hurt his feelings, and seeing that he meant it well, I accepted.

During the next interval, I noticed that he seemed to be preparing a speech; and, sure enough, he turned

to me, and delivered himself, with some effort, of the following—

"I hope you won't be offended, but I suppose it wouldn't be a compliment, my offering you a small glass of Bass?" (!!!)

"No, thank you," I replied; "it wouldn't."

"No, I thought not," he said; then, earnestly, "*Please*, don't be offended."

"No, I'm not offended," I said, for I couldn't help pitying the poor fellow's visible embarrassment.

On my homeward way, I remembered to have long ago read that Piccadilly at midnight was a sight to see; thither I accordingly directed my emancipated footsteps, but was hardly prepared for the sight which met my eyes. Gentlemen—society calls them so—young and old, wedded and single, respected fathers and husbands, beloved sons, brothers and lovers, all laughing and talking with *cocottes*—bustling, hustling, with all the artifices and appurtenances to this nightly traffic.

What a mockery! A woman's honour—if that term is applicable to the stained ones in Piccadilly—the priceless gift of a woman to the man she loves, is sold here nightly to the highest bidder. A stout Frenchwoman in a cream dress, with paste jewels flashing on her neck and arms and stately bust; a little farther on, a bold-looking girl, smoking.

It is a sight to be remembered, thought over, deplored.

But I am drifting away. To return:—After walking along Piccadilly and back, I turned homewards. At a corner of a lonely street a poorly-dressed woman was standing. From her attitude, and the importuning "Good night!" which she addressed to a gentleman who passed, I divined her sad profession, and, acting on a sudden impulse, I turned back, and asked, "Would you like a shilling for a drink?"

She turned, showing me an oldish, careworn face.

"That I would, Miss!"

"All right," I said. "I write for a paper, and would like to learn your story. Will you tell it to me?"

She agreed, and, as we walked along, gave me the sordid details—marriage at fifteen to a soldier, flight in consequence of his infidelity, a time when she was mistress to a captain, a drifting down to her present stage.

She paused, and we walked silently down the lonely street.

"Well," I said, at last, "and how are you getting on now?"

"Badly, Miss. I earn hardly anything now: I'm too old and ugly."

"But do you like the life?"

"No," she answered, without hesitation; "I hate it. One always gets sick of it. But, mind you, all my relations in Ireland are respectable; and if I could only get back to them, I'd be respectable, too. I want to be." She stopped. "I must go now."

"Good-bye!" I said, holding out my hand to take that of a—*sister*.

Is it not only a merciful chance that I was born in a sphere removed from temptation? I mused, as I went home. Let her who can swear that she, similarly tempted, would not have fallen, cast the first stone.

I had got permission from home to stay two days longer; thus I had another Sunday in London, which I spent up the river alone.

On Monday morning, when I went down for my tea, I chatted with Madame, and told her that I was going that evening to H.

"Ah, pour jouer au théâtre?" asked she.

"Mais non," I answered. (So she had decided that I must be an actress! That tickled me.) "Mon frère m'y attend."

"Oh!" said she.

Visits to an elocutionist, a sketching-master, and other places, to try to settle my future definitely, filled up the rest of the day; and as dusk fell, I had finished packing, and was sitting in my room, feeling rather lonely and sad. It had been a jolly and interesting time, yes; but it was not so hard to go back, especially as I had the hope of coming to London again soon, to earn my own living and be really independent; and yet it was dismal, I was thinking, to go off to the station alone, when—tap! tap! the door opened, and a charming, smiling, little face peeped in. It was my chum, whose coming was doubly sweet, because unexpected. We drove to the station together.

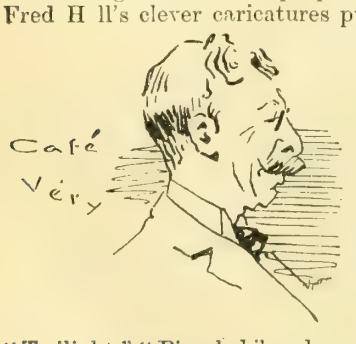
I thank Heaven for a faithful friend who would stand by me, even though I am a New Woman, an emancipated female, a revolting daughter. She waited till my train left, thereby being herself obliged to take a midnight one, and walk home along a lonely road at 1 a.m., which she does not like.

Next morning I stood in my breezy little room, and I confess—though I had temporarily given up liberty—it *was* pleasant to see again snowy sheets and clean curtains.

Little did the family know, as they welcomed me back, where and how I had spent the previous week; but when they read this, they will know, and I hope will forgive the *one* and *only* thing I regret about my "Week with a Latchkey"—viz., the clandestine way in which I was forced to arrange it.

A CHAT WITH MR. FRED HALL.

The large number of people who have enjoyed Mr. Fred Hall's clever caricatures published in the *Sketch*, the *Pall Mall Budget*, and elsewhere, and the smaller number who saw his wickedly laughable studies of the Devonshire and Somerset Stag Hounds at Dunthorne's Gallery, some few years back, have not, all of them, perhaps, identified him with the painter of "Twilight," "Pixy-led," and a score of really important pictures shown at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and other exhibitions. It need not be said that this side of his work—the painting of important canvasses—is most prized by the artist; and, oddly enough, so good it is, that when you wish, as you cannot help wishing, that so admirable a caricaturist would devote his whole time to the disrespectful perversion of human nature, you feel that, should he do so, a painter of singularly fine achievements, who has a peculiar power of depicting eerie poetic transcripts of Nature, must be sacrificed to add to the gaiety of nations. It is also to his credit that he can add to the gaiety of nations without unduly heaping sorrow on the individual. For his burlesqued portraits are kindly, although caustic, and he must be a dull wit who does not enjoy a sight of himself as seen by others—or, at least, by one other. I speak feelingly, as a "subject" who has undergone the treatment myself.



In a delightful room, looking across Newlyn Harbour, over the bay of Penzance, I found Mr. Hall seated, looking as unlike a wicked parodist as a lover of paradox could desire.

"I want to find out all sorts of things about your lighter productions," I said. "How you work. Whether you are able to charm sitters into allowing themselves to be travestied."

"I work chiefly—almost entirely — from memory," Mr. Hall replied. "Of course, I observe as much as possible, and study my subjects; but I do not make many preliminary sketches. How did I begin to devote myself to caricature? I hardly know. I did caricatures in my school books; every boy who tries to draw does that. The first drawings exhibited in this style were those of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds, made on the walls of my old studio. Here are some photographs of it. As they attracted some interest, I made tracings of them before I gave up the place, and these were the foundation of the series shown at Dunthorne's Gallery in the spring of 1890. No; the originals are not to be seen. Not wishing them to be shown, I destroyed them all before I left. Some few I have here." Then Mr. Hall showed me a number of mirth-provoking subjects. Of these, a curate on a wonderful steed, a lady photographer, camera laden, a demon bicyclist, and several others, may be seen, in not very adequate reproduction, by anyone who hunts up the *Art Journal* for January, 1891.

PHIL MAY.
(*Drawn by Fred Hall.*)

"These are, I take it, all portraits?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hall; "but they are, as you see, mostly types as well. A mere portrait is more limited in its interest, but a type appeals to a large number."

"Do the subjects mind?"

"Well, you see, they enjoy the travesty of other people—so much—that, as a rule, they forgive themselves being travestied in turn."

"Of course, each person feels that in his case you really failed to draw upon your imagination. How do you work?"

"Most of them are done with oils upon paper. I use, of course, a good deal of turpentine for the medium, so that it flows like water-colour."

"May I reproduce a few, with my chat, to let others enjoy the fun?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hall, and with good-humoured trouble, he ransacked his portfolios and drawers to discover certain typical sketches, herewith reproduced.

"Mr. Phil May was down here, was he not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hall, "he spent a long time at Newlyn. This colour sketch is not the same as those already reproduced. Our portraits, for instance, of each other appeared in the *Sketch*, December 6th, 1893. Here they are! Which treated the other most kindly is a disputed question."

"These are nearly all of local celebrities, I suppose?" I said, turning to many recent sketches standing on the mantelpiece or hung on the walls; "that is if you can call the artists who have set their tents up here local celebrities."

"We have very few other local people here; they are all artists or fisher-folk," said Mr. Hall. "The one of Dr. Birdseed, in last week's *Pall Mall*, was, indeed, studied from a doctor in Penzance. Those you are looking at are of Mr. Stanton Forbes, A.R.A., and Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., Mr. Norman Garstin, Mr. John da Costa, Mr. J. C. Gotch, and other artists—you see they

"LAZILY AND DROWSILY."

are taking part in our Newlyn Philharmonic. The 'Lazily and Drowsily' is a study of one of them."

As I saw this clever satire of a really handsome young artist distorted to a grotesque, yet not devoid of likeness, I realised the truth written by one who had been thus treated, in a eulogistic biographical notice of Mr. Hall—"He is not only an artist, but a Yorkshireman. This combination, added to a humour of wickedest devilry—no, I will call it *diablerie*—and an extraordinary retentive memory for personal peculiarities, gives us a being more terrible to meet than the possessor of the evil eye, if it be not the same thing.

For the rest of the caricatures. published herewith, nothing would induce me to supply the names, yet they will be recognised by hundreds of readers of To-Day. The point to be insisted upon, however, is that, notwithstanding that fact, their intrinsic humour does not rely upon knowing the subjects. The young father, with his son and heir, the tenor swooning on a dreamy high note, the mild little man in spectacles—we all know, whether we have met the originals or not.

"That portrait of Mr. Phil May was done while he was at Newlyn, of course?" I said to Mr. Hall.

"Yes." he replied. "You saw, no doubt, a lot of Newlyn studies May had in his last annual."

But it was hardly needful to ask, for the Newlyn artists, as a rule, affect the particular type of costume Mr. May is depicted in, and obviously pay little attention to the picturesqueness of their attire. Although it is not the dress of the country "blood" of the period, it has a certain air of being defiantly opposed to the traditional velvet coat of Bohemia, now only seen, as a rule, upon "artists" who colour photograph enlargements, and others of their class. Like the smart-looking men about town—the type the modern London artist dresses up to—so Newlyn has its own model of costume befitting the dignity of art.

Then we talked of Mr. Hall's serious work, and I realised that these diabolically clever sketches, which raise him to the level of the very few great caricaturists now living, are but leisure-hour amusements, as it were. Done with facile certainty, and full of really admirable technical work, they are only the pastime of a painter whose serious work has already won him high reputation.

Yet, so few can make the world laugh, that one feels all the time a mean hope that the force of circumstances may lead him to devote more attention to this particular side of art. For, while we have possibly a hundred painters of considerable achievement in the civilised world to-day, one doubts if there are a dozen—possibly, not half-a-dozen—artists of the first rank in caricature and burlesque.

Afterwards, I discovered that while I was thus trying to "pump" Mr. Hall, he was taking note of me, and the result, which followed me to town, should be a terror to interviewers. For, instead of the Pressman from London, bent on bringing himself into touch with a country cousin, there appears an abject being whom the kindly artist sets on record as a limp and extraordinary specimen—one of the staff of To-Day—looking not merely anything but up-to-date, but centuries previous to the *day before yesterday*. People say it is "splendid," and roar loudly at it; doubtless they would needs convey that exaggeration is the severest form of flattery—one must find some excuse for wounded vanity.

HOW TO EARN A RISING SALARY OF £80 A YEAR.

There are always plenty of vacancies for good teachers in town and country. The hours are short, at most six hours a day, averaging thirty a week; the holidays long, at least two months out of the twelve, not including extra half days; and the remuneration good, for a trained, certificated assistant mistress ranging from £70 to £120, and for a head mistress from equivalent to £80 in the country to £250 in London. Masters are paid from £30 upwards more a year than mistresses. Why a mistress doing the same work, with equally good results, and earning as large a grant, should receive so much less than a master, is to me a puzzle.

Perhaps a few practical directions for entering the profession may not be amiss.

It is best to begin as a pupil teacher, in a large Board school, at the age of fourteen—not younger—for four years at a rising salary of about £20. During the fourth year the pupil teacher earns from £35 to £40. Apprentices may be bound for four, three, or two years, according to age. There is no premium. But it is not essential to become a pupil teacher.

At the age of eighteen—not less—the candidate must enter for Scholarship examination, held by Government twice a year, before entering a training college. She (or he) may study privately, or join one of the numerous excellent correspondence classes so largely advertised in scholastic papers. If a pupil teacher, she will receive tuition from her school free. If plucked in the examination—which, with ordinary ability and application, is difficult—she may go on teaching as an ex-pupil teacher or Article 68 Code, until next scholarship examination. Let us assume that she has passed first or second. She now enters a training college for two or three years upon payment of a sum of £10, more or less. There are no further expenses, except for clothes and books during this period, and, if she has been clever enough to win one of the many scholarships, she may avoid even that sum, and get all books free. At the end of her training the College authorities will obtain for her an appointment worthy her abilities. She must stay in a school for at least fifteen months before getting her Government parchment certificate, and becoming a fully-fledged, trained, certificated mistress, at the age of twenty-one, or a little over, and earning for herself an honourable and good living. The qualities most needed in a teacher are, firstly, love of her calling, mental ability, application, and patience.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Lawst week I 'appened to cawst my heye over the account of a breach o' promise kise, an' very amoosin' readin' it were too. If there were more joodishusness in this world, their wouldn't be no sich kises. If I was awst my advice ter young men as 'ad any pertickler fancy, I should say, "Tike it slow." Stand art aginst in, as long as yer kin. Don't allar yourself ter be 'urried. Mike doo inquyeries about the gel. Mike 'er lose the lawst 'bus 'ome one night, and 'ave ter walk; it gives yer a chawnst ter see whart 'er temper's like. Find art as to 'er 'ealth, an' if she knows the vally of money. I knowed a man as was dartful as to 'is chice between three gels. Theer didn't sim ter be a pin's diff'runce atween 'em. So 'e said ter 'isself that 'e'd tike the 'ealthiest. So one dye 'e mide all three of 'em set in a reg'ler bad drawft, doin' of it artful, so that it jest seemed ter 'appen by chawnce like. Well, tew of them gels took colds, an' one of the tew was lide up fur a fortnight, and thet bad they thought as she'd 'ave ter go ter a 'orspital. But the third gel never turned a 'air, never so much as sneezed. "Thet's my mawk," says 'e, and 'e up an' merries 'er. An' they've done very well since too; 'e 's in the greengrocery nar, with 'is own 'orse an' trap, an' money pert by. 'E 's whort yer'd call a practical man. Still them other tew gels didn't 'awf like it, an' speakin' impawshal I 'ont sye as 'e didn't kerry it a bit tew fur.

* * * *

An' that reminds me o' the kise of pore ole 'Ankin, an' 'ow 'e gort merried to 'is missis. 'Ankin was one o' them romantic sort, 'e was, an' 'e'd took up with a gel of the nime o' Mawgrit. Thur wasn't nutthink in it, and 'e didn't never mean thur should be nutthink in it 'isself. 'Arrever, 'e wasn't joodishus. I've alloodid to the wye as 'e yooses quotishuns from the poicks. Well, in those dyes 'Ankin would occishanally do a bit o' poytry on 'is own—the reg'ler stuff all done art inter vusses, sime as yer sees in print. As I've alwise said, 'Ankin 'as 'is talinks. Nar 'e so far forgot 'isself as ter do a bit o' poytry called "Ter Mawgrit," egspressin' sentimunts as 'e meant ter be took gen'ral an' not committin' of 'isself ter anythink. 'E posted this poytry off ter thet gel, and tole me 'e'd done it. "'Ankin," I says, speakin' ser'us, "this is the beginnin' o' the end." An', sure enough, she wrote beck ter 'im ter sye as she thanked 'im fur the bootiful vusses egspressin' 'is meanin', which she 'ad understood, an' she'd be 'is fitheful little wife till 'er life's end. "Cawnt I git art of it?" says 'e. "Git art of it be blowed," says I. "She's a gel of sperrit, an' if yer tries ter give 'er the chuck, she'll lug yer for breach o' promise." "Well," says 'e, speakin' meditative-like, "then I'll mike 'er give me the chuck instead." So 'e gits engiged to 'er, and at the sime time caries on most artrijus with Elizer Atkins. It 'appenned jist as 'e said. She *was* a girl o' sperrit, an' she said as she wasn't goin' ter be engiged ter any man as be'ived 'isself like that. She give it 'im all up-an'-darn, she did, reg'ler wiped up the floor with 'im, tore up 'is poytry, an' told 'im she didn't want ter see 'is fice agin. Then 'Ankin thought 'e was all right, and 'e stawts orf fur ter tell me abart it. On the wye 'e meets with Elizer Atkins and allows 'isself ter be dror'd inter conversishun with 'er. Ho, yuss! Yer can guess the rest.

* * * *

Yuss, Elizer Atkins was Mrs. 'Ankin three weeks arter that, an' so she is ter this dye. On the 'ole, things might 'a bin a sight wuss. 'Ankin's missus, bein' a woman of determinishun, as yer might sye, keeps a sort o' check on 'Ankin. An' that's whort 'e wornts. Withart it I don' know as 'is opinyuns, being as demy-critic as they is, mightn't bust 'im up altogether. She's the brike on that bloomin' 'bus, she is. I wouldn't sye as she 'as the kind o' temper as I'd keer ter live with myself, bein' natshrally give ter peace an' quartood when I'm at 'ome. But she's the right missus fur 'Ankin. She 'as 'im on a string, an' 'e knows in 'is 'eart as it's good fur 'em. 'Arrever, there was more luck nor judgment abart it, an' I don't advise nobody ter immertite 'im. When I come ter think on it, I dart if it's any good advisin' anybody any'ow on that subjic. You may give 'em the strite tip, an' they mye know as it's the strite tip, and yet they don't foller it. Then when yer reminds 'em arterwards that yer warned 'em all along, and knowed 'ow it 'ud be, they turns nawsty. Sich is 'ooman gretitood.

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"TO-DAY."

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"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN GLADWYN JEBB," WITH INTRODUCTION BY H. RIDER HAGGARD. (BLACKWOOD AND SONS. 10s. 6d.)

There have been few careers in fiction so sensational as the real life and adventures of the late John Gladwyn Jebb, the friend with whom Mr. Rider Haggard "did" Mexico. We are under a debt of gratitude to his widow and Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Haggard for letting the world know how he lived—this Englishman, of the very type which has given England the best of the round world and all that therein is. Mr. Haggard has been most loyal to his lately lost friend; he wrote the introduction to the book and materially assisted in its compilation and corrected the whole of the proofs.

John Gladwyn Jebb began life with all a man could ask for. He had magnificent muscle and constitution, was as fearless and gentle as a bulldog, had a very fair share of brains, and was brimming over with energy; and when his father died he found himself in possession of £50,000, which he proceeded to lose in a year or two, partly by his own fault and partly by the failure of Overend and Gurney.

Space will not allow me here to give the escapades of his Cheltenham college days—his encounter with a midnight assassin in his tent in India, his thrashing a cheeky Hindoo station-master who presumed on his lying prostrated by fever, his Oxford days, his founding of the famous White Star Steamship Company, his assisting at deadly peril of his life in tracking out the American Jack the Ripper—Big Foot. To show how vividly the book is written I must quote the vision which he saw when he was guarding a coffee estate in a malarious South American swamp from nightly marauders—a passage worthy of G. W. Cable at his best. He was riding up when he saw

"The Haunted Enghenio."

"But now he became conscious that a fresh sound was added to these—a sound he had been hearing every day of his life lately—the quick, regular beat of a water wheel and the steady rush of water through the sluices! In a moment it occurred to him that the long expected thieves had arrived early, intending to make a night of it, and were coolly clearing the *fazenda* coffee with the fazenda's own machinery, which, though old and rusty, was still in a condition to do its work in a sort of way. A touch of the spur set the mule going again, and in a few seconds she and her rider were round the bend, and looking at the upper story of the *Enghenio*, as it towered above the orange clumps; to Jack's intense surprise the whole place seemed to be lit up. He guided his mule off the road in order that her hoofs should not be heard, and, revolver in hand, cantered through the orange grove. His astonishment may be imagined when he got an end view of the *Enghenio*, and could see that some of the windows were open, and that through them broad streams of light flowed across the drying-grounds, which were literally crowded with blacks!

"He could distinctly see the dusky forms of the slaves flitting backwards and forwards between the *Enghenio* and the drying-ground, as they carried in large baskets of coffee. Several had torches, and there were a couple of overseers directing the work. The blacks were all working silently and 'at the run.'

"The first thought that occurred to the astonished spectator was, that one of his worthy neighbours, well-known to be quite capable of robbery or any other crime, had brought down the whole of the people on his own plantation, intent on making a clean sweep of the *fazenda*. Insensibly Jack slackened speed as he picked his way through the last clump of orange-trees. As he did so, a thicker wreath of mist seemed to seeth up from the marsh; the ruddy glow of light from the windows apparently faded and disappeared; and the hurrying slaves, whom but a moment before he had seen so distinctly, melted into darkness and vanished. Another stride carried him clear of the trees, to a point within twenty yards of the *Enghenio*. He pulled up with a quick jerk, utterly bewildered. For there, close before him, was the drying-ground with its regular heaps of coffee, not one displaced—nothing moving, nothing visible—the whole place as silent and solitary as when he had left it the night before."

The latter part of his life was spent in mining speculations and adventures. Mr. Jebb did all the prospecting and managing himself. Nothing could be more thrilling than his hairbreadth escapes while he was wandering between his various mines high up in the Rocky Mountains amid the frosts and the avalanches of the terrible American winter. Once, when there were miles of soft snow many feet deep between him and his home, one of his long Norwegian snow-shoes slipped off, and sped away down a long decline in the pitch darkness. Death stared Mr. Jebb in the face, but he retained his presence of mind, and taking off the other, used it as a toboggan. As he expected, where the toboggan shoe stopped the other had already stopped. Even this experience was less terrible than one he had in

Going Down a Mine.

"He found that there were no ladders to this particular shaft, so he elected to be lowered by the windlass. There was no cage, and it was necessary to hold on tightly to the rope, keeping one foot in a loop at the end of it. He settled himself firmly and swung off, the rope in his right hand and a candle in his left, which served to show the copper-stained walls of the shaft as he slowly descended. This shaft was about three hundred feet deep, and he was half-way down when he leant forward to examine a stain of copper, and, as he did so, in an instant his foot shot out from the noose. It was coated with ice, and he had forgotten that a solid crust had formed under his boot. His candle was jerked out of his left hand, while his right hand slipped down the icy rope like lightning, and closed on it with a death grip! It all seemed to pass in the fraction of a second, until he felt himself swinging by one hand to the end of the rope, and instinctively reaching up to the loop with the other, only to find it a smooth coat of ice which gave scarcely any hold at all. He knew that he could never hold on long enough to be hauled back to the mouth of the shaft, even if he succeeded in making the men hear him. The shaft was pitch dark, and it was, therefore, impossible to judge if he were being lowered slowly or fast as he hung—literally between life and death—with every faculty strained to the one act of clinging to that rope! His hands were rapidly becoming numbed with cold, and little by little he felt them slipping—another moment, and down he went!"

With this I must conclude and leave readers of the book to hunt up for themselves the *bonnes bouches*, about the secret passages leading to Guatamoc's treasure, the malignant Aztec god which brought Mr. Jebb such ill luck, the giant sacred snake, and the maniac who proved that he had been murdered.

A better told and more marvellous narrative of a real life was never put into the covers of a small octavo volume.

D. S.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I certainly should have thought the world of letters safe from a second Wordsworthy William Watson, and a second Robert Bridges interpreting Arcady. But it appears that Mr. J. M. Dent is issuing works both by the *New William Watson*[1], and the *New Robert Bridges*[2]. After this we may expect a *New Mrs. Ormiston Chant*, besides the female Savonarola, who would hush "the merry chanters" of the Empire. I once remarked to my favourite customer, Mr. Besant, that after the New Woman we could not tell what might happen next, and he—a regular trick with your Oxford or Cambridge man—took refuge in a classical quotation, "*post hoc diluvies.*"

* * * *

I must congratulate my good friends, Ward, Lock, and Bowden, on the admirable editions of "Geoffrey Hamlyn"[3] and "Ravenshoe,"[4] which Mr. Clement K. Shorter has edited for them. Mr. Shorter has a right to be enthusiastic over "Geoffrey Hamlyn." We have no more wholesome, manly, and literary book of real adventure in the language, and it gives a true picture of Australia in its glorious prime. My son, who is out in Australia, tells me that squatters and miners and dwellers in towns alike in the great Western District of Victoria preach Henry Kingsley as folks preach Blackmore on Exmoor.

* * * *

Mr. Shorter has prefixed a most interesting memoir of Henry Kingsley to the "Geoffrey Hamlyn." Especially

charming is his description of the old rectory at Chelsea, with its mulberry tree planted by Elizabeth under which those two famous brothers rolled and slept as boys. He includes a highly interesting communication from Sir Edwin Arnold, who was an intimate friend of Henry Kingsley's at Oxford, and Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie), who saw a good deal of him and his wife when they were living in their sunny cottage at Wargrave, which has since been the retreat of another famous literary Colonist, Mr. F. C. Selous.

* * * *

Sir Edwin mentions, by the way, that Mr. Kingsley won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, which confers great lustre on the Diamond Sculls. Mr. Shorter quotes other characteristic reminiscences from Mr. Joseph Hatton, who had the novelist for a contributor when he was editing the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and found him singularly modest. Mr. Kingsley, who was war correspondent for an Edinburgh paper, was present at Sedan, and the first Englishman to enter Metz. I only knew him by his coming occasionally into the shop with Mr. Hatton; but I can imagine how it thrilled the author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn"[3] and "Ravenshoe"[4] to witness the Waterloo of these latter days.

* * * *

Mr. W. Carlton Dawe, whose "The Pilgrims"[5]—a Bit of Cornwall in Australia—has just been brought out by Chapman and Hall, is a customer of mine, and, I should judge by the friends who come in with him, an *habitué* of the Authors' Club—a big, square-shouldered Australian, with dark hair, and a massive, kindly face, shielded with glasses. Mr. Dawe is doing very well; I hear that he can always command £200 on account for a new novel, and he has written a very able play produced at a matinée last year.

* * * *

Talking of plays and Australians, I owe it to the production of that fine play *John-a-Dreams* that Mr. Haddon Chambers dropped in again to see me the other day after his prolonged rustication. I can well remember the day, six years and more ago now, when big, bluff, hearty Mr. Patchett Martin brought into the shop a Sydney friend, who looked a mere boy with his fair hair and handsome, clean-shaven face. This was Mr. Haddon Chambers, with the blushing honours of "Captain Swift" thick upon him. After this he often would come and see me. My having a boy out in the Colonies always made me so glad for a bit of Australian gossip. Mr. Martin, of course, the writer of the very able biography of Lord Sherwood, and once the editor of the *Melbourne Review*, generally walks over from the Reform to pay me a visit when he is in town. It was Mr. Martin, without doubt, who won Australian authors their first recognition in England.

* * * *

I am glad to offer my tribute of praise to "The Vagabonds,"[6] by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods. The little lady, whose dark hair and clear eyes and fragile type give her such a spiritual look, has frequently been in here with her father—the Dean of Westminster. Of course it was not she who told me this story about her husband, the present President of Trinity, Oxford, and a well-known author, who was in those days an undergraduate at Trinity. It was commemoration time, and Mr. Woods, who was then Senior Proctor, and our author, had both been to hear the then Archbishop of York preach the University sermon. The author, who was going to escort a party of ladies to a Bullingdon lunch afterwards, instead of a cap and gown was wearing a tall white hat, and a white waistcoat, and a frock coat, with an elaborate buttonhole. The Proctor observed him, and sent for him on the following morning.

"How were you dressed yesterday at the University sermon, Mr. ———?" said he. "I tried to look like a gentleman." Mr. Woods was taken aback by his coolness, and, breaking into a good-natured laugh instead of fining him, said, "You're not expected to look like a gentleman at the University sermon. Don't do it again."

* * * *

Mrs. Visger was in the shop yesterday. It always does me good to see her with her frank, handsome face so full of saving common sense. She was highly amused at an *Athenæum* critic being taken in by her *nom de plume*, "J. A. Owen," and calling her Mrs. Owen. I confidently expect to hear from Mr. Blackwood that "From Spring to Fall,"[7] is meeting with the same solid commercial success as the other volumes by "A Son of the Marshes." Mrs. Visger was for many years in the Sandwich Islands, but now resides in a suburb of London.

* * * *

Mr. Edward H. Canney's "The Land of the Dawning"[8] is a good deal above the average of the reminiscences of Australia, written by returned globe-trotters. He is, on the whole, fair to the Colonies, neither shutting his eyes to their ugly faults nor to the reasons of the mingled dislike and contempt which the Young Australia of the *Sydney Bulletin* type feels for England. The book is not too long, and it is very nicely printed and got up; so I expect to do well with it in the library, at any rate. One special feature of interest it has: Mr. Canney was in the strikes districts in Queensland while the shearers' strike was going on.

* * * *

I have been stocking a lot of copies of two books by that capital writer, Bertram Mitford—"The Curse of Clement Waynflete,"[9] and "Renshaw Fanning's Quest."[10] I am glad to observe that the boys who are brought in by fond relations are apt to choose them, too. Ward, Lock and Co. are bringing one good book out after another.

* * * *

"The Master."—A Postcript.

My dear Jerome,—Will you grant me a little space to thank those of your readers who became writers during the progress of "The Master," and honoured me with their praise or their protests? I hope, in particular, that Cissie and Maud are not too unhappy. I want to ask them and anybody who is interested in my work to suspend their final judgment till the story is published in book form next spring. For not only shall I spend a good deal of time in revising it, but I shall restore various important portions of the text which, owing to the exigencies of serial publication, and to the detriment of my meaning, have had to be left out; for instance, the omitted epilogue, dealing mainly with Matthew Strang's art in relation to the sufferings of his life—the price that had to be paid for his pictures—and resuming, for readers who shall have the complete work in their hands, the whole meaning and purpose of my book.

Yours ever,
I. Zangwill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To-morrow.—One of the latest works on war medals, etc., is "The Orders of Chivalry," by C. N. Elvin, published by Dean and Son, of Fleet Street, at 31s. 6d. It is profusely illustrated with coloured plates. If you want one that gives the degrees of rarity, try and get Gibson's "British Military and Naval Medals." It is published by E. Stanford, 26, Cockspur Street, S.W., but I am afraid it is out of print.

St. Simon.—I think "Chambers's Elocution" would suit you.

C. T. F.—Your enquiries have already been answered in these columns.

Caledonia.—It is difficult to say, as a new edition is shortly to be published, which may materially affect the value of the present one.

Constant Reader (Lewes).—You would probably find what you want in Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature."

H. C. M.—Count Tolstoi's novels, published by Walter Scott, would be useful to you. They are said to be very true to life.

Indexed.—Either Smith's or Mudie's Library would meet your requirements.

1. Annals of a Quiet Valley in the Wordsworth County. (J. M. Dent. In the press.)
2. Overheard in Arcady. (J. M. Dent. In the press.)
3. Geoffrey Hamlyn. (Ward, Lock & Bowden. 3s. 6d.)
4. Ravenshoe. (Ward, Lock & Bowden. 3s. 6d.)
5. The Pilgrims. (Chapman & Hall. Price not stated.)
6. The Vagabonds. (Smith, Elder & Co. Price not stated.)
7. From Spring to Fall. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. Price not stated.)
8. The Land of the Dawning. (Remington and Co. Price not stated.)
9. The Curse of Clement Waynflete. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden. 3s. 6d.)
10. Renshaw's Fanning's Quest. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—When you come to consider how many times in the ordinary course of things we run up and down stairs every day, it is not surprising that so many of our friends prefer living in flats. We have just been calling on the Tallboys, and they are enthusiastic in their praise of theirs. They are four stories up, and there are four others above them, so that the lift is in constant requisition. Their eight rooms are all close together, and when they forget anything they have only to cross a small corridor on which all the doors open. It must save an immensity of trouble, must it not? And the Tallboys now keep three servants instead of four, as there is so little, comparatively speaking, for them to do. The centralization of the rooms economises housework in a remarkable manner. It almost tempts mother to take a flat, and give up our house. The rent and taxes here are less than we should have to pay for a flat on the same floor as the Tallboys, but then it is so delightfully easy to shut it up and go away without the fear of burglars before one's eyes.

Mr. Ernest M. Jessop is showing some charming silver-points of the Royal pets at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond Street. Any lover of fancy dogs should see the portraits of the Queen's and the Princess's favourite dogs. The Prince of Wales's Royal Hungarian team, drawn up before the ballroom entrance at Sandringham is capital.

We spent yesterday afternoon at Prince's Skating Rink with Gerald and a friend of his. It was my second visit, and I got on pretty well. The attendants take you round at a charge of so much per quarter of an hour, and the confidence this gives the learner makes proficiency come all the sooner. Mother, as chaperon, had the worst of it, but she says she was well amused by the wonderful difference in the way people skated—some so gracefully and others so very much the reverse. On some of the skaters, the head seemed to command the limbs; on others the legs appeared to have run away with the head, much against its will. But, oh! what a glorious taste for tea roller-skating gives you!

Fur is used on every possible kind of garment this season—tea-gown, dressing-gown, ball-dress, and dinner-robe—and how intensely becoming it is! Think of a tea-gown in sunset pink satin, lined with apricot silk, and made with a front of accordeon-kilted sunset-pink crêpe over white satin, the folds barred across on the chest with narrow bands of otter. Could you fancy anything more becoming?

Or, take the ball-dress of a *débutante*, made of white satin hemmed with a fringe of snowdrops, drooping over a band of sable, and finished round the shoulders with folds of snowy velvet, a fringe of snowdrops drooping from under it, straps of sable crossing the shoulders, and held on either side with clasps of pearl? Is it not lovely?

Everyone interested in horseflesh should see Jaeger's exhibition at Knightsbridge. In a completely fitted up stable is shown a model of the Irish Steeplechaser, "The Lamb," clothed in a suit of the Jaeger wool. It is light, soft, warm and porous, and special attention has been paid to the hood, which by a patent arrangement is fitted with ears which move easily with every twitch of the animal. There are a number of other novelties that will become popular.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Daisy.—Any of the books on dancing that you see advertised in the papers will give you the steps of the Minuet. It would take up too much space to describe them here with sufficient

365

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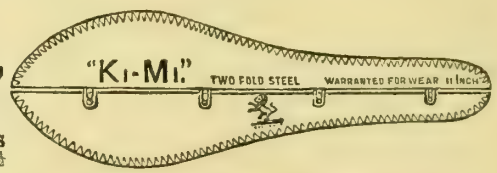

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minuteness to enable you to teach it to the children. A Ball room Guide, price 6d., is sold at Albany House, Tavistock Place, W.C., but I cannot say if it contains instructions for the Minuet. Write and ask. I am very glad you like the Cookery column, and as you and your sister want more recipes I must ask the Editor to let me give more.

W.N.—I am not by any means an expert in lace. I am going to take your friend's piece to a connoisseur to-morrow, and will return it afterwards.

Our Cookery Column.

Susan.—"Sloak" is the Irish name for laver. It is already cooked when sold, and only needs to be made very hot. The regulation way to serve it is in a silver saucepan, so that it may be quite hot. I never heard of its being eaten with beef, only with roast mutton.

Cream Potatoes.—Boil half-a-dozen large, creamy potatoes in their skins, and when they have steamed quite dry, put them away to get cold. Peel them as thinly as possible and throw them into a basin. Chop them up with a knife and throw them about with your fingers till they are like snow. Now melt a quarter of a pound of good butter in a stewpan, throw in sufficient salt to flavour the whole, add the potatoes, pour half a pint of cream gently over them and let them become thoroughly hot. Serve in a very hot dish as an entrée. If carefully dished they look like wax and people wonder what they are, but it is a pretty dish and soon appeals to the palate.

Oysters on Toast.—Get from the fishmonger two dozen cooking oysters. They only cost 1s. 6d. a dozen, and are large and well flavoured. Get him to send them home in a jar with their own liquor. Twenty minutes before you want them sent to table, take a beautifully clean omelette pan, rather a small size, put into it two ounces of good fresh butter or Dansk. While it is browning merrily, take out each oyster separately and dry it by rolling it in an overcoat of flour. Fry them carefully in the hot butter, but see that it does not boil, for this would harden the oysters. While this is being done, warm up the liquor of them in a small stewpan with a dash of cayenne, nepaul, or coralline pepper, and not more than two drops of Chili vinegar. Now toast a deep brown all over two thick rounds of bread, from which the crust has been cut away. Put them in a hot entrée dish, pour over them the boiling oyster liquor. Add the fried oysters, and serve them piping hot. Everyone who tries this dish will love me for telling them of it, but they must work it according to instructions. If the oysters are permitted to boil they turn to the hardness of leather and lose all flavour. In this case, the cook need not drain them after having been fried, as the butter will be impregnated with the flavour of the oysters. Of course, if you insist on using cheap, rancid butter for cooking, as many housewives do, the more of it you drain away the better! I can never understand why anyone should use coarse, nasty butter for any purpose. Good lard is infinitely better, and it is cheaper. Suzette.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

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IN THE CITY.

THE WARD OF CORD WAINERS.

For some years past Mr. A. T. Hawkins has been one of the representatives of this ward in the Court of Common Council, and it is understood that he will again offer himself for re-election next month. For many years past Mr. Hawkins' name has been associated with what we may call philanthropy and five per cent. Mr. Hawkins has promoted, and controlled, the Freehold House Property Company, the National Dwellings Society, the Imperial Mortgage and Debenture Company, Limited, not to speak of others. These companies, or such of them as still live, are not in a healthy condition, and there is much in relation to them that is likely to make early and large inroads upon Mr. Hawkins' time and attention. Under these circumstances we suggest to him that it would be as well to reconsider his determination to offer himself for re-election.

A NOTTINGHAM HUMBUG.

We have not heard from Mr. W. B. Baggaley, but a letter of his has appeared in the advertisement columns of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*, which we give below—

[Advt.]

AN EXPLANATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NOTTINGHAM DAILY GUARDIAN."

Sir,—Having had my attention called to some remarks in a periodical called To-Day in respect to myself and a company I was some time since interested in, I desire at once to give the most absolute and unqualified contradiction to the statements therein contained.

I may say, in regard to the company referred to, about four years ago I, with many others in Nottingham and elsewhere, were unfortunately induced to become shareholders in what seemed likely to prove a sound commercial concern, but in this we have been disappointed, and I was a considerable loser; but neither To-Day nor any other paper or person has anything to do with this, as I stood by the loss.

I may also say that I did not, nor have I ever taken, any part in the promotion of this or any other company, and never had any dealings whatever on the Stock Exchange.—I am, sir, &c.,

W. B. BAGGALEY.

Nottingham, 3rd November, 1894.

We agree with Mr. Baggaley that neither To-Day nor any other paper or person has anything to do" with Mr. Baggaley's initial action, in applying for shares in the Giffard Gun Company; but in our opinion To-Day, or any other paper, may properly animadvert upon the conduct of a person who dealt, to an extent that jeopardised his fortune, in the shares of a company whose end and aim, whose sole object, was to make money by the manufacture and sale of a gun intended for war and sport, and warranted to kill easier and quicker than other guns, and yet, in a communication teeming with cant of the most sickening kind, severs a life-long connection with his chapel because some members of it have formed a company of the Boys' Brigade, where, to quote Mr. Baggaley, the lads are "taught the use of carnal weapons."

Upon this subject a correspondent writes to us as below:—

When the famous dinner—that dinner the particulars of which were given in our issue of July 21, and which remains unpaid for—bill was run up there was a demonstration of the Giffard gun's efficiency in the arrangements for which Baggaley took part, and in order to show the gun off to the best advantage, the services of Lieutenant Ashworth, one of the crack shots of the Nottingham Robin Hood rifle corps, were obtained. He (Baggaley) might fire guns if shareholders could be brought in by so doing; but these weapons must not be carried by Boys' Brigades because nobody's money could be got thereby.

It is really very sickening.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED.

This company has been offering £150,000 of Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock and £100,000 of Ten per Cent. Second Mortgage Debenture Bonds, but it is to be hoped that English folk have left the issue to their good friends across the border. The Steel Company of Scotland was formed in 1872, and for some years good dividends were paid, but since 1890 nothing. The proprietors say this falling off is due to "strikes and other serious troubles, together with bad trade," but it is to be assumed that rival companies have had to reckon with similar troubles. We hear that the plant of the company is antiquated and out of repair, which makes it difficult for it to compete with other companies. As to the value of the workmen's houses, that depends to a large extent upon the company being carried on successfully.

RENTS IN THE POULTRY.

Some time ago we made brief allusion to changes in the Poultry, largely due to the exorbitant rents demanded. We are now in a position to speak with less reserve, and to give particulars in illustration. Many of our readers must know the handsome hosiery establishment of Wheeler and Company, in the Poultry, running through from the Poultry to Queen Victoria Street. It might have been thought that this business would be a prosperous one, yet in the autumn its proprietor—a Common Councillor, active and careful—had to call together his creditors. They have now made arrangements to carry it on with Mr. Pellet as manager, *but the rent has been reduced from £3,000 per annum—at one time it stood, if we are not mistaken, at £3,500—to £1,700*, and even at the reduced rent, the new tenants insisted upon the right to give up at the end of the second or third year if they choose to do so. Now Mr. Pellet has been working the business for some twenty years; and he failed for £11,000. If, during those twenty years, he had paid £1,700 instead of £3,000, he would have had £15,000 to the good, instead of £11,000 the other way.

If you walk a few yards westward from Wheeler's you come to Corbyn and Stacey, the chemists. This is one of the oldest firms in London. Their records go back three hundred years. Men like Jenner, Quain, Clarke, Paget, swore by them. But what do we find? The lease of the Poultry premises expires next month, and the business is to be removed to Bucklersbury. Seven years ago the rent was raised from £850 to £1,000; now £1,200 is wanted, and Corbyn and Stacey refuse to give it. With the Stores selling at cost price, the business will not stand such a rent. And for what? The shop, the basement, and a top floor to which you can only get by the ascent of 100 stairs, there being no lift.

We might name other businesses in Cheapside in much the same position as those we have named, crushed by the ever-increasing rent. Is it surprising that plain citizens, the last to sympathise with Anarchist ravings, or even with Collectivists, as they call themselves, listen with something more than acquiescence to the radical's denunciation of landlordism, as we have it in many parts of London?

A WORKING AGREEMENT AMONG HALFPENNY NEWSPAPERS.

For some little time past the managers of some of the London halfpenny evening papers have been trying to come to an arrangement by which the fierce competition that eats, with such fatal effect, into profits may be checked. The suggestion is that the papers in question shall work together for the common benefit in certain matters. If the time of the appearance of the first edition could be fixed and made common to all, and the number of editions lessened and limited; if distribution in the outer suburbs could be worked by a common agency, and united action could be taken in other directions; if, as is assumed, all this might be done, the result might be common benefit to all.

There is nothing new in this notion. Some years ago an attempt was made to carry through a similar scheme, but nothing came of it, and we do not look for much more from the present project. Competition, growing keener every day, may be ruinous, but will the strong come to the aid of the weak? To the halfpenny evening newspaper early information is believed to be everything, and the one with the best organisation and the longest purse must, in the long run, win. The scheme seems, at first sight, to commend itself to common sense, but we shall be surprised if it proves to be workable.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TRAMWAYS.

The deputation of the Tramways Institute that waited on the President of the Board of Trade a day or two ago did not get much comfort from Mr. Bryce. All that the President could tell them was that the law as it stands is against them, and that if they want to get it altered they must persuade Parliament that it ought to be altered. It is really astonishing that directors and shareholders of these London tramway companies should have gone on year after year in the comfortable belief that they had a property which the local authority must take over upon the ordinary terms of such transfer, when, in fact, they were bound to sell at break-up price. It was not until 1887—*i.e.*, not until seventeen years after the passing of the governing Act of 1870—that an article in the *Stock Exchange* opened the eyes of some of them to the truth.

THE CASINO BANK SYNDICATE.

Our attention has been directed to circulars that are being sent out broadcast by persons who call themselves The Casino Bank Syndicate, and who promise a "Minimum profit dividend

of £1 per week upon every £5 invested." According to the circular before us, "the last operation" for the season was closed last month, but as our correspondent has been invited to subscribe since then it is to be assumed that subscriptions continue to be received. Our readers will do well to have nothing to do with this syndicate.

BASS v. ALLSOPP.

If we may judge from a case just decided by Mr. Justice Kekewich, Bass's people are much perturbed by Allsopp competition. Bass's sued a Mr. D. White, proprietor of the Hercules public-house, Kennington Road, for supplying Allsopp's beer to persons asking for Bass's. The evidence offered in support of the charge was of the flimsiest, and judgment was given for Mr. White, with costs.

We are informed by the Remington Type Writer Company that they have been granted warrants of appointment by the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Macate Mining Company. J. W. C. (Crossinglort).—No. **The Cheque Bank.** J. W. S. (Maidstone).—We see no advantage in your selling. The bank is extending its business rapidly, and under careful management ought to give a satisfactory return to its proprietors. **Northern Counties Constitutional Newspaper Company.** Wants. (Middlesboro').—We cannot understand the twelve years' delay, but the mere request to a promoter to cancel your application was not sufficient. You should have seen that the shares were transferred. If they were never allotted to you, you are not liable. **Three Mines.** T. E. B. (Sunderland).—If you do not hold do not buy, if you hold sell. **George Routledge and Son, Limited.** J. J. (Maryport).—There are not many dealings in these debentures. We should prefer another investment, but the company is quite sound. **Philadelphia and Reading.** J. M. (Cupar).—1. We think so. 2. Yes, but we should prefer another selection. **Jubilee Gold Shares.** Enquirer (Edinburgh).—It is, of course, a speculative purchase, but if you intend to buy you are not likely to gain much by waiting. **Uruguay Bonds.** W. C. H. (Shepherd's Bush).—Hold. We expect to see these bonds a good deal over 50 before Christmas. **Champion Reefs.** A. H. L. (Newport).—1. By-and-bye, possibly. 2. The shares of the syndicate you name will probably go higher. **Broken Hills.** Caution (Edinburgh).—Highly speculative just now. **Safe Investments.** W. S. (Leeds).—We should prefer another selection. Bryant and May's would give you over 5, and are very safe. **Crisp and Co.** H. B. (Birmingham).—Your preference shares are an excellent investment. **Joint Stock Institute.** Hamlet (Felixstowe).—We have no information as to the inaugural stock operation to which you refer, other than that given in the advertisement to which you allude. **Leeds Forge Shares.** Low Drop (Sheffield).—We should be sorry to give it. **Value of Debentures.** J. G. (Dumbarton).—The guarantee of the company you mention is of little or no value. **The Big Blow Gold Mines, Limited.** G. S. (Clapham).—The price asked for the property seems exorbitant. Better not apply. **The Kurnalpi Gold Mining Company, Limited.** G. S. (Leeds)—£55,000 is a big price for a mining claim of fifteen acres, even when its value is vouched for by ubiquitous Mr. Begehole. Better leave it to the underwriters. **Allsopp's.** B. (Hull)—Probably, but we do not advise it. **Bradford Manufacturing Company.** The Red Cockade.—Yes. **Union Steamship Company of New Zealand.** J. O. (Southampton).—The value of shares of ship companies is always subject to considerable fluctuation, but the record of this company is a good one. **Swan and Edgar, Limited.** K. R. (Lowestoft).—More dividends have been paid than those named in your letter, but we know of nothing to warrant the belief that the position of the company is likely to improve. It is high time for the general meeting to be held. **Boudard-Peveril Gear Company.**—We have to acknowledge numerous letters in reply to the invitation addressed to shareholders in our issue of November 3. These letters we have forwarded to the gentleman named therein.

INSURANCE.

Purchase of Annuity. V. R. W. (Northampton).—All the offices named are quite reliable. Buy from the cheapest. We do not suppose that you will be able to deal with the Friends' Provident unless you are in some way connected with the Society of Friends. Tell us your age, and we can tell you which is cheapest. **Star Life Office.** Bedsteads (Halifax).—This office is very well managed, is up to date in its practice, and gives a good bonus. **Mutual Provident Alliance.** J. H. (Govanhill).—You are mistaken in supposing that the directors have no power to make a levy on the members if confirmed by the latter, and this seems to have been done. You are not bound to pay the levy, but if you do not the policy will lapse. Not having the particulars of your assurance we cannot advise whether you should continue it or assure elsewhere. If you will tell us your present age, amount of premium, and sum assured, we may be able to advise you. **Law Union and Crown.** W. Hamish. (Dundee).—This company is a good one, but as we have advised others, you must not assume that bonuses such as have been paid in the past will be paid in the future. The change in constitution consequent upon the amalgamation, and the change in management, leads us to think that the bonuses will be less. **Life Offices.** F. H. G. (Birmingham).—The British Equitable spends too much money in expenses to be able to give more than a fractional bonus. Besides, complaints are numerous of the way in which it treats its policy-holders. The three other offices you name are satisfactory in all respects, and each of them would grant you a good policy, but of the three we should prefer the Sun. **Sun Life of Canada.** J. L. S. (Gateshead).—This company comes here with an excellent reputation for financial soundness, bonuses, fair treatment of policy-holders and good management, and the manager appointed for Great Britain is quite equal to the part required of him to sustain that reputation. You would consequently make a mistake if you were to give up your policy in this company. **Argus Life Insurance Company.** B. G. (Halifax).—The promoters say that enough capital was subscribed to enable them to go to allotment prior to the issue to the public. **Refuge Insurance Company.** The Red Cockade.—It is good enough, but you would do better if you went to a big office that does not do industrial business. **Employers' Insurance Company of Great Britain, Limited.** C.A.S.B. (Glasgow).—You are a day behind the fair. You must bear in mind that accident policies only run for a year. The two companies named have plenty of money, and are of good standing.

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FROM which millions suffer without knowing what is the matter with them. No one can enjoy good health who has dyspepsia (chronic indigestion). Some of the symptoms are: poor appetite, a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, ringing noises in the head, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, &c. Vogeler's Curative Compound will dispel all of the symptoms, even in chronic cases, and effect a cure.

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor begs to inform Contributors that he has sufficient Serials, Short Stories, and Poems to last for at least Two Years. All unsolicited MS.S. will, therefore, be returned unread.

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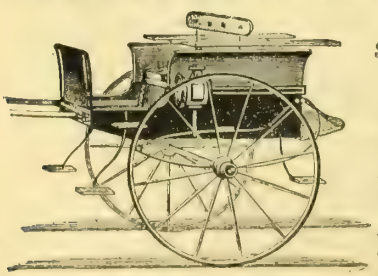
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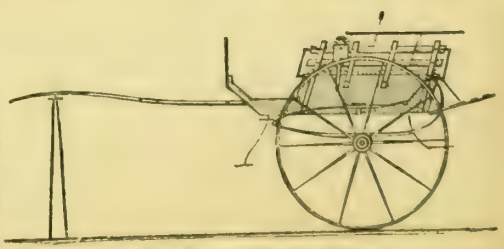
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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the Guildhall banquet last week, dealing as it did with the question of foreign politics, had nothing in it that could make it essential for a party newspaper to be subsequently satirical, and on the whole the speech was well received by papers of all opinions. But one reservation was generally made. Lord Rosebery, in referring to the dangers to peace, mentioned those enormous armaments now existing, and still increasing, and also the risks which arise from armed exploration. On both points the Press has agreed with him. But he mentioned a third danger "to good relations between nations," and here the Press has been compelled to disagree. And this is scarcely odd, because Lord Rosebery considers that the third danger is the Press itself. Undoubtedly, there does exist a fierce competition to obtain the latest and most startling intelligence; it may be in consequence of this that erroneous—dangerously erroneous—reports are sometimes published; but why, in the name of common sense, does Lord Rosebery say in one breath that these reports are a serious embarrassment to diplomatists, and also that they are too absurd for the Government to contradict them. If they are the former, they cannot be the latter. With the best abilities and the greatest precaution, the Press may still make mistakes; if the Government knows them to be mistakes, considers that they may do harm, and yet does not correct them, the Government is far more to blame than the Press.

If Mr. Schnadhorst, whose final retirement from public life is now announced, has done good service to the Liberal party, that party has been of considerable service to Mr. Schnadhorst. An unsuccessful Birmingham tradesman, Mr. Schnadhorst turned to politics, and has done more than any other politician of our time to assimilate our political organisations to those of the United States. For many years he has held a position of great influence, and, as Lord Rosebery says in his farewell letter, the party has given him very substantial tokens of its appreciation. It was whilst the £10,000 testimonial of 1886 was being arranged that the disruption of the Liberal party occurred, consequent upon Mr. Gladstone's defection to Home Rule. Some of the most munificent subscribers to the testimonial, such as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Burton, went into the opposite camp before it was presented, but they did not withdraw their subscriptions.

I am no great believer in the elevating influence of the Sunday School. I used to go to Sunday School myself. There I used to meet some other choice spirits, and during hymn time we used to make appointments under cover of the harmonium, for the sacking of birds' nests, and the ringing of bells on the way home. I do not think I exaggerate when I express the opinion that that Sunday School was a public nuisance to the neighbourhood. But I do not go to the length of Mr. Bardsley, of Manchester, if what is reported of him by the Rev. Alfred Rowland, of Park Chapel, Crouch End, be quite correct. Mr. Rowland says that Mr. Bardsley said that the superintendent of a Sunday School in Manchester said that some time since he took down the names of one hundred children who had passed through his Sunday School, and endeavoured to ascertain the history of everyone of that hundred.

He could not trace all of them, but he traced seventy-seven of them, and here, as my own language fails me, I quote the simple eloquence of that Sunday School superintendent: "And how many of that seventy-seven do you think were attending church regularly? Two only, *and thirty-nine were confirmed drunkards.*" I have been accused of a pessimistic view of human nature, and of a cynical attitude towards the results attained by our energetic reformers, but when I am told by the superintendent of a Sunday School that out of seventy-seven scholars, who for years had the benefits of his teaching, thirty-nine have turned out confirmed drunkards, I feel that I have been unduly optimistic. About the two who attended church regularly I say nothing; the touching pathos of that "two" un-mans me.

Of course this Sunday School superintendent is doing himself a gross injustice. I do not for a moment suppose that thirty-nine of his ex-scholars are confirmed drunkards. A teetotaler calls a man a confirmed drunkard who takes his half-pint of beer regularly, and it is in this manner that the terrible statistics of the teetotal tracts are arrived at. When one of these excellent men meets five young fellows going home late at night singing he generally alludes to them airily as lost souls, and, when he speaks of the millions of sinners who have been ruined body and soul by drink, he is numbering in his list every man, woman, or child who occasionally smiles. A tourist's suit and a red tie are quite sufficient to stamp any man as a child of the devil in the eyes of these long-faced gentry. They are of the kidney who dubbed Christ a wine-bibber.

Father Ivan, the arch-priest of Cronstadt, is considered by the Russians to be a worker of miracles. According to the *Daily Graphic*, "It is universally believed in Russia that his benediction is a cure for every malady. In the interests of the Church and the many charities he supports, he allows himself to be sent for to rich persons whose lives are endangered by sickness." There is no need to enter into the question of faith-healing now and here, but it is certainly amazing

that these Russians should believe—as apparently they do—that the laws of Nature may be suspended on the payment of a fixed sum to a priest. As an old epitaph says:—

"If Life were a thing which gold could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die."

When Father Ivan was summoned to Livadia, he was sure that a miracle was being worked, and that the Czar would recover. He was, of course, wrong. It is a pity that so good a man should be so mistaken. The sanctity of his life is remarkable; the sums that he receives are spent for charitable purposes; but, for all that, the keys of life and death are not his to hold.

Is it not time that the South-Western Railway officials took steps to find out something about the South-Western service? The other evening I started to go from London to Kingston; not an exciting journey a stranger might imagine, but I found it full of incident. My cabman inquired of an important-looking official outside the station where the 6.55 for Kingston started from. The important-looking official had evidently never heard of the train. He suggested I should try the main line. I got out at the main line, and asked the porter where the 6.55 for Kingston started from. He promptly told me No. 3 platform. I went to No. 3 platform, but could find no sign of the train. I went to the loop line; nobody had heard of it. I returned to the main line, and found the original porter who had sent me to platform No. 3. He confessed himself quite open to conviction on the matter, and was by no means dogmatic. Together we discovered a placard giving particulars of departures, and on this it was plainly stated that the 6.55 started from the new station. Whereupon, I went to the new station, and at the barrier asked a man where the 6.55 started from. He said that it was the one on the left. The train on the left had not a human soul in it, and looked dark and gloomy. I appealed to another porter, and he had heard that the train was coming in higher up.

Eventually I did get into the 6.55. The doors were slammed, and an enthusiastic guard gave the signal for us to start. The train appeared to take no notice of him whatever; he repeated the signal with more energy. At this point a Smith and Son's newsboy informed him that there was no engine on, and the guard went off—I suppose to inquire into the matter, and to try and find an engine. At Kingston I asked the porter what train went to Waterloo after 9.30, and he told me 10.16. I subsequently discovered there was no 10.16 train whatever. All this sounds very amusing when told. At all events, friends have been good enough to smile when I have sought sympathy by recounting my experience, but with a bag and an umbrella, and not too much time, one misses the joke. Of course, I don't want to tie a train down to any particular platform, or, for the matter of that, to any particular part of a platform. I am an individualist in all things, and I like to see a certain amount of wholesome freedom everywhere; but, if there were somebody at Waterloo who knew something about the South-Western trains, it would be a boon to travellers.

A correspondent draws to my attention the bad taste exhibited by certain evening journals, which will persist in trying to be funny over painful subjects. A small boy, returning from Sunday school, seems to have climbed an orchard wall for purposes which it is needless here to descant upon. Many of us in our younger days have climbed orchard walls with a similar purpose. The poor little beggar fell upon a spike and was killed, whereupon a reporter tells the incident in this charmingly humorous way:—"The Bad Boy.—A Sad Story for Juvenile Reading, in Words of One Syllable.—Lit-tle George was a bad boy On his way home from Sun-day school he stole some grapes, and then fell off the wall on a spike, which ran through his bo-dy, and hurt him so that he died. This was in Bat-ter-sea, and the jury found that it was an ac-ci-dent." It may be funny. I am not, as I have often been told, a judge of humour, but it strikes me that the parents of the child might be as dense as myself to the charm of the style. This sort of thing appears to me to be in rather bad taste, and it is growing.

I have before me a *Referee* of about seven years ago, and I cannot help making use of it to poke fun at my lively contemporary. It is abusing the wicked magistrates who hamper and worry the good music-hall managers, and is looking forward with joy and hope to the time when the licensing question will be taken out of the hands of these "muddling old fossils" and entrusted to the care of an elected body of sensible men (!) who will be truly representative of the great amusement-seeking public, whose interests will then be controlled with justice and wisdom. I have never known a change take place yet that was not for the worse, and when I hear people too eager to substitute some other body for the present County Council as a licensing body I am inclined to say, let be; the next king will probably be worse still.

It seems that "two most useful members of the London County Council," to quote from the *Daily Chronicle*, "are in serious straits for lack of adequate means to carry on their public work." In other words, their fellow workmen will not support them. It is a significant fact that, with the exception of the Northern miners, English workmen refuse to keep their fellow-workmen who represent them in Parliament or the County Council. Even Mr. John Burns has to submit to the humiliation—for humiliation it must be—involved in what appears to be the not very successful appeal of the *Star*, on his behalf, for "tanners." It is not to the credit of workmen that men like Mr. Burns and Messrs. Steadman and Crooks should be placed in this position. It is desirable that such men—genuine and able representatives of the class to which they belong—should be in Parliament and Council, and if their public duties make it impossible for them to earn wages, those they more directly represent and serve should submit to the very small sacrifice necessary to find the moneys required to save their representatives from pecuniary embarrassment.

Mr. McKinnon Wood's explanation of how it came about that a paper in which he is largely interested was given advertisements which, as is said, should have gone to other papers, was not quite so conclusive as he seemed to think it. Mr. Wood says that when the question of giving these advertisements to *London* came before the Committee of which he was Chairman, he retired. But ought he to have retired? If he knew that there was something not unlike a job in contemplation, it was his duty to remain and oppose it, and

the more so seeing that a paper in which he was interested was to benefit from the job. I am not for a moment saying that the Committee has not a complete answer to the charge of jobbery—that we shall know when Mr. Boulnois's amendment is discussed. It seems absurd to suppose that the Councillors interested in *London* stoop to petty jobbery certain to be found out. But they ought to remember that, in their position, it is not sufficient that they should be free from jobbery, it ought not to be possible for honest men to suspect them of it.

There are certain diseases and complaints which are not romantic, and for that reason—unjustly, I think—they never get for the sufferer the least sympathy. Among them is toothache. There are many fatal and romantic diseases which are infinitely less painful than toothache, and yet one is always expected to bear toothache easily. The other day a passenger from Corbeil to Paris pulled the alarm-bell and stopped the train because he wanted some prompt palliative for a furious toothache. It does not appear that they gave him anything. In fact, his conduct was considered to be unreasonable—so much so that he was summoned for what he had done and fined fifty francs. If they had cured the toothache, its proprietor would probably have considered that he had a very cheap bargain. But toothache will never have ordinary justice done it in this world; it is becoming a matter for serious consideration whether it is worth while to have any toothache at all.

It was stated recently that a society had been formed in Chicago to compel domestic servants and typewriters to retire to bed before ten o'clock. The report looks like a peculiarly fatuous untruth, but it serves well enough as an illustration of a spirit which is undoubtedly abroad at the present time. Restrictions on individual liberty are being constantly multiplied, and the excuse is always the same—that these restrictions are really in the interest of the individual. With this spirit I have no sort of sympathy. I would sooner see a man do wrong occasionally, keeping his liberty, than see him always do right merely because it is made impossible for him to do anything else. This multiplication of restrictions tends to destroy all individuality, and to turn us into a set of machine-made, spiritless, worthless dummies. I do not suppose that we need fear here any such absurdity as that which is reported from Chicago, but the same silly and grandmotherly spirit is abroad here, and in different ways it has manifested itself particularly frequently of late.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging the following subscriptions towards the Gallantry Fund:—H. W. Nairn, 2s.; C. E. Venables, 10s.; An "Old Woman," 5s.; H. J. Lloyd, £2 2s. I am at present investigating one or two cases, and will publish the results shortly. In the meantime I hope that my readers will continue their support. There have been frequent calls on the Fund, and this, of course, means that the Fund requires frequent subscriptions. There will be a subscription dance in support of the fund early in December, of which I hope to give further particulars next week.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Kop's Ale Proprietors wish me to state that their advertisement has appeared fortnightly in *The Alliance News* for the last eighteen months, and also that their beer contains less than one per cent. of alcohol, while two per cent. is allowed by law for teetotal beverages. "Most foods contain more or less of alcohol," add Messrs. Kop, "but we claim that our ale is a real temperance beverage, absolutely non-intoxicating." I feel sure of it, but then so are all beverages, taken in reasonable quantities. I also agree with Messrs. Kop's statement that most foods contain alcohol. It is a wise provision of Nature.

North-Western encloses me a cutting from *The Liverpool Porcupine*, from which it appears that an excellent lady, named "Minerva," is exceedingly angry with me, and thinks I do not love women sufficiently. "Minerva" little knows me; though I confess that the wisdom of some of those who write for the newspapers does not always impress me. The dear lady, however, has quite misunderstood my argument, and I fear it would be somewhat of a hopeless task to try to put her right. But she might spell my name with a J, and she might put two l's in "jelly."

Socialism.—Many correspondents seem anxious that I should—to use the expression of one of them—"give it *The Clarion* hot and strong." I thank them for their encouragement, and I confess to a certain unholy joy, as a rule, in the prospect of a fight. But I should prefer some more important enemy. The paper is undoubtedly in earnest, and when its staff have read and thought a little more, I shall then be happy—if they still remain Socialists—to discuss the question with them.

Church Extension Association.—A nurse writes me as follows:—"The dormitories of the orphans at 27, Kilburn Park Road, contain about fifty beds. Each is surrounded on four sides by walls of open ironwork. A low roof of the same fits over the top, and is edged by numerous iron spikes. When the children enter at night all the doors are secured by a long iron bar; it is quite impossible for a child to leave its cage without assistance from outside. These so-called 'cubicles' are praised as 'keeping the children so safe!' 'out of mischief!' etc. Each little creature is allowed to hang her own small treasures on her open ironwork walls. The effect is that of a gigantic aviary with many partitions, but the inhabitants are helpless scraps of humanity, caged like convicts! The moral effect of confinement is lost sight of. Apparently the kindly 'Sisters' are unequal to enforcing discipline, and for reasonable training they substitute constraint. Should a fire or other emergency occur, God help the children! Man could not, a 'sister' sleeping in a room at the end of the dormitory is the only person to remove the iron bars." This certainly seems a strange arrangement, and must inflict torture upon a sensitive and nervous child.

Constant Reader asks me the following:—"Two young people are engaged to be married. The parents of the respective people are unknown to each other. Is it the correct form for the lady or the lady's parents to invite to their house the parents of the gentleman, or, *vice versa*, the parents of the gentleman to invite the parents of the lady?"—I give it up. If two young people have shown themselves sufficiently independent of conventionality to get engaged before their parents had ever even met, I feel sure they are capable of arranging the subsequent etiquette of the affair themselves.

A Crusader.—The planchette is a flat, heart-shaped piece of wood mounted on two castors, which enable it to move in any direction, the third support being a pencil. A piece of paper is placed under the instrument, and the operator puts his hands on the wood. Every movement of the planchette is registered by the pencil, and the result is supposed to be the answer to the question put. See the "Proceedings of the Psychical Society, 1888," etc.

Yum-Yum.—If your tableaux do not come off for another week or two you will get excellent models for correct costumes from the "Country and People of Japan" series of photographs, which will commence in To-day next week but one.

M. C. (Catford).—You will not find it difficult to obtain a situation when you are proficient in shorthand and typewriting, as well as in German. Answer the advertisements in the *Telegraph* when you are prepared. You will do well to purchase your own typewriter, and you will find nothing better in the market than the Maskelyne machine; write to the Maskelyne Typewriter Company, Limited, of 41, Holborn Viaduct, who will give you free instruction in the use of the machine.

H. R. H.—Yes; you are liable under Act 43 Elizabeth, cap. 2, so far as the child alone is concerned. A. M. R.—Unless you have good security to offer you can only appeal to friends, or put yourself in the clutches of money-lenders. Cannot you do without borrowing? It hardly ever brings any good. I cannot answer correspondents through the post. J. N. (Manchester).—Don't be too clever. The sentence is good grammar. I suppose you are unaware that there are two grammatical blunders in your letter. Everyone thinks himself capable of teaching grammar, but few take the trouble to learn it. "Another Woman who appreciates Logic."—No; I would not allow these women to make the street hideous; nor would I allow drunkards to congregate in our thoroughfares, nor would I have dust and dirt emptied into the gutter. There is a place for everything. H. L. (Ripley) asks me to tell him the difference between the Old Humour and the New. I am prepared to offer a prize of £1,000 to anyone who will tell me. A. A. (Cawdor).—Are you not too sensitive? As a rule To-day is far more often in agreement with Lord Rosebery than are the bulk of his own followers. I have a sincere admiration of his cleverness, and I only hope that his party will have the good sense to let him lead them.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—There were two big excitements on Thursday last—a *matinée* at the Royal Courts of Justice and a *premier* at the Haymarket Theatre. The Empire appeal was the attraction in the former case, and the end was exactly what I told you to expect. Now it is all over you will, perhaps, admit that I have kept you correctly informed with regard to it all from the first. In a month's time we shall look back and wonder why on earth we were all worked up to a state of hysterical frenzy about a comparatively unimportant issue, and then the Empire promenade, like the Argyll Rooms and Cremorne, will be forgotten. It will then be found, I believe—and I am sure I hope—that the popularity of the Empire as a place of amusement, and the excellence of its entertainments, will continue to draw large and remunerative audiences, and the shareholders will feel all the happier when they begin to realise that their business is not built up on a lounging foundation which at any minute may slip unexpectedly from beneath them. A solid 20 per cent. is better than an uncertain 75.

Well, now to get away from the Empire promenade to the Haymarket. *John-a-Dreams* impressed me as a curious and interesting play. The influence of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was strongly marked in places, and I should think that Chambers began his work some time ago. When it came near to rehearsal, however, I fancy he reconsidered his original scheme, and having noticed that a certain amount of reaction had set in, he determined to leven his problem with an infusion of drama. From a monetary point of view he was probably right, but the two don't mix quite comfortably, and the strength of the one rather detracts from the subtlety of the other.

For example, the scene between the old parson and Kate, the heroine, is excellent. She explains in admirably chosen phrases that her mother was an "unfortunate." But the mother fed and clothed her. Later on when the mother was sick and dying she earned money for the mother in the same way as the mother had earned it for her. It is a painful story. The parson pities her. She goes on to say that, after her mother died, she, Kate, met Mrs. Chant, and was "rescued." She found that she had a fine voice, became famous, met an honest gentleman who loved her and wished to marry her. Ought she, with such a past, she asks, marry such a man?

The parson says, "Yes," and adds, "Who is the man?"

"*Your son!*" is the reply.

The parson's face gives the lie to his Christian professions. Poor Kate reads the truth in his eyes. She feels that she must leave her lover for ever, but determines on one last interview. Then comes the opportunity of the villain, and also the drama. The hero, Harold, is an opium drinker, but he has abandoned the habit, telling Kate that if ever he returns to it she will know that he loves her no longer. He has also made a compact with a college chum Hubert, whereby they bind themselves to be friends for life. But Hubert, who is also the villain, says there is no room for a woman in the compact, and that it must be dissolved. He insists that Harold shall write on a piece of paper simply the words, "I release you.—Harold." Directly this is done, he drugs Harold, lays him on a sofa, puts an opium bottle in his hand, points this out to Kate, and finally gives her the paper, saying Harold wrote it for *her*. Then he says "Fly with me," and Kate flies.

Of course it all comes right in the end, but as I said, the confession and the drugging are two incidents which don't seem to belong to the same play. They are both good, mark you. But the frame of mind induced by the one is antipathetic to the reception of the other.

Mrs. Pat Campbell had a bad cold, and was not very audible at first. But she got the pitch of the house later, and played her confession scene well, if with a certain absence of colour and variation. Later on, when she discovered that Harold has apparently reverted to his opium, she did not rise to the horror and intensity of the situation. Perhaps it did not appeal to her imagination. Anyway, her acting conveyed nothing at all to me.

Tree I thought most excellent. He was the dreamy, emotional, opium-tainted sentimentalist to the life. It was only such a man who could have loved, in such a way, such a woman. He invested the character with a kind of intellectual sanctity, so that when Kate offered to live with him rather than marry him, and he argued in favour of marriage, you felt that they were discussing something wholly theoretical and unpersonal. The first wife of Aubrey Tanqueray was an icicle. He wanted to marry something real. With Harold it was precisely the reverse. That this should be an actual desire in these prosaic days takes a great deal of proving, and it speaks volumes for Tree's acting that it convinced at every turn. Cartwright did not please me quite so much. He was intended to represent the antithesis of Tree. Yet I discerned nothing really animal and fleshly in his impersonation. He seemed both peevish and bad-tempered, sometimes irresolute, sometimes reckless, but sensually passionate never. Do you remember Tree playing the old Russian prince in Banzmere's *Najozda?* There was sensuality, if you like! Cartwright was sparkling and brilliant, but he was as brittle and hard as ice.

All the minor parts were well played. Nutcomb Gould, as the old parson, deserves the very highest praise. Maurice gave a capital study of the conventional husband, and Janet Steer was delightful as the modern wife. Her frocks were a dream, and as I happened to be sitting near the stage I am in a position to affirm that her pink petticoats and black silk stockings, in the second act, were distinctly precious. Ross, as her feeble lover, was also very good. It was a rather nasty part, but he dealt with it most artistically.

The scenery was all that could be wished, and the sailing of the yacht from Southampton water by moonlight was a really excellent stage illusion. The play was well received, and the author was called and applauded.

Whether *John-a-Dreams* would draw for a long run is, to my thinking, doubtful. But it will certainly serve to cram the Haymarket till Tree departs for America. He will give *matinées* of *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* before he goes.

The Playgoers' Club meeting at St. James's Hall was the most sardine-like squash I ever was in. There must have been at least 500 members and guests on the stairs who never got near the door of the Hall at any time, and Carl Hentschel, Percy Howse, and their assistant stewards were nearly pulled to pieces by the surging multitudes. The audience was thoroughly representative, at least one Empire director being present, but the debate disappointed me. Mrs. Chant was very careful to treat the tenderest susceptibilities with every consideration, and naturally this tended to a certain vagueness of assertion. Her personality is pleasing, and her delivery is excellent, save only when it diverges into the sing-song of the pulpit. She does not exactly say, "Oh! my brethren," but she makes you feel that she would like to. Judging by the applause her remarks elicited, she impressed the Playgoers favourably.

Why the debate lacked vigour I do not know. Henry Murray—David Christie Murray's brother—was didac-

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tic, but not convincing; Charles Coborn, the comic singer, apparently laboured under a sense of personal wrong done to him by music-hall managers; John Hollingshead, who spoke with difficulty from an awkward position in the gallery, thought that licensing would soon be taken away from the County Council altogether. Henry Hyndman, the great Socialist, spoke, as he always speaks, admirably; he set the blood tingling and the pulse beating, his enthusiasm and vigour were contagious, and you felt that if ever *his* particular promenade were invaded he would protect it with a Maxim gun, instead of a mandamus. W. H. Jennings, a new playgoer from Yorkshire, made, perhaps, the best speech of the evening. He took the philosophic view. He said, in effect, that every sane man knew vice had been prominent in the Empire promenade, but that vice had also been prominent since the beginning of things. Nations had risen and fallen, kingdoms had passed away, but vice remained. Did not this argue that what we called vice was something other than the mere corrupt edge of our social system? He thought it did. He thought that Mrs. Chant would not succeed in sweeping vice away, and, even if she did—what then? It was a daring speech, but it reflects very accurately a large phase of modern thought. Presently Zangwill defended the Puritans of history, and Ben Nathan implored Mrs. Chant to assist in the conversion of the Jews. A Mr. Sands, who is, I think, a barrister, said that whenever he went to the Empire he met lots of old acquaintances who he had not seen for years, a statement that was received with loud and prolonged shrieks of ribald laughter. This disconcerted him. Mrs. Chant, in winding up the debate, let go for a few minutes on what really is at the bottom of all the trouble. It is against *systematic* vice that she is fighting—against the bully, the introducing house, the public procuress, and the rich man's private pimp. After twenty years of rescue work she knows more of these things than many men about town. When she spoke of them there was the ring of truth and sincerity in her every word. Whatever we may think of her methods, her motives are above reproach. And remember this, the Salvation Army lived down persecution and ridicule, because it was led by a sober enthusiast. General Booth never went too far. His motto was, apparently, Don't be too much of a nuisance, be just nuisance enough. The Salvation Army is now a national institution. It would not surprise me to see Mrs. Chant emulate his example very closely. If, now, the Purist Party will only be as temperate as they are enthusiastic, Mrs. Chant may become their Boadicea. It is excess that will jeopardise both her success and their own.

You will be sorry to hear that Edith Chester died of typhoid fever last week. Miss Nelly Harris (Mrs. Horace Sedger) is lying dangerously ill of the same disorder.

On Saturday I divided my evening between the St. James's and Drury Lane. Mrs. John Wood having entirely recovered from her recent indisposition, is back again, playing the Duchess in *The Derby Winner* with more go and dash than ever. She got a regular first-night reception, and a special call at the end of the evening. Charles Dalton, who has taken up Cartwright's part, is a decided improvement. Excellent as was Cartwright's impersonation, his self-restrained manner did not suit a big house like the Lane nearly so well as Dalton's more robust and determined style.

The substitution of Evelyn Millard for Mrs. Campbell in *The Masqueraders* is also a decided improvement. Alexander is, if anything, better than ever, and Waring now draws a clear distinction between the mental and physical condition of Sir Roger Skene in the beginning and the end of the play. The St. James's Company were all warmly welcomed home again.

I hear that Lottie Venne is likely to resume her original place in *The Gaiety Girl* cast. Brandon Thomas has gone to Madeira for his health. Sir Augustus Harris has nothing whatever to do with the prospectus of an "Opera Company" wherein his name is used. And please that's all for the present.—Your affectionate cousin, RANDOLPH.

REMINISCENCES OF TWO CZARS.

RARELY, perhaps, has there been such a striking contrast between two successive Sovereigns, as between the lately deceased Emperor, Alexander III., and his father, Alexander II. The father was a man of culture and refinement, abreast of the literature of the age, and was justly regarded as the gentlest and most enlightened sovereign Russia has ever had.

The late Emperor had probably never read half-a-dozen volumes involving sustained attention and intelligent discrimination. It seems hardly credible that his education should have been neglected in his youth. But, as he had no taste for learning, and, as the second son, there was, naturally, no idea that he would be called to reign, he was allowed to amuse himself very much as he pleased, and he thus missed the mental training and advantages of a liberal education. Possibly, too, there may have been a feeling that it was not desirable to repeat, in the future, the actual experience of the existing reign, in which the second brother of the Emperor had developed intellectual gifts and qualifications which were at least equal to those of the reigning sovereign.

After the marriage of the late Emperor, then Czarevitch, to the intelligent and devoted Princess Dagmar, the Princess took lessons in political economy, and other branches of science, in order to influence her husband to join with her in these studies, and thus help to fit him for his future onerous position. But the result was not a success. And thus it came to pass that, when the late Emperor was called to the exercise of supreme authority, the examination of the voluminous State papers submitted to him daily from the various departments of the administration became a difficult and wearisome labour, taxing the time and strength of the Emperor in an extraordinary degree. Nevertheless, in the work thus devolved upon him, the Emperor steadily plodded on according to the light he possessed. The strength and fidelity of the Emperor to his convictions of the duties of his onerous office were strikingly shown in his persistent attention to the perusal of the State documents he received during his illness, and up to the very day before his death, notwithstanding the warnings of his physicians that such labours tended to aggravate his illness and prevent his recovery. It may be here mentioned that whilst he was Czarevitch, and seemed to favour liberal measures, the hopes of those who desired a continuance and extension of the reforms that had been initiated by the Emperor Alexander II. were largely, if not mainly, based (not without precedent alike from Russian and English history) on the superior mental endowments of the Czarina. But these hopes were doomed to disappointment. The assassins who destroyed the life of the beloved Emperor on the fatal 13th of March, 1881, at the same time shattered the nerves of the new Empress, who was so prostrated by anguish and anxiety for her husband and children, that she became quite unequal to bear any of the cares of State, not to speak of the leading, guiding influence which it had been hoped she would be able beneficially to exert.

It has been currently stated that if Alexander II. had only lived another day, there would have been, on the morrow, a proclamation of a Constitution, which the Emperor is said to have signed on the morning of the day on which he was so cruelly assassinated. The above is a misrepresentation and exaggeration of what

really occurred, which was of a tentative or preparatory nature, and was to this effect:—Count Loris Melikoff (who had, after repeated attempts on the life of the Emperor, been appointed President of a special Imperial Commission for administering the affairs of the empire, with almost unlimited powers) submitted to the Emperor a proposal for convening a "Comité de Reduction" (as it was termed), or Deliberative Commission, to consist of elected representatives of the nobility, of territorial bodies and of towns, who should be allowed to discuss a certain number of subjects elaborated and submitted by the respective Ministries, with the right of petitioning the Government thereon. This project was approved by the Emperor (Alexander II.), who wrote with his own hand on the document thus submitted to him, "I consent." And at the same time (11.30 a.m., on 13th March, just two hours before his assassination), the Emperor signed an Ukase to the ruling Senate to attend to the carrying out of the above measure.

An authentic report of the above appeared in the *Daily News* of April 19, 1881; a substantially identical and detailed confirmation of the same, and of the views of the various Russian Ministers thereon, was published in the *Times* of March 12, 1882, and, in an abridged form, in the *St. James's Gazette*, of March 14, 1882; also by the *Evening News* of August 29, 1882, as taken from a leading Polish paper, which had published a chapter from the "Memoirs of a Russian ex-Minister." For the sake of historical accuracy, it may, therefore, be taken that there was no intention or idea of proclaiming anything like a Constitution, but a much more simple and tentative measure, which might have been of a preparatory and educational kind.

On the accession of the Czar, Alexander III., the question in the minds of many was—Would he fulfil the hopes of Liberal measures which, as Czarevitch, he was understood to favour, and would he, or would he not, be ready to continue the reforms which had been initiated by his father? On this point conflicting counsels were doubtless impressed on the Czar, who was profoundly distressed and grief-stricken by the death of his father, but who, however, after considerable hesitation, decided to convene a Council of his Ministers to consider the proposals which had been adopted by the late Czar, Alexander II. on the day of his death.

This Council was held on the 20th of March, exactly a week after the accession of the new Emperor. The Czar, after hearing the views of his Ministers, who were for the most part in favour of Count Loris Melikoff's proposal (stoutly opposed by M. Pobodonotseff), stated that he concurred with them, and wished the requisite order published as emanating from his father, who had taken the initiative in the matter, and to whose memory he desired to ascribe the new reform.

Nothwithstanding this decision, M. Pobodonotseff (and others, no doubt, influencing) persuaded the Czar to change his views, and to put off the publication of the Ukase that he had ordered. And, ultimately, on 11th May following, on the occasion of the usual spring review of the troops in the Champs de Mars, the Emperor, with the Empress and two of his sons, made his first public appearance in St. Petersburg (after having been several weeks at Gatchina), and issued a manifesto, in which, after referring to his filial grief, he expressed, with emphatic reiteration, his determination to maintain his autocratic power, without any mention whatever of the reforms which were known to have been under discussion. Thereupon, the principal Ministers (Count Loris Melikoff, General Milutine, the Minister of War, and the trusted friend and counsellor of the Emperor Alexander II. during many years, and M. Abaza, the Minister of Finance) resigned their functions, and the administration of the Empire was carried on during the whole of the late reign under the inspiration of M. Pobodonotseff, the former tutor of the Czar and the able and fanatical Procurator of the Holy Synod, conscientious and loyal to the Czar. The late Emperor laboured diligently to diminish extravagant expenses and to root out corruption and dishonesty abounding in the official ranks, and to improve, as far as in him lay, the wretched condition of the hundred million peasants in the Empire, whilst in his private life setting an unique example as a husband and father—traits that will give him a lasting claim in the respect and affection of the Russian people, with whom "the little Father" (the Czar) is regarded as an Omnipotence near at hand, whilst "the great Father" is regarded as a long way off.

Alexander II. and Alexander III. were both men of affectionate dispositions, but cast in very different moulds; while the attachment of each to the other was marked by deep-seated regard—such as is not found always to exist between the reigning monarch and the heir to the throne.

The affectionate nature of Alexander II. was characterised by geniality and strong impulse. An example of this may be given. It had been long known that the administration of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg was characterised by great laxity and consequent abuses. This condition of things was more strongly impressed after the attempt to blow up a part of the Palace on the 18th of February, 1880, just as the Imperial party, comprising the Emperor, the Czarevitch and Czarina, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Imperial family, with the Duke of Hesse and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, were about to enter the dining-room. And, as the result of the investigations made, it was evident to Count Melikoff that no radical amelioration could be effected under the existing régime, the principal officer of the Palace being quite unable, by physical infirmity, to exercise any efficient active control. After much difficulty, the Emperor consented to make the necessary change. But, within two or three hours after giving his consent, Count Melikoff was summoned to the Palace, and, on his entering the Emperor's room, the Emperor threw his arms around the neck of his old servant, the Palace Chamberlain, and said to Loris Melikoff, "You see how I love him, and cannot part with him." There was nothing more to be said or done, and the administration of the Winter Palace continued (for a while, at least) under the same infirm official.

The affectionate disposition of Alexander III. was, on the other hand, shown mostly in his own immediate family circle, and in other directions, at all events, his character was marked by the most inflexible firmness and determination. An example of this was given on the occasion of the death of the Emperor Alexander II., when the Grand Duke Nicolas Constantinovitch, who had been exiled from St. Petersburg on account of a great scandal in connection with his theft of diamonds that he had given to a lady, appealed to the new Emperor, his cousin, that he might be allowed to come to St. Petersburg and pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased Emperor. His uncle, Alexander III., sent the following reply:—"You have disgraced the Imperial name, and are not worthy to attend the Emperor's funeral." The authenticity of this reply the writer can vouch for. Dalziel's telegram from Berlin, which appeared in one of the London evening papers of November 1st, which announced the death of the Emperor at Livadia on the afternoon of that day, is responsible for the statement that "The Grand Duke Alexis Michaelovitch" (also a cousin of the late Czar) "who was exiled in consequence of his unauthorised marriage with the daughter of Count Ignatieff, a former Russian Ambassador, arrived at Livadia yesterday, to implore the Czar's pardon. His Majesty, however, refused to receive him." This, if authentic, was another example of the late Czar's inflexible firmness of character. Space will not allow of dwelling on the salutary effects both for Russia and Europe generally—of that firmness in the maintenance of peace, which will constitute the late Czar's best claim to the respect and regard of his own people and of the nations of Europe.

Courtenay Clarke.

CLUB CHATTER.

Some time last summer, when I was in North Wales, I went up Snowdon. As the clouds buried the mountain a thousand feet from the top, I was saturated to the skin long before I got to the summit, and the only consolation any of us had for a wasted journey was the hospitality provided in two little huts hidden away among the rocks. Under these circumstances, I read with some amount of surprise a letter from a clergyman, the other day, pointing out that the owner of the mountain, Mr. Smith, had offended against all laws of natural beauty by building an "hotel" there. The object of the letter was for some political end, it seems, and so there is an explanation. But I am sure that everyone who has ever ascended this magnificent mountain will join with me in regreting that such an attack should have been made on a gentleman who is really a public benefactor. The idea that a landscape is ruined because some provision is made by the owner for man and beast is peculiar, to say the least of it.

America has produced a novelty that I hope English hosiers will adopt. It is a dress shirt that opens down the front like an ordinary coat, and does away with that uneven struggle between hard glazed linen and a man in a hurry.

Although there are many rich colours in ties this season, I have seen nothing to equal the rich, dark heliotropes which are being made up for the "Ascot" scarf. Worn with the frock coat, and fixed with a simple gold pin, they show up splendidly. There seems, by the way, to be but little call now for safety pins, but pins mounted with some sporting trophy are as popular as ever.

Alluding to my remarks last week on medallion jewellery, a correspondent asks me to warn any reader against speculating in low-priced cigarette cases with enamelled designs, as they crack, fade, and chip to pieces. In Paris, where the most coquettish Salon pictures are immediately reproduced in enamel, the price runs to pounds, and it represents the actual value.

According to all reports the forthcoming steeplechase season will, providing the weather is propitious, be an extraordinarily busy one. Newmarket does not shelter many jumpers, but this is owing to the fact that the stewards of the Jockey Club regard the illegitimate game with disfavour. Mr. McCalmont, however, is doing his best to give a fillip to steeplechasing at Newmarket, and the meeting to be held shortly is receiving plenty of patronage.

It will be a good thing for racing under N.H. rules when Mr. McCalmont is made a member of the National Hunt committee, as the majority of the present committee appear to take no interest whatever in the sport. The Prince of Wales does not now own a single jumper; and such well-known sportsmen as Lord Penrhyn, Sir George Chetwynd, Sir F. Johnstone, Captain Machell, Mr. Paget, Lord Rendlesham, General Byrne, and Sir W. Throckmorton are rarely seen at a steeplechase meeting. Certainly new blood is needed.

At present it seems probable that Escott's stable shelters the finest lot of hurdle racers and steeplechasers to be found in the country. Cloister, since he left Alresford for Lewes, has thrived on hard work, and his record performance at Aintree the other day stamps him as the steeplechaser of the century. Then Escott has Knight of Rhodes, Warrington, Popinjay, Nelly Gray, and others. The horses are always well ridden, not only in the actual race, but at exercise, and here perhaps is the secret of their success. More races are lost on the exercise ground than on the track proper.

Several amateurs are said to be trying to open a book on the classic races of 1895. I am sorely afraid that their efforts will not be crowned with success. It is a long time since such apathy was shown in connection with the classic events as is the case just now. The two-year-old form has been most puzzling, and then there are several horses that are being kept in reserve for their three-year-old engagements.

Two of these are Le Var and Laveno. Le Var was bred by the Duchess of Montrose, and is a son of Isonomy—Marguerite. The curious part about the colt's nominations is that he is entered for the Derby in Mr. Milner's name, for the St. Leger by Mr. Manton, and for the Two Thousand Guineas by Sir Frederick Johnstone, who has leased the colt. The Duchess of Montrose is very fond of calling her horses after places in Southern Europe, as witness Antibes and Riviera. Le Var is named after the river which runs into the Mediterranean near Nice.

Laveno is the property of Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, and, being a son of Bend Or—Napoli, is thus an own brother to Orvieto, the Jubilee Stakes winner of 1893. The colt is said to have done wonders in a trial a few months ago, but he is such a difficult animal to train.

The Rugby match between the North and the South is set for decision on December 15th, and judging from the trial match between the Varsities and London and the West, the Southern team this year should prove to be a strong one. Although the Varsities won, it is not likely that many of their team will be selected, as the best of the players are not eligible owing to their nationality, amongst these being Donaldson, Gibson, Griffiths, and Smith. Pilkington, Carey, and Mitchell may get places. In any case there is a plethora of talent all round.

The League contest is assuming a most interesting phase owing to Sunderland creeping up in the table, and being now practically level with Everton. Though two points behind the "Toffee" team, the Wearsiders have a match to the good. By drawing with Blackburn Rovers on the latter's ground, they avoided the pit into which Everton fell so ignominiously. Moreover, the latter were lucky to take one point away with them from Small Heath, as the referee made a gross blunder in giving them a goal which was never scored. It will be a close race to the finish. Everton has the money and the big battalions, but I fancy Sunderland is the better team, and if they have the good luck to escape from injuries to their players, the League trophy will again find its way to Wearside.

The qualifying competition of the English Cup is dragging slowly on, and next Saturday the third round will be completed, leaving only the divisional finals to be fought out. St. Mary's, Southampton, should defeat Marlow and King's Own Regiment; Luton should score over Ilford and Clapton; and Millwall Athletic may beat New Brompton and Royal Ordnance Factories or Highland Light Infantry. The other six divisional winning clubs should be Darlington, Fleetwood Rangers, Wrexham, Burton Wanderers, Grimsby Town, and Leicester Fosse. In this case the amateur element will be conspicuous by its absence in the competition proper.

The inglorious tour of Bolton Wanderers in the South of England, and the fact that they have failed to register a win in their last five League engagements, points to the decay of the runners-up for the English cup last year. Dickenson, who is playing for New Brompton, where he has married and settled down, was a great loss to them. In fact, the front rank wants entirely remodelling. I hear that Mr. J. J. Bentley was very disgusted with the poor show made by his team, and he has been looking around the South for likely recruits. It is a new thing

for the North to seek its recruits in the South, and is a sign of the alteration which is rapidly taking place in Southern football.

Poor Woolwich Arsenal! After a run of successes to be beaten 4—1 by Walsall, a team which has been showing but poor form as compared with the Plumstead team. Some excuse must be made for them. Not only was Boyd still on the sick list, but Mortimer was absent injured, and his place had to be filled by Sharpe. The combination of forwards was thereby upset to some extent. Still they will yet have time to improve their position in the League table, and, with the return of Boyd to his position at centre, I shall look for better things in store.

The London Football Association will most likely pass Mr. Gunning's motion to throw open their committee proceedings to the Press. This will not be an unmixed blessing, and I should not be surprised if there were to be, in the near future, a crop of libel actions. Still, there seems to be no other alternative, as secrecy is violated by members of the Council. It is stated (I do not know how true it is) that some of the Councillors are hangers-on of the Press, and make quite a good thing out of their violation of an honourable pledge of secrecy. I hope this is not true. It is a fact, however, that the proceedings do leak out, and perhaps, therefore, under the circumstances it may be better to make the meetings public.

Hurst Park, which to my thinking is one of the prettiest and best managed courses in England, will have to come to terms with the local authorities, if it is to be the success it deserves. I went down last Saturday, and I don't think I ever saw such a disgraceful specimen of a road as the one from the course to the station. The rain in the afternoon turned it into a swamp, and whether racegoers walked or rode they had no chance of avoiding the fountains of mud thrown up on all sides. As the fact that a meeting at Hurst Park is credited with doing more to bring down rain than the united prayers of every Church in England, this should be seen to without delay.

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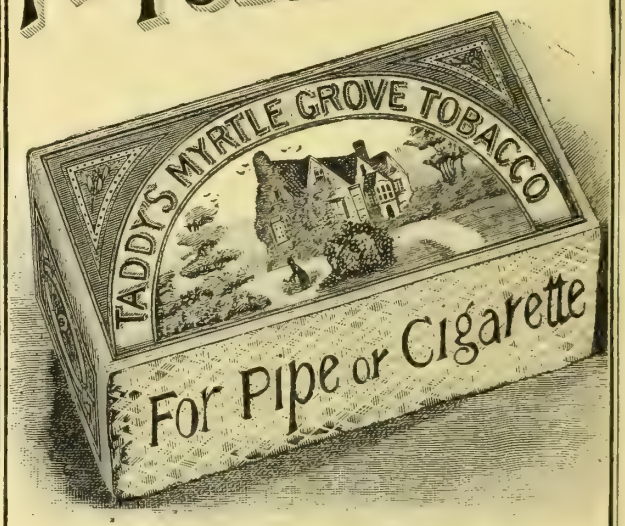

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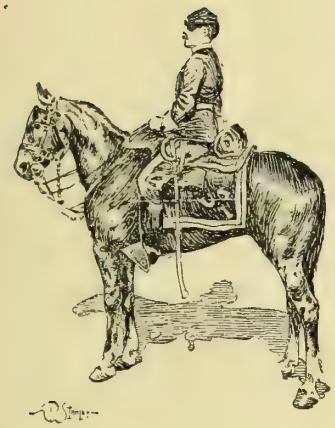
PART II.

CHAPTER II.



NEVERTHELESS, so complete was his control of voice and manner that, as he rode on to his quarters, no one would have dreamed that General Brant had just looked upon the likeness of the wife from whom he had parted in anger four years ago. Still less would they have suspected the strange fear that came upon him that in some way she was connected with the treachery he had just discovered. He had heard from her only once, and then through her late husband's lawyer, in regard to her Californian property, and believed that she had gone to her relations in Alabama, where she had identified herself with the Southern cause, even to the sacrifice of her private fortune. He had heard her name mentioned in the Southern Press as a fascinating Society leader, and even coadjutrix of Southern politicians—but he had no reason to believe that she had taken so active or so desperate a part in the struggle. He tried to think that his uneasiness sprang from his recollection of the previous treachery of Captain Pinckney, and the part that she had played in the Californian conspiracy, although he had long since acquitted her of the betrayal of a nearer trust. But there was a fateful similarity in the two cases. There was no doubt that this Lieutenant Wainwright was a traitor in the camp—that he had succumbed to the usual sophistry of his class in regard to his superior allegiance to his native State. But was there the inducement of another emotion, or was the photograph only the souvenir of a fascinating priestess of rebellion, whom the dead man had met? There was perhaps less of feeling than scorn in the first suggestion, but he was nevertheless relieved when the Provost Marshal found no other incriminating papers in Wainwright's effects. Nor did he reveal to the Division General the finding of the photograph. It was sufficient to disclose the work of the traitor without adding what might be a clue to his wife's participation in it, near or remote. There was risk enough in the former course—which his duty made imperative. He hardly dared to think of the past day's slaughter which—there was no doubt now—had been due to the previous work of the spy, and how *his* brigade had been selected—by the irony of Fate—to suffer for and yet retrieve it. If she had had a hand in this wicked plot, ought he to spare her? Or was his destiny and hers to be thus monstrously linked together?

Luckily, however, the expiation of the chief offender and the timely discovery of his papers enabled the Division Commander to keep the affair discreetly silent, and to enjoin equal secrecy on the part of Brant. The latter, however, did not relax his vigilance, and after the advance the next day he made a minute inspection of the ground he was to occupy, its approaches and connections with the outlying country, and the rebel lines; increased the stringency of picket and sentry regulations, and exercised a rigid surveillance of non-combatants and civilians within the lines—even to the lowest canteener or camp follower. Then he turned his attention to the house he was to occupy as his head-quarters.

It was a fine specimen of the old Colonial planter's house, with its broad verandah, its great detached offices and negro quarters, and had, thus far, escaped the ravages and billeting of the war. It had been occupied by its owner up to a few days before the engagement, and so great had been the confidence of the enemy in their success that it had been used as the Confederate headquarters on the morning of the decisive battle. Jasmine and rose, unstained by the sulphur of gunpowder, twined around its ruined columns and half hid the recessed windows; the careless flower garden was still in its unkempt and unplucked luxuriance; the courtyard before the stables alone showed marks of the late military occupancy, and was pulverised by the uneasy horse-hoofs of the waiting staff. But the mingled impress of barbaric prodigality with patriarchal simplicity was still there in the domestic arrangements of a race who lived on half equal familiarity with strangers and their own servants.

The negro servants still remained, with a certain catlike fidelity to the place, and adapted themselves to the northern invaders with a childlike enjoyment of the novelty of change. Brant, nevertheless, looked them over with an experienced eye, and satisfied himself of their trustworthiness; there was the usual number of "boys," grey-haired and grizzled in body service, and the "Mammys" and "Aunties" of the kitchen. There were two or three rooms in the wing which still contained private articles, pictures and souvenirs of the family, and a "young lady's" boudoir, which Brant, with characteristic delicacy, kept carefully isolated and intact from his military household, and accessible only to the family servants. The room he had selected for himself was nearest it—a small, plainly furnished apartment with an almost conventual simplicity in its cold, white walls and draperies, and the narrow, nunlike bed. It struck him that it might have belonged to some prim elder daughter or maiden aunt, who had acted as housekeeper, as it commanded the wing and servants' offices, with easy access to the central hall.

There followed a week of inactivity in which Brant felt a singular resemblance in this Southern mansion to the old *casa* at Robles. The afternoon shadows of the deep verandahs recalled the old monastic gloom of the Spanish house, which even the presence of a lounging officer or waiting orderly could not entirely dissipate, and the scent of the rose and jasmine from his windows overcame him with sad memories. He began to chafe under this inaction, and long again for the excitement of the march and bivouac—in which for the past four years he had buried his past.

He was sitting one afternoon alone before his reports and despatches, when this influence seemed so strong that he half impulsively laid them aside to indulge in a long reverie. He was recalling his last day at Robles, the early morning duel with Pinckney, the return to San

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Franciso, and the sudden resolution which sent him that day across the Continent to offer his services to the Government. He remembered his delay in the Western town, where a volunteer regiment was being recruited, his entrance into it as a private, his rapid selection, through the force of his sheer devotion and intelligent concentration to the captaincy of his company; his swift promotion on hard-fought fields to the head of the regiment, and the singular success that had followed his restless energy, which left him no time to think of anything but his duty. The sudden intrusion of his wife upon his career now—even in this accidental and perhaps innocent way—had seriously unsettled him.

The shadows were growing heavier and deeper, it lacked only a few moments of the sunset bugle, when he was recalled to himself by that singular instinctive consciousness—common to humanity—of being intently looked at. He turned quickly—the door behind him closed softly. He rose and slipped into the hall. The tall figure of a woman was going down the passage. She was erect and graceful; but as she turned toward the door leading to the offices, he distinctly saw the gaudily-turbaned head and black silhouette of a negress. Nevertheless he halted a moment at the door of the next room.

"See who that woman is who has just passed, Mr. Martin. She doesn't seem to belong to the house."

The young officer rose, put on his cap, and departed. In a few moments he returned.

"Was she tall, sir—of a good figure, and very straight?"

"Yes."

"She is a servant of our neighbours, the Manlys, who occasionally visits the servants here. A mulatto, I think."

Brant reflected. Many of the mulattos and negresses were of good figure, and the habit of carrying burdens on their heads gave them a singularly erect carriage.

The lieutenant looked at his chief.

"Have you any orders to give concerning her, general?"

"No," said Brant, after a moment's pause, and turned away.

The officer smiled. It seemed a good story to tell at mess of this human weakness of his handsome, reserved and ascetic-looking leader.

A few mornings afterwards Brant was interrupted over his reports by the almost abrupt entrance of the officer of the day. His face was flushed, and it was evident that only the presence of his superior restrained his excitement. He held a paper in his hand.

"A lady presents this order and pass from Washington—countersigned by the Division General."

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir—she is *dressed* as such. But she has not only declined the most ordinary civilities and courtesies we have offered her but she has insulted Mr. Martin and myself grossly, and demands to be shown to you—alone."

Brant took the paper. It was a special order from the President, passing Miss Matilda Faulkner through the Federal lines to visit her uncle's home, known as "Grey Oaks," now held and occupied as the headquarters of Brant's Brigade, in order to arrange for the preservation and disposal of certain family effects and private property that still remained there, or to take and carry away such property; and invoking all necessary aid and assistance from the United States forces in such occupancy. It was countersigned by the Division Commander. It was perfectly regular and of undoubted authenticity. He had heard of passes of this kind—the terror of the Army—issued in Washington under some strange controlling influence and against military protest; but he did not let his subordinate see the uneasiness with which it filled him.

"Show her in," he said quietly.

But she had already entered, brushing scornfully past the officer, and drawing her skirt aside, as if contaminated. A very pretty Southern girl, scornful and red-lipped, clad in a grey riding habit, and still carrying her riding-whip clenched ominously in her slim, gauntletted hand!

"You have my permit in your hand," she said, brusquely, hardly raising her eyes to Brant. "I suppose it's all straight enough—and even if it isn't I don't reckon to be kept waiting with those hirelings."

"Your 'permit' is 'straight enough,' Miss Faulkner," said Brant, slowly reading her name from the document before him. "But as it does not seem to include permission to insult my officers, you will perhaps allow them first to retire."

He made a sign to the officer, who passed out of the door.

As it closed he went on, in a gentle but coldly unimpassioned voice—

"I perceive you are a Southern lady, and therefore I need not remind you that it is not considered good form to treat even the slaves of those one does not like, uncivilly, and I must therefore ask you to keep your active animosity for myself."

The young girl lifted her eyes. She had evidently not expected to meet a man so young, so handsome, so refined, and so coldly invincible in manner. Still less was she prepared for that kind of antagonism. In keeping up her preconcerted attitude towards the "Northern Hireling" she had been met with official brusqueness, contemptuous silence, or aggrieved indignation—but nothing so exasperating as this. She even fancied that this elegant but sardonic-looking soldier was mocking her. She bit her red lip, but, with a scornful gesture of her riding-whip, said—

"I reckon that your knowledge of Southern ladies is, for certain reasons, not very extensive."

"Pardon me; I have had the honour of marrying one."

Apparently more exasperated than before, she turned upon him abruptly.

"You say my pass is all right. Then I presume I may attend to the business that brought me here."

"Certainly; but you will forgive me if I imagined that an expression of contempt for your hosts was a part of it."

He rang a bell on the table. It was responded to by an orderly.

"Send all the household servants here."

The room was presently filled with the dusky faces of the negro retainers. Here and there was the gleaming of white teeth, but a majority of the assembly wore the true negro serious acceptance of the importance of "an occasion." One or two even affected an official and soldierly bearing. And, as he fully expected, there were several glances of significant recognition of the stranger.

"You will give," said Brant sternly, "every aid and attention to the wants of this young lady, who is here to represent the interests of your old master. As she

will be entirely dependent upon *you* in all things connected with her visit here, see to it that she does not have to complain to me of any inattention—or to be obliged to ask for *other* assistance."

As Miss Faulkner, albeit a trifle paler in the cheek, but as scornful as ever, was about to follow the servants from the room, Brant stopped her, with a coldly courteous gesture.

"You will understand, therefore, Miss Faulkner, that you have your wish, and that you will not be exposed to any contact with the members of my military family, nor they with you."

THERE WERE SEVERAL GLANCES OF RECOGNITION.

"Am I then to be a prisoner in this house—and under a free pass of your—President?" she said, indignantly.

"By no means! You are free to come and go, and see whom you please. I have no power to control your actions. But I have the power to control *theirs*."

She swept furiously from the room.

"That is quite enough to fill her with a desire to flirt with every man here," said Brant to himself, with a faint smile; "but I fancy they have had a taste enough of her quality."

Nevertheless he sat down and wrote a few lines to the Division Commander, pointing out that he had already placed the owner's private property under strict surveillance, that it was cared for and perfectly preserved by the household servants, and that the pass was evidently obtained as a subterfuge.

To this he received a formal reply, regretting that the authorities at Washington still found it necessary to put this kind of risk and burden on the Army in the field, but that the order emanated from the highest authority, and must be strictly obeyed. At the bottom of the page was a characteristic line in pencil in the General's own hand—"Not the kind that is dangerous."

A flush mounted Brant's cheeks, as if it contained not only a hidden, but a personal significance. He had thought of his own wife!

Singularly enough, a day or two later, at dinner, the conversation turned upon the intense sectional feeling of Southern women—probably induced by their late experiences. Brant, at the head of the table, in his habitual abstraction, was scarcely following the somewhat excited diction of Colonel Strangeways, one of his staff.

"No, sir," reiterated that indignant warrior, "take my word for it! A Southern woman isn't to be trusted on this point, whether as a sister, sweetheart, or wife. And when she *is* trusted, she's bound to get the better of the man in any of those relations!"

The dead silence that followed, the ominous joggle of a glass at the speaker's elbow, the quick, sympathetic glance that Brant instinctively felt was directed to his own face, and the abrupt change of subject, could not but arrest his attention—even if he had overlooked the speech. His face, however, betrayed nothing. It had never, however, occurred to him before that his family affairs *might* be known—neither had he ever thought of keeping them a secret. It seemed so purely a personal and private misfortune, that he had never dreamed of its having any public interest. And even now he was a little ashamed of what he believed was his sensitiveness to mere conventional criticism, which, with the instinct of a proud man, he had despised.

He was not far wrong in his sardonic intuition of the effect of his prohibition upon Miss Faulkner's feelings. Certainly that young lady, when not engaged in her mysterious occupation of arranging her uncle's effects,

occasionally was seen in the garden, and in the woods beyond. Although her presence was the signal for the "oblique" of any lounging "shoulder strap," or the vacant "front" of a posted sentry, she seemed to regard their occasional proximity with less active disfavour. Once when she had mounted the wall to gather a magnolia blossom, the chair by which she had ascended rolled over, leaving her on the wall. At a signal from the guard-room, two sappers and miners appeared carrying a scaling-ladder, which they placed silently against the wall, and as silently withdrew. On another occasion, the same spirited young lady, whom Brant was satisfied would have probably imperilled her life under fire, in devotion to her cause — was brought ignominiously to bay in the field, by that most appalling of domestic animals, the wandering and untrammelled cow! Brant could not help smiling as he heard the quick, harsh call to "Turn out, guard," saw the men marched stolidly with fixed bayonets to the vicinity of the affrighted animal, who fled, leaving the fair stranger to walk shame-facedly to the house. He was surprised, however, that she should have halted before his door, and with tremulous indignation, said—

HE SAW HER WALKING IN THE GARDEN.

"I thank you, sir, for your chivalrousness in turning a defenceless woman into ridicule."

"I regret, Miss Faulkner," began Brant, gravely, "that you should believe that I am able to control the advances of farmyard cattle as easily as——" But he stopped, as he saw that the angry flash of her blue eyes, as she darted past him, was set in tears. A little remorseful on the following day, he added a word to his ordinary cap-lifting when she went by, but she retained a reproachful silence. Later in the day, he received from her servant a respectful request for an interview, and was relieved to find that she entered his presence with no trace of her former aggression, but rather with the resignation of a deeply injured yet not entirely unforgiving woman.

"I thought," she began coldly, "that I ought to inform you that I would probably be able to conclude my business here by the day after to-morrow, and that you would then be relieved of my presence. I am aware—indeed," she added bitterly, "I could scarcely *help* perceiving—that it has been an exceedingly irksome one."

"I trust," began Brant coldly, "that no gentleman of my command has——"

"No!"

She interrupted him quickly, with a return of her former manner, and a passionate sweep of the hand.

"Do you suppose for a moment that I am speaking—that I am even thinking of *them*? What are *they* to me?"

"Thank you. I am glad to know that they are nothing; and that I may now trust that you have consulted my wishes, and have reserved your animosity solely for me," returned Brant quietly. "That being so, I see no reason for your hurrying your departure in the least."

She rose instantly.

"I have," she said slowly, controlling herself with a slight effort, "found someone who will take my duty off my hands. She is a servant of one of your neighbours—who is an old friend of my uncle's. The woman is familiar with the house, and our private property. I will give her full instructions to act for me—and even an authorization in writing, if you prefer it. She is already in the habit of coming here; but her visits will give you very little trouble. And, as she is a slave—or, as you call it, I believe, a chattel—she will be already quite accustomed to the treatment which her class are in the habit of receiving from Northern hands."

Without waiting to perceive the effect of her Parthian shot, she swept proudly out of the room.

"I wonder what she means," mused Brant, as her quick step died away in the passage. "One thing is certain—a woman like that is altogether too impulsive for a spy."

Later, in the twilight, he saw her walking in the garden. There was a figure at her side. A little curious, he examined it more closely from his window. It was already familiar to him—the erect, shapely form of his neighbour's servant. A thoughtful look passed over his face as he muttered—"So this is to be her deputy."

(To be continued.)

Litigant: "So you think it possible that I may lose my case?"

Counsel: "You! By no means. At the very most it will be your grandchildren!"

LOST IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY

H. K. GREENE.

Illustrated by Max Cowper.

THE winter of 189— was memorable on account of many things, but to me it was chiefly remarkable for having given me my young bride. We were spending our honeymoon in the lotus-eating land of Egypt, and had taken up our quarters at that admirable hostelry known as "Mena House," which stands at the foot of the plateau where the great Pyramids of Gizeh are so majestically enthroned. It was, in truth, a halcyon time, to be marked for evermore in our memories with the whitest of stones.

One slight drawback there was certainly, but it was a mere crumple in our rose-leaf. The Bedouins would never leave us alone. Wherever we went they insisted on accompanying us. It was impossible to get rid of them; but they were, withal, so polite and good tempered, that we could not find it in our hearts to be angry. The only way to avoid the pests was to carry out our wanderings by moonlight. The Arabs believe firmly that "El-Ahram" are haunted, and will not, on any account, venture near the ruins after nightfall. In this way we had the whole place to ourselves, but that, for us, was ample society. We revelled in our freedom, and soon became thoroughly acquainted with the entire plateau, from the Sphinx on the south to the dilapidated temple on the northern verge.

One lovely night, before the moon was quite full, my wife proposed a visit to the interior of the Great Pyramid. Needless to say, her word was law. We procured candles, clambered up the well-worn track leading to the entrance, and speedily made our way down the sloping shaft to the central chamber. Outside the night was slightly chilly, and the warmth of the great tomb was very agreeable, in spite of the closeness of the air. Sitting ourselves down on the edge of the lidless sarcophagus, we began one of those conversations so dear to young lovers, during which the hours glide away like minutes, or, rather, when all sense of time is lost.

Our candles were burning brightly and steadily beside us, when suddenly — without the slightest warning—a gust of wind descended from above, and, in the twinkling of an eye, we were in darkness! The unexpected transition was startling to a degree. My wife clung to me convulsively, trembling in every limb, and I frankly confess I, too, was not free from that sign of discomposure. Hurriedly I examined all my pockets, one after the other, in a vain search for my match-box. It was not to be found! I must have dropped it somewhere en route.

WE WERE IN DARKNESS.

This was terrible, but there was worse in store for us. I was still carefully examining every receptacle I possessed, when a dull grinding noise made itself audible through the obscurity! There is something dreadful in a noise that one cannot account for, no matter when or where one hears it. Out in the open a mysterious sound is disquieting; but, situated as we were, inside a narrow, confined space, amidst total darkness, it was simply appalling!

Shrinking towards each other, we listened intently, not knowing what to do; for the noise, however caused, seemed to come from a direction between where we were and the door of the chamber. At last it ceased, and, although half dead with a mixture of awe and terror, we were obliged to muster up enough courage to try to find our way out. Gradually we crept along, hand in hand, feeling the smooth surface of the wall with our disengaged hands as we went. The chamber is not spacious, but our progress was necessarily very slow, and, after what appeared to be an interminable time, I stumbled up against an obstacle.

What could it be? Stooping, I tried to make out, by sense of touch, what it was that impeded our progress. A very slight investigation satisfied me. There could be no doubt that this barrier in our way was the sarcophagus. We must have made the entire circuit of the chamber without finding the door!

Concluding we had missed the entrance through some stupid mistake or other, we set out afresh, tracing with the utmost care every inch of the polished wall. Again the distance seemed interminable, and again we accomplished the round of the accursed place, and found ourselves back at the original starting point.

It was a most astounding thing! Either the door had vanished, or we were losing our senses. The silence now was terrible, and the darkness was truly Egyptian—it could be felt! The heavy, close air was so thick and clammy that we could hardly breathe; our hearts were beating at railway speed, and the perspiration dripped from every pore. The circumstances were, in sooth, as desperate as they were inexplicable; but, since no good could come of standing still, we arose once more, and recommenced our search for the vanished opening.

'Twas all in vain! The granite was as smooth and unbroken as though it had been fashioned out of one enormous block. Not a fissure or crack could be found large enough to admit even the point of a knife. Whether we tried from right to left, or from left to right, the result was still the same; we invariably found ourselves back at the horrible sarcophagus.

At this juncture, while we were resting in a half-dazed state against the border of the ill-omened receptacle, gradually a faint, weird light became apparent above our heads. By degrees the light grew stronger and stronger, till, finally, the whole chamber was filled with a pale-green luminousness, whereby we were enabled to distinguish each other's features.

Lost in astonishment, we gazed around us, and at each other, too deeply amazed for speech, and, as we found out afterwards, uncertain whether we were asleep or awake. The reason we had been unable to find the entrance was plain. The cyclopean mass of stone forming the lintel of the doorway had descended bodily,

thus completely blocking up the passage, which it fitted with mathematical accuracy! It was from the gap thereby created on a higher level that the strange light was shining, the lower edge of the new aperture being about eight or nine feet above the floor of the chamber.

The opening disclosed in this wonderful manner was the commencement of a tunnel, or shaft, extending at an acute angle upwards into the body of the pyramid. It was rectangular in form, and in other respects bore a general resemblance to the passage by which we had entered, save that it seemed to be loftier.

The question now was—should we attempt to escape along this new road, or should we wait where we were, and trust to the return of the lintel to its proper place?

The light now began to fade away in the same gradual manner it had arisen, and it became painfully evident that we should soon be again plunged in darkness. Any fate would be preferable to the frightful sensation of being hermetically shut in amidst an intense and stifling blackness, to which the darkest night outside would be the bright clearness of noon.

Taking our courage in both hands, we resolved to make an attempt at escape. I seized hold of Gladys round the waist, and swung her form up until she was able to scramble on to the ledge of the opening. With her assistance, I had then no difficulty in climbing up myself, and as we were both pretty active, we contrived to establish ourselves in the mouth of the gallery, down which the pale green light was now but faintly streaming.

The sloping floor was so smooth and steep that we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees in order to make any progress. In this way we clambered along for fully fifty yards, with much labour and weariness; slipping back every now and again, and more than once narrowly escaping a glissade into the hateful chamber. It was a fearful task, but at length we reached the top, and found that the gallery debouched at a spacious hall where everything was brilliantly illuminated in a most peculiar manner by means of appliances, which, for want of a better term, must be called reflectors.

The whole of the upper part of this marvellous room presented a most extraordinary appearance, being honeycombed—so to speak—by a vast array of hollow cones, each cone ending in a small aperture, or skylight, through which the beams of the moon, or the rays of the stars, were shining with a hundred-fold their normal power. The apices of these cones must have consisted of some magnifying material, and the sides were lined with a kind of mirror that multiplied to an enormous extent their power of transmitting light. The entire series was so skilfully arranged that the combined pencils impinged on one spot, where there was a most singular and complicated apparatus for their reception.

In front of the mouth of the gallery stood a manifold frame, almost completely filling the opening; which, however, was scooped out on one side, thus enabling us, breathless as we were from our climb, to creep through. This frame was, in truth, an extraordinary structure; it was fitted with an infinite multitude of lenses and other transparent appliances, the like of which I had never seen before. I very much regret that I cannot give a better and more detailed description of this piece of work, which, to my mind, affords conclusive proof that the ancient Egyptians were the possessors of a long-since vanished lore. The reader will shortly be able to see why it is that my account of these marvels is somewhat vague.

Whilst I was in the act of making my way past this frame, the never-to-be-forgotten grinding sound again met my ears, coming from below in the direction of the chamber we had just quitted. I at once turned and looked down, but could see nothing. The track we so painfully had traversed was now as dark as Erebus. It was manifest that our retreat was cut off, the ponderous lintel had risen to its original position!

Had we waited patiently in the chamber, it would no doubt have been possible to make our way out in the usual manner, but it was too late to think of that now. There was no course open but to go on, so I said nothing about our terrible mistake to my wife, who had not noticed the noise, being in front, and absorbed by the spectacle before her.

As regards the modus operandi of the wondrous mechanism by means of which the passage was opened and closed, I can only offer an opinion, arrived at after much subsequent reflection on the subject. In some incomprehensible way the moon's rays, intensified or otherwise affected by the lenses, are able to act on some hidden machinery—probably hydraulic—to such an extent that the huge block of stone is wont to fall and rise periodically at certain seasons, dependent on the lunar phases. Of course, this is mere surmise, but it seems to be the simplest way of accounting for the phenomena we witnessed. I am thoroughly convinced in my own mind that it was the lens-frame that governed the movement of the gigantic operculum; and I deeply regret that while we were crawling up the gallery I did not observe the construction of the walls more attentively, especially at the lower end.

I said just now that my wife was entranced at the spectacle that met her view on emerging from behind the lens-frame. It was, indeed, no wonder that this should be so; and when I followed her, after a few moments, I, too, was equally stricken with amazement. A vast, lofty hall, decorated in a style, and with a degree of richness surpassing anything either of us had ever seen, appeared before us; everything it contained being clearly visible in the brilliant yet soft-toned light. It was octagonal in shape, with a curtained recess in one of the sides; the other seven being covered with sculptured figures similar to the temple carvings of Upper Egypt, save that the colouring was superb and as bright as the day it was first laid on. Interspersed in all directions were glittering trophies composed apparently of jewels and precious stones, while in niches and on pedestals were statues exceeding life-size, and either made of solid gold and silver, or else thickly covered with layers of the precious metals. To give an adequate idea of the majestic apartment, and all that it contained, would require a volume; it is impossible to do more than indicate in a fragmentary manner some few special points that a hurried examination enabled us to notice.

Rising to our feet, we gazed around in wonder, not unmixed with awe, and then slowly advanced in the direction of the recess, pausing at every step to contemplate the astonishing objects that were to be seen on all sides. The hall seemed tenantless, but when we had crossed about one-third of the floor, the curtains concealing the recess shook as though stirred by some unseen hand, or by a breeze that, to us, was imperceptible. The drapery, which recalled Zanzibar matting as regards colours and texture, then became separated down the centre, each half being drawn upwards as in a theatre.

Inside the recess thus disclosed, and almost filling it, was a daïs, surmounted by a canopy, which shaded a magnificent couch constructed of polished granite, with elaborately-sculptured sides; and spread over the surface of the couch were numerous cushions and variegated mats, somewhat resembling the curtains, but thicker in the woof. Reposing on this regal bier were two human forms, side by side, in a semi-recumbent attitude. Both were clad in sumptuous robes, and on the head of each was an elaborate structure, partly crown and partly tiara. The form on the right hand was that of an old man, with very prominent features, and a small pointed beard, almost snow-white in colour; but his partner was a lovely female in the bloom of youth.

The eyes of the stately pair were wide open, and seemed to be fixed on us with a stern, inquiring expression; while the flesh tints and general appearance were so absolutely life-like that we both sank down on our knees, terrified at the imperial aspect of the mysterious monarch and his bride.

It was not for some considerable time that we found sufficient resolution to approach the daïs, but, seeing that the figures remained perfectly motionless, we at length ventured to do so. On somewhat closer inspection, it turned out that our involuntary homage to royalty

had in reality been paid to the King of Terrors. The two shapes on the couch were mummies; but the embalming process had been so perfectly and artistically carried out, that even the lapse of centuries had not given rise to the slightest sign of decay. The glittering eyes, that had caused us so much fear, were simply a skilful combination of diamonds and crystal, fitted with minute springs, that allowed of an infinitesimal amount of movement in the orbs, under the influence of the faintest current of air. In this way, the lifeless effect of perfect immobility was obviated; and it was only natural that at first we should have thought ourselves in the presence of living beings.

The left hand of the youthful bride of countless summers was hanging near the edge of the couch, and a ring, which, no doubt, had slipped off one of her fingers, was lying on the floor, at some distance from the dais. Happening to catch sight of this ancient gem close to my feet, I half-mechanically picked it up and put it in my pocket. It is a scarab set in gold, and on the inner surface there is a very clearly-cut cartouch.

Having by this time almost got over our supernatural alarm, we were anxious to examine the Royal mummies more accurately, and for this purpose proceeded to ascend the two or three steps which, I should have said before, separated the recess from the remainder of the hall. These steps were very wide and shallow, but otherwise not remarkable. Hand in hand we advanced, when, all at once, dais and canopy, marble couch and mummies, seemed to fly up into the air, and before we could realise what had happened, we found ourselves sliding down an inclined plane with frightful rapidity, and in darkness as complete as that we had experienced during our imprisonment in the chamber.

The revolving stone on which we had simultaneously stepped simply swung back into position, while, with ever-increasing momentum, we shot down, down, apparently into the very bowels of the earth.

WE WERE LYING ON A HEAP OF SOFT SAND.

How long the awful slide continued neither of us was ever able to say. The suddenness of the occurrence quite startled us out of our wits, though, like drowning people, we still retained our mutual clasp. At last the rate of progress began to slacken sensibly; had the initial velocity been maintained, we should inevitably have been dashed to pieces at the bottom. Fortunately, however, the speed became gradually less and less as the acuteness of the declivity diminished, till, finally, it dwindled down to not more than a few miles an hour. Then suddenly my foot struck against something which seemed to give way before the impact, and the next moment we were lying, comparatively uninjured but absolutely breathless, on a heap of beautifully soft sand under the star-lit sky.

As may be supposed, a long time elapsed before we came to ourselves after this last fearful experience. What we had gone through before was bad enough, but nothing could equal, or even approach, the awful sensation of falling through darkness, in momentary expectation of being destroyed in some terrible manner.

When we were once more sufficiently collected to look about us with something like composure, I found that we had emerged in the Temple of the Sphinx. It was almost inconceivable that we could have come all that distance underground, but the incontestable fact remained that we had done so. The great block of stone which yielded so readily to my foot had fallen back into its place, and was undistinguishable from the rest; it was impossible, therefore, to tell which one it was, though I tried for some time to identify it.

Thus ended this most extraordinary adventure. Sometimes it seems to me like a dream, and the few people to whom we have related it have invariably been politely incredulous. The Queen's ring, however, remains. It is unquestionably a genuine relic of the ancient times, and experts all unite in assigning to it an age that is almost fabulous.

A LOST MEAL.

BY

H. F. GETHEN.

Illustrated by Ernest Goodwin.

"I WANTS my dinner, I tell yer, that's all I wants! I s'pose you thought I'd jes' be 'sleep dinner-time, and forgit 'bout it, but I ain't! I'm not goin' to lose my dinner. 'Taint likely! Why, my mother she sez to me a Sunday, 'Liza, you be a good little maid, and they'll keep you 'ere, and it's meat and taters every blessed day.' I'm a goin' to tell 'er as I've bin done out o' meat and taters this yer day. It's no use you tellin' me to be quiet, Nuss, I've lost my dinner, I tell yer, and 'ow be I a goin' to git that back? I calls it cheatin', I do!"

Eliza had had chloroform, and she came round very rapidly afterwards, apparently none the worse for what she had gone through, except that her temper was bad—outrageously bad—even for a child who was naturally afflicted in that respect.

At this juncture, the doctor walked in. He was young and serious; not particularly fond of children in general, but feeling, somehow, that these poor little sick creatures were getting a curiously tight grasp on his sympathies.

"Has Eliza come round yet, Nurse?" he said now. "She's not much of a subject for an operation; but she ought to improve after this."

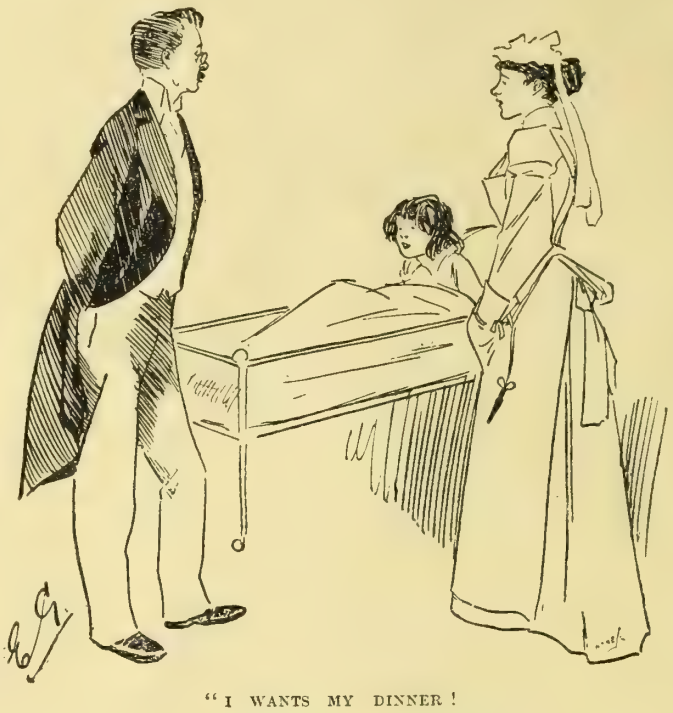
"Yes, she's come round all right; but won't you speak to her, please?"

The young man sauntered down to the child, expecting to find her subdued, and, possibly, tearful. She lay quietly watching his approach, then he spoke to her: "Well, little woman, I hope the poor leg doesn't hurt much?"

Eliza's eyes flashed, and with withering contempt she exclaimed, "Wot's that got to do with you! I don't want to talk 'bout no worryin' old legs, I don't. Yer

can cut off both on 'em any time you likes to. But I wants my dinner."

The surprised doctor promptly suggested milk or beef-tea as suitable refreshment for a small person only just through an operation; but his remarks were received with scorn and "How'd yer like it yerself, doctor, supposin' yer wos told yer'd have meat and taters every day, not only Sundays, but every bloomin' week-day too, and then to have 'em stopped jes 'cos o' the chloroform? Wot's chlo-ro-form, indeed, to do 'stead o' meat and taters? Yer could 'ave had all the operations yer wanted to, and I'd never 'ave minded. But yer needn't 'ave took away my dinner! It's real mean, and blessed if I don't tell my mother!"



"I WANTS MY DINNER!

"Good Heavens! Nurse, what's to be done?" said the puzzled surgeon. "Are children all like this?"

"Not all; but the loss of the dinner's the chief grievance always. I generally manage to give them a kind of 'company tea' after a safe interval, and the anticipation of that keeps most of them contented. But Eliza's rather a handful. She's got a very poor home, and the child has been half-starved all her life. She devours her 'meat and taters' like a little savage!"

They managed to calm Eliza's impatience, and then the young man cheerfully retired.

"Live and learn," he said to himself. "She's lost half her leg, and she's as unhealthy as possible, but bears everything like a Spartan, except the loss of one feast of 'Taters and Meat'!"

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 55. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM.

BY

M. BABINGTON BAYLEY.

Illustrated by O. ECKHARDT.

SHE was a little Puritan maiden, with honest grey eyes, and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her straight-laced family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London. But they could not well refuse the invitation. Even Puritan people know how to value their moneyed relatives.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affection for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random amongst the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants, and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illumined by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigal streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulses bounded more quickly, she felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

SHE ENJOYED IT IMMENSELY.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half-dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, freehanded young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she

was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a formidable barrier. She *could* not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes, and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting-room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?"

She lifted her eyes from her needle. "Not to-night."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening to-night, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well."

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly.

He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me to-night, if you will."

She looked at him in amazement. "Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theatre," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalised at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course.

THERE HAD BEEN A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her, that Tom began to feel the ecstacy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a colour in her cheeks, and a sparkle in her eyes, that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed towards her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat-sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous amorous adventures rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh!" she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead, fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful, indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in an awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.

"Dolly"—very humbly—"I'm awfully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

Still a severe silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

The grey eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he said again.

She found her voice at length.

"I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course I forgive you, but—you oughtn't to have done it."

"I am really very sorry, Dolly," he said, repentantly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you must take my arm and hold tightly. We are going to catch it."

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely that in less than two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

"We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.

"Not very, thank you," she replied. "Are you?"

"I? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You *are* kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside, the snow descended heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you!"

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me, ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that, I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

WHY TOMMY ATKINS DESERTS.

BY

AN EX-DRAGOON.

There is a very general impression that the deserter is regarded by his companions with the greatest scorn and contempt. This impression, however, is a very erroneous one, for desertion, nowadays, is considered a very venial offence, not only by the humble private, but by the non-coms. and even by many officers themselves. That is, when the act in question is committed during the time a corps is at home; desertion while on foreign or active service being the most serious military "crime," and the offender rendering himself liable to condign punishment—in the latter case, death—but it is of exceeding rarity under these circumstances. On the other hand, the number of men who every year desert while serving at home is very large indeed, and from recent returns seems to show no sign of diminishing to any appreciable extent. It is obvious that there must be some reason for this state of things; some drawbacks, some corresponding disadvantages to balance "The Advantages of the Army," so alluringly set forth in many a gaudy placard.

These "highly-coloured" (in more senses than one) posters may be held directly responsible for a certain number of desertions. A number of recruits, possessed of a sanguine temperament, have had their imaginations inflamed thereby, and consequently enter the service thinking that a very easy and pleasurable existence lies before them. Then, after a time, varying in length according to the particular regiment and the temperament of the recruit, the glamour begins to fade and disgusted with his disillusionment and, should he happen to be a man of some education, loathing his surroundings, he either persuades his friends to purchase his discharge, or if not so fortunately situated, he "goes away without a pass," to use one of Tommy Atkins' euphemisms. These men form only a very small percentage of the total, and, curiously enough, are rarely captured, and scarcely ever "give themselves up." And here it may be mentioned that no idea could be more mistaken than to suppose that a deserter is hunted down with unrelenting vigour, for of late years the authorities have arrived at the conclusion that such a course is merely a waste of time and money, and therefore unless a deserter positively forces them to take cognizance of him, he is left unmolested.

Not a few men who have committed some offence punishable by the law of the land seek refuge in the ranks. "Once in the Army, and we shall be safe"; that's what

they think, but very frequently after a short stay, discover that such is unlikely to prove the case, and that unless they are desirous of becoming acquainted with the inside of a prison, they will have to speedily "move." Then there are the men who have made false attestations upon enlistment; from the young fellow who, harmlessly enough, deceives the authorities by adding a year to his age, which would otherwise debar him from joining without his parents' consent, to the "old fraud," who can hardly remember how many regiments he's been in, and deserted, or been "dismissed with ignominy" from.

The married men who enlist are by no means few; sometimes it is a temporary arrangement between husband and wife pending the arrival of better times, but, needless to say, in many more instances the man's object in enlisting is to get rid of his wife. Occasionally she or her relatives may get wind of his whereabouts, and institute proceedings; he naturally makes himself scarce to avoid the unpleasant alternative of undergoing a term of imprisonment, and having to go back to—and what is still worse—maintain his wife. On the other hand, men thus situated often "round on themselves"—that is to say, get tired of soldiering, and inform the authorities that they enlisted under false pretences. Of course, they get handed over, to be dealt with by the civil power, but their sentence is generally a light one, for the wife's sake, and in any case they have achieved their object—to get out of the service.

Not infrequently the reason for a man making a hurried departure from his regiment is precisely the same one that induced him to first enlist. The soldier's prowess with the ladies is proverbial; nor, indeed, has it been very much exaggerated. It is quite unaccountable, but there it is; not only does the "scarlet jacket" seem to have a marvellous effect upon the fair sex, but even upon the wearer himself. So much so, that a man who, before enlistment, was quite bashful and shamefaced in the presence of females, suddenly develops into a Lothario of the most pronounced type. And, of course, his little *affaires* are now and then fraught with somewhat awkward consequences, for—one does not speak of these little matters—sufficient to say that he finds himself obliged to forfeit a substantial slice out of his at no time extravagant pay for the remainder of his time—a by no means cheerful prospect to contemplate. Sometimes a man will desert because he's in debt; perhaps he's stopped absent and lost his kit, or spoiled a new suit of "April" clothing, and hasn't got the heart to soldier for two or three months on a penny a day until the amount is cleared. Then there are fellows who desert apparently out of "sheer cussedness"; these are generally men who are in receipt of an allowance from their friends. Each time they get it they "chuck a move" (go on the spree), get drunk, absent themselves, and go off to the nearest town with a comrade, get into mufti, play up "Old Harry" for two or three weeks, and then march back to barracks without a halfpenny, glad enough to get something to eat and a roof over their head. Of course they get cells, and later on Court Martial, but as soon as they are at liberty again, they go on "continuing the motion," with military monotony. And, again, there are the professional deserters, or what Tommy has dubbed "old frauds." They are the men who make a business of joining corps after corps, getting new kits, "doing them in" (selling them), and then taking their departure. One of these gentry, whom the writer had the privilege of being acquainted with, bragged that he had been in more than half the line battalions, in addition to cavalry and militia "too numerous to mention"!

It might be well supposed that the foregoing examples would have amply accounted for a goodly portion of the total desertions, but the number of men who desert owing to idleness, dissipation, past misdeeds, and devil-may-care-ishness is trifling compared to the falling away of sober, industrious fellows, who are literally *driven* to it. The system which conduces to this lamentable state of affairs is known as "chasing." No name could be more appropriate. To give a civilian any adequate definition of the word (in its military sense) is almost impossible; perhaps the best way to describe it is by saying that it strongly resembles what schoolboys call "sending a chap to Coventry." Only, whereas this means treating the hapless individual with passive indifference, when a man is "chased" he is subjected to every indignity and every discomfort which the perverted ingenuity of his "comrades" can possibly devise. What heinous crime does a man have to commit to call forth this vengeance? Virtually—none. Perhaps a recruit offends a clique of old soldiers—won't spend all his "daily" with them in the canteen, or some similar trifling offence against barrack-room etiquette; a hint is dropped to his squad sergeant, and then the fun begins! He can never do anything right; he is invariably "checked" on parade. Should he be in a cavalry regiment, he may spend hours at his horse and saddle, only to have them proclaimed "filthy." He is persecuted by his equals, who vie with one another in malignity, and, if he happens to be the sort of man whom it does not pay to attempt to personally maltreat, what so easy as to "accidentally" upset the blacking on the belts he has just cleaned for guard, or to wait until he's on guard, and then remove half his kit? The worst feature of the whole business is that it is not confined to the men themselves; the squad sergeant gives the "tip" to the colour sergeant or troop sergeant major, and then a chance let fall to the captain, and the thing is complete. The captain naturally gets the desired impression that the man is a dirty, lazy skulker, and so he, albeit often unwittingly, contributes his little share to the general ill-treatment showered upon the unfortunate wight. It is not difficult to foretell what will be the end of the drama. Bullied and persecuted by his comrades, looked upon as an idle and worthless fellow by his superiors, always on short pay to make good the deficiencies in his kit, continually being punished for little back-slidings which would be passed over without comment in another, what wonder if he finally sees only one way to cut the Gordian knot? At first he shuns the idea; then, as his life gets more unbearable every day, he begins to regard it with less aversion, and at last one morning when *reveillé* is sounded his place is vacant, and only a regimental number, the remains of a kit, and an entry in the Gazette are left to indicate the existence of a man who, under more favourable circumstances, might have been a credit to himself and his corps. He has been literally "chased" out of the Service! What becomes of him afterwards, whether he goes to swell the ranks of the "old frauds," or the idle and criminal classes, are matters upon which it is idle to speculate; if, however, it were possible to gather any statistics upon the subject, they might furnish much food for thought, not altogether of an exhilarating nature.

TURNING THE TABLES.

About one hundred years ago the ruler of one of the small German states was expected in his residence by a loyal people, who were patiently waiting on either side of the "via triumphalis." It was twelve, and at ten o'clock his most serene Highness should have arrived. Suddenly, behind the broad shoulders of a watchman, entrusted with the maintenance of public order, an old man was heard to grumble, "When is the lazy old beggar going to turn up?" The eye of the law, scenting a "crimen laesae majestatis," collared the offender, and proceeded to drag him to the watch. "What have I done?" smilingly pleaded the old one. "You'll find that out in a week or so," grimly answered the myrmidon of the law (the judges of that time were just about as active as they are now). "Well, I'll be d——d if I understand you. I have been waiting for my friend Schulze, cleared a place for him, and the lazy beggar kept me waiting for one hour and a half." "Oh, it's Schulze you meant, eh?" quoth the prehistoric bobby. "Why didn't you say so before?" And he turned to resume his official duties, but his former prisoner stopped him, and smilingly asked, "Excuse me, but who did you mean?"

FAILURES.

BY

A. E. PAIN.

Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

"Tant que vous n'aurez rien de mieux à embrasser, tachez de vous faire illusion."—La Joie fait peur.

WE were at school together. I was the show-boy of our school. I did the brilliant things, wrote the clever essays, made the most successful passes. It was inevitable that I was to succeed in the world. Succeed?—no, the world was mine for the asking. As for Bontor, who thought of him? He was near the end of the form; I remember him well. He wore dirty collars, hadn't much money, and was dense in school. He played football passably, and was banned as having commercial instincts. He had low tricks of sale and barter with boyish tools and toys, which afterwards seemed less useful and delightful than at first, generally having some skilfully-hidden flaw. It was supposed that he would go into his father's office, the elder Bontor being a merchant (rag-merchant, our boyish wit said) in the City. As for brilliancy or success—ridiculous!

Bontor left school before I did. His father had gone bankrupt, it appeared. Not much notice was taken of his leaving. He was nobody.

I left not very long after; when I had finished the course, in fact. The Head-Master took leave of me in a very neat and laudatory speech; expressed regret that I was not going to a University; expected to hear of my success; and, in fact, seemed to be grateful for my having condescended to shine in his school. The boys cheered me when I went home. I should have liked to have gone to Cambridge, certainly. It seemed the obvious next step for a young man of my powers. I had quite a quarrel with my father when he said he could not afford to let me go. It was my right, I thought, and I resented the loss of it. However, it was impossible, and, after all, a University education was not so absolutely necessary in those days. As my mother reminded me, to a young man of my genius the world would open at a touch. I agreed with her, and wrote an Essay: a luminous and brilliant essay. It was not published.

My father began to look glum when I had been at home twelve months, and was still at his expense. I pointed out, and, I still think, rightly, that it was not my fault, but the world's. He was illogical, and showed me his bank-book. Upon this persuasion, I swallowed my pride, and wrote a novel. It took four months to write, and was not published. My father and brothers became covertly sarcastic. My father even wished openly that I had not been brilliant. All this was hard, but I succumbed, and tried hard for employment on the best newspapers, then on magazines, then on minor papers, and, lastly, even on the ruck of weekly dust-heaps. Brilliancy was at a discount.

I left home after this, at my father's request, and tried to sell my novel again, but still without success. After a while I became a Devil; I grubbed among books for more successful but less talented men. I could be seen daily at the British Museum.

* * * * *

I was sitting in Staple Inn one afternoon, under the trees. This was some years after I had left home, and I had not yet "arrived." On the other hand, I had not then even began to doubt myself. At that time I thought my hard luck was the usual tempering process which my biographical knowledge assured me all men of genius had to suffer. I was waiting for the world to acknowledge me. Now, I have got past that stage; I am sarcastic at the mention of successful men, and satirical as to the world's favour.

I was tired when I sat down in Staple Inn. I had been walking about all day to pass the time, and was feeling hungry. It was early autumn, and I should have liked an overcoat, and missed my waistcoat. There was a young man sitting on the seat by me, eating a saveloy; a pen-knife and a roll were in a piece of paper by his side. He was seedy, but well brushed; his boots were down at heel, and his nails black. His felt hat had been inked. I had been sitting some minutes, when he suddenly stopped munching, and said, "Hallo, Grant!" I looked round in some surprise, and he continued, "Don't you know me?" "No," I said, with some asperity; he was a common-looking man. "Don't you remember Bontor, of St. Greg's?" he said.

I was half inclined to decline to recognise him; but even Bontor was companionship, and I need not know him if I got better off. We talked—or, rather, he talked. He told me he was a clerk in an office in Gray's Inn Road—not doing very well, he said. "You see," said he, "our boss is a bit of a screw, and he believes in buying in the cheapest market. He bought me there, and I am dirt cheap. That's why I am lunching out here. Have a bit?"

WE TALKED—OR, RATHER, HE TALKED.

"No, thank you!" I said, coldly. "I have lunched.' That was not true.

"As you please, old chap. How's things with you?"

"I am doing fairly well, thanks," I replied.

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"Of course," he acquiesced. I looked up sharply, suspecting sarcasm, but he was looking at a sparrow. "You were always a brilliant chap, and were sure to get on."

This—whether sarcasm or honest belief—was rather more than I could bear. I got up and said I must go. Said Bontor, "I've got half an hour to spare, so I'll walk with you." We walked along Holborn, he with his hands in his pockets. He laughed contentedly over his troubles, and told me shamelessly of his many shifts to live. This suited me, as it left me no necessity to talk. It seemed he was the same Bontor as at school. "Make a bit sometimes," he said. "Know a thing or two, knocking about. Quiet chaps, like *you*, know a lot, but don't know where to *get* things. I *do*, and so I make a bit. Pipes—this anything in your line?" and he pulled out a flashy meerschaum in a red case. I said "No," and he continued, "I s'pose not; nothing under Murias for you, eh? Don't smoke myself; too expensive. I sell these things though—100 per cent., and not bad value, after all. All I make that way I put away; do something with it some day. At present I live on my screw—or less, if possible. Look here!"

"Well!" I said.

"See my front and cuffs? Look very well, don't they? Grand idea—Cartridge paper! Gentlemanly appearance at precious little cost. Good wrinkle; but no good to *you*, of course. 'Ave a drink?"

I MET BONTOR.

I said "No," and held out my hand. "Oh, come and have a drink," he urged, and I yielded. The habit of going without lunch is a hard one to acquire, and I felt faint. Besides, I could pay him back some day. We went into a private bar in Chancery Lane, and had some ale. He said, of course, I usually drank better tack than that, but he couldn't spring it. A man came in as we talked; florid with drink, and affable. "Excuse me a minute," said Bontor. Directly afterwards I saw him speaking to the stranger; the pipe was held up for inspection, refused, re-offered, haggled over, and, finally, changed hands. Bontor came back gleefully, chinking a half-crown and a florin. "Have another?" said he; but my pride had by this time returned. I declined, perhaps a little too haughtily, and we parted.

* * * * *

I was going to say that things went from bad to worse with me, but that would not be exact. They stayed as they were, and I almost forgot to be discontented. I still lived on the fag-ends of literature. I took up a scrap of the *Daily Telegraph* one day, in a Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms—it must have been some years after I met Bontor. It was only the advertisement sheet; but I read it, as men in my case do. I read the prospectus of a new company. A valuable proprietary article was to be sold, it seemed. The vendor was to receive £60,000 for his rights, half in cash and half in fully paid-up shares. Further down, I saw that Mr. Philip Gloster Bontor was to join the board after allotment. I laid down the scrap of paper and walked out. Within a hundred yards I met Bontor. I had no desire to stop. It might have seemed invidious under the circumstances; but, almost involuntarily, I halted. I thought a shade of annoyance crossed his face; but he stopped, and held out his hand. He was portly now, with dark moustache and hard eyes. He had lived hard, but looked well. He had not the manner of a gentleman, however, as I flatter myself I always had, even with my misfortunes. He was pompous but somewhat condescending, as he said, "Why Grant! what are you doing in the City? Thought you would be somewhere about Bedford Park or Kensington. Don't hear of you much lately. How goes it?"

I muttered something about "abstruse researches," when he looked at me keenly, and said coarsely—

"Not doing well, eh? Don't look it!"

I said I was doing very well, but he continued hurriedly—

"Know a man named Schnitzel—going to start a new Society paper? Want a job?"

I was tempted to say "Yes," but to such a cad as Bontor I could not humble myself. I said, proudly, "No!"

"As you please," he replied. "Well, time's money! Good-bye."

I walked away, without answering. I had expected kinder treatment from an old schoolfellow.

* * *

I saw Bontor's name occasionally in odd newspapers after that. He seemed to be getting on. I found he was married, and lived at Prince's Gate. He had a yacht, and moors which the Prince of Wales shot over. All this took place during the five years succeeding my second meeting with him. Things were poorly with me then, through no fault of my own, I am sure. Men did not like me to work for them; there was a conspiracy against me—one impudent fellow even told me I was lazy—a lie! I did not drink, either—at least, not much. I could not help contrasting bitterly the different fates of myself and Bontor, a man with not a quarter my abilities. I felt the unevenness of Fortune, and cursed the gods. One day I looked at the London Directory in a bar in Fleet Street, and found Bontor's City address. I got there late in the afternoon, and waited outside for some time. I thought perhaps he might help me. At last he came out with another man. I drew myself up and hummed, to see if he would recognise me and speak. He stared at me coldly, and barely nodded. I was mortified, but went next day. As he came out, I forced myself to raise my hat.

He barely stopped, and said—

"Well, what do you want?"

I reminded him of our school-days, and asked him to assist me. He looked at me coldly, and said—

"I offered you work, and you declined it. You are lazy—your hands show it; you are a sloven—your dress shows it; you drink—your face shows it. I cannot help you."

This was bitter and hard for me to bear—me, a gentle-

man. I wept that night, as I told a man whom I met in a public-house how shamefully my old school-fellow had treated me.

* * * * *

That was ten years ago. Bontor is M.P., J.P., and

BONTOR IS A CAD!

several other things now. He served his term as Lord Mayor last year. I went to his office to ask him for assistance several times after our last meeting, but could never see him.

Yesterday he bought a box of matches from me in Cheapside, and wouldn't recognise me. Bontor is a cad!

FROM THE GREENROOM.

While Joseph Jefferson was once playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago, he went to the theatre very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act, it disclosed the white-haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not waken. The audience began to get impatient, and the prompter uneasy. The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was, that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or rather of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of this snooze business!" At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage, and began to prod Rip from below. The fagged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and muttered, drowsily, "Going right through, 'ductor." At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement, when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had "jabbed" him with a pin. The play went on after that—with a rush.

* * * *

Charles Mathews used to tell a good story in support of the truth of the remark anent a Scotchman, a joke, and a surgical operation. When "starring" in Edinburgh, his landlord, who seldom attended any other public meeting save the "kirk," asked Mathews if he would oblige him with "a pass for the playhoose." This favour being readily granted, the "guid mon" donned his cheerful black suit, and witnessed Mathews' two great performances—Sir Charles Coldstream in *Used Up*, and Plummer in *Cool as a Cucumber*, both downright "side-splitters." Meeting his landlord on the stairs as he proceeded to his own room after the performance, Mathews was cordially greeted by that gentleman, of whom he then enquired how he had enjoyed the entertainment. "Aweel," said the Northerner, "it pleased me vara much, ye ken, and I conseeder you played unco' naturally; but, heigh, mon, I'd a hard matter to keep frae laughing."

* * * *

Lablache had the extraordinary talent of representing a thunderstorm, simply by facial expression. First, gloom gradually overspread his countenance; it appeared to deepen into actual darkness, and a terrific frown indicated the angry lowering of the tempest. The lightning commenced by winks of the eyes, and twisting and twitchings of the muscles of the face, succeeded by rapid sidelong movements of the mouth, which wonderfully recalled the forked flashes that seem to rend the sky, the notion of thunder being conveyed by the shaking of his head. By degrees the lightning became less vivid, the frown relaxed, the gloom departed, and a broad smile illuminated his expansive face, giving the impression that the sun had broken through clouds, and the storm was over.

* * * *

In September, 1876, it was proposed to produce *Rome Vaincue* at the Théâtre Français. There is an old man and an old woman in that piece, and the question arose who was to impersonate the old woman. Not every actress is willing to abdicate her charms for a whole night. Sarah Bernhardt, however, was ready to hide her youth and beauty under burnt-cork wrinkles and a white flaxen wig. She appeared as Posthumia, a blind old crone, wrinkled as a pippin in May. Mounet-Sully impersonated an aged Gaul. The success was immense; the public was fascinated, and the admiration of the talented actress nearly degenerated into sheer idolatry.

* * * *

In Marmontel's tragedy of *Cleopatra*, represented in the Théâtre Français, when the Egyptian queen was about to commit felo-de-se, she held in her hands a mechanical asp of cunning workmanship devised by Vaucanson, the ingenious mechanician. This venomous reptile reared its head, and, before plunging its apparent fangs into the arm of the actress, gave a shrill hiss. A spectator hereupon arose and left the house, with the simple but expressive remark, "I am of the same opinion as the asp."

* * * *

Suzanne Lagier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of the *Two Orphans*, and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip-toe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

—*Current Literature.*

KISS FOR KISS.

Just one kiss? Nay, sweet, I know
Love would never have it so.
Should those lips of crimson stain
Kiss me, I should kiss again!
What could fairer be than this—
Love for love and kiss for kiss?

I would owe you nothing, sweet,
Not a heart's faint, fluttering beat!
When I feel your fond heart thrill,
Dearest, shall my own be still?
Nay, it must be always this—
Love for love and kiss for kiss!

Kiss for kiss; the lilies white
Kiss the wind and kiss the light;
And the wind the kiss returns,
And the light its answer burns
On the lily's lips—oh, bliss!
Love's a lily—kiss for kiss!

Frank L. Stanton.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Anythink as 'appens on a 'bus is the fault of the cornducter. A lyedy gits inter a white Putney, with Putney marked all over it, and the cornducter shoutin' Putney fit ter kill 'isself. She pyes 'er money, awsks no questshings, sits there till she gits ter the end of the rowt, an' then she says, "This ain't Kilbu'n. And why couldn't yer sye it wasn't a Kilbu'n when I got in?" Ho yus; we're yoosed to it. Whortever 'appens, we 'as gort ter be blimed fur it. Nar once or twice there's bin a pocket picked on my 'bus, the seats on 'buses bein' arringed pertickler 'andy fur pocket-pickin'. It cawn't alwise be 'elped. Uv course I keep my eyes hopun, an' when I think any man's a wrong un' 'e don't git much of a chawnce on my bus. 'Arrever, them pickpockets is that bloomin' artful, that nar and then there's no spottin' of 'em. The other dye as I were stannin' on the 'bus I feels a umberreller poke me in the back o' the neck. I looks round, and there were a egsited ole femile comin' down off of the top, an' shriekin', "Storp the 'bus! my purse 'as bin stole." Well, I storps the 'bus. There was three men on the top of the 'bus, besides this ole femile, an' she accoosed ev'ry blessid one of 'em to 'is face of 'avin' stole that purse. Then she turned round an' said as it was my fault fur lettin' pickpockets git onter the 'bus, an' likely they pide me fur lettin' 'em, and 'ow was she tu know I 'adn't took the purse myself. Hup comes a copper, an' she awsts 'im whort 'e was there for if lyedies was tu 'ave their purses stole. 'E outs with 'is notebook an' tikes darn everythink, numbers, an' nimes, an' addresses, an' the colour o' the 'orses, an' whort we'd 'ad fur dinner the dye before—'evving knows whort 'e didn't tike darn. Arter abart five minnits we sta'vts off agin, an' the crord clears awaye. We 'adn't garn a 'undrid yawds afore that bloomin' umberreller comes a bangin' me in the neck agin. "Well, ma'rm," I says, pyshuntly, "and whort 'ave yer 'ad stole this time?" "Ho," she says, "I've found my purse. Leastwise, I've just remembered as I didn't bring it with me, on'y jest tikin' the coppers fur the 'bus. What a silly child I am! But why didn't yer remember that I never 'ad no purse when I pide yer?"

* * *

Whort did I sye? I didn't sye nutthink. It's a egsasperitin' fac' that them fools as mikes yer want ter speak most and ter pitch it strongest is jest the kind of fool as it's no yoose speakin' to at all. Else, if I 'ad let myself go, I could a shown 'er whort a man can do with langwidge when 'e tries. It did flash acrorst me as it might be a sort of luckshory ter give 'er tew minnits of my privit opinyuns abart 'er, and then chuck my berth. But, as I sye, whort would a bin the yoose? Then, agin, she were a femile, and as sich ter be treated perlitely. So I did treat 'er perlitely. I never awnseered her a word. I give 'er one look o' corntempt, turned my back on 'er, spat inter the road, an' began ter whistle. If anythink 'ull teach a man pyshunce an' perliteness under difficilt succumstances, it is bein' cornductor of a 'bus.

* * *

Nar, 'Ankin wouldn't 'ave 'be'ived thet wye. 'E's whort I should call a impyshunt man, is 'Ankin. It's pollertics 'as mide 'im so. 'E knows pollertics. Theer's no man livin' can talk like a 'ipeny evenin' piper sime as 'Ankin can. And yet whort can 'e do? Nutthink. 'E mye see Lord Rosebery goin' wrong, an' know whorts right, an' be puffickly willin' ter give 'im the office, and yet 'e cawnt do nutthink. 'E 'as ter let things be as they is, and it don't orfun 'appen that the wye things is is the wye 'Ankin wants 'em ter be. Thet sort of thing 'as mide 'im a bit short in the temper—nutthink as you'd call darnright narsty, but a bit impyshunt. Whort 'e'd 'ave done in the kise of thet ole femile, I cawnt sye. Once a lyedy awst 'if 'e'd kindly storp the 'bus fur a foo minnits while she went inter a shorp ter chuse some Chrismis cawds. She awst 'im perlitely, too. An' even thet wukked him up ter sich a extent thet the wunner is 'e worn't reported fur yoosin' langwidge. Yes, 'e's a talinted man, is 'Ankin—but impyshunt.

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"TO-DAY," WINTER NUMBER,

NOW READY,

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 79.

SONGS OF THE SOIL.

"SONGS OF THE SOIL," BY FRANK L. STANTON. (D. APPLETON AND CO., NEW YORK.)

It is a favourite custom with some reviewers to blame an author for not exhibiting certain qualities which he never laid any claim to possess. Adopting this principle, it would be quite easy to find fault with Mr. Stanton's poems. One might urge that they were wanting in a deep insight into the emotions, or that the majority of them were too frivolous, or that the themes treated lacked originality. A glance through the preface of the book, written by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, will, I fancy, answer these imaginary objections, and leave the reader in a hurry to hear what Mr. Stanton has to sing about.

He has a variety of subjects, though in most of the poems there is a homely sentiment, which—in Mr. Stanton's hands—is always attractive. We are all fairly satiated with sentimentalism nowadays, but there is an engaging simplicity about the following which will appeal to most people :—

THE HOME-KEEPER.

About her household moving glad each day,
With heartfelt care of all the simplest things ;
And near her side a child-voice coos and sings.
She hears the noise of pattering feet at play,
And pauses oft to kiss the lips that say
"Mother!" And joys to feel the hand that clings
Close to her heart, as to her apron-strings—
Nor would she chide that little hand away !

Then, when the day hath drifted to the dark,
And brightening stars loom through the twilight late,
She feels the heart within her bosom stir
At every leaf that strikes the lattice. Hark !
Her life's reward—a footstep at the gate,
And love that comes to claim the love of her !

In this age of morbid pessimism it is pleasing to find a man singing of that peaceful happiness which is really within the reach of all.

NOT MELANCHOLY DAYS.

These ain't the "melancholy days," no matter what they say !
There's more good fun in all the ways than's been there many a day ;
The crackin' of the teamster's whip—the shoutin' of a boy,
As the apples come a-tumblin' down—that's joy for you—big joy !

These ain't the "melancholy days"—there's lots o' fun in sight ;
The cool and bracin' mornin's, and the big oak fires at night ;
The hounds upon the rabbit's trail—the wild doves on the wing—
The maiden with the red lips—an' the lover with the ring !

These ain't the "melancholy days"—not much !—they're full o' life,
An' you're thankful for your sweetheart, and you praise God for your wife !
An' then, on general principles—in view of what H 's givin'—
You shout a hallelujah for the privilege o' livin' !

In one or two of the poems there is a touch of quaint humour. Take for instance :—

WHAT BOTHERS HIM.

There ain't so much o' pleasure
In fishin' South in May,
Or any other blessed month—
No matter what they say !

Because the river bank is green ;
The grass is soft and deep,
An' where the shady willows lean
A feller falls to sleep.

An' jest when he begins to nod
'Longside his empty cup,
A fish comes jerkin' at his rod,
An' always wakes him up !

Going from gay to grave, we find that Mr. Stanton can be sternly serious when he pleases.

SLAIN.

Swiftly the shot from my rifle sped
To his heart, and he fell in the darkness—dead !

With never a struggle, never a sigh,
I saw my enemy bleed and die.

And now, I said, is my peace secure ;
I shall fear his hand and his hate no more.

The black night came with a stealthy pace
And shed the shadows over his face,

Hidden for ever from mortal view.
And only God and the darkness knew !

But what would I barter of good and fair
To take the place of the dead man there,

As I face the future—the life to be,
With God and the darkness haunting me !

All readers of To-Day are familiar with Mr. Stanton's work, and judging from the enormous number of letters that have been received at this office asking permission to give musical settings to the verses we have published, there can be no doubt that Mr. Stanton's poems are becoming widely popular. This is easily understood. There is a dainty freshness about these verses which is decidedly welcome. In a few weeks' time we shall be hearing them warbled in drawing-rooms, and though it is an open question if Mr. Stanton's lyrics will gain by the amateur musician's art, yet we shall owe the author a large debt of gratitude for supplanting the usual effusions of the sentimental ballad-monger. Few of these lyrics are suitable for recitation. This increases the debt of gratitude to Mr. Stanton. I am glad to notice that Messrs. Constable and Co. are bringing out an English edition.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I have added "An Island Story,"[1] by Robert Sinclair, to my library. So many people have asked me if it is not really—in part at all events—the work of Miss Marie Corelli. There has been quite a run on my copies of "The Silver Domino"[2] since it came out. Will anybody who knows anything about the authorship of the "Island Story" send me a note on the subject? Another book I have added to my library is the "Highway of Sorrow,"[3] a story of the Stundists, by Hesba Stretton. Her real name is, I believe, Miss Sarah or Hannah Smith, but I always call her Miss Stretton, a name she took from Church Stretton, the Shropshire village in which she was born.

* * * *

Apropos of the Gibbon Centenary Exhibition in the British Museum, an Oxford customer draws my attention to the very amusing tradition that Gibbon was sent down from Magdalen, as Locke certainly had been sent down before him from Christ Church, and Shelley was to be afterwards from University, and he adds that the Historian of the Roman Empire's crime was indolence.

* * * *

In mentioning my young friend, Mr. Hepburn (Gabriel Setoun) a week or two back, I omitted to say the very thing I wanted to say, that the great house of "Mr. Murray" is bringing out another volume by him, "Sunshine and Ha'ar[4]; Some Further Glimpses into Life at Barncraig."

* * * *

There is no patron I ever had whom I reverenced more than Charles Kingsley. His youngest daughter Mary, Mrs. William Harrison, who has inherited no small share of his genius, came to say good-bye to me a few days ago, before she sailed for a six months' tour in India with her sister, Miss Rose Kingsley. I have known her since, as a little thing, her father would bring her into the shop, when he made a pilgrimage up to town, and now she is "Lucas Malet," the author of those three great books "Mrs. Lorimer," "Colonel Enderby's Wife," and "The Wages of Sin." The last thing she did before she went was to come into the fold of Mr. A. P. Watt, the haven of refuge to so many well-known authors, especially when they have to go down to the sea in ships. Mr. Watt has sold her new book to Messrs. Methuen and Co.

My old customer, Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, whose "Fact and Fiction about Shakespeare, with some account of the Playhouses, Players, and Playwrights of his Period,"[5] has just been published both in London and at Stratford-on-Avon, in a crown 4to size, illustrated with ancient drawings, portraits, and facsimiles of documents, is the famous author of "The Amber Heart," in which Miss Ellen Terry won so much renown, "Cupid's Messenger," and "The Confessions of a Door Mat." Mr. Calmour is a dark man, rather under the medium height, and of robust build. He has very large dark eyes, and a face which undoubtedly recalls the Stratford portrait of Shakespeare.

* * * *

Kettle Hall, whose history Mrs. Mee read a week or two ago before the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society, is the most beautiful house in all Oxford, a gabled Jacobean mansion of dark-grey stone, forming one of the finest bits of the exquisite front quad of Trinity, to which it now once more belongs. The house is, moreover, made classical as being for many years the home of one of my most famous customers, the great historian, Bishop Stubbs. Mrs. Mee is the wife of its latest tenant.

* * * *

According to Florence Marryat, whose "The Beautiful Soul"[6] is just brought out by Digby and Long, her father, Captain Marryat, the famous sea novelist, must have been a terrible old naval martinet. His younger children stood in the utmost awe of him.

* * * *

When I was in America trying to make direct arrangements with American publishers, I happened to call in at Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s one morning. "I'm so glad you've come," said Mr. Houghton. "I want to introduce you to Charles Egbert Craddock, whose books you told me you had done so well with in your library." I went in, expecting to see a tall, lean man with a thin beard and sallow face, certainly old-fashioned clothes, and very likely top boots, not to mention the habit of rolling a quid in his cheek and squirting tobacco-juice; instead of which I was introduced to a bright-eyed girl, whose real name, Mr. Houghton told me, was Miss Murfree, the descendant of one of the heroes of the Revolution. Her lameness, I learned, came from a stroke of paralysis, and incidentally led to her literary success. I have just been stocking a new book of hers, "His Vanished Star."[7]

* * * *

I have added to my library an unusual number of copies of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Wandering Words."[8] The book is, albeit in prose, full of genuine poetry. I read it through the first night it came in. His descriptions of India, the Holy Land, and Japan are delightful. I closed the book convinced that Sir Edwin stands in the first flight of our writers of prose as well as our writers of poetry.

* * * *

Few books published in the last year have been more popular with my subscribers than Mr. Richard Pryce's "Winifred Mount."[9] With good reason ladies say that all the time they were reading it they felt that they were living in Mayfair—he imports the atmosphere so exactly into his books. "Winifred Mount" has moreover a secret as jealously guarded as "The Mystery of the Hansom Cab." No one who does not look at the end of the book out of its turn can have any conception what the secret will turn out till he comes to the last page or two. There are two charmingly drawn, and charmingly human girls in the book, and it ends more happily than some of Mr. Pryce's stories. In point of style Mr. Pryce writes with a grace achieved by few of our purely society novelists; and in this book especially he exercises the gift of repression with the happiest results.

A customer, whose cheery, florid, grey-bearded face is always welcome, Sir William T. Charley, Q.C., is about to publish a word for the House of Lords, the ballast which the Lord of Dalmeny wishes to throw overboard to lighten the ship of State. It is to be called "The Crusade against the Constitution."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mosca.—I do not know of any magazine article containing a sketch of the life of Mark Twain, but you would find a lengthy account in "Choice Humorous Works of Mark Twain, with Life." (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

D. H. King (Lancashire).—The value of the book you mention is only about two or three shillings.

Alghieri.—You will find what you require in "Dante," by Mrs. Oliphant. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

Refuge.—I am afraid you will not get all the information you want out of one book, but these three would help you:—"Civil Service Guide" (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), "How we are Governed" (Warne, 1s. 6d.), "Statesman's Year Book" (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.).

Mater, Bertie, and many other correspondents will find their answer in the review of Mr. Stanton's poems.

---

1. An Island Story. (Lamley and Co. 3s. 6d.)
2. The Silver Domino. (Lamley and Co. 3s. 6d.)
3. The Highway of Sorrow. (Cassell. 6s.)
4. Sunshine and Ha'ar. (Murray. Price not stated.)
5. Fact and Fiction about Shakespeare. (Williams. Price not stated.)
6. The Beautiful Soul. (Digby and Long. 6s.)
7. His Vanished Star. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)
8. Wandering Words. (Longmans. 18s.)
9. Winifred Mount. (Methuen and Co. 2 vols. 21s.)

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"TO-DAY."

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My Dear Helen,—Don't you pity poor Princess Alix of Hesse? What a wedding! Should the marriage prove a happy one, it will be in the face of all omens and superstitions that have ruled the ordinary mind for years. The relatives and friends are to wear white on the day of the marriage, leaving off their heavy and hideous Russian mourning for the occasion. The Czarina, who has even greater taste in dress than the Princess of Wales, had been taking the warmest interest in the trousseau of her future daughter-in-law. She sent a courier from St. Petersburg with costly jewels, exquisite lace and embroideries, and magnificent furs, all to be applied as trimmings to Princess Alix's gowns. The Russians have great skill in embroideries, and their designs are consistent with the character of the nation. The lines form geometric patterns, formal and precise, yet not without a certain beauty of their own. No finer contrast could be found than that between the needlecraft of this nation and that of Japan, with its flowing lines, lovely curves, and carelessly graceful composition, which covers a large surface with a few artistic touches; while the Russian worker labours conscientiously to fill in the whole area with minute and painstaking industry.

Russian mourning is really emblematic of grief and absolute indifference to appearances. The material is a coarse, heavy, black flannel. The skirts are voluminous and trailing, and the sleeves are of the mediæval shape, falling to the hem of the gown at the outer side, and reaching to the wrists on the inner, the rest being a huge bag, which would leave the arm defenceless from the cold, were it not for an inner sleeve, that fits closely and protectively. Can you imagine anything decorative or graceful being made out of this? It was reserved for Paris dressmakers to win a victory over its ungainliness, and, no doubt, after a few months, it will be found that Russian Court mourning will have lost many of its gloomy characteristics. Parisiennes are now wearing Russian mourning, modified and adapted in a fashion that has in it nothing repulsive to a pretty woman proud of her prettiness.

Among the dresses that had been prepared for the trousseau before the Czar was taken ill was white velvet with large raised chrysanthemums, all purest white, on a ground of terry velvet. Over the upper part of the bodice was a very short Figaro jacket, made entirely of pearls. The wedding dress itself, as prepared previous to recent sad events, is made of the richest white silk, covered with lovely silver embroidery. Russian bridal dress is very trying. The bodice is made with a long, straight stomacher, and an inch or two below the waist is a roll, usually wound round and round with silver cord, encircling the hips, and under this roll the skirt is joined on to the body. A large stiffened cap rises in semi-circular form above the forehead, and embroidered with pearls, is the distinctive headgear of all Russian brides, from Archduchess to peasant. The veil is quite short, and not particularly graceful.

What do you think of a blue velvet evening dress, just the colour of a sunny sky in June, lined with yellow satin, and opening in front over a petticoat of the richest gold embroidery? The bodice opens over a stomacher to match, studded with diamonds and turquoise. The fronts of the dress, where they part to show this front, are bordered with a narrow band of sable, which makes a lovely contrast and connecting link between the sky-blue and the primrose-yellow. That is one of Princess Alix's trousseau gowns.

But I suppose she is now no longer Princess Alix, but Archduchess Alexandra Feodorovna. She is the prettiest of all our young Princesses, but, unfortunately, shows a disposition to grow very stout.

The dance season will soon be here, and in preparation for it are shown hundreds of ready-made bodices,

EVERY MOTHER and EVERY DAUGHTER
should see
SINGER'S
NEW SEWING MACHINE

10s. to 20s. allowed
FOR
any sort taken in part exchange,
Per 1s. 6d. Week.

BEAUTIFUL ART SAMPLES
Submitted for inspection
FREE
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Best Machine for Plain Work.
Best Machine for Art Work.

LIGHT, EASY, ELEGANT,
and a Real Treasure.

The Singer Manufacturing Company,
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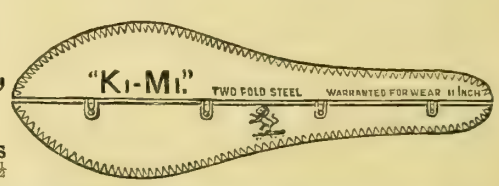
BRANCH OFFICES EVERYWHERE.

Every lady pleased WITH THE **"KI-MI" BUSK!**
IN ALL SIZES
From 11 to 13½ inches



Made of two-fold spring steel, **GUARANTEED UNBREAKABLE.** The edges are carefully bound so that steel cannot possibly cut through cloth. —To be had of all Drapers, price 6d. Ask for it. Sample Busk, post free seven stamps from Sole Makers, WALLACE and RITCHIE, Cochrane-street, Glasgow,

HEIGHT INCREASED
Three Inches without detection by PINET'S Boot and shoe Elevator (Patented).—Mons. PINET, L 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.

ARABINE MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! 6D.
NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED PER BOTTLE
Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the
Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

CREME DE VIOLET
Has attained enormous popularity since we introduced it into Great Britain.
It is a pure and exquisite skin tonic, absolutely free from any ingredients that will injure the most delicate skin. It cleanses the pores, and producing a clear and healthy complexion. Prevents and removes Wrinkles, Pimples, Roughness, Redness, and all Skin Imperfections. Counteracts the disagreeable effects of sun, wind, and sea air. Is deliciously cool and refreshing to the skin. Makes the skin soft and smooth as a baby's. Will make the most faded complexion assume all the natural tints of youthful health and beauty. Suitable for old and young of both sexes. Of Chemists and Perfumers, price 1s. and 2s. 6d. See that the signature Le Frere et Cie is on the label, or sent direct, post free, in plain wrappers 3d. extra from
LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.
MRS. GRABURN, 13, Bonchurch-road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to Measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

under the title of evening blouses. This is reversing the old order of things, when skirts were sold ready-made, together with sufficient material for the bodice. Now the bodices are sold ready for wear, and the skirts can either be made up or bought separately. One of the prettiest evening blouses I have seen was made of yellow surah, with black velvet ivy leaves round the shoulders, and knots of black velvet above each sleeve. The ivy leaves bordering the sleeves on each arm would be very becoming. Another was in turquoise-blue satin, covered with embroidered cream-coloured muslin, showing the blue through the spaces. The front had a loose fold of blue mirror velvet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Belinda.—In your difficulty about procuring servants why do you not try the newly-established Domestic Servant Supply Association, 14, High Holborn? It is under the patronage of Lady Montagu, and its object is to assist ladies in procuring housekeepers, servants, and other domestic help with less trouble than is involved in any other known method of doing so. The association issues weekly a selected list of eligible servants, their qualifications and addresses, which is distributed among the subscribers at a charge of half-a-crown for four consecutive issues, each containing a wholly different set of names and addresses. This seems to meet just the needs of many thousands. A mistress has only to enter into correspondence with the one who appears most desirable. Advertisements from mistresses requiring servants are inserted at a charge of 1s., the advertisement being repeated until the advertiser is suited.

Dubious.—It is always the way with new preparations. It is difficult to obtain them until the demand for them has created a supply through the usual sources. You need not be afraid to use it. I never recommend anything that I have not tried. Apply it after washing the face, and then dab it dry with a soft towel.

Our Cookery Column.

A Good Vegetable Curry.—Choose four medium-sized Spanish onions, four green juicy apples, and four big potatoes, such as are usually reserved for baking. Wash these last and boil them in their jackets, straining the water away from them before they begin to be soft. Let them become cold. Meanwhile slice the apples and onions and fry them in hot butter till they are golden brown, keeping them turned about lest they should be blackened. Put them into a stewpan with half a pint of good gravy, a teaspoonful of salt and a dessertspoonful of good curry powder. Shake the stewpan with a circular motion in order that all may become thoroughly amalgamated. Slice the potatoes, add them to the rest. Cover the pan closely and cook the stew very slowly for an hour. It ought then to be delicious. Some boiled rice with it cooked after the receipt I gave in October. Cold cauliflower makes a capital curry with apples and onions. If there is no stock to be had, use milk and water in equal proportions, and thicken it with a tablespoonful of flour and a piece of butter the size of a boy's largest marble.

Spiced Beef.—It is just about time to put beef into spice for Christmas. Choose a good round of fresh beef at the butcher's of any weight from 10 lb. to double that quantity. Procure 3 oz. of saltpetre, 3 oz. of coarse brown sugar, 1 oz. of cloves, 1 oz. of grated nutmeg, 1 oz. of allspice, and 1 oz. of peppercorns. Put the spices into the oven, and when they are thoroughly dry roll them out flat with a rolling-pin, thus reducing them to powder. Mix all well together with the saltpetre and four tablespoonfuls of coarse cooking salt. Place the beef in a tub large enough to leave a margin of an inch or so all round it. Rub the salt and spices well into it every day for a fortnight, turning it each day, so that both sides get equally saturated with them. Very soon there will be a considerable quantity of liquor, formed by the action of the salt upon the juices of the meat, and the round lying in it will soon become impregnated with it. A clean cloth, rather porous in textnre, should be thrown over the tub in the intervals of rubbing. At the end of from fourteen to eighteen days take out the round, wash it with clear, cold water under a tap, cut out the bone and fill in the space with fresh fat. Tie all round in a good shape with white cord, and let it hang up for twenty-four hours. To cook it, place a pint of the pickle liquor in a large saucepan or boiler, add enough water to half fill the saucepan; when it boils put in the spiced beef, and let it cook slowly, simmering quite gently for four hours to six, according to weight. If 10 lb., four hours will do; if 20 lb., six will be necessary.

Suzette.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

FRUIT AND FLOWER GROWING. Several Valuable Properties for Sale, or in some cases partnerships could be arranged. Profits 15 per cent. to 30 per cent. on money invested.

FURNISHED HOUSES TO LET. Full particulars, plans, photos, &c., on application to Messrs. CONSTABLE, TOWNEND & MORRISH, 55 & 56, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., and at Guernsey.

A Charming Birthday or Christmas Present.

SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

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or that of any Friend or Relative whose memory you cherish, and we will reproduce a very beautiful and

HIGHLY-FINISHED PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT

IN MONOCHROME FOR

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FINISHED IN BLACK AND WHITE.
Measuring 18 by 14½ ins., and send

Carefully Packed and Carriage Paid
To any Address in the United Kingdom for 6d. EXTRA.

USUAL PRICE, ONE GUINEA.

ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS returned UNINJURED.

Kindly call, if possible, and inspect Specimens.

SPECIALLY NOTE.

AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.—If any of our patrons can reasonably complain of the fidelity of a likeness, or the quality and finish of our productions, we will either do the work over again, FREE OF CHARGE, or return the money, without any reduction.

IMPORTANT.—A specimen of these beautiful Enlargements will be sent for inspection on receipt of 6d. in stamps to defray postage, and an undertaking to return it within three days from receipt.

Address all Orders accompanied by Photograph and Postal Order to—

The ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.
(Enlargement Department),
72, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
To Visitors.—Our Studios and Showrooms are opposite the Soho Bazaar.
High-Class Portraits taken daily (irrespective of weather).

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

"MORE THAN PLEASED WITH IT."

H. P. Simpson, Esq., 5, High St., Bedford, July 12th, 1894, writes:—"Enlargements to hand, with thanks. I must say that I am more than pleased with them. The people I have shown them to think them good, and have asked me for your address with the intention of having some done."

"PERFECTLY SATISFIED."

Mr. J. W. Mitchell, 4, Railway Terrace, East Ardsley, June 25th, 1894, writes:—"I received the Enlargement, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. I shall send another one soon."

"VERY PLEASED WITH IT."

Mr. John Hird, Ellergreen, Kendal, June, 1894, writes:—"I received the Photographic Enlargement all right this morning, and I am very pleased with it."

"I THINK IT SPLENDID."

Miss F. Emerson, 64, Inderwick Road, Stroud Green, N., writes:—"The Enlargement to hand, I think it splendid. Thanking you very much for your kindness in sending it so soon."

"A MOST FAITHFUL LIKENESS."

A. Robertson, Esq., High Court, Madras, May 10th, 1894, writes:—"I have received the two Enlargements of the Photograph. It is very well done indeed, and is a most faithful likeness, and I have to tender you my thanks for the manner in which you have executed the work."

"EXCEEDINGLY GOOD."

Mrs. M. E. McIntosh, 3, Mall Road, Hammersmith, July 23rd, 1894, writes:—"I have received Photos, also Enlargement safely, and am very pleased with them. The Enlargement I think exceedingly good."

IN THE CITY.

THE COMPANIES' ACTS.

We congratulate the Government upon the appointment of a Committee to consider a draft Bill framed "especially with a view to the better prevention of fraud in relation to the formation and management of companies." We understand that this does not preclude the consideration of the best means to protect shareholders who put their money into concerns which, though not fraudulently initiated, cannot possibly, by reason of excessive capital, or other causes, be commercially successful. We do not expect that any Act that Parliament, as at present constituted, will pass will prevent company frauds; but if the suggestions given in our issue of October 20th, and others that will occur to all, are adopted, much may be done for the protection of the public that is as yet undone. It is true that not much more than three years has passed since the Directors' Liability Act became law, but that Act, though it has done much less than was expected of it by sanguine folk, has been of some service to the public, and it must be borne in mind that it was shorn of some of its most useful provisions during its passage through Parliament. In this, as in other matters, Ministers are not to be trusted when public opinion is lukewarm. Those who say that Parliament cannot altogether baffle the unscrupulous promoter are probably right, but it can make his business a much more difficult and risky one than it is at present. After all, there is no country in the world where the scandals of company-promotion are so great—where it is so easy for the company promoter to cheat the public—as they are in our own.

The constitution of the Committee leaves nothing to be desired.

THE JOHANNESBURG WATERWORKS COMPANY.

The report of the proceedings at the general meeting of shareholders held at Johannesburg on October 19th was published on this side a day or two ago, and the chairman's speech deserves passing notice. This worthy is the Solomon Barnato Joel to whose conduct we referred in our issue of May 26th, when we spoke of his hire of a gang of ruffians to break up a public meeting convened in opposition to the Johannesburg Waterworks Company, and his refusal to pay them their hire after they had done their dirty work.

Mr. Joel boasted that the company has given Johannesburg an adequate supply of water when in truth it has never been able to cope with increasing demands. As was to be expected, he dwelt upon the fact that the company has increased its storage capacity, but this is a very different thing to adequate supply, though, of course, a necessary step if such supply is to be given. When the last mail left Johannesburg the town was within measurable distance of a water famine. The company has, in fact, no means of furnishing a proper water service, and depends for what it does supply to a considerable extent on drainage water. Mr. Joel had the assurance to refer to the testimony of Dr. Loery, the analytical chemist, as to the purity of the water; yet that authority actually condemned two out of the three samples submitted to him as unfit for drinking purposes!

A dividend of 6¼ per cent. for the year was declared on the ordinary shares, and large dividends were promised for the future. But as it was only by means of an extortionate water rate that the company has been able to earn sufficient to pay the dividend declared, and as a still more extortionate rate would have to be resorted to to increase the dividend, the outlook for Johannesburg water consumers is not rosy. It is because of all these things that the City Fathers of Johannesburg have decided upon a municipal water supply. The Transvaal Volksraad has sanctioned a scheme in spite of Joel and his hired ruffians, and when that is carried through, the Johannesburg Water Company will have come to the end of its tether.

THE ARGUS ASSURANCE COMPANY, "FAIR PLAY," AND "TO-DAY."

Some hours before going to press our attention was called to a criticism by *Fair Play* of the remarks made on this page in our issue of November 10th, with respect to the Argus Assurance Company and the acceptance by Sir Edward Reed and Sir Charles Tupper of seats upon its Board. We stand by every statement we made. They are not only truths, they are truisms. But before replying, as we intend to do, to *Fair Play*, we think it desirable, and even necessary, to invite its proprietor to answer a question we shall put to him. Unfortunately, Mr. Robinson will not be in town until after we go to press, so that we think it well to defer until our next issue what we have to say—and it is a good deal—in reply to *Fair Play*.

THE WARD OF CORDWAINERS.

In our last issue we said that Mr. A. T. Hawkins would do well not to offer himself for re-election by the ward of Cordwainers, and we gave as our reason for this advice that "there is much in relation to them (the companies with which Mr. Hawkins is connected) that is likely to make early and large inroads upon Mr. Hawkins's time and attention." Some of our City readers read between the lines.

We take the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday:—

> At the Mansion House to-day, William Templeton Hawkins, magistrate of Kent, and member of the London Corporation, was charged with applying to his own use a cheque for £1,200, while director of the National Dwellings Company (Limited). Counsel for the prosecution said that the cheque was endorsed "purchase of shares or bearer," the proceeds being paid to the London and Northern Assets Corporation, of which the defendant was a director. A remand was granted, bail of two sureties in £3,000 each being allowed.

THE BANK OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, LIMITED.

It may be remembered that this bank, which was established as far back as 1823, suspended payment in August, 1891. A special Act of the Tasmanian Parliament confirmed the selection made by shareholders and creditors of two trustees to liquidate the affairs of the bank, and they were authorised to dispose of a portion of the assets of the bank amounting to £300,000, "by means of a distribution of properties on the Art Union principle." These properties have since been carefully valued, and now the public in the United Kingdom, India, and elsewhere, as well as in Van Dieman's Land, are invited to take £1 shares amounting in the aggregate to £300,000 to be distributed in prizes to successful drawers. These prizes range from a first prize of £26,000 down to £100, and number 380. The drawings will take place "under the supervision of an influential committee at the Town Hall, Hobart Town, Tasmania, as soon as the subscription list is completed, but in any case not later than the 28th February, 1895."

What do our Carey Street friends say to this method of getting rid of delays in liquidation?

THE UNITED KINGDOM COLONIAL AND FOREIGN AGENCY.

We have received complaints from several correspondents with respect to the way in which this Agency—for the collection of debts—carries on its business. The complaints are two: (1), great delay in remittance; (2), excessive charges. Here are illustrations:—

> 1. Mr. I. W—— gave the Agency accounts amounting to £1 4s. to collect. Of this amount Mr. W—— collected about 6s. The Agency got in the rest, charging 2s. commission, and 2½d. each for forty-eight letters written. The balance of 6s. 7d. was remitted.
> 2. Mr. S—— gave the Agency accounts amounting to £9 for collection. They appear to have collected £4 17s. The agency charged 10s. commission, and 3d. each for 136 letters. The balance of £2 13s. was remitted.
> 3. Dr. M—— gave the Agency accounts for collection amounting to £17 18s. He has been promised a statement over and over again, but has never got one, or any money.

We thought it fair to refer these particular complaints to the agency for any explanation it might have to offer, and we have a reply from Messrs. I. A. Hardy and Co., who describe themselves as accountants, from which we take the following:—

> The three cases mentioned in the complaint are all quite inaccurately stated. Complaint 1, I. W.—The collection was £1 12s. 7d. (including money that was paid direct to the creditor) through our letters, out of which the creditor received £1 1s. 5d.
> Case 2, Mr. S.—Cash received by us was £4 17s. 7d., out of which the creditor received from us £2 5s. 7d.
> Case 3.—The amount collected is £8 14s. 6d., and account is not yet sent, but is down on statement book to be despatched on Tuesday next. There has been some little delay with regard to this latter statement, owing to it not having been included as it ought to have been with the last batch of statements sent out, which was purely accidental.
> When you take into consideration the fact that this money, as stated herein, is collected for the most part by *trifling instalments*, the charges are *extremely moderate*, and in strict accordance as per terms of our circular, and not at all as the writer of the complaint would have you believe.

We invite others who have had dealings with the company to communicate with us.

AN UNEXPECTED ENDING.

At Mr. Harness's request, many of our daily contemporaries have published the following:—

> [COPY.]
> "41, Wych Street, Strand, Nov. 7.
> "To C. B. Harness, Esq.
> "'Brasyer v. Harness.' 'Harness v. Brasyer.'
> "Sir,—You having agreed to settle the matters in dispute between you and our client by withdrawing the record and agreeing to a stay

of proceedings, each party paying their own costs, we, as solicitors for Colonel Brasyer, on his behalf desire to state that had the facts as disclosed in the evidence given in the course of the prosecution against you and in this action been known to him and us prior to those events, we should not have instituted that prosecution or this action, and, on behalf of our client, we regret the course which has been taken.

"We are, Sir, yours truly,
"COLYER AND COLYER."

What has not been published is the fact that, in addition to withdrawing all imputations, Colonel Brasyer has paid to Mr. Furber (Mr. Harness's solicitor) £2,500, which has been apportioned as follows :—

To Dr. McCully, £350 and costs.
To Mr. Dudley Towers, £200 and costs.
The balance to Mr. Furber for costs (Mr. Harness having refused any cash compensation).
In addition to this Messrs. Colyer and Colyer have paid £150 to Mr. Hollier, together with his solicitor's costs.

The lawyers seem to have done well out of the business.

REUTER'S INTERNATIONAL AGENCY, LIMITED.

In the course of the hearing of a petition for the compulsory winding-up of this company, an affidavit was made by Mr. Herbert de Reuter, who said, *inter alia*, that

It was absolutely untrue that the advertisement portion of Reuter's Telegram Company's business had ever been conducted at a loss.

How rumour may malign a company !

MOORE AND BURGESS, LIMITED.

Mr. Jerome will be much obliged if shareholders and others who communicated with him last year with reference to the entertainment given by the Moore and Burgess troupe, will be good enough to send him their present addresses.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

North British Water Gas Company. Unlucky Holder (Birmingham).—1. Better decline. 2. We do not like any of the shares you name, with the exception of No. 4. 3. We have no information respecting the British company. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land, Limited.** H. S. W. (Manchester).—The drawings are quite genuine, but unless you have interests in the colony, we do not advise you to take shares. **Walkers, Parker, and Co.'s Debentures.** R. S. B. (Gainsboro').—1. Yes, we think so. 2. We like the two railway stocks you mention for a rise. The Nitrate Bonds should be safe enough, but it is as well to leave the brewery stock. There is not much vigour in the concern. **Grand Trunk Debenture Stock.** J. McD. (Glasgow).—At present price you could not go far wrong, but you might make a better selection. **Provident Association of London.** J. D. (Leeds).—You do not give us sufficient particulars to enable us fully to advise you, but the association is perfectly solvent, and we have no reason whatever to suppose that it will be less so by-and-bye. **The Giffard Gun Company.** Inquirer (Nottingham).—No, the gun was not a sporting gun merely. It was also intended as a military weapon, and its efficiency for war purposes was put forward in the prospectus as one of the reasons why the public should pay the £200,000 asked for the patent. **Seddon's Pneumatic Tyre Company.** J. I. (Belfast).—We will see if we can get the information you want, but we fear you will have to wait a long time for the rise. **The Columbia Shipping Company.** K. L. C. (Sunderland).—Yes; quite true. **Olympic Music Hall.** J. W. A. (Stamford Hill).—No. **Union Steamship Company of New Zealand.** J. O. (Southampton).—Yes, we think so. —**Corporation, Limited.** (Rutherglen).—We cannot recommend it. **The Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited.** H. Z. N. (Spennymoor).—We cannot better your description of the concern. **London Road Car Shares.** Laurie (Saville Town).—Probably having regard to the fact that you have the letter and scrip you would have no difficulty in the event of your friend's death, but why not have a proper transfer? **The Londonderry Gold Mine, Limited.** A. L. (Newcastle).—The property to be bought by the company may be as valuable as it is said to be, and it may not. All that is certain is that the public are asked to pay £700,000 for these few acres, and that out of every 20s. earned by the £50,000 of working capital 18s. 7½d. goes to the vendors. It seems to be a lopsided risk, and we advise you not to be a party to it. **The Turner Pneumatic Tyre Company.** A. M. L.—The matter shall have our attention. **Bank.** Regent (Godalming).—It is a sixty per cent. shop. **Globe Telegraph and Trust Company.** Scot (Wick).—No.

INSURANCE.

Accident Assurance Association. Agnostic (Bolton) —This company will serve you admirably in all respects for the kind of insurance you require. **Provident Clerks' Mutual Life Office.** F. W. L. (Paddington).—We presume you intend to take out a with-profit policy. With regard to this office the premiums are lower and the bonuses higher than are those of the two other offices you mention, and the bonus is a good one. **London Assurance Corporation.** E. W. B. (Leicester) —The premiums are moderate, and the bonuses good, whilst the management is able. **Endowment Assurance.** Tynesider.—It would be invidious to recommend particular offices. We shall be glad to tell you which of a list of, say, five or six you may mention, is best for your purpose. In the list you had better place a number or letter against each name. **Pearl and Palatine Insurance Companies.** Milner (Huddersfield).—Both companies are quite reliable, and will give you good value for your money. **North British and Mercantile.** G. B. (Portsmouth) —You have no occasion for concern.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF
"TO-DAY,"
WILL APPEAR NO. 1 OF THE
"Reminiscences of a Lawyer's Clerk."
By HERBERT KEEN.
AUTHOR OF "MY LANDLADY'S STORIES."

NOW READY.
A SHILLING CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR SIXPENCE.
TWO COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS.
"TO-DAY" WINTER NUMBER,
NOVEMBER, 1894.
Price Sixpence.
Edited by JEROME K. JEROME.

Contributors :—Thomas Hardy, Jerome K. Jerome, Dudley Hardy, W. L. Alden, R. Sauber, Aubrey Beardsley, Barry Pain, Hal Hurst, Keighley Snowden, H. R. Millar, W. W. Jacobs, Sydney Adamson, Ernest Goodwin, Scott Rankin, etc.

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"The Man who did not believe in Luck."
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"THE FALL—ITS MANAGEMENT IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH."
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"SLAMMOCKY SAM."
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"BROWN'S WIDOWS."
By W. L. ALDEN.
"AN ELABORATE ELOPEMENT."
By W. W. JACOBS.
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.
60 ILLUSTRATIONS, some in Colours,
BY
R. SAUBER. H. R. MILLAR.
AUBREY BEARDSLEY. S. ADAMSON.
DUDLEY HARDY. E. GOODWIN.
HAL HURST. SCOTT RANKIN.
Etc., Etc.
TWO COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS.

FOUNDED 1871.
THE OCEAN
Accident & Guarantee Corporation,
LIMITED.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL—£255,000.
Branches of Business Transacted :—
ACCIDENT INSURANCE (in all its Branches).
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BURGLARY, SICKNESS, MORTGAGE.
APPLICATION FOR FULL PROSPECTUS IS INVITED.
AGENTS WANTED. Apply to
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.
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A DANCE
WILL BE HELD IN AID OF THE
"TO-DAY" GALLANTRY FUND
At the PORTLAND ROOMS, Foley St., Gt. Portland St., W.,
ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14th.
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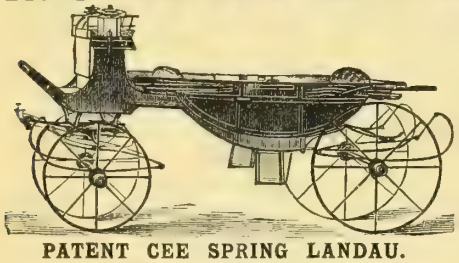

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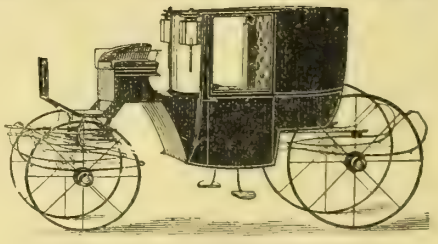

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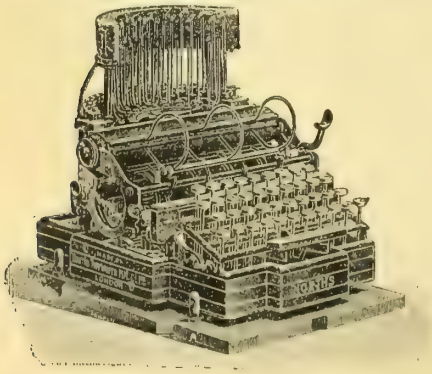

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Lord Rosebery, in his speech at Glasgow, showed discretion in dealing with the Opposition, and courage in dealing with his own party. On a point on which that party is by no means unanimous, he did not hesitate to express his opinion most clearly and definitely. "I do not deny," he said, "that there are arguments for single chambers. I do not deny that they may possibly be right, but I am so absolutely convinced in my historical conscience that they are wrong, that I, at any rate, could have no part or parcel in leaving this country to the sole disposition of a single chamber." Lord Rosebery tells us nothing of the constitution or powers which, in his opinion, an ideal Second Chamber should possess, because that is not the immediate point. The immediate point is, as he says, the adjustment of the two chambers which at present exist. The abolition of the veto of the House of Lords constitutes for the Liberal party the immediate point.

But the immediate point is not the ultimate point; many, before they take one step involving a constitutional change of the utmost importance, would like to catch some glimpse of the final goal towards which they are moving. A little time ago, Home Rule was the immediate point; now, to the great joy of those who have grown utterly sick of that question, Home Rule is of necessity put aside, and the rejection of the Home Rule Bill has become the parent of another immediate point—the attack upon the power of the House of Lords. What is the next step to be? I have already referred to the question in these columns. I have said, and say again, that a purely hereditary body can never be all that the ideal Second Chamber should be. Whether the Second Chamber be called the House of Lords or something else is not important. That it shall possess both ability and stability is essential. Lord Rosebery's avowal of his belief in a Second Chamber is something, but one asks for more.

I am told that that ardent teetotal propagandist, Lady Henry Somerset, has been lately erecting new hop-kilns for her tenant farmers. I presume that this lady knows what hop-kilns are used for, and I presume, also, that she receives a profitable percentage from the erection of the same. Of course, even a fanatical teetotaler must live, and when you have a large and expensive estate to keep up, and a good many luxuries to provide for yourself, rent from hop-kilns is not to be despised. And if one is by this means assisting in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors, well, one can always make it right with one's conscience by denouncing bloated publicans and brewers for making a profit out of such a shocking thing as beer.

I am sorry the Rev. Mr. Howson was not successful in persuading the Church Conference at Chester to leave football alone. Really the Church gains nothing by insisting on putting its finger into every pie of our daily life, while life itself is gradually becoming maddening when its every corner is overcast by the shadow of a bishop's lawn sleeves or of the Nonconformist's wide-awake. Is Christianity so firmly established in the land that its professional teachers find it necessary to give vent to their energies in looking after the stage, managing our theatres and music-halls, planning our magic-lantern entertainments, and superintending our football? The parson is an excellent person in his place, but, for heaven's sake, let us have one minute of our existence now and then to ourselves. Who does not remember the delightful picture Mr. Anstey draws of the football game at Dr. Grimstone's? The boys are enjoying the game immensely; bumptious old Grimstone, with every good will imaginable, suddenly appears on the scene, and is good enough to condescend to join the sport; and of course spoils it for the boys.

What man who remembers his school-life does not know that excellent headmaster who *will* interest himself in the boys' games, and who *will* insist on being so sympathetic and so kindly; and what man does not remember how one and all of us wished he would break his neck, and so be compelled to leave us to ourselves? The fatherly priest may have been an excellent person in the Middle Ages, but then the Roman Catholic pastor was never the superior person. But I fancy, even in those days, an archery meeting or a bout at quarter-staff might have been enjoyed without his perpetual presence. The modern man, from his cradle to his grave, seems to spend one weary life of being "bossed," and reformed, and improved, and elevated, and talked to, and educated. The only consolation for the misery is to reflect how very much good it all does us, and how much better men and women are in this nineteenth century than they ever were before in the history of the world!

Feeling on the subject as I do, I cannot quite share a Newcastle reader's indignation at the attack made against theatres by an excellent Newcastle divine. I object to too close a connection between the Church and the Stage; I cannot see that it does either of them the slightest good. The Church and Stage Guild is an insult to the drama, and is about as absurd as the suggestion of a Church-managed football association. There is room in the world for the Church and the Stage, and work for both, but they will get on better if they keep each other at arm's length. We shall be having the Nonconformist conscience taking the drama under its wings, if we are not careful, and then good-bye to

art. The teaching of Christ, so far as I can understand it, was an appeal to the inward lives of men. Christ spoke to men's hearts; he was not for ever interfering with Jewish politics, and seeking to make the life of every Jew and Roman in Jerusalem a burden to them. If a clergyman likes to go to the theatre I am sure there is no acting-manager who will not be glad to see him. If he does not wish to go there is no reason why he should not stop outside.

Many people have received with something like horror the proposal to attempt to resuscitate immediately after electrocution the body of the murderer, Wilson. The criminal himself may welcome the experiments that give him one more chance of life, but that is beside the point. The law sentences murderers to death, and while that law stands it should be carried out definitely and decently. In the same way, if mercy is to be shown, mercy should be definite and decent. If it is necessary for science to make such experiments, a legitimate opportunity might occur in the case of accidental death. It is not legitimate to gamble with a life which either is forfeited, and may not, in the interests of justice, be saved, or else is not forfeited, and may not, in the interests of justice, be risked. Justice, mercy, and decency are opposed to anything of the kind.

The Christmas card, says a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, is played out. He suggests that in future we shall merely put an advertisement of our good wishes in a daily paper, just as our births, marriages, and deaths are advertised. He gives as an example the following:—

> Temperley.—Mr. and Mrs. Temperley and family send heartiest Christmas greetings to all their friends. Honeycomb Cottage, Hampstead Heath.

He is "persuaded that real economy would result." That may be, but the notice, as given, seems to me a little bare. He says that it could be "modelled according to personal taste," and certainly some appropriate motto should be added, as, for instance, "Peace on earth and good-will on the cheap." Or why should not the denizens of Honeycomb Cottage (sweet name!) request their friends to "accept this the only intimation," and further explain their meaning by adding the significant words, "No Boxes."

Mr. William Sykes (resting) might adopt this method of letting an enforced change of address be generally known, and of sending his good wishes to mates outside. Mr. Wilkins Micawber might, in a few dignified words, intimate that as a concession to the season, and in view of the present interesting condition of Mrs. Micawber, he was prepared to receive temporary financial assistance in the form of a loan. Even, it is to be feared, the thing might be perverted to the uses of advertisement, and Mr. Vincent Crummles might blend with his respectful greeting to all patrons the intimation that in his Christmas production all his previous efforts after realism would be surpassed. Yes, there can be no doubt that if the system suggested were adopted, the advertisement columns at the Christmas season would contain a good deal that would be distinctly amusing to the thoughtful reader. That, however, is not what the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent wants. He wants cheapness.

But would the system be cheaper? For five shillings, the price of the shortest advertisement, I know that it is possible to buy one hundred and twenty Christmas cards, and it may be possible to buy more. They are not hand-painted, nor scented, nor do they open out and disclose a verse of a hymn where you would least expect it. But still they are Christmas cards. And there is another point that the inhabitants of Honeycomb Cottage (there's no nicer name than that) might notice: a great many more people are bored by receiving cards than vexed by not receiving them. Friends are willing to take many things for granted—mutual good wishes among them. In the matter of Christmas cards everyone has a perfect right to suit his own taste and pocket—to send them or not to send them. If the people at that cottage with the sticky but exquisite name do not want to send me a picture of a willow-pattern plate, two roses, and a kitten, as a sign that their heart is in the right place, they are perfectly free to let it alone.

Is not the literary critic working the adjectives "suburban" and "middle class" a little too much? I notice that whenever the superior young man wishes to be very sarcastic—and he often does so wish, though success does not always accompany him—he suggests that his enemy possibly lives in the suburbs, or that he has sprung from the middle class. Of course, we know that all journalists live in Curzon Street or Park Lane, and that no one is allowed to write for the newspapers who cannot show patent of nobility extending to at least ten generations; but is it not ungenerous of such fortunate people to sneer at their less lucky brothers and sisters?

Seriously speaking, the snobbery of the thing is too gross to be even amusing. A Brixton shopkeeper stints himself, and saves enough money to enable his eldest son to get an education on the foundation of a public school, and afterwards to send him to Oxford or Cambridge. He comes back with a smattering of Latin, and, by the aid of some well-to-do college contemporaries, who feel they owe him some reparation for the snubbings they have always administered to him, he gets a berth bringing him in about two pounds a week on a paper, and from that day till he marries his landlady's daughter, and settles down to common sense in a four-roomed flat at Kilburn, he sets to work to show his supreme contempt for all classes but the aristocracy, and to try and persuade the few people who read his criticisms that he haunts the houses of the nobility, and does not know an omnibus when he sees one. And anything suburban or middle class—dear me, how it shocks him! I do wish he would not be so silly.

Can any City correspondent tell me the names and addresses of the men responsible for the condition of Ludgate Hill roadway? I want to hold them up to ridicule, contempt, and hatred. It is horrible to see the struggles of the unfortunate 'bus horses in trying to drag their five ton load up the terrible slope. In other districts of London, where even vestrymen have become human, stones and gravel are thrown down to afford a foothold for the poor beasts, but on Ludgate Hill this is never done, and the sights to be witnessed there on a muddy day make one's blood boil. It is no good attacking the Vestry as a body; it would only amuse such creatures. I want their names and private addresses that I can publish them. I expect I shall find a few of them

are shrieking philanthropists and advertisers in the subscription list of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

According to a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* there exists in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Road a gang of thieves, occupying a house with a special exit most suitable for the purposes of their business. This correspondent was robbed in broad daylight of a watch and chain, and five pounds, and the thief escaped by means of this special exit. If this is so—and I have no reason to believe that it is not—why on earth write a letter to the papers on the subject, thereby giving the thieves an opportunity to escape. Surely it would be better to speak to the police alone, and give them a fair chance of capturing this gang. It is not only in the Gray's Inn Road that such gangs exist. No one who reads the newspapers can doubt that robbery in the daytime is at present no uncommon thing in the streets of London; it has seemed of late to be very much on the increase.

My attention has been called to another case of child insurance. A man and his wife agreed to adopt a child and bring it up as their own; they insured the child in the Prudential Office, ill-treated it, starved it, and if it had not been for the intervention of the local inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. would probably have killed it. The case occurred at Truro, and it is in its main points like many other cases. The thing is, unfortunately, common. I notice it because, according to the newspaper report, the insurance agent stated that it was the practice of the Prudential Assurance Company to systematically canvas for infant insurance. I should be glad to hear from the Prudential Assurance Company if their agent's statement is accurate or not. Does the company deny it, or are they making a special feature of a business which every humane man must condemn?

A Bristol commercial traveller draws my attention to a matter of some public importance. The other day a driver in the service of the Neath Tramway Company was charged with cruelty to a horse. The animal was suffering from no less than seventeen wounds. There was no question about this fact; but the society's officer seems to have been hampered in his efforts to get the particular horse in question brought up to the court. Five horses were brought forward, and the inspector was asked to select. Everyone knows how difficult it is to recognise a horse seen only once, and in this case the difficulty would be increased by the fact that many of the horses employed by the Neath Tramway Company are of a sorry kind. The Bench decided that the wrong horse had been selected, and dismissed the summons with costs, making no effort to help justice by insisting that the right horse should be discovered.

But this is not the grave part of the case. My correspondent tells me that the Clerk to the Magistrates is a director of the Neath Tramway Company, and that the Chairman of the Magistrates is a mortgagee of the company. I want to know if this is true. I refrain from comment until I know, and I hope that my correspondent may be mistaken. But as to the Neath Tramway Company's cattle, there can be no mistake. This is not the first time the company has been summoned for cruelty.

I have received a letter from the editor of *London*, in which he writes:—

> "You are not quite up to date in your list of shareholders, as not by any means a majority of them are County Councillors."

And again:—

> "The main statement upon which your article is based is that Mr. McKinnon Wood is chairman of a committee which does not exist."

Upon this it is sufficient to observe that I did not say that a majority of the shareholders of *London* are County Councillors. What I said was that "its principal shareholders are well-known County Councillors and members of the Puritan party," which is indisputably true. As to Mr. McKinnon Wood, I said he is "Chairman of the Advertisement Committee of the Council," and that is true in substance, though not accurate in form, Mr. McKinnon Wood being Chairman of the Local Government and Taxation Committee, which deals with advertisement matters.

Most unprejudiced readers of the debate on Mr. Boulnois's motion will agree with Mr. Burns that the seconder of the motion accurately described the situation when he said that "those who were responsible for the transactions in question had certainly, as he believed, allowed their better judgment to be warped by what he called their predelictions, and had been led into a false position in consequence." It is the merest moonshine to say that their interest in *London* did not bias certain Councillors in favour of *London* when advertisements were being given out; as nonsensical as it would be to charge Mr. Bunting or Mr. Massingham with corruption because they happen to be directors of a paper whose manager has done his best, within legitimate limits, to get official advertisements for *London*. I see no reason why persons who have a pecuniary interest in newspapers should be debarred from being members of the County Council, but such persons ought not to be upon the committee that decides how the large advertisement expenditure of the Council is to be allocated.

I am sending three guineas from the Pluck Fund, and a medal, to Nathaniel Berney, of Liverpool, to whose gallant rescue of a boy from the water and liquid mud of a pit bottom I have already referred. Berney is a married man, with a family dependent on him, and when in full work only makes a pound a week. He is suffering in health from the results of his heroic behaviour, and altogether the claims of his case are indisputable. I am also sending one guinea and a medal to David Adams, the engine-driver who showed much pluck and presence of mind in the Newtonmore accident; and a medal to Foreman Mugford, of Bristol, whose gallantry, I am pleased to learn, will be further rewarded by a subscription raised in Bristol itself.

But I am not allowed to place a medallion to Robert Evans, the miner who lost his life in rescuing his comrade, in the Baptist chapel of which he was a member. I am given to understand that the Baptist chapel does not want medallions, and does not want "to be troubled." Well, I am very sorry. If these people do not like pluck, do not appreciate self-sacrifice and heroism, there is very little to be said for them. Doubtless, they consider their own selfishness and narrowness sufficient adornment for their place of worship. I hope, in the meantime, that others will show more generosity. Subscriptions to the Pluck Fund are much wanted, and will

be gratefully acknowledged. The subscription dance in support of the Fund will be held in the Portland Rooms on December 14th, and the price of the tickets will be three shillings. Applications for tickets may be sent to this office, the envelopes being marked "Gallantry Fund." I wish to acknowledge the following subscriptions: Jack, 5s.; H. Deane, 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

The Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade sends me the following letter:—

Sir,—Your article charging us "anti-opium faddists" with an attempt to "hoodwink the English public," contains a serious misrepresentation which, I trust, you will allow me to point out. You say that the accusations brought by the three Bombay missionaries, for which they suffered imprisonment, "were proved to be lies." The fact is, that their statements respecting the prosecution were *not* proved to be truth. There is a wide difference between these two things, as must be plain to everyone. I may know perfectly well that a man is guilty of very bad conduct, and yet any prudent solicitor might warn me that if I published a statement to that effect I should be liable to be put in prison for defamation, because I might not be able to adduce satisfactory legal evidence in support of my statement. The magistrate who tried the first of the Bombay cases held that "the statement in the article regarding the mismanaging of these clubs appears true"; but he disbelieved the evidence which connected the prosecutor with this mismanagement, and therefore convicted them of libel. I feel sure you would not wish to overstate your charge, even against such contemptible people as anti-opiumists, and that you will therefore find room for this rectification.—Yours truly,

Joseph G. Alexander, Hon. Sec.

As comment upon the above, I content myself with quoting the following remarks made by the magistrate who tried the case:—

"I have dealt at very considerable length with the evidence of Amoo Mea, as he is *the* witness on whom the accused relies to prove the truth of the imputations made against the complainant. After very careful consideration of this evidence, I feel that, even if it were uncontradicted, I should be absolutely unable to rely upon it. The story which Amoo Mea now tells is, as I have already pointed out in detail, an entirely different tale from that which he told a few weeks ago. . . . I feel convinced that Amoo Mea's evidence is a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

"I am satisfied that the whole of the story . . . is a pure fabrication.

"Upon consideration of the evidence, I am irresistibly led to the conclusion that the statements made in the article complained of are, so far at least as the complainant is concerned, absolutely untrue. . . . In considering the punishment which I must inflict upon the accused, I cannot overlook the fact that he had the opportunity of withdrawing from this prosecution long ago upon tendering an apology to the complainant. Instead of doing so, he has chosen to attempt to substantiate the charges he made by evidence which he has frequently been warned is untrustworthy."

With the evidence before me I shall be delighted to go minutely into this case if Mr. Alexander invites me to do so. I imagine he will not. It throws a squalid light upon missionary morality in its worst form, and the anti-opium party would be better advised in hushing it up than in trying to bluff the English public with an emasculated and deceitful version of the facts.

H. W. writes me on two matters—firstly, as to the necessity for State control of vice, and as to this I quote his letter, as it proves that some of us keep our minds open to reason:—

"I feel I must write to thank you for the paragraphs you have written in To-Day on the necessity for State control of vice. You have quite brought me over to your view, from holding the opposite opinion. It may be I held that opinion from being disinclined to think it out for myself, and because one is naturally averse to countenancing (as any control would at first sight seem to do) vice in any way whatever. Besides, all those whom one had heard denounce such control were such as one would naturally respect, and whose opinion on other matters one would unhesitatingly follow. Whereas I had never heard your side argued before, except by those who seemed to be interested parties; for instance, such as one could well believe would prefer that opportunities for vice were more frequent and less dangerous, whereas it was quite a revelation to me—and doubtless would be to many others who had not troubled to think it out for themselves—to see it advocated from quite an opposite point of view; and, therefore, I feel I must express my gratitude to you for doing so."

From this, my correspondent goes on to argue in favour of the Bishop of Salisbury's plan for religious teaching in Board Schools, which is that the parents of children of each denomination should have the right to make the Board provide opportunities for their children to be taught the particular doctrine believed in by themselves. But would not parents who took any real interest in religion prefer to teach their children themselves? This is a parent's duty, not a parish question.

Wee Bittie Puzzled (Glasgow).—As you have only just begun reading To-Day you cannot understand my argument. If you will continue you will find that my attitude is perfectly consistent, and one with which I think—judging from your letter—you will agree. I believe in our helping one another, and persuading one another, and inducing one another towards good. But I object to our driving and forcing one another, I object to other people's virtue being forced upon me by aid of the policeman's bâton. Let me hear and choose for myself. Christ spoke to the hearts of men. He would never have suggested a law to forbid folks drinking wine at marriage feasts. He did not call in the aid of the Roman pikes to convert sinners. He never formed part of a deputation to Pontius Pilate to urge him to make people moral by Roman decree. Nor, to take up your second argument, is anything to be gained by shutting one's eyes to facts. I want you reformers to think as well as to talk. You must understand the world before you can move it. The laws of Nature are above your criticism. Study them and you will find a meaning in them.

Sailor's Wife asks me if I "think it is right for the steward of a ship to escort the stewardess ashore. The steward is a young married man, and the stewardess a young unmarried woman. He goes ashore with her when the ship is laying in dock. . . . He also has accepted her carte, and given her his in exchange. He has her carte hanging in his room, and has accepted presents from her. He has allowed her to sit in his room alone. He has gone walks with her when the ship was laying in (where he has his home), and then he says he can't see that there is anything out of place in all this, and seems to think his wife is narrow-minded for objecting to it."

Well, candidly, I think he is going too far. Friendship would be rational and proper, but to walk out with another lady while your wife is sitting at home is not gentlemanly, Mr. Steward. We cannot control our affections, but we owe courtesy where we have sworn to cherish, and not to pay it is vulgar and mean. But could not "Sailor's Wife" make herself so attractive as to cut out the stewardess? Sometimes I fancy that wives think the game of love is over with the marriage ceremony. Men play it till they are old. They would often play it with their wives—if their wives would help them.

S. Holmes S.—I cannot read your last name, and so give the initials. For the matter of that, I cannot altogether follow your arguments either. But the point which you seem to miss is that humorous stories are as likely as not to be humorous.

H. E. sends me a Welsh paper, containing three columns of disgusting details concerning an affiliation case. My correspondent points out that this particular paper is never tired of preaching morality, yet it never hesitates to sell dirt itself and to pocket the profits. This Welsh paper does not stand alone in its hypocrisy. One sees leading articles against gambling side by side with the latest betting news, and virtuous denunciation of living pictures opposite indecent advertisements. It irritates one at times.

J. Smith, of Smethwick, writes to tell me that he is an active, breathing and determined man. He appears to be a Socialistic gentleman, and tells me that "Some of us will be prepared to advise you, and *generally see to you.*" I don't know what this means, but it sounds bloodthirsty, especially when one remembers that the threat comes from a man who is not only active and determined, but breathing. The "arguments" of Socialists appear to be quite unanswerable.

F. H. A.—I cannot advise you unless you can entrust me (in strict confidence) with your own name and address, and the names of the firms to whom you refer. The action you have taken does not seem wise. Tyro.—A knowledge of Latin is utterly unnecessary for any practical purpose of life. The average journalist would do much better to study English. Latin, beyond what he can get from a sixpenny book of "Familiar Quotations," won't help him at all.

Armorial Bearings.—A license must be obtained for the use of armorial bearings by every person intending to use them; therefore it does not matter how many members of a family under the same roof have an engraved signet ring, each must have a license. As to note-paper, the case is different. All under the same roof are entitled to use the note-paper, the license for the crest on which has been paid by the head of the house, though even in this case the Board of Inland Revenue expect to be asked for permission.

G. C.—Neither of the two matters you refer to are my fault. The paper is published every Thursday, and if you find any difficulty in getting it on that day you should change your newsagent.

Anti-Humbug says that the house in which the Princess Alix resided while at Harrogate does *not* belong to a house decorator. He also assures me that it *has* a garden. It all depends upon what one means by a house decorator, and what one understands by a garden.

I have had the prettiest compliment imaginable. A reader of one of my books, evidently a poor man, has forwarded me, in proof of his gratitude, five shillings, together with a letter that is worth to me a good many five shillings. He puts no name or address in his letter, and he sends it with such an evidently kind and genuine intention that I would not return it if I could. I have added it to the Pluck Fund.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—George Alexander's unprecedented run of luck as a theatrical manager has broken at last. He never appeared to greater advantage than in *The Masqueraders*, and his performance in it was one of the, if not *the*, big attractions of the piece. Now, just when he comes back from tour, and the run has been resumed with every prospect of success, George has suddenly gone down before a bad attack of measles, made in Germany, and consequently a very bad sort. He will not be able to act again before Christmas, and meantime his place will be filled by that excellent actor, Leonard Boyne. A better substitute could not be found, so I hope the play will not suffer by the absence of Alexander, though to follow such an actor in a part that he has made so much his own must be a difficult and trying business.

John-a-Dreams is doing splendid business at the Haymarket. By the way, Chambers roughly finished his work before *Mrs. Tanqueray* saw the light, so the resemblance between the heroines is only accidental. The Ibsen influence, however, is clearly traceable, to my thinking, and what is more, the success of the big melodramatic third act proves, if it proves anything, that the Ibsen influence is dead. Kate Cloud's confession was Ibsen all over. The drugging scene came from the Adelphi. And the drugging scene was the big go.

When Tree goes to America he will not take Mrs. Patrick Campbell with him. Mrs. Tree will be his leading lady, and his company—a very strong one—will include Miss Hanbury, Lady Monckton, Miss Janet Steer, Nutcombe Gould, Edmund Maurice, and Lal Brough, who this week went off for a jaunt to Johannesburg, where he will give a two weeks' entertainment "on his own." He has timed himself to be back from South Africa three days before he sails with Tree for the States.

There was not standing room at the Criterion on the fiftieth night of *Rebellious Susan*, and the company got ovations. Charles Wyndham is the moving spirit in the attempt to unite theatrical managers against the County Council, and he is so energetic that his opposition is a thing to be counted with. From what I am able to gather, the managers cling to the censorship; not so much from love of it, but because they regard it as a safeguard against irresponsible interference. When they apply to Mr. Pigott for a license, nobody can come forward and oppose it; and when once they get the license, no matter what may be said or thought of the play it affects, the license is at once a justification and a shield. From a purely utilitarian point of view there is something to be said for this contention, and I can thoroughly understand a commercial, unambitious, unartistic manager dreading a change of masters. What does puzzle me is that a body of clever capable men like the theatrical managers of London cannot grasp the desirability of abolishing *all* control. Both from a moral and artistic point of view the common law that restrains indecency at the Royal Academy ought to be sufficient to serve the same useful purpose at the Haymarket or any other theatre. Theatrical managers, in common with everyone else, would laugh to scorn the idea of the Academy pictures being submitted to Mr. Pigott for inspection and approval before they were exhibited to the public. Yet the theatrical managers affect to believe that the pictures that they present on their own stages must always have a Censor's license. Surely they can have very little confidence in their own conception of propriety if they are afraid to face Lord Campbell's very simple Act without the countenance and sanction of the Chamberlain's official? Mind, I want you to distinctly understand that I do not perpetually urge the abolition of the censorship because I want to see the stage inundated with weird experimental dramas. There is no danger of anything of the sort. The Ibsen movement was not crushed by the Censor. The Independent Theatre did not languish because of the Censor. The paying public did not want either of them, and would not have them. The mind of the public is healthy and clean, and if the censorship were abolished to-morrow, no manager would dare risk offending the clean and healthy public. If he pandered for an instant to the morbid and the bestial his place of business would be ruined. Every manager in London knows this perfectly well. It is the Bayswater parson and the young lady of fifteen who make theatrical fortunes, and the manager knows this also.

My own longing for freedom is due to my general objection to what I consider an archaic revival, and to my individual belief that the art of the dramatist, like every other art, should be free from the restrictions of any one man's opinion. The drama, after all, is a form of literature, and no form of literature ever prospered and flourished unless it was free. Our drama has of late shown decided signs of a revival, but I believe that it is shackled, restrained, and repressed within artificial limits by the contrivance of the censorship. I am the last person in the world to wish for a libellous or libidinous drama. But I do claim for the drama that it should be as free as the sister arts, as free as the public speaker or the public press.

Talking of the Censor reminds me of "Owen Hall" who had such difficulties with his *Gaiety Girl* when first it came out. His new musical comedy is ready and will soon go into rehearsal at Daly's. The cast will include sweet Marie Tempest, Kate Cutler, Juliette Nesville, and Lottie Venne, Hayden Coffin, Eric Lewis, and very probably Charles Hawtrey.

W. S. Gilbert will write the next piece for the Lyric.

Don Quixote will be revived at the Prince of Wales, when *Claude Duval* is done with, and then will come Brookfield's burlesque, originally intended for the Gaiety, where *The Shop Girl*, written by Dam, and with music by Caryll, Adrian Ross, and Lionel Monckton, goes up on Saturday.

The arrangements at the George Edwardes' Syndicate of theatres are, you see, very complete.

Meantime *Little Christopher Columbus* still runs merrily at Terry's, where Alice Lethbridge will shortly join the cast, and the *Lady Slavey* is drawing good houses at the Avenue.

Mrs. John Wood has presented a really beautiful pearl and diamond bracelet to Miss Amy Abbot, who played the duchess so very excellently when Mrs. Wood was temporarily absent from Drury Lane. The *Derby Winner*, with Mrs. Wood, will move from the Lane to the Princess's on Boxing night. The *Derby Winner* will shortly be seen in both Germany and Austria, Sir Augustus Harris going himself to Vienna to see the show make a start, directly he has got through with the production of those little trifles—the pantomimes at Drury Lane and the Tyne, Newcastle.

The Trafalgar remains for the moment unlet, as the arrangements for a revival of a revised *Ivanhoe* have fallen through. There is not much else to tell you, except that the rumours concerning the respective suicides of about half the profession that were in full swing last week, were, and are all of them, untrue. Also, Albert Gilmour, lately acting manager at the Alhambra, having been killed several times by several papers, is alive and as well as can be expected after a sharp attack of typhoid.—Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

"TO-DAY," WINTER NUMBER,

NOW READY.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 79.

NELSON AND CO., THE GREAT TEA MEN.

My attention has been directed to a commotion in Homerton. The grocers of that not very picturesque suburb are in despair. Their trade in tea, about the most profitable thing they sell, is disappearing. It is going, and has gone, to new men—Nelson and Co.—persons who opened a shop at 1, High Street, Homerton, some three months ago. Unknown at that time, their business has since increased by leaps and bounds, as will be seen by the following statement of their sales given by themselves :—

1st week ...	129 lbs.	7th week ...	3,470¾ lbs.
2nd ,, ...	316 ,,	8th ,, ...	4,610 ,,
3rd ,, ...	817¾ ,,	9th ,, ...	5,620 ,,
4th ,, ...	1,265 ,,	10th ,, ...	6,624¼ ,,
5th ,, ...	2,077¼ ,,	11th ,, ...	7,553½ ,,
6th ,, ...	2,660¾ ,,	12th ,, ...	8,423½ ,,

I have reason to believe that the gross profit made by these people upon every pound of tea sold is over 9d. We will put it at 9d., which means that three months after opening a teashop in a workman's suburb, unknown men were able to make a gross weekly profit of £315.

How is it done? Is the tea of marvellous cheapness? Not at all. It is very ordinary tea, sold at the substantial price of 2s. per lb. It is a tea dear at 2s. per lb. What, then, is the secret of success? It is as simple as it is effective. Nelson and Co. appeal to the gambling instinct of the community. I have before me sundry papers, from which I take the heading to this article, and the announcements which follow :—

The First 100,000 Customers in London

will be

Presented with £10 each,

as an

Advertisement to make our Tea known.

The only positive condition attached is that you shall buy not less that ¼ lb. of tea per week from Nelson and Co. Each customer is expected to persuade others to go to Nelson and Co., but no actual proof in the way of orders is required. It seems, however, to have occurred to the Nelsons that a suspicious public might consider it a mockery to promise them a £10 note when, and only when, a single firm, unknown a few weeks ago, has 100,000 customers. And so we have the bird in the hand as well as the two in the bush—

> "There will be twenty ballots every week for £5 each during the time we sell the tea, and those who have £5 by ballot will only have £5 when the tea is sold. The first ballot commences when 5,000 customers are to hand."

The firm got their 5,000 customers weeks ago, and since then the ballots have been going on merrily. On last Saturday no fewer than ten ballots were drawn, which must be taken to mean that Nelson and Co. have over 50,000 customers in London. The bait of the £5 note, for which anybody may have a draw who purchases not less than four ounces of tea each week from Nelson and Co., has taken. Many of the grocers, not only of Homerton, but of Hackney and of other districts, find that their sales of tea have dwindled to little or nothing. They have still plenty of customers for their sugar, upon which there is no profit—Nelson and Co. sell nothing but tea—but they are no longer asked for the article which is amongst the most profitable they trade in.

The wrong done to the tradesmen of the district is plain and gross. This is not fair competition, and ought not to be allowed. If Nelson and Co. are to be left alone I can see no limit to the mischief that may be worked. They are raking in the dollars, and they will soon have imitators, not only in the tea business, but in others. The poor man must buy his bit of meat, his loaf of bread, his cwt. of coal as well as his packet of tea, and the chance, however small it be, of a five-pound note will appeal to him with the same force whether it is his butcher, or his grocer, who offers it.

Are Nelson and Co. going beyond the law? Speaking with the humility befitting a layman, it seems to me that they are. The nearest case I can find in the books is that of Taylor v. Smetten. Here a man erected a tent in which he sold packets, each containing one pound of tea, at 2s. 6d. per packet. In each packet was a coupon entitling the purchaser to a prize, and this was publicly stated by the seller before the sale. But the purchasers did not know until after the sale what prizes they were entitled to, and the prizes varied in character and value. The case came before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction in Darlington, and the justices were of opinion that although every packet of tea contained a coupon entitling the purchaser to a prize, yet there was a chance or uncertainty as to the value of such prizes, and such chance or uncertainty constituted a lottery, and was in contravention of 42 Geo. III., c. 119. The case was carried to the Queen's Bench, where it was held—the judgment of the Court being that of Field and Hawkins, J.J.—that what the seller did constituted a lottery within the meaning of the Statute.

It seems to the layman's mind that if selling tea under such conditions brought the seller within the Lottery Acts, Nelson and Co. do not escape them. Taylor, in enclosing and announcing the enclosure of coupon in the packet of tea, did so with a view to induce persons to become purchasers, and realize a profit to himself. So Nelson and Co., in giving the right to every customer to ballot for a £5 note, do so with a view to induce persons to become purchasers, and realize a profit to themselves. And so with the purchasers of the tea sold by Taylor; the customer bought it with the chance of getting something of value by way of a prize, which is precisely what the purchaser does who buys Nelson and Co's. tea and ballots for the £5 note. It is true that in Taylor's case, the customer had no idea what the prize might be, whilst at Homerton he knows it. But in the one case, as in the other, the words of Mr. Justice Hawkins apply—"In making his purchase he (the purchaser) exercised no choice—what he got he got without any option or action of his own will—but as the result of mere chance or accident." What is the definition of a lottery as defined by Johnson and Webster, and accepted by Justices Hawkins and Field? It is a "distribution of prizes by lot or chance." What is it at Homerton but that?

I may be told that Nelson and Co. offer £10, and that the condition of the payment of this £10 is service. He who wins it has to be a customer of the firm, and to work for the firm in getting orders, and the payment of the £10 is simply a commission. That might be an answer if there were no ballots, but here we have to do, not with £10 that may or may not be paid in the future for service rendered, but with £5 paid now for no service. You buy your few ounces of tea, for which you give a price which Nelson and Co. say represents its value, and that alone entitles you to ballot for these £5 notes. Here there is no service whatsoever, no obligation upon the part of the successful balloter even to remain a customer, much less to get other customers. I commend this matter to the attention of the authorities of Scotland Yard.

If, upon examination, it is found that the law as it stands does not prohibit such devices as those to which Nelson and Co. have so successfully resorted, I am confident that Mr. Asquith will see the necessity for bringing in and carrying an amended Bill next session. It cannot be right that the trade of an immense district should be disorganised by such devices as those to which Nelson and Co. have resorted.

CLUB CHATTER.

By the death of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, the Turf loses one of its staunchest adherents. It was not until her marriage with Mr. Stirling Craufurd that the deceased Duchess took an active interest in racing, but she immediately became one of the most prominent figures in the world of sport. It was her great desire to win as many important races as she could, and sore was her disappointment when time after time her horses just failed to capture a classic event.

It would be impossible to say, with any degree of certainty, the total sum the Duchess spent on the Turf. It must have been an enormous one, as Her Grace was most lavish in her expenditure when she required fresh bloodstock, and no one entered horses with a freer hand. Perhaps the greatest misfortune—so far as racing goes—the Duchess met with was when Isonomy died in 1891, at the early age of 16. The horse had been bought for 9,000 gs., and at the time of his death must have been worth nearly £30,000.

It is difficult to describe the excitement which prevailed in 1888, when the news leaked out that Her Grace—then 70 years of age—had married Mr. Henry Milner, who was at that time only 24. The assumed name of "Mr. Manton" was then dropped, and Her Grace's horses ran in the name of her husband. However, during the Goodwood meeting of 1893, the Duchess again took over the entire management of her bloodstock, and it must be admitted that since then she "placed" them with remarkable success.

As is well known, the Duchess of Montrose would not brook interference in matters relating to racing, and the trainer who had charge of her horses must have gone through a strange experience. It was no uncommon thing, too, for Her Grace to be heard soundly rating the jockey who had been riding one of her horses. When Fred Archer was at the zenith of his fame, the Duchess wished him to take charge of her racing stud, but the famous jockey declined, although he was always willing to ride the horses in public.

Mr. Henry Milner is a cousin of Sir Frederick Milner, M.P. He was educated at Wellington College and Trinity College, Cambridge. At the first-named place he made a great reputation as an athlete, winning the School Challenge Cup three times in succession. He also became a great cricketer, and even now he frequently participates in a game, and his left-handed bowling has lost little of its sting. On leaving Cambridge Mr. Milner entered the office of Messrs. Bourke, Sandys and Co. but he left the City on his marriage with the Duchess of Montrose.

A little incident which occurred a year or so ago proved what a strong-minded woman the Duchess was. Her intimate friends were greatly surprised one day by seeing Her Grace shopping in a green velvet costume. Now the tradition of the House of Montrose says, "A Graham in green should never be seen," and that members of the clan were always shot or stabbed in battle through the green of their tartans.

I am at a loss to understand why the Anti-Gambling League went down to Whitehall the other day to discuss their position with the Home Secretary. They fought the Northampton race committee, and practically won; and further, I take it, they are aware that both Mr. Justice Hawkins and Lord Russell, when asked for a friendly opinion by the Jockey Club, agreed that a betting enclosure on any racecourse was illegal. The League have been talking a good deal about prosecuting the Jockey Club, but they have let the season slip by, and have done nothing. They must surely know that the whole law relating to betting would be finally settled if they took this step; for it is certain that in case of a conviction the Jockey Club would appeal, and appeal again, till the whole matter was settled for ever.

But Mr. Hawke and the inevitable Canon Scott Holland are aware of the fact that their task is a hopeless one. If I were asked to name any sense that the end of the nineteenth century had added to the "five watchful ones" of Milton, I should say gambling. But the League are optimists. They seem to think the day is coming when the hoisting of the numbers is going to excite just a mild flutter of interest among racegoers, which will immediately give way to a yearning desire to get back to the music of the military band, and the seductions of afternoon tea. If the League were genuine in their efforts they would at once admit that they dare go no further in the face of public opinion, and that instead of calling on the Home Secretary to get a new Act passed they should wait outside while the Sporting League addressed the Home Secretary with a view to getting the existing law on the subject repealed.

No man of the world can possibly imagine that the day is to come when there is to be no betting on racecourses; and as long as there is betting the newspapers will publish the odds. If betting were suppressed to-morrow, racing would cease to exist, for the racegoer supports the races, and his principal object in going is to bet. What would be the result if Mr. Hawke and his friends were to win? There are, roughly, 5,000 horses in training, and a stable lad is required for every horse. A horse in training costs about 50s. a week, a pound of which goes in food, half a sovereign to the lad, and the remainder to the trainer. Suppress betting to-morrow and millions of money are thrown idle.

Go further. What would happen to railway dividends, for the heaviest and best paying traffic of the year to all the principal companies is supplied by the race specials. Then take the hard-pressed hotel keepers and restaurateurs, to say nothing of local cabmen all over England, whose golden harvest is reaped during the race week. Admitting then that Mr. Hawke knows that betting, and the publication of betting odds cannot be stopped, what is the use of harassing race committees? Of the 35,000,000 odd who make up the population of this country, there is an average of about 10,000 on racecourses on any day. The great bulk of the betting is carried on in clubs of all standings and conditions. When the tape announces the starters the betting is just as free in hundreds of places throughout England as on the race courses, and when the "off" clicks out there is as much craning of necks over these machines as there is on the grand stand to see the finish.

Mr. Asquith spoke of local option, but I cannot see how this is to work. Are the good people of Horley to veto the meeting at Gatwick, considering that the races are held in some adjacent fields with a special station for racegoers who never trouble the village, and who arrive and depart without seeing it. And the same argument applies to Plumpton, Lingfield, and half a dozen other meetings. What I would suggest is that the local inhabitants were the proprietors of the various race courses, and that the profits should be disposed of for their benefit, as in the case of Brighton, which owes some of its greatest attractions to the success of its race meeting. To this end I would support the establishment of the *Pari mutuel*, and deduct a certain per centage of the profits for the benefit of the rates.

The Rugby County Championship is not likely to go to Lancashire this season, the cause being, not inferiority in play, but the suspension of clubs for pro-

fessionalism, from whom the County Palatine drew some of its best players. It is quite possible—nay, indeed, probable—that the Lancashire competition may fall to pieces altogether. Swinton, Rochdale Hornets, and others have to clear themselves from the charges brought against them, or suffer the penalty. As regards the County Championship, Yorkshire has beaten Northumberland and Durham. In the West, it will be a close thing between Devon and Somerset, but I expect the former to come out at the top. Kent and Surrey will fight out the battle for divisional honours in the South. On the whole, therefore, the chances of Yorkshire seem to be the most rosy, unless unexpected developments occur.

Sunderland have always been my favourites for the League Championship, and at last they have virtually reached the top of the League table, for though Everton have a single point to the good, Sunderland have a match in hand. Everton's show at Liverpool, where they could only make a draw with their local rivals, is an instance of the in-and-out form so unaccountable in football. Liverpool have won but one match in the competition out of 14, whereas Everton have won 8 out of 12, yet the "Toffee" men failed where almost every other League club has succeeded. The shuffling of the cards has improved the position of the Blackburn Rovers, although they had a bit of a fright from Burnley at Ewood Park. Small Heath are improving, and their victory over Aston Villa will do a good deal to inspire them with renewed confidence. Bolton, as usual, were again defeated. Derby County are at the bottom of the table, but I shall expect them to soon rise from that position.

The Southern League is progressing, and the competition is becoming interesting. The latest surprise was the draw between St. Mary's Southampton (what a name!) and Millwall Athletic. So far the "Dockers" had proved irresistible, but their victorious career has received a check. I have not the high opinion of Millwall which some people have; in fact, I should not be surprised if to-day (Saturday) New Brompton put them out of the English Cup.

We shall shortly see a curious football match. The New Woman is going in for football under "Socker" rules, and I am informed that a team is in course of formation. We have lady cyclists, lady swimmers, lady cricketers, and why not lady footballers? One thing troubles me, and that is, what is to be the costume of the players? Skirts are out of the question. A description of the game would be curious. Would a lady player like to be called "forward" and very "fast." It would sound like an insult to call her a "full back."

The opening of the Stanley Show this week is an event of considerable importance to cyclists. It is strange that, in spite of the opposition of the more wealthy and important section of trade, the Stanley Show not merely holds its own, but is this year the largest ever held under the auspices of the Stanley Cycling Club. The cause for this is the un-English boycott instituted by the adherents of the opposition show at the Crystal Palace. The feeling roused by their unfair tactics has gained for the Stanley the sympathy of both the cycling and general public.

The Major.

BINGHAM and CO.,

TAILORS & MILITARY OUTFITTERS,

29, Conduit St., Bond St.,

LONDON.

THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

QUALITY and AGE GUARANTEED BY

UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR.

Stenhouse

This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

WM. STENHOUSE & CO.,

WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

TAKLIS! What is Taklis?

WHY TAKLIS IS REQUIRED BY EVERY GENTLEMAN.

The Marvellous SILK HAT RENOVATOR. No ironing required. Unaffected by rain.

1s. box, including velvet pad and tube of TAKLIS, post free, 1s. 2d., from

The TAKLIS CO., 33, Greese Street, London, W.

TADDY & Co's

"MYRTLE GROVE" CIGARETTES.

COOL. SWEET. FRAGRANT.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. E. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

CALLED to a General Council of Officers at Divisional Headquarters the next day, Brant had little time for further speculation regarding his strange quest, but a remark from the Division Commander that he preferred to commit the general plan of a movement then under discussion to their memories rather than to written orders in the ordinary routine, seemed to show that his chief still suspected the existence of a spy. He therefore told him of his late interview with Miss Faulkner, and her probable withdrawal in favour of a mulatto neighbour. The Division Commander received the information with indifference.

"They're much too clever to employ a hussy like that, who shows her hand at every turn—either as a spy or a messenger of spies—and the mulattoes are too stupid, to say nothing of their probable fidelity to us. No, General, if we are watched, it is by an eagle, and not a mocking-bird. Miss Faulkner has nothing worse about her than her tongue; and there isn't the nigger blood in the whole South that would risk a noose for her, or for any of their masters or mistresses!"

It was, therefore, perhaps, with some mitigation of his usual critical severity that he saw her walking before him alone in the lane as he rode home to quarters. She was apparently lost in a half-impatient, half-moody reverie, which even the trotting hoof-beats of his own and his orderly's horse had not disturbed. From time to time she struck the myrtle hedge beside her with the head of a large flower which hung by its stalk from her listless hands, or held it to her face as if to inhale its perfume. Dismissing his orderly by a side path he rode gently forward, but, to his surprise, without turning, or seeming to be aware of his presence, she quickened her pace, and even appeared to look from side to side for some avenue of escape. If only to end matters, he was obliged to ride quickly forward to her side, where he threw himself from his horse, flung the reins on his arm, and began to walk beside her. She at first turned a slightly flushed cheek away from him, and then looked up with a purely simulated start of surprise.

"I am afraid," he said, gently, "that I am the first to break my own orders in regard to any intrusion on your privacy. But I wanted to ask you if I could give you any aid whatever in the change you think of making."

He was quite sincere—had been touched by her manifest disturbance, and, despite his masculine relentlessness of criticism, he had an intuition of feminine suffering that was in itself feminine.

"Meaning, that you are in a hurry to get rid of me," she said, curtly, without raising her eyes.

"Meaning that I only wish to expedite a business which I think is unpleasant to you, but which I believe you have undertaken from selfish devotion."

The scant expression of a reserved nature is sometimes more attractive to women than the most fluent vivacity. Possibly there was also a melancholy grace in this sardonic soldier's manner that affected her, for she looked up, and said, impulsively—

"You think so?"

But he met her eager eyes with some surprise.

"I certainly do," he replied, more coldly. "I can imagine your feelings on finding your uncle's home in the possession of your enemies, and your presence under the family roof only a sufferance. I can hardly believe it a pleasure to you, or a task you would have accepted for yourself alone."

"But," she said, turning towards him wickedly, "what if I did it only to excite my revenge; what if I knew it would give me courage to incite my people to carry the war into *your* own homes; to make *you* of the North feel as I feel, and taste our bitterness?"

"I could easily understand that, too," he returned, with listless coldness, "although I don't admit that revenge is an unmixed pleasure, even to a woman."

"A woman!" she repeated, indignantly. "There is no sex in a war like this."

"You are spoiling your flower," he said, quietly. "It is very pretty, and a native one, too; *not* an invader, or even transplanted. May I look at it?"

She hesitated, half-recoiling for an instant, and her hand trembled. Then, suddenly and abruptly, she said, with a hysteric little laugh, "Take it, then," and almost thrust it in his hand.

It certainly was a pretty flower, not unlike a lily in appearance, with a bell-like cup and long anthers covered with a fine, pollen like red dust. As he lifted it to his face, to inhale its perfume, she uttered a slight cry, and snatched it from his hand.

"There!" she said, with the same nervous laugh. "I knew you would; I ought to have warned you. The pollen comes off so easily, and leaves a stain. And you've got some on your cheek. Look!" she continued, taking her handkerchief from her pocket, and wiping his cheek; "see there!" The delicate cambric showed a blood-red streak.

"It grows in a swamp," she continued in the same excited strain, "we call it dragon's teeth—like the kind that was sown in the story, you know. We children used to find it, and then paint our faces and lips with it. We called it our rouge. I was almost tempted to try it again when I found it just now. It took me back so to the old times."

Following her odd manner rather than her words, as she turned her face towards him suddenly, Brant was inclined to think that she had tried it already—so scarlet was her cheek. But it presently paled again under his cold scrutiny.

"You must miss the old times," he said calmly. "I am afraid you found very little of them left, except in these flowers."

"And hardly there," she said bitterly. "Your troops had found a way through the marsh, and had trampled down the bushes."

Brant's brow clouded. He remembered that the brook which had run red during the fight, had lost itself

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in this marsh. It did not increase his liking for this beautiful but blindly vicious animal at his side, and even his momentary pity for her was fading fast. She was incorrigible. They walked on for a few moments in silence.

"You said," she began at last in a gentler and even hesitating voice, "that your wife was a Southern woman."

He checked an irritated start with difficulty.

"I believe I did," he said coldly, as he regretted it.

"And of course you taught her *your* gospel—the gospel according to St. Lincoln. Oh, I know," she went on hurriedly, as if conscious of his irritation and seeking to allay it. "She was a woman and loved you, and thought with *your* thoughts and saw only with *your* eyes. Yes—that's the way with us—I suppose we all do it?" she added bitterly.

"She had her own opinions," said Brant briefly, as he recovered himself.

Nevertheless his manner so decidedly closed all further discussion that there was nothing left for the young girl but silence. But it was broken by her in a few moments in her old contemptuous voice and manner.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to accompany me any further, General Brant. Unless, of course, you are afraid I may come across some of your—your soldiers. I promise you I won't eat them."

"I am afraid you must suffer my company a little longer, Miss Faulkner, on account of those same soldiers," returned Brant gravely. "You may not know that this road, in which I find you, takes you through a cordon of pickets. If you were alone you would be stopped, questioned, and failing to give the pass-word, you would be detained, sent to the guard-house, and——" he stopped and fixed her eyes on her keenly as he added, "and searched."

"You would not dare to search a woman!" she said indignantly, although her flush gave way to a slight pallor.

"You said just now that there should be no sex in a war like this," returned Brant carelessly, but without abating his scrutinising gaze.

"Then it *is* War?" she said quickly, with a white significant face.

SHE UTTERED A CRY.

His look of scrutiny turned to one of puzzled wonder. But at the same moment there was the flash of a bayonet in the hedge, a voice called "halt," and a soldier stepped into the road.

General Brant advanced, met the salute of the picket with a few formal words, and then turned towards his fair companion, as another soldier and a Sergeant joined the group.

"Miss Faulkner is new to the camp, took the wrong turning, and was unwittingly *leaving* the lines when I joined her." He fixed his eyes intently on her now colourless face, but she did not return his look. "You will show her the shortest way to quarters," he continued to the Sergeant, "and should she at any time again lose her way, you will again conduct her home—but without detaining or reporting her."

He lifted his cap, remounted his horse, and rode away, as the young girl, with a proud, indifferent step, moved down the road with the Sergeant. A mounted officer passed him and saluted—it was one of his own staff. From some strange instinct, he knew that he had witnessed the scene, and from some equally strange intuition he was annoyed by it. But he continued his way, visiting one or two outposts, and returned by a long detour to his quarters. As he stepped upon the verandah he saw Miss Faulkner at the bottom of the garden talking with someone across the hedge. By the aid of his glass he could recognise the shapely figure of the mulatto woman which he had seen before. But by its aid he also discovered that she was carrying a flower exactly like the one which Miss Faulkner still held in her hand. Had she been with Miss Faulkner in the lane—and if so, why had she disappeared when he came up? Impelled by something stronger than mere curiosity, he walked quickly down the garden, but she evidently had noticed him, for she as quickly disappeared. Not caring to meet Miss Faulkner again, he retraced his steps, resolving that he would, on the first opportunity, personally examine and interrogate this new visitor. For if she were to take Miss Faulkner's place in a subordinate capacity—this precaution was clearly within his rights.

He re-entered his room and seated himself at his desk before the despatches, orders, and reports awaiting him. He found himself, however, working half-mechanically and recurring to his late interview with Miss Faulkner in the lane. If she had any inclination to act the spy, or to use her position here as a means of communicating with the enemy's lines, he thought he had thoroughly frightened her. Nevertheless now, for the first time, he was inclined to accept his Chief's opinion of her. She was not only too clumsy and inexperienced, but she totally lacked the self-restraint of a spy. Her nervous agitation in the lane was due to something more disturbing than his mere possible intrusion upon her confidences with the mulatto. The significance of her question, "Then it *is* War?" was at best a threat, and that implied hesitation. He recalled her strange allusion to his wife; was it merely the outcome of his own foolish confession on their first interview, or was it a concealed ironical taunt? Being satisfied, however, that she was not likely to imperil his public duty in any way, he was angry with himself for speculating further. But although he still felt towards her the same antagonism she had at first provoked, he was conscious that she was beginning to exercise a strange fascination over him.

HE TOOK OUT A SMALL DESPATCH-BOX.

Dismissing her at last with an effort, he finished his work and then rose, and unlocking a closet, took out a small despatch-box, to which he intended to entrust a few more important orders and memoranda. As he opened it with a key on his watch-chain, he was struck with a faint perfume that seemed to come from it—a perfume that he remembered. Was it the smell of the flower that Miss Faulkner carried, or the scent of the handkerchief with which she had wiped his cheek—or a mingling of both? Or was he under some spell to think of that wretched girl—and her witchlike flower? He leaned over the box and suddenly started. Upon the outer covering of a despatch was a singular blood-red streak! He examined it closely—it was the powdery stain of the lily pollen—exactly as he had seen it on her handkerchief.

There could be no mistake. He passed his finger over the stain—he could still feel the slippery, impalpable powder of the pollen. It was not there when he had closed the box that morning, it was impossible that it should be there unless the box had been opened in his absence. He re-examined the contents of the box; the papers were all there. More than that—they were papers of no importance except to him personally; contained no plans nor key to any military secret; he had been far too wise to entrust any to the accidents of this alien house. The prying intruder, whoever it was, had gained nothing! But there was unmistakably *the attempt!* And the existence of a would-be spy within the purlieus of the house was equally clear.

He called an officer from the next room.

"Has anyone been here since my absence?"

"No, General."

"Has anyone passed through the hall?"

He had fully anticipated the answer, as the subaltern replied—"Only the women servants."

He re-entered the room. Closing the door, he again carefully examined the box, his table, the papers upon it, the chair before it, and even the Chinese matting on the floor, for any further indication of the pollen. It hardly seemed possible that anyone could have entered the room with the flower in their hand without scattering some of the tell-tale dust elsewhere; it was too large a flower to be worn on the breast or in the hair. Again, no one would have dared to linger there long enough to have made an examination of the box—with an officer in the next room—and the servants passing. The box had been removed, and the examination made elsewhere!

An idea seized him. Miss Faulkner was still absent—the mulatto had apparently gone home. He quickly mounted the staircase, but instead of entering his room, turned suddenly aside into the wing which had been reserved. The first door yielded as he turned its knob gently and entered a room which he at once recognised as the "young lady's boudoir." But the dusty and draped furniture had been arranged and uncovered—and the apartment had every sign of present use. Yet,

although there was every evidence of its being used by a person of taste and refinement, he was surprised to see that the garments hanging in an open press were such as were used by negro servants, and that a gaudy handkerchief such as housemaids used for turbans was lying on the pretty silken coverlet. He did not linger over these details, but cast a rapid glance round the room. Then his eyes became fixed on a fanciful writing-desk, which stood by the window. For in a handsome vase, placed on its level top, and drooping on a portfolio below hung a cluster of the very flowers that Miss Faulkner had carried!

(To be continued.)

A QUEER BODY OF TROOPS.

BY

FRED WHISHAW.

Illustration by Ernest Goodwin.

Probably the most extraordinary corps that ever existed upon the face of the earth was that known as the "Guards" of Catharine the Great, of Russia. This body of troops was nominally recruited from the "minor nobility," or small landowners of the country, a class with whom the Empress was anxious to remain upon good terms. The Guards were, therefore, left very much to themselves, and, in the last years of her reign, Catharine allowed them to do exactly what they liked. This is what happened. In the first place, there were no privates at all, or very few, though the pay for a full complement was regularly served out to those who were responsible for its distribution, and who, doubtless, knew very well what to do with the money. In the second place, there being no drills or parades, and no one to drill, the officers had nothing to do, excepting to draw their pay, which they did with military punctuality as soon as pay-day came round. Now, this was all very well, and if matters had remained so the country would not have been much the poorer.

AWAY WENT THE PERAMBULATORS.

But it occurred to one of the senior officers, who happened to be the father of a large family of sons, to enter all his boys as subalterns, though the eldest was but sixteen and the youngest but eleven. This was a grand idea, and the Major's example was quickly followed. All the officers whose sons had reached the age of eleven years entered the names of these as officers of the Guards, their pay dating from the day of entry, and promotion proceeding in the usual way.

But soon those whose sons were fine boys of eight and nine began to feel aggrieved that these promising warriors should be required to wait several years for their commissions, and in a very short while young gentlemen of eight were enrolled as officers of the Imperial Guard.

But if eight—why not seven, and even six and five? The ball, once started, was bound to roll down to the bottom of the hill, and *five* was for a while—a very short while!—the limit of age for the issuing of Commissions.

Needless to say, the farce did not end here. It soon came to this, that children of "minor nobility" parentage were enrolled as active officers from the very day of their birth, their parents encashing pay for them as the proper day came round, with a punctuality and regularity which did them infinite credit as conscientious and dutiful fathers and mothers of the little warriors.

But even this was not enough.

Presently it became the custom to provide newly-married couples with blank commissions, which were filled out with the names of *prospective officers*—young gentlemen who were not born yet, and might never be born, but who, nevertheless, figured as officers of the Guards, and were entitled to pay and promotion, as such, *from the date of their parents' marriage.*

Consequently the country was filled, in a few years, with young captains of two or three, majors of four, and colonels of eight and nine. Young gentlemen of ten years of age retired into private life as full colonels, and with the full pensions of their rank.

Bad as this was, however, it was, nevertheless better than that they should remain in the service, as some did, and insist, through their influential parents, upon being presented to the Colonelcy of some regiment of the line, over the heads of veterans of a life's service, and of experience and knowledge in their profession.

To the hopeless confusion and terrible scandal of this state of things, the sudden death of Catharine put a timely end; for her successor, Paul, was a keen soldier, and had long viewed with wrath and indignation the crying evils existing in the so-called Imperial Guards of his mother. The first act of the new Emperor was to call a review of the corps. Every officer, of whatever age, and without exception, was commanded by proclamation, under pains and penalties, to attend a grand parade on the day appointed for the function. And what a review was that!

Little captains of two, or of one year old, came puling and whining into the field in their mother's arms. Majors were wheeled upon the ground in perambulators, or toddled in, holding their nurses by the hand. Baby lieutenants in swaddling clothes were hushed to sleep in every direction that the eye could rest, some sending apologies for non-attendance on the plea that they had not yet had time to be born. Colonels, not yet in their teens, walked about with frightened looks and scared

faces, asking one another where they ought to stand, and on which side their swords should hang!

A list was read. Some answered their names, and some did not, because they could not. Others did not, for the simple reason that the names represented young gentlemen who had not as yet put in an appearance in this Vale of Tears.

Then Paul commenced the process of weeding, and a pretty process it was! Those who were ignorant of military duty or too young to perform such duty, even if they had known it, were struck off the roll. Away went the perambulators and the nurses; away went the toddling majors and the tiny colonels and captains; and, lo! when the parade was over, and the corps had been overhauled and weeded of its incompetent elements, there remained upon the field a half-dozen or so of veteran officers standing around their frowning sovereign—the Guardless Emperor of all the Russias. As for Catharine's Imperial Guards—save for here and there a derelict perambulator, or a baby's bottle lost in the hurry of departure—there was not a trace of them.

MRS. OSCAR WILDE AT HOME.

Like her husband, poet, playwright and wit, Mrs. Oscar Wilde may be truly called an apostle of the beautiful. She has in a quiet and unobtrusive manner made everything that concerns the beautifying of the home a special study, and her exquisite embroidery and needlework is appreciated by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, although she has never yet been persuaded to exhibit anything in one of the many yearly "shows" which make a speciality of the blending of the arts and crafts.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilde have set up their household gods in one of the prettiest corners of old Chelsea, within a stone's-throw of the Walk once paced by the Sage of Chelsea and Jeannie Welsh Carlyle, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and George Eliot.

There is an utter lack of so-called æsthetic colouring in the house of which Mrs. Oscar Wilde is mistress; the scheme consisting, as it does, of faded and delicate brocades, against a background of white or cream painting, is French rather than English.

Rare engravings and etchings form a deep frieze along two sides of the drawing-room, and stand out on a dull gold background, and the only touches of bright colour in the apartment are lent by two splendid Japanese feathers let into the ceiling, while, above the white, carved mantelpiece, a gilt-copper *bas-relief*, by Donaghue, makes living Mr. Oscar Wilde's fine verses, "Requiescat."

To most of Mrs. Oscar Wilde's visitors not the least interesting work of art in this characteristic sitting-room is a quaint harmony in greys and browns, purporting to be a portrait of the master of the house as a youth; this painting was a wedding present from Mr. Harper Pennington, the American artist, and is much prized by the wife of the original.

Even apart from this picture, Mrs. Wilde can boast of an exceptionally choice gallery of contemporary art. Close to a number of studies of Venice, presented by Mr. Whistler himself, hangs an exquisite pen-and-ink illustration by Walter Crane. An etching of Bastien Le Page's portrait of Sarah Bernhardt contains in the margin a few kindly words written in English by the great *tragedienne*.

MRS. OSCAR WILDE.

"I scarcely think myself competent to say much on decoration," observed my hostess, modestly. "Of course, those matters are so much questions of sentiment and feeling. I am, personally, often struck by the amount of over-decoration that is now the rule, rather than the exception in many houses."

"Then you think that the amateur decorator should always aim at simplicity?"

"Certainly," she replied, thoughtfully; "no one who has not tried them knows the value of uniform tints and a quiet scheme of colouring. One of the most effective effects in house decoration can be obtained by leaving, say, the sitting-room, pure cream or white, with, perhaps, a dado of six or seven feet from the ground. In an apartment of this kind, ample colouring and variety will be introduced by the furniture, engravings, and carpet; in fact, but for the trouble of keeping white walls in London clean, I do not think there can be anything prettier and more practical than this mode of decoration, for it is both uncommon and easy to carry out. I am not one of those," continued Mrs. Wilde, "who believe that beauty can only be achieved at considerable cost. A cottage parlour may be, and often is, more beautiful, with its unconsciously achieved harmonies and soft colouring, than a great reception-room, arranged more with a view to producing a magnificent effect. But, I repeat, of late, people, in their wish, to decorate their homes, have blended various periods, colourings, and designs, each perhaps beautiful in itself, but producing an unfortunate effect when

placed in juxtaposition. I object also to historic schemes of decoration, which nearly always make one think of the upholsterer, and not of the owner of the house."

"I believe that flowers are now playing a very great part in decoration?"

"Yes, but it is possible to have too many flowers in a room, and I think that scattering cut blossoms on a table-cloth is both a foolish and a cruel custom, for long before dinner is over the poor things begin to look painfully parched and thirsty for want of water. A few delicate flowers in plain glass vases produce a prettier effect than a great number of nosegays, and yet, even though people may see that something is wrong many do not realise how easily a charming effect might be produced with the same materials, somewhat differently disposed."

"And what do you think of the present craze for Japanese art?"

Mrs. Wilde smiled.

"I wonder how many people know that the greater number of cheap Japanese fans and screens, to say nothing of trays, etc., etc., sold in this country, are specially made for the English market. That this is so, is easily proved to anyone who knows anything of Japanese life. The Japs have a horror of a black background, and all their work is done in light, pale colourings. Again, a Japanese native room is furnished with dainty simplicity, and one flower and one pot supply the Jap's æsthetic longing for decoration. When he gets tired of his flower and his pot, he puts them away, and seeks for some other scheme of colour produced by equally simple means. As for fans, they are, of course, in Japan made for use and not for show. I think that even if people would only try to see that the articles they have in daily use are beautiful, and devoted a little less time to simply buying useless nick-nacks, whose only *raison dêtre* is their supposed artistic worth, the problem of many a would-be House Beautiful would be solved."

"I believe, Mrs. Wilde, that you do a good deal of embroidery."

"Yes, but I do not claim to have any special ideas on the subject. I am, just now, anxious to learn Chinese needlework, such very beautiful effects seem to be produced by its means.

"And do you think that such an exhibition as the Arts and Crafts is of much use from a practical point of view?"

"The Arts and Crafts Exhibitions seem to serve two purposes. They produce emulation amongst the workers, and awaken curiosity and latent artistic instincts among the general public, and I should imagine that the exhibitions are of unmixed good, if sufficient time is allowed for the production of new and original work. I speak as an entire outsider, one to whom all decorative work, whatever form it may take, is intensely interesting, and who consequently thoroughly enjoys these exhibitions."

An interesting glimpse into Mrs. Oscar Wilde's tastes and surroundings is afforded by a glance through her autograph-book, a plain little volume cased in a charming book-cover made by herself. From the dedicatory verses on the first page, written by the author of "Salomé" to his wife:—

"I can write no stately proem,
As a prelude to my lay;
From a poet to a poem,
That is all I say."

to the last of the many characteristic utterances contained therein, every signature gives food for thought, and, oftener than not, reveals something of the writer.

"Our greatest happiness should be found in the happiness of others," declares Mr. G. F. Watts, the great painter, whose work has brought joy to so many. Sir Edwin Arnold drops into poetry with some pretty lines. George Meredith writes his little poem, "Love is winged for two." Sturdy independence is equally shown in the round, frank caligraphy of Robert Browning, and the more delicate American handwriting of Mark Twain; and under some ardently patriotic forecasts signed T. P. O'Connor. Mr. Arthur James Balfour dryly remarks, "Of all exercise of the human intelligence political prophecy is the most vain." Mr. Swinburne must have had his hostess's two boys in his mind when he transcribed in their mother's book his beautiful lines on childhood, and Mr. Walter Crane is represented by—

"From your book I take a leaf,
By your leave to leave and take;
Art is long if life be brief,
Yet on this page my mark I'll make."

And then comes John Bright's favourite quotation, "In peace sons bury their fathers. In war fathers bury their sons." Mr. Whistler contributes his long-suffering "Butterfly broken on the wheel," and the simple signatures of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sergeant, the American painter, John Ruskin, Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and many other familiar and unfamiliar names, evokes a vision of what should be a unique gathering of notable men and women.

THE WAIL OF AN UNCULTURED PESSIMIST.

What's the prize for being wise, in a world of folly?
What's the use of being spruce? Deshabille is jolly.
What's the sense of saving pence? Thrift's a poor enticer.
What's the good of being good? Being bad is nicer.

What's the good of priests and kings? Both are antiquated.
What's the good of other things? Life is overrated.
What's the use of shedding tears? Laughing's just as cheerful.
What's the fun of jesting sneers, when your heart is tearful?

What's the good of buying things? Stealing them is cheaper.
Little harvest labour brings. Why not be a sleeper?
What's the harm of doing wrong? Other wrong retrieves it.
Why should youth be taught the truth? Nobody believes it.

What's the good of marrying? Making love is sweeter.
Does a mere material ring make your love completer?
Black is white and white is black. Joy embraces sorrow.
What's the good of looking back? Devil take to-morrow!

What's the good of life at all? Tell me if you can, sir—
Since, before, or at the Fall?—Emphasise your answer.
Be a pauper, be a king—while your ale is frothing—
What's the good of anything? Nature thunders "Nothing!"

M. Babington Bayley.

Swiss Hotel-Keeper.—Healthy? I should think so, sir! Why, we had our mountain air analysed the other day. We found three hundred microbes——

Visitor (horrified): What!

Hotel-Keeper: Dead, sir—all quite dead! They had come up from below, you see; but our magnificent climate was too much for them!

Judge: Prisoner, have you anything else to say before I pass sentence?

Prisoner: Yes; I should just like to ask that the duration of the speech for the defence be deducted from it!

SPONGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY

W. L. ALDEN.

Illustrated by Ernest Goodwin.

HERE are some people who are always ready to approve of anything that is new. These are they who buy every new patent medicine, and adopt every new garment that is advertised as being essential to health. A few years ago they arrayed themselves from head to foot in red flannel, not because they particularly liked flannel, or admired red above all other colours, but because red flannel underclothing was a novelty, and this had an especial claim on their attention. Relying on this tendency to buy and wear newly-invented clothes, some artful, and it is to be feared unprincipled man, has invented underclothing made of sponge. The trusting public is informed that only by wearing sponge underclothing can people hope to preserve their health, and live out, say, two-thirds of their days. The result is that hundreds of men and women, allured by the novelty of sponge garments, are throwing aside their flannel, silk, or merino underwear, and buying the new and promising substitute for the same.

Mr. Thomas Hewett, who is one of the leading citizens of Birmingham, is commonly spoken of by those who know him and share his radical opinions as a "progressive man." There has not been a single new patent medicine placed on the market within the last ten years that Mr. Hewett has not bought, and either personally swallowed or given to his family. There is hardly a new variety of religious or political opinion which Mr. Hewett has not adopted. His only daughter, who is also his only child—for he lost his son two years ago by giving him a dose of Cancer Preventive, by mistake for a dose of Broken Leg Palliative—shares to some extent her father's love of progress, and either of her own inclination, or in compliance with his parental commands, adopts every hygienic garment that is invented.

Last week Miss Hewett was invited by young Mr. Baxter, the son of the chemist who supplies Mr. Hewett with most of his medicines, to accompany him in a drive in the outskirts of Birmingham. It had rained incessantly for several days, and the weather reports prophesied bright and sunny weather. In these circumstances a prudent girl would have declined to risk herself and her best clothes by driving in an open victoria, but unfortunately Miss Hewett yielded to her desire for a drive, and accepted Mr. Baxter's invitation.

When the young people set forth on their excursion a dense fog, mingled with occasional showers, extended over the entire area of country where the Weather Report had falsely promised sunshine. Neither Miss Hewett nor Mr. Baxter cared for the fog. They were young and happy. Had the fog been of the blackest London variety they would hardly have noticed it. So they drove on slowly and cautiously, and discussed medicines and other interesting topics, heedless of the penetrating character of the fog.

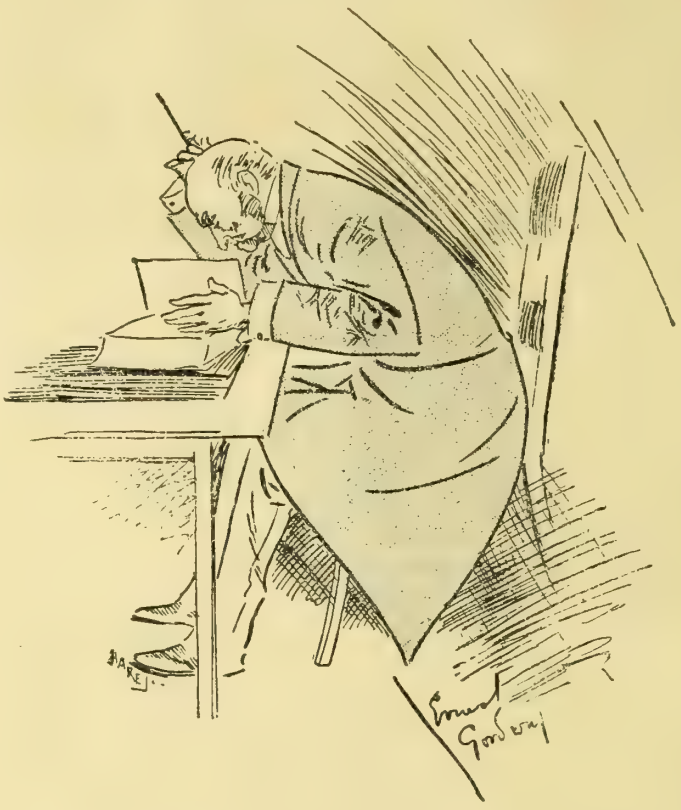
About two o'clock a curious phenomenon manifested itself. Miss Hewett was growing perceptibly larger. Her attention was first called to the fact by the tightness of her dress, and on taking temporary measures to remedy that evil she found that she was at least twice as large in circumference as she had ever been at any previous time. Mr. Baxter almost simultaneously discovered that his arm could no longer completely encircle his companion, and the awful truth that she was rapidly and visibly swelling smote the pair with terrible force. Mr. Baxter suggested that this might possibly be the result of having eaten large quantities of dried fruit, washed down with water, but the young lady indignantly denied that she had ever tasted dried fruit. The young man carefully thought over the possible results of over-indulgence in any or all of the drugs sold at his shop, but he could not remember that any of them were capable of producing sudden corpulence. Soon Miss Hewett's alarm at her strange condition became so great that the horse's head was turned homeward, and the animal was driven at a rapid rate in search of the nearest physician. Meanwhile, Miss Hewett continued to grow with amazing rapidity. She almost filled the seat of the victoria, and crowded Mr. Baxter into the extreme corner. Suddenly a new horror made its appearance. Mr. Baxter found that his left side and arm were thoroughly wet, and that pools of water were forming in the bottom of the carriage. In his turn, he became terrified, and urged on the horse in a way that was really dangerous. The victoria swayed and jolted, and at every jolt Miss Hewett was enveloped in a shower of water. She would then for a few moments occupy a little less space, but in a short time would become as stout as ever. A state of things so unprecedented and alarming would perhaps have driven Mr.

MISS HEWETT WAS GROWING PERCEPTIBLY LARGER.

Baxter into hopeless and permanent lunacy had he not reached the doctor's house before his reason was completely overthrown.

The doctor was not long in making a diagnosis of the case, and in relieving the minds of his frightened visitors. He said that it was not a wholly unprecedented case. Sponge, he informed his visitors, will occupy when dried and compressed comparatively little space, but when exposed to moisture in the form of a heavy fog, it will absorb water to such an extent as to swell to many times its original bulk. He then wrote a prescription, in which he had some difficulty in translating "towels" into Latin, and dismissed the young people and pocketed his guinea.

It is believed that Miss Hewett has returned to red flannel, and that Mr. Hewett has written an indignant letter to the man from whom the sponge garments were purchased, threatening him with a suit for damages, on the ground that the sponge garments had imperilled the health of his daughter, not to mention that of Mr. Baxter, who, in addition to the danger of contracting rheumatism, was certainly within measurable distance of drowning miserably in the bottom of the victoria. The incident, however, will not prevent Mr. Hewett from buying the next new garments that may be advertised. When once a man has contracted a passion for hygienic garments and patent medicines, he seldom repents and reforms on this side of the grave.



HE HAD SOME DIFFICULTY IN TRANSLATING "TOWELS" INTO LATIN.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 56. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

I.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

JOHN MILLICENT, who tell these stories, desire to preface them by a few words of autobiography, and to make a humiliating confession.

My father was a clergyman, who, while he lived, gave me the rudiments of a good education. Unhappily, I was left an orphan at the age of thirteen, without a relation in the world. I cannot truthfully add that I was friendless, for there were kind-hearted people—parishioners of my father—who were well disposed towards me out of pity and sympathy for my forlorn condition. Had I given them the opportunity, I daresay that some of them might have come forward to assist me; indeed, it was hearing of a project to secure my admission into an excellent educational establishment that caused me to take a step which frustrated all benevolent intentions. I was an idle young rascal, and the idea of school and discipline was hateful to me. On the very day of my poor father's funeral, after leaving the graveside, I carried out a long-cherished plan, and ran away to sea. I remember being dreadfully apprehensive of pursuit and capture; but my alarm proved groundless, and I daresay, if the truth were known, that nobody troubled to enquire what had become of me.

I do not propose to relate the details of my early career. One sea voyage to the Cape and back cured me of my boyish passion for romantic adventure. For some years after that, I gained a precarious livelihood in the streets of London, and was literally on the verge of starvation for weeks together. But I was a sharp-witted lad, with a good address and appearance, and, rather by accident than merit, I contrived to raise myself from the gutter to the giddy eminence of a stool in a lawyer's office. From that "coign of vantage" I surveyed mankind and the shifting scenes of the business side of life for nearly forty years. I am now ending my days comfortably, if not luxuriously, in an almshouse for decayed gentlemen, and I am about to commit to paper some personal reminiscences, which I hope will prove interesting and instructive.

My memory is too capricious to permit me to follow any method, artistic or otherwise, in relating my experiences. As one incident may recall another, and as past events may present themselves promiscuously to my mind, I shall tell these stories without any attempt at chronological order. Whether a particular incident happened a year ago or twenty can be of no moment to the reader; and it is as well, perhaps, that some uncertainty should exist on that point. I have no wish to cause pain or embarrassment to anyone by revealing professional secrets which I have happened to acquire in course of my late employment, and for that reason I shall be careful, also, to alter or disguise names and localities, so as to afford as little clue as possible to the identity of the persons of whom I am about to speak.

The reader will perhaps wonder how it has happened that, being a gentleman by birth, and not devoid of natural gifts, I have failed to attain a respectable position in life. He will also, no doubt, be struck by the fact—which these reminiscences will reveal—that I have been in a great number of different offices, and have served alike the most respectable and the most shady classes of legal practitioners. I will gratify this natural, and I hope not unkindly, curiosity, by making the confession to which I have before alluded. I was, alas! for nearly thirty years, a drunkard!

Stated thus baldly, such an admission may seem cynical. God knows that it is not uttered in any unworthy spirit! But neither, on the other hand, am I going to enunciate pious platitudes about wickedness and repentance, and all the rest of it. To thoughtful people a confession of sin needs no comment from the unhappy wretch who makes it. I have lived in hell during the best years of my life!

But for my present purpose it is necessary that I

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should avow the truth, in order to account for my having drifted from one employment to another, like a rolling stone. I have always struggled against my besetting sin, sometimes for long periods, with success, and thus I have contrived to remain in the same firm occasionally for years together. I have even managed to retain a character for respectability, which has enabled me to obtain fresh situations by means of the good word of former employers. Thank God! I never committed a dishonest act, and to this moment I retain the friendship and esteem of many professional gentlemen, who can pity my misfortunes in consideration of some redeeming qualities.

But I say this out of thankfulness and gratitude, and not at all for self-complacency, for I can never forget that once upon a time I nearly succumbed to a great temptation. I feel impelled to relate the circumstances, though they will undoubtedly serve to emphasise the weak side of my character, for it seems appropriate that I should commence my reminiscences with this story. Henceforth I shall, happily, have to speak of myself only as a trusted and highly respectable managing clerk, and I should be an hypocrite if I kept silent about the most degrading episode of my career.

"WHO CALLED ME?"

My first downfall occurred after I had been for nearly seven years in the employment of Messrs. Stopford, Halcroft and Taylor, a well-known firm in Lincoln's Inn. I had risen to a responsible position in their office, for I was principal outdoor clerk in the Chancery Department. It is not material to state how I became associated with dissipated companions, nor to dwell upon the circumstances of my disgrace. It is enough to say that, to the great amazement and consternation of my employers, I came to the office one day in a disgraceful state of intoxication, which naturally led to my being summarily dismissed.

I was young then, and, instead of turning this severe lesson to account by endeavouring to mend my ways, as I learnt to do on subsequent occasions, I yielded blindly to the most hopeless kind of remorse and despair. Regarding myself as absolutely ruined, I foolishly sought to drown sorrow and the bitterness of humiliation in a drinking bout which reduced me to a veritable wreck of humanity. I spent my savings, pawned my clothes, and was reduced, once more, to wandering about the streets of London, a homeless vagabond and outcast.

One morning I had earned a few pence by cadging about Covent Garden Market on a day when trade was brisk and busy, and having expended the money on an early dram, I fell asleep in the parlour or taproom of a disreputable tavern which used to exist in the neighbourhood of the old Bow Street Police Court. I sat in one of the partitioned boxes in a dark corner, where I had probably been overlooked, for I was permitted to remain undisturbed for some hours in a drunken slumber, my head buried in my arms upon the beer-stained table. At length I became conscious of a voice which seemed familiar, speaking at my elbow, and a chance word attracted my attention. I was too heavy and stupid to look up, but in my somnolent state I overheard, though without fully understanding at the moment, the following fragment of conversation:—

"I tell you I can't."

"You must. Everything depends upon it."

"What is the good of repeating that like a parrot? I've already explained how I lost it long ago."

"A party that loses such a document as that ought to be quite clever enough to find it again," said the voice which had first attracted my notice.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! nothing. If you don't know, I'm sure I don't."

"I suppose you think that it never existed," said the first speaker, with an uneasy laugh.

"That is what the other side will say. I believe you, of course. I've told you all along that our case is hopeless without it."

"Then why did you advise me to defend the action?"

"Because you said you were desperate. Parties in that frame of mind generally get over difficulties."

"D——n it, Mr. Marchmont; speak out, and give it a name. You've been hinting at something for weeks past. What is your game? Do you want me to commit forgery?"

"Sir!"

"Bah! We are alone. I'm not easily shocked, and —and I'm desperate."

"Mr. Barrett, you insult me. I'm a respectable practitioner, and I wouldn't suggest anything unprofessional. But if a client brings me a document bearing a certain

signature—well, it is not my business to question it!"

"I understand. Hallo! your glass is empty, Mr. Marchmont. Where is the bell?"

The speaker rose boisterously from his seat to summon the attendant, and for a minute or two there was silence, while the waiter, or pot-boy, executed his orders. During this interval, I recalled to mind that Mr. Marchmont was a lawyer of a very low type, who carried on business in this neighbourhood in connection with the adjacent Police Court. I had come across him once or twice, and quite recently I had had an interview with him about an action which my late firm were bringing against a client of his. My brain was too muddled to remember what the action was about, and I was so little interested in the dialogue which had reached my ears, that I fell into a doze again. Presently, however, I was aroused by a violent exclamation and an oath from one of my unseen companions.

"There, there! Keep your hair on, my friend," were the first words that I grasped, uttered in soothing tones by Mr. Marchmont. "I don't say it is hopeless; only your plan won't do. You would break down on cross-examination."

"Let us discuss *your* plan, then," snarled the other, sharply. "You suggest that I should square one of the clerks in his lawyer's office?"

"H'm! I've known it done," answered Mr. Marchmont, reflectively. "Your nephew is such a fool that he would sign anything his lawyers put before him."

"Yes, yes! I understand," said the client, impatiently. "I'll manage it. Leave it to me."

"I certainly won't have anything to do with it," returned Mr. Marchmont, in a tone which was evidently intended to express virtuous indignation. "You must act on your own responsibility. I must know nothing about it."

"All right. Who shall I try to get at? Are you acquainted with any of them?"

"The clerks?—no. By the way, you must select somebody whom your nephew has been accustomed to see at the office. It would be too risky to send down a stranger."

"Trust me! I'll find out," said the Client, rising to his feet.

"There is the fellow who does their Chancery work. Your nephew knows him, I'm sure," said Mr. Marchmont, with assumed carelessness—"a tall, sanctimonious-looking, lantern-jawed chap. Been there several years. You will have to be cautious. But I'm told he drinks."

"Ah! What is his name?"

"Millicent!"

It had dawned upon my sodden intelligence by this time that the precious pair might be discussing the pending lawsuit, in which my late firm were acting for one of the parties, and the mention of my own name confirmed this suspicion. Nevertheless, the truth flashed across me with such suddenness, in my bewildered state, that I involuntarily staggered to my feet at hearing my name, and advanced towards them.

"Hallo! Who called me?" I exclaimed, thickly, clutching at the table to prevent myself from falling, and regarding them with a stupefied stare.

Never shall I forget the ludicrous consternation of my companions at my totally unexpected appearance upon the scene. Dazed as I was, I realised that they were utterly horrified and taken aback. Mr. Marchmont, who was a little swarthy Hebrew, with a dyed moustache and imperial, fell back in his seat, with his cigar lifted half-way to his lips. His Client, a roughly-clad, powerful, middle-aged man, with an evil face, seized a chair, and seemed prepared to use it as a murderous weapon. I have no doubt that my aspect, apart from the fact that I revealed myself as an unwelcome auditor of their confidences, was sufficiently startling, for I was unwashed, unshorn, bloated, and in rags.

We stood staring at one another for a few moments, and it was evident to me that I was not recognised. Mr. Marchmont's Client had never set eyes on me before, and the lawyer did not recall my features, which was not surprising, considering that he had only seen me when decently clothed and in my right mind. I was sobered a little by the encounter, and began to feel embarrassed and shamefaced.

"Who are you? What do you want?" cried the Client, at length.

"I thought you called," I murmured, stupidly.

"He is drunk," muttered the Client, to Mr. Marchmont, with an air of relief.

"You've been dreaming, my man," said the lawyer.

"Somebody mentioned my name," I insisted, staring from one to the other.

"Oh! my Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Marchmont, bouncing to his feet as though he had been shot.

"What is up?" enquired his companion, suspiciously.

"It can't be Mr. Millicent, of the firm of Stopford, Halcroft, and Taylor!" cried Mr. Marchmont, hastily putting on a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, with rather a shaky hand.

I nodded assent, and the Client uttered a startled exclamation.

"Left them, I suppose?" said Mr. Marchmont, recovering his assurance, and eyeing me keenly.

"Yes, I'm a gentleman at large," I replied, with a noisy laugh.

"I thought I hadn't seen you lately," said the lawyer, with a significant glance at his companion. "Well, you startled us, 'pon my word. I was taking a glass of wine with my Client here, and we were having a chat about politics, when——"

"Ho! ho! Politics!" I interrupted, with another laugh, scarce, indeed, knowing what I said. "Politics, you call it!"

"You've been listening, you rascal! What did you hear?" exclaimed his companion, in a bullying tone.

"Hush! hush!" interposed the lawyer, gently. "There is no harm done. Between gentlemen, a private conversation is sacred. This," he added, turning to me, "is my Client, Mr Barrett, the Defendant in the action of Barrett v. Barrett. Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Millicent, you and my Client may do a little business together. He wants some assistance, which you can possibly render him. I daresay you would be glad of some employment. I'll leave you together."

"Hadn't you better stay?" said Mr. Barrett, sullenly.

"My dear Sir, I don't want to interfere on what doesn't concern me. Besides, I have appointments. Clients are waiting for me," replied Mr. Marchmont, making his way to the door with some alacrity. "You know how the matter stands, Mr. Barrett. It is entirely in your own hands."

I sat down as the lawyer left the room, for my head was whirling and my legs unsteady. My companion evidently interpreted the action to mean that I was

prepared to listen to his proposals, for he immediately drew a chair up beside me, and unfolded his scheme, with very little reserve. He probably found it necessary to speak plainly, owing to my dazed and confused state of mind, but he certainly contrived to convey to me with distinctness the nefarious service that he wished me to perform.

In a few words, it was this. An administration suit in Chancery had been commenced by my late employers against this man Barrett, in relation to the Estate of his deceased brother, by whom he had been left executor. There was no doubt in the world that Barrett was guilty of maladministration, and worse, especially in connection with certain trust moneys, which should have been paid to his nephew, a son of the deceased man, on attaining his majority. The defence to this part of the case was payment, which the nephew—now, unhappily, a broken-down wreck, through early dissipation—denied. It was a question of proof, and I knew that my late employers had not sufficient confidence in their Client's integrity to feel absolutely convinced of his truthfulness.

On the other hand, the onus of showing that he had paid over the money rested upon the executor, and, personally, I had felt convinced, from his conduct in other respects, that he had not done so. My suspicions were now confirmed by the conversation I had overheard between him and his lawyer, for I regarded the story of the missing receipt as purely fictitious.

Nevertheless, for the sake, no doubt, of appearances, Barrett persisted in the truth of his statement, and by doing so he gave an aspect of veniality to the project in which he wished me to take part. Morally speaking, if the money had really been paid, and the receipt lost, there would have been no great harm in seeking, by a subterfuge, to procure legal proof of the fact; and Barrett's proposal, suggested artfully, as I knew, by his lawyer, was that I should obtain the Plaintiff's signature to a duplicate of the missing document.

I perceived at once that there would be very little difficulty about this. If I presented myself at the Plaintiff's residence as an emissary from my late employers, without revealing the fact that I had left them, he would sign anything I put before him, and it would be easy to slip in, among papers relating to the suit, a duplicate of the receipt in question. I had, as it happened, once before paid a visit to the Plaintiff on a perfectly legitimate errand of a similar kind, and he had then affixed his signature to the document which I brought, without troubling to read it.

I confess with shame that I was so struck by the facility with which my share in the undertaking could be carried out, and so dazzled by the bribe which was offered to me, that I easily yielded to the tempter. My only excuse is that my moral perceptions were weakened by the degrading effects of alcoholism while Barrett's strong and reckless character gained complete ascendancy over me. My prospects in England, too, seemed hopeless, and the idea of being able to make a fresh start in a new country helped to render me indifferent to the risk of failure.

It was not until some days had elapsed, however, that I was adjudged capable of proceeding with the business. During this time, Barrett lodged me, clothed me, and kept me sober. So strict was his regime, and so great his influence over me, that I quickly recovered my normal condition of mind and body; and further delay would no doubt have developed the unpleasant twinges and prickings of conscience which I was already beginning to experience. My evil genius evidently perceived this, for I was despatched on my errand, suddenly and unexpectedly, literally at a moment's notice.

The victim of the intended fraud lived at Eltham, in Kent, and I went down there late one afternoon, armed with a number of spurious but innocent-looking documents, including the important one on which Barrett's case depended. I cannot recollect that I reflected much upon what I was doing during the journey down; Barrett's influence was strong upon me, his parting instructions were ringing in my ears, and I thought only of accomplishing my task as quickly as possible. I could not help being struck, however, by the cleverness and foresight which Barrett had displayed in the details of his scheme, and I guessed that he must have had the active assistance of Mr. Marchmont. The receipt was written out upon an old Inland Revenue form then obsolete, the stamp upon it was an obliterated one of ancient date; and the document itself had the appearance of respectable antiquity. I was supplied with a special bottle of ink which I was to endeavour to get used for the purpose of the signature, and I have no doubt that the receipt would have been well-calculated to deceive even an expert.

If ever chance or luck or the Devil assisted to promote the success of an evil scheme, it was upon this occasion. When I reached the residence of the victim, he was standing at the entrance gate and hailed me before I saw him. I had naturally felt anxious lest he might have heard of my dismissal, but his first words reassured me.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "They have sent you down for an answer to their letter, I suppose?"

"Yes," I replied, taken aback.

"I've been too ill to attend to business," he replied, "I've had another stroke. You are only just in time."

There was a wildness in his manner which made me regard him attentively, and I was shocked by the change which had taken place in his appearance since our last meeting. Though quite a young man, he looked prematurely aged and broken down; he dragged himself about painfully by the aid of two sticks; and I could see that his limbs on the left side were paralysed and nearly useless. His lined, worn face was livid with a deathlike pallor, and his voice was thin and shaky.

"You oughtn't to be out," I exclaimed involuntarily.

"I daresay it will be the last time," he replied, with an odd intonation, which vaguely disturbed me. "D—n business! I'm past it all. Let the scoundrel keep everything. It is no good to me now."

"I won't detain you. I only want you to sign some papers," I replied persuasively, mindful of my mission.

"Come to the house," he exclaimed, with a sudden change of humour. "If I live to thwart him, I'll die happier."

He motioned me to enter, and to close the garden gate behind me, which I did, while he turned round and began to drag himself slowly along the drive towards the house. The grounds were extensive, and I soon realised that some time must elapse before we could get indoors. While making this reflection, I espied, down a side-walk, a little summer-house within a few yards of us. At the same moment the idea occurred to me that, as we were at present invisible from the house, it would be advantageous to me if I could get my business done without being seen by anyone.

"Why need you walk to the house?" I said abruptly; "there is an arbour there close at hand."

"Didn't you say there was something to sign?" he replied, coming willingly to a standstill.

"I have a pen and ink in my pocket," I exclaimed, with a thrill of excitement.

"Very well. It is nearer," he replied, beginning to hobble down the side path.

I followed at his elbow, casting cautious glances around, which assured me that there was not a soul in sight. If I could only steal away as I had come, with the papers duly signed in my possession, not a single witness would be forthcoming to identify me hereafter, even if it ever occurred to the victim to associate my visit with the fraud.

No further conversation passed between me and my companion until we reached the summer-house, where the poor fellow sank down upon the seat trembling and exhausted. With an eagerness which I could not attempt to conceal, I drew forth the papers, produced the portable ink-bottle and a pen, and placed them all on the table in front of him.

"Am I to sign these?" he inquired in an indifferent tone.

"Yes," I replied, inwardly trembling lest he should question me about them.

"Give me the pen," he exclaimed, seizing it impatiently. "Show me where to sign."

HE WROTE HIS NAME FIRMLY.

The papers were all arranged, one inside the other, and those underneath displayed nothing of their contents and only uncovered enough to leave a space for signature. Among the latter was the receipt form, and when he came to this, the young man made an abrupt pause, which startled me. But it was only a sort of convulsive spasm which attacked him at that moment; he recovered himself immediately, and wrote his name firmly upon that and the remaining papers. There were only three or four of them, and the task did not occupy half as many minutes.

"There!" he exclaimed, throwing aside the pen. "Is everything finished?"

"Everything," I replied, hastily blotting the signatures and shuffling them away.

"There is nothing more that I can do to checkmate the rascal?" he inquired, with an odd sort of eagerness. "Everything is sworn to on oath, isn't it? The Case would go on as well without me as with me?"

"Yes, yes!" I replied, surprised to see him struggling to his feet with extraordinary energy.

"Your people have my will, you know," he said.

I answered in the affirmative, though he did not wait for a reply; the next moment, he was outside the arbour leaving me still within.

"Wait there a minute," he exclaimed, speaking in a strange voice over his shoulder, but without turning his head. "I want you to take back a message."

He disappeared abruptly from the path, and seemed to be going round to the back of the arbour. Surprised at his request, and rather disconcerted by it, for I was anxious to get away at once, I was in the act of buttoning up my coat over the papers while meditating the advisability of beating a hasty retreat before he returned, when a sharp sound, like the crack of a whip, made me start, and the next moment there came a heavy thud against the outside of the summer-house close to my elbow, followed by a deep groan.

I rushed out immediately, terrified, yet not the least realising what had happened. The horrible spectacle which met my eyes I cannot attempt to describe. The poor fellow had evidently fired a revolver into his mouth. His body lay huddled upon the ground, resting sideways against the harbour.

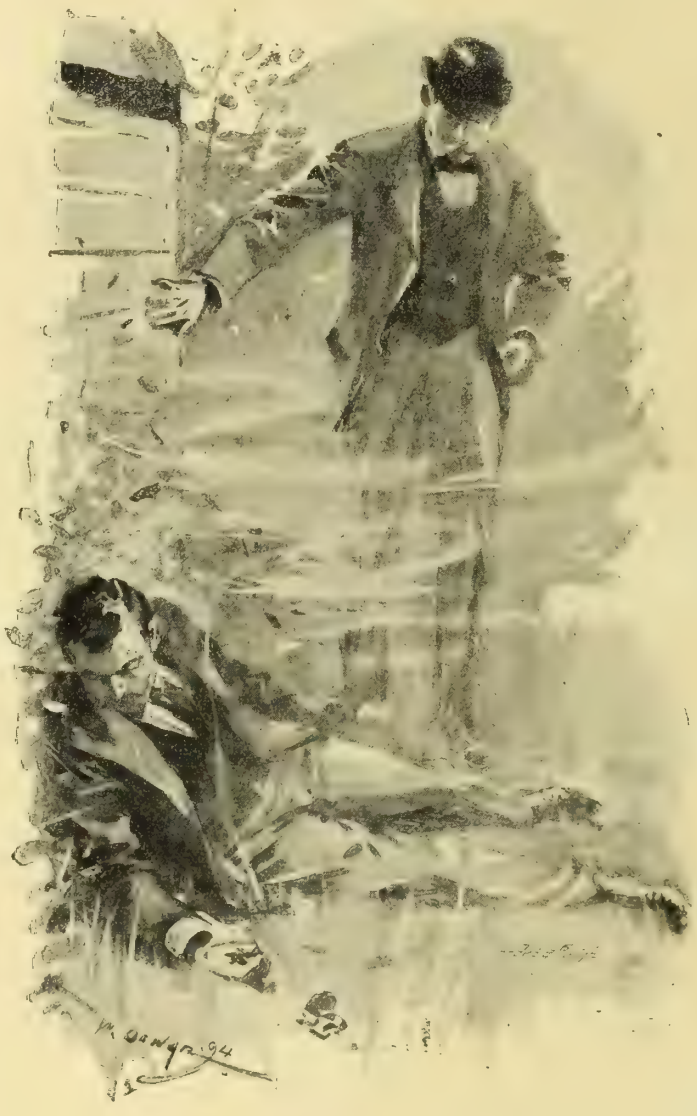
The shock to my nerves was so appalling that, though he was dead beyond question, I did not stop to assure myself of the fact nor to summon assistance. With a gasp of horror, I turned and fled in a blind panic. I dashed through a kind of copse or thicket, clambered over a fence into a wood behind, plunged through hedges and across some fields, and never paused to consider the direction I was taking till I suddenly found myself close to the railway station. A train had just pulled up there; I clambered down a steep embankment, rushed across the metals, and, undeterred by the warning cries of officials, made for the nearest compartment as the train was moving off, and at the peril of life and limb, succeeded in struggling into it.

The occupants were a company of drunken sailor men, who had evidently been paid off some ship down the river. Those who were not asleep were quarrelling loudly, and my entrance was hardly noticed. Ordinary travellers would probably have regarded me with suspicion, for I was haggard and breathless, trembling in every limb, my face and hands scratched, and my clothes

torn by brambles. I sank, panting, into a seat, and did not recover my wits until we were well on the way to London.

Observing, however, that the sailors left me to myself, I gradually began to reflect coherently upon my position. Though overwhelmed by the horror of the scene I had witnessed, I soon perceived that the success of my errand surpassed my most sanguine anticipation. I had the precious receipt safely in my pocket, the hand that signed it was now dead and cold, and nobody was aware of the circumstances of my visit.

The riotous behaviour of the sailors helped to obliterate from my mental vision the vivid recollection of my last view of the dead man, and left my thoughts free to indulge in practical reflections. With a villainous feeling of exultation, I suddenly realised that I could, if I chose, exact high terms from Barrett and his accomplice. The promised bribe was a sum of £100, but this was the merest trifle compared with the amount at issue, and the Plaintiff's suicide had immensely increased the value of the receipt. If I withheld it, I might obtain double or treble the sum agreed upon, and Barrett would not dare to defy me. Or, if he did, I could sell his secret to the other side.



HIS BODY LAY HUDDLED UP ON THE GROUND.

I passed the night at a tavern near the West Indian Docks, and I must state, without comment, the bare fact that if drink had reduced me to my present degraded and abject state, it was, in this instance, the means of saving my soul from a greater sin. For I drank heavily, retired to my bed in a barely conscious state, and in the silent hours——

Well, I suppose it was a touch of delirium tremens, with which I had often before been threatened. That God should send a vision to rescue a drunkard from crime is too fantastically presumptuous an idea to be seriously urged. But he came and stood beside me, the poor wretched victim of self-murder, with his face all bloody and his glazed eyes staring at me! I hid my head beneath the pillow and shuddered in a cold sweat. Whenever I looked up, he was there, in the pale moonlight—when I closed my eyes, I saw him still! I shouted and raved and swore and prayed, but he would never leave me until——

I remember, at length, dragging my shaking limbs from the bed, and searching frenziedly for matches with those accursed papers in my hand. I held them, ablaze, over the fireplace, till the flame caught the sleeve of my shirt and scorched my arm to the shoulder. I was found, in the morning, lying senseless on the floor, severely burnt about the face and chest, beside a heap of ashes and charred paper.

In the hospital, to which I was taken, the chaplain came to me one day and inquired whether I had anything on my mind. What had I been saying in my delirium? The good man was kind and discreet; at my request, he brought me a pen and paper, and I wrote to Mr. Marchmont as follows, omitting my address:—

"The plan has failed. If you and your accomplice persist in your attempt, I shall turn Queen's Evidence."

* * *

Through the hospital chaplain, I procured a berth as copying clerk in the office of a country solicitor. Six months later I was sent up to London one day on business, when I met, outside the Law Courts, a former colleague from Messrs. Stopford, Halcroft and Taylor's office. He was staggering under the burden of a quantity of documents which he was conveying into a cab. He hailed me as I passed, and said—

"Do you remember the action of Barrett v. Barrett?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear that our Client shot himself?"

"Yes."

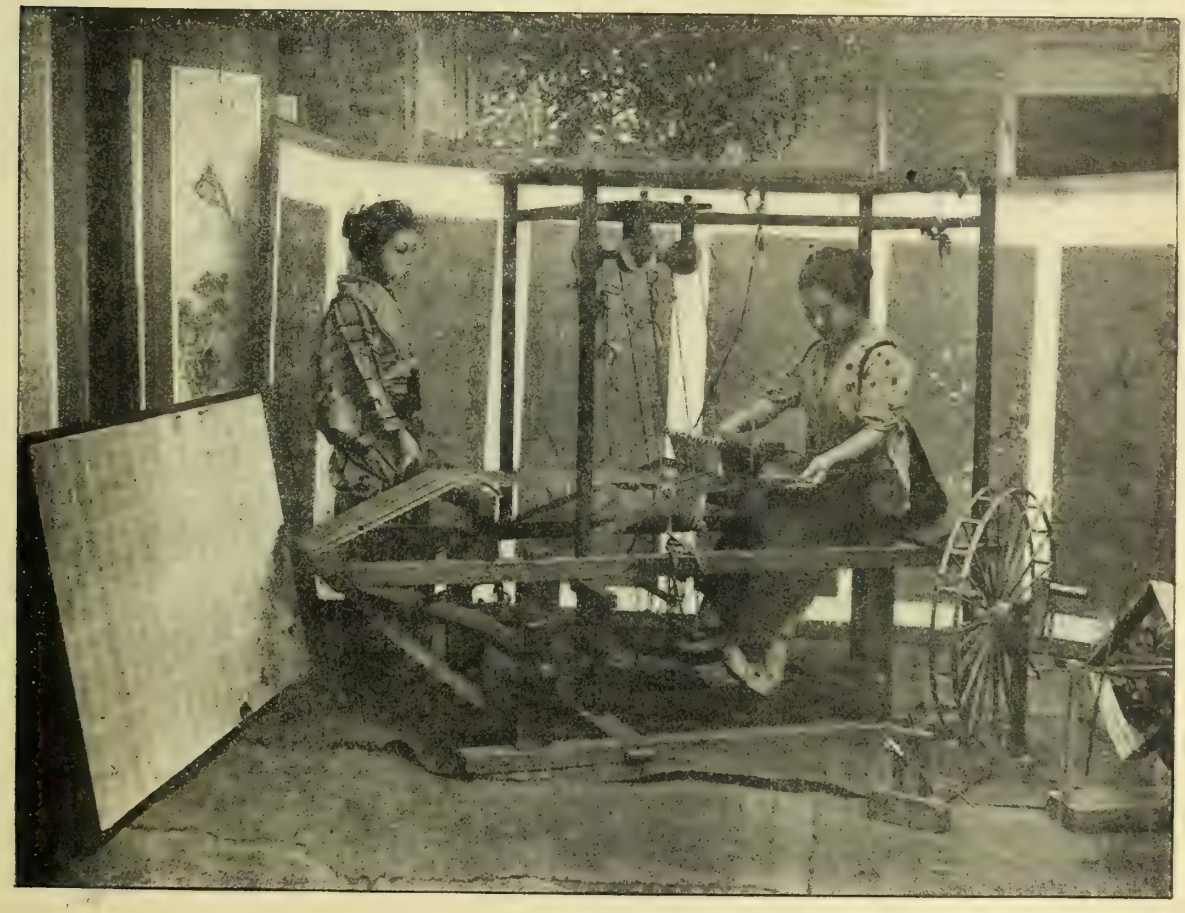
"We carried on the action for his executors, and it has just been heard. Defendant was awfully shaky and nervous in the Witness Box, and when our Counsel began to cross-examine about alleged payments, he broke down utterly. Kept looking round at the back of the Court as though he was frightened of somebody coming forward."

"And the result?"

"Judgment for us, with costs."

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—I.

Ladies' Orchestra.



Weaving Silk.

Afternoon Diversion

A Study in Hair Dressing.

An Aristocratic Beauty.

A Beauty of the Yoshiwara.

A Beauty of the Yoshiwara.

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I NOTICES a ingreased activerty on the pawt of the coppers in dealin' with the bettin' clubs. Very pleasint an' griteful noos it is too, showin' as it do that them coppers is in the full perseshun of their 'ealth an' sperrits, and, as yer might sye, goin' strong. Coppers bein', as 'Ankin' as remawked, one o' the sifegawds an' bullocks o' this nyshun, it's a 'ighly satersfectory thing to know 'as they tikes their egsersise reg'lar an' 'as a appertite fur their meals. Hall the sime, I 'as my darts. Afore long theer won't be a single plice in this 'ere glor'is metrolopus whur a man kin put 'is own money on 'is own opinyun withart bein' interfered with. Thet mye be a good thing. Pussonally, I've 'ad my little bit on nar and agine, and I've never 'urt myself. I done it joodishus, sime as I does everythink else. Still theer is, in course, them as don't do it joodishus, them as is silly enough ter think theer goin' ter mike a livin' art o' backin' 'orses cornstant. I dessay that sort will be none the wus fur bein' storpt off of it. But it do seem awd on them as 'as a bet jest occishunal, when they thinks they knows sumthink, and don't stand ter lose no more than they kin afford ter do withart. It's 'appened ter me that I've 'ad more pleasure and amoosement art of losin' a crown than I've ever 'ad art of spendin' a thick 'un. 'Arrever, I surpose the laws 'as ter be arringed so as ter soot the weakest an' the wust on us, which is a bit rough on the other sort. As 'Ankin said, speakin' on this sime pint, if this kind o' thing corntinyer ter go on as its goin' on, whort is ter become o' the libbuty o' the subjic?

* * *

I've 'ad 'Ankin on toast proper litely. 'Is unfort shunit an' reverlooshionary opinyuns abart 'Er Medjusty the Queen an' hall the Royal fam'ly is well known. Well, I've called 'Ankin's attenshun ter them floods in Windser an' the ny'brood, an' the distress they 'as caused, an' the ginerosity of the Queen in the matter o' subscripsuns an' gineral 'elp. "That's all right," 'e says, "I surpose the Queen o' Hingland kin well afford it; theer ain't nutthink in that." "Ho yus, theer is," says I. "Theer's plenty as could afford a bloomin' lot an' never don't afford a blooming nutthink." At lawst 'e 'ad ter awn that 'Er Medjusty mostly did the 'andsome thing ter the plices wheer she 'appened ter be. "Honly," says 'e, "she don't 'appen ter be in enough plices," which, as I told 'im, is a pore awgyment. But that's 'Ankin all over; 'e's as orbstinit as a bloomin' owl 'e is. When yer really 'as got 'im on the 'op in a pint of awgyment, 'e won't own up as 'e's beat. Yer mye leave 'im withart a wud ter sye fur 'isself, and 'e'll go on jawin' all the time. Thet's the wust o' knockin' 'Ankin art in discushing; 'e don't niver know 'e's knocked.

* * *

Them School Board elecshings 'as set 'Ankin up a bit. 'E says as 'e did a deal o' work in the Progressive cause 'isself, an' I shouldn't wonder 'e did. I know 'e spent 'awf an 'our egsplinin' of the sityishun ter me, an' even then I wouldn't go so fur as ter sye I understood it. But I don't tike much account of elecshings, nort even the perlitical ones. As I put it ter 'Ankin, I says, sometimes one side's in and sometimes another, an', tikin' it all round, things is nutthink ter croy abart whichever side it is. Then I 'ites egsitement, and I 'ites bein' interfered with. Let them as keers abart pollertics tike 'em an' run 'em as their own. I ain't syin' that pollertics ain't important, but then it ain't alwise the most important things as affec's yer most. Yer mye 'appen ter read in a noosepiper that fifty tharsand Chinese, sye, as bin sent inter eternity; nar, that's a important an' shockin' bit of noose. An' then, per'aps, yer goes 'ome an' sits darn accerdental on a tin-tack. I'll lay yer think a good deal more abart that tin-tack than yer ever do abart them fifty tharsand Chinese. It's 'oman nychur.

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"GLEAMS OF MEMORY."

"GLEAMS OF MEMORY," BY JAMES PAYN. (SMITH, ELDER AND CO.)

The title is not quite complete. It should read—following a Stevensonian precedent — "Gleams of Memory, and a Portrait." For the Gleams serve chiefly to reveal the artless picture of a simple, kindly, lovable man, whose shrewd good nature most of us have read something of, between the lines of the eighty or ninety volumes of chatty, witty, agreeable fiction which bear the popular name of James Payn.

From childhood, Mr. Payn was an optimist, with an eye and an ear for humour. That is, if his Memory is to be relied on! This insulting doubt is not a groundless insinuation, for Mr. Payn confesses that of his early boyhood he remembers "scarcely anything." But cheerfully assuming that he has not, like Sir William Harcourt, on a historical occasion, "drawn upon his imagination for his facts," let me offer a convincing proof that the man is offspring of the child. Master Payn, then of a tender age, was staying with a kind old clergyman, the best shot in the county. Now as luck would have it, the parson and the lord of the manor fell out, and the rectory fields lying in the centre of his lordship's preserves, when his great battues were held, a party of friends was invited by the rector, and excellent rectory bags were made off the game that was driven across this ecclesiastical ground.

> I was in Mr. A.'s study one morning, reading "Captain Cook's Voyages," as I lay on the floor—my favourite literary position at that time—when Lord B. was announced. I had only met one lord in my life before, and was delighted at this second opportunity. Because I was so very young that it did not matter, or because my host forgot my existence altogether (being on my stomach under the table), I was not directed to withdraw, and thereby I became a spectator of the interview. His lordship was not of an imposing appearance, and, almost inarticulate with rage, he let out at the rector with great vehemence about his conduct concerning the game, and every now and then paused for breath.
>
> "Pray go on, my lord," said the rector on these occasions, in a tone of voice which even to my inexperienced ears seemed the reverse of conciliatory. At last his lordship, puffing and blowing, observed: "There, now you know what I think of you. If you had not been a clergyman, I would have said a great deal more."
>
> Then the rector rose from his chair—the whole six-feet-two of him—and pointed to the door. "If I had not been a clergyman," he said, in a terrible voice, "you would not have dared to say half as much. Now be off with you." I had known him speak in the same tone only to trespassers and poachers. It was a most exciting scene, and long afterwards, whenever I heard the phrase, "the Church militant," I associated it with my venerable host.

Now here is a simple story, of no great value in itself, but invaluable as showing the temper of our author's mind. As a boy he saw nothing in it but its lively humour. To this day he sees nothing more. But what if the boy beneath the table had been a Louis Stevenson? Would not the blinds have been drawn, and candles lighted, and rapiers taken down, and the big parson and the young peer got fiercely lunging for each other's blood, while the one quaking witness drank in the savage scene from behind the cunningly draped tablecloth? And what, oh! what, if that boy had been a Rider Haggard? Should we have got off under a hideous "hot-potting" of, for choice, the handsome rector, ghastly death agonies circumstantially described, the bestowal of the body behind a secret panel, and upon the wainscoting the muffled rattle of its heels in the last convulsive throes, as the butler tapped upon the door prior to admitting the rector's son and heir? Whereas you see the boy was a Payn, and saw only the straight up and down good humour of the thing, which he now passes on to us. And as it was in the beginning, so it was afterwards, is now, and will be till the pen of James Payn traces well-nigh illegible scratches no more; for of humour, and kindliness, and simplicity the whole man is compounded. and "nothing speaks in him save this alone."

As a potential Stoddart or Fry of Wadham, Mr. Payn was no striking success.

> Though never much attracted by athletic games, I became a member of a county cricket club, but did not long remain an active member. The ball on one occasion persisted in its undesirable swiftness, even after it had passed the wicket at which it was aimed; a natural impulse caused me to attempt to stop it with my straw hat instead of my hand. So far from this act of self-sacrifice (for the crown of my hat was carried away) being appreciated, it was considered an unscientific proceeding, and I was never invited to play again. I found the luncheon tent, however, very pleasant, and the conversation of the vice-president, whose age absolved him from being bowled at, most entertaining. He commiserated my youth and innocence, and gave me several precepts for my future conduct of a practical nature. Here are two of them: "If anyone offers to bet you, my lad, that a reputed pint holds no more than three-quarters of a real pint, take him. It commonly does not hold more; but fill the bottle and put the cork in, then turn it upside down and fill 'the kick,' and you will find it does hold more. You may pick up many a half-crown by this little plan."

He never liked Latin, and he detested Greek. Had he suddenly become rich at fourteen, he would have founded an asylum for schoolboys who could not understand Greek, "so much I pitied them as well as myself." Nor does he really know what he *did* learn, beyond the three R's, which, he hastens to assure us, he has found very useful. Nor is this engaging frankness confined to criticism of himself. He applies the lash with perfect impartiality to the boy at large.

> The boy is charming in Art, and sometimes quite virtuous in Fiction; but in real life he is intolerable. His wit is buffoonery, his humour is practical joking, his deity is the head boy in the school, and his devil is the head master. He loves idleness, cruelty, dirt, and athletic exercises like the savage. There is a delusion abroad that he does not share the weakness of the adult for wealth and station; but he has in reality a very accurate notion on which side his bread is buttered, and would sell his soul for five bob, half to be paid in tuck. He has also a fine contempt for the poor.

One branch of learning, however, Mr. Payn did assiduously cultivate, and that was whist. "Any fellow will play on a wet day," an enthusiast of the game used to say, "but give us the man who will play on a fine one;" and, adds Mr. Payn, "I was always the man given to them for that purpose." Under almost every conceivable condition Mr. Payn has played whist. At a county ball, in company with three other devotees, he once took possession of a tableless bedroom and played upon the washing-stand. He has driven out with two now prominent senators and a great divine, and played in a wood in summer time. And at Westwater, "where it drizzles for half the week and pours for the other half," the moment breakfast was finished, he seated himself at the card-table. From first to last, indeed, some two hours *per diem* upon every "lawful day" have been consumed in whist. Which amounts in Mr. Payn's life to something like thirty thousand hours, or just upon four solid years devoted to "this entrancing game," in which, however, he has not yet acquired peculiar proficiency. If not an expert at whist, Mr. Payn is an expert in sleep, to which he attributes his ability to work at his pen—"or, rather, pencil, for I never write at a desk, but on a block, and always lying down"—"as hard as any man, and perhaps a little harder." Mr. Payn takes ten hours' sleep, and begins them at ten o'clock; believes the good and bad results of criticism to be greatly exaggerated; loves the English lake district; received £3 15s. for four of his first short stories; is indolent "beyond belief," and, allowed his own way, is "the most contented soul alive."

Mr. Payn takes us completely into his confidence, and lets us see behind the scenes—literary, social, and domestic. But there is just one room which, like another Blue Beard, he keeps locked. It has nothing to do with spirits of alien arts upon which he may have lavished affection, but with the living literary forces whom he has encouraged and helped to create—the Stanley Weymans, Conan Doyles, Ansteys, and Hornungs who freely confess that they owe everything to his kindly

word and deed. How interesting that unwritten chapter would be! Perhaps Mr. Payn may see fit to write it yet. But, with it or without it, his "Gleams" are very bright and cheery, and an hour or two could scarcely be more pleasantly wiled away than in perusing by their aid this smiling portrait—for the Uffizzi Gallery of Literature, shall we say?—of the jovial, genial, generous man of letters whose familiar name it bears.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Though Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. are going to replace it with a new and much superior illustrated magazine, *The Minister*, I am very sorry to see that the *Newbery House Magazine* is apparently doomed to disappear, as well as the famous old publishing house of Griffith, Farren and Co., which started it. The house had been going for more than a century and a half, and its premises and its magazine were named after a former head of the house, John Newbery, the bookseller, who was the publisher and friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, and many another eighteenth century worthy.

* * * *

Miss Dorothea Gerard, whose "Lot 13"[1] has lately been issued in three volumes by Innes and Co., is the wife of a colonel, whose name I do not remember, though she is an old patron of mine. Her sister, Miss Emily Gerard, whose story, "The Foreigners," is the new serial in *Blackwood's*, is also the wife of a colonel—a Polish colonel in the Austrian army named Laszowska. The success of these two sisters has added lustre even to the great house of Blackwoods.

* * * *

The Miss Anna Stoddart who wrote the beautiful book on Sir Philip Sidney, recently published by Messrs. Blackwood, is a daughter of the late Mr. T. T. Stoddart, the famous angler poet, so often quoted by Mr. Andrew Lang. The book is sumptuously got up with fine illustrations, and the illustrious coat-of-arms of the Sidneys of Penhurst blazoned in gold and colours on its cover. It is moreover written with an earnestness rare in these days, which will no doubt appeal strongly to the God-fearing people who are still the majority of the British nation.

* * * *

Mr. John Davidson, whose "Ballads and Songs"[2] have just been brought out, is a customer of mine—a florid, black-bearded man, with a very peculiar type of face. After cutting and reading one of the copies I have added to my library I can more than endorse the verdict of the *Daily Chronicle* that "he is a strong man of the younger generation of poets." To my mind the following stanzas :—

> High on the hill the convent hung,
> Across a duchy, looking down,
> Where everlasting mountains flung
> Their shadows over tower and town.
>
> The jewels of their lofty snows
> In constellations flashed at night ;
> Above their crests the moon arose ;
> The deep earth shuddered with delight.
>
> Long ere she left her cloudy bed,
> Still dreaming in the orient land,
> On many a mountain's happy head
> Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.
>
> The adventurous sun took heaven by storm ;
> Clouds scattered largesses of rain ;
> The sounding cities, rich and warm,
> Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

prove Mr. Davidson worthy of still higher praise.

* * * *

I always do well in my library with books by Mr. W. E. Norris, whose "Matthew Austin"[3] has just been brought out. Mr. Norris is an old customer of mine, though, not living in London, he does not often come into my shop. With his florid, well-bred, military type of face, and well-groomed auburn hair, he looks like one of those Guards officers who are the admired of all beholders at the Military Tournament as they stalk about the ring in their long, dark-blue, heavily-lappeted military "frocks." He speaks with great deliberation, and considers everything *fin de siècle* bad form, especially the women.

* * * *

When I was over in America, book-hunting in that novel sense of the term, I had the honour of being introduced by her publisher, Mr. H. O. Houghton, to Margaret Deland, whose "Philip and his Wife"[4] has just been brought out. Mrs. Deland is, of course, the authoress of "Sidney," and "John Ward, Preacher." There was a great joke against her at the time; her husband, Mr. Lorin T. Deland, is an advertising agent, and had introduced doggerel rhymes as a novel feature in his advertisements. The wags of Boston said that his wife wrote them as well as that delightful volume of poems, "In an old Garden," which has gone through so many editions.

* * * *

My good patron, Mr. Henry Arthur Doubleday, who publishes under the familiar title of Archibald Constable and Co., has started a new series of fiction which he calls the *Acme* Library. Like the *Autonyms*, the *Acmes* will be short stories by leading writers. The first is to be Mr. Conan Doyle's "The Parasite," and this will be followed by Mr. Hall Caine's "The Maid of Mona," and a story by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel. The *Acmes* will appear monthly. I expect great things of them. Mr. Doubleday has been bringing out a number of excellent books in an unobtrusive way.

* * * *

Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry, whose sumptuous "Albert Moore, His Life and Works,"[5] illustrated with photogravures and about seventy other illustrations, has just been brought out, is an old customer of mine. He never comes into the shop without people asking who he is ; his sad intellectual face, with its large full eyes and lips and flowing jet black hair and beard, would make him a typical Christ for the Oberammergau Passion Play.

* * * *

I expect to do very well in the Christmas season with the sweet little "Banbury Cross"[6] series, edited by Grace Rhys (Mrs. Ernest Rhys ?), and illustrated by R. Anning Bell. They are beautifully printed, and beautifully illustrated, and quaintly bound in highly-gilt green cloth, tied with a bow of scarlet ribbon. Perhaps the daintiest thing about them is the quaint Kate Greenaway illustration of the ride to Banbury Cross on the fly leaves at the beginning and end of the books.

* * * *

I have received a courteous little note asking me if I meant that "From Spring to Fall"[7] was written by Mrs. Visger. No ; she only edited it. It was written by "A Son of the Marshes," who is a working house-painter in the neighbourhood of Dorking.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dionysius.—I know of no such work. Apply to Allen and Co., Waterloo Place.

C. H.—You might try "Bell's Elocutionist," but it is almost impossible to study the subject properly without a master.

Woffler.—I only know of one other published sketch by Grossmith—"A Little Yachting."

Moses.—Sandow's book would suit you.

Susy.—The book you name is published by Chatto and Windus at 3s. 6d.

Sagnache.—Conan Doyle's "Waterloo Veteran," has not been published yet.

1. Lot 13. (Innes and Co. Price not stated.)
2. Ballads and Songs. (John Lane. Price not stated.)
3. Matthew Austin. (Methuen and Co. 31s. 6d.)
4. Philip and His Wife. (Longmans. Price not stated.)
5. Albert Moore : His Life and Works. (G. Bell and Co. 63s.)
6. Banbury Cross Series. (J. M. Dent and Co. 1s. each, net.)
7. From Spring to Fall. (Blackwoods. Price not stated.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—We have just sent off your Christmas boxes, and hope they will arrive on the very day itself. What a whirl of present-choosing we are in! We shop for at least three hours every day, and the streets have already quite a Christmas look. People have to be rather previous, you know, for fear of a week's fog just before the great day, as there was two years ago. The West End is crowded on these sunny afternoons, and there are so many vehicles out that there are constant blocks in the traffic, just as though it were the height of the season. There is something animating in it all, and you will miss it dreadfully just at first, in your quiet "station" in India.

Walking down Bond Street yesterday afternoon, I saw three or four good costumes on smart people. One was a brown tailor-made, simple enough in itself, but cut to perfection, and the skirt made with that undulating ripple that only the highest skill can produce. The *cachet* of the toilette, however, lay in the rolled collar and deep mousquetaire cuffs of ermine. Another good gown was in green and black cape, with the large ridges that Parisian dressmakers call "la vague." The skirt was lined with cardinal silk, and edged with a narrow band of chinchilla, being finished underneath with a closely-gathered frill of cardinal silk. The coat was a casaque of the Louis XV. period, carried out in green velvet, and fastened with six enormous buttons in fine enamel, the ground of them being cream colour. The deep collar and epaulettes were edged with chinchilla, and lined, as was the body of the coat, with cardinal silk, a very narrow ruching of the same coming just under the fur. The huge sleeves were cut all in one piece, but began to narrow above the elbow, and were drawn in quite tightly to the wrist, under a small, turned-back cuff of the velvet and chinchilla. The hat worn with this was a wide-brimmed white beaver, with a high crown, garlanded with violets, a very large bow of sky-blue velvet, trimmed one side, and the brim was hemmed with chinchilla. A fold or two of the blue velvet rested on the hair, and over all was drawn one of those cobwebby veils that are so intensely becoming, with chenille spots dotted over their lightness, but so far apart as to answer all the purpose of patches. They make a good complexion look dazzling, and an indifferent one quite passable.

Jim declares that these veils are an awful fraud, because when a girl takes hers off there is a sudden jump from the ideal to the real. There is something in it, you know. Hilly complexions look quite smooth and flat under these benignant veils, but when revealed without their friendly shelter suggest that a little gentle scraping with sand-paper would be a great improvement.

You can't imagine how perfectly sweet some of the new evening dresses are. I saw one made of sky-blue tulle, embroidered all over with coloured butterflies—blue, white, yellow, and the wonderful "Emperor" with his scarlet wings and black markings. This was made up over white satin, which showed up the butterflies to great advantage. The sleeves were pink satin and a little pink was introduced into the bodice, but the rest was all sky-blue and butterflies.

The latest novelty in afternoon bodices is a short Zouave coat that reaches only half-way down the sleeve, back and front. Sometimes it is made of embroidery, and sometimes of the new braiding, in which the braid is set on end and sewed on upright, like a little fairy wall. I saw one with black braid on a scarlet ground, the appearance of which was at first very puzzling, owing to this novel arrangement of the braid. Another had lace appliqué on a ground of gold satin, the design of the lace being outlined with gold sequins.

The new bonnets do look odd in the hand. Their width across the front is the most remarkable feature. You know the outline of the cherubs' heads and wings in the old churches? Well, it is exactly that of the new bonnet, only that instead of a cherubic face, there is perhaps a bird's head, utterly unknown in ornithology, or a sequin-covered space of velvet or of tulle. The background is usually filled in with a full crown or large fold of brightly coloured velvet, an aigrette, and a few roses or large chrysanthemums. The O'Shanter toques

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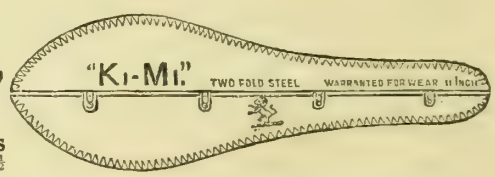

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It is a pure and exquisite skin tonic, absolutely free from any ingredients that will injure the most delicate skin. It cleanses the pores, and producing a clear and healthy complexion. Prevents and removes Wrinkles, Pimples, Roughness, Redness, and all Skin Imperfections. Counteracts the disagreeable effects of sun, wind, and sea air. Is deliciously cool and refreshing to the skin. Makes the skin soft and smooth as a baby's. Will make the most faded complexion assume all the natural tints of youthful health and beauty. Suitable for old and young of both sexes. Of Chemists and Perfumers, price 1s. and 2s. 6d. See that the signature Le Frere et Cie is on the label, or sent direct, post free, in plain wrappers 3d. extra from

LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

are still the smartest, and the prettiest of them have velvet crowns in some bright tint, such as rose-petal pink, torquoise, amethyst, or coral velvet sewn over with black sequins or small devices in glittering steel. They are invariably raised a little at the left side, just over the temple, and a flower or ribbon rosette in a colour contrasting with that of the crown, is tucked deftly beneath it. Sometimes it is a bunch of violets, but more often it is a chrysanthemum or loose-petalled rose.

I saw a pretty girl this morning wearing a light brown crêpon dress, a velvet cape to match embroidered over with large silver trefoils, and a chesnut velvet hat with a band of torquoise velvet round the rather high crown and two bunches of pinkish mauve violets dotted near each other on the brim. Her gloves were white doeskin, and she looked very smart.—Your affectionate sister,

SUZETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ETIQUETTE.—You are right. It means a decided snub; that is, if the lady is acquainted with the usual routine of such matters. Perhaps she is a foreigner, or perhaps she belongs to the smart London set who every season or two initiate some new whim or fantasy in such matters. You must find out if she has acted in the same way to others, and in that way draw your own conclusions.

LONELY CHILD.—Indeed I can well understand your natural anxiety to possess the best portrait possible of your lost mother. The best thing you can do is to send the old, faded photograph to the Artistic Photographic Company, 72, Oxford Street. They will enlarge it, and while preserving the likeness will bring out the detail with wonderful clearness. This is effected by the use of some new apparatus especially designed for the work, which enables the company to execute the commissions at charges 75 per cent. below those usually made.

W. S. F. favours me with another letter on the subject of nux vomica. He repeats what has been already said in this column on the subject, and adds the name, source, dose (*sic*), uses and alkaloids, as follows:—

Name—Nux vomicæ.
Source—Strychnos nux vomicæ, East Indies.
Dose—Grain . , cautiously increased to three.
Uses—Tonic, stomachic stimulant to spinal cord. In neuralgia, dyspepsia, &c., &c.
Alkaloids—Strychnine, brucine.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Tinned lobster and salmon make excellent patties if carefully prepared as follows:—Ingredients necessary for two tins of either: Half a pound of mashed potatoes, the yolks of three hard boiled eggs mashed to a paste with a spoonful of butter, half a pint of melted butter, pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley. Make some good puff paste and line patty pans with it, pick the salmon or lobster free of any gristle which may have been allowed to pass into the tin, beat the potato and melted butter together with a fork, add the fish and seasoning, fill the patty pans with the mixture, cover them over with more paste, bake them quickly in a hot oven, glazing them when smoking hot with the egg-yolks, which have been rubbed to a paste with butter, let them brown nicely. These patties may be served hot or cold.

The value of crawfish in cookery has hardly yet been fully perceived by English cooks. These most delicious little fish are not always to be had in the London markets. Not until demand creates supply will they be permanently obtainable. However, Morel, of Piccadilly, has them preserved in various forms, in a manner which retains their peculiar flavour, and even adds to their nutritive value. Crawfish tails are put up in glass jars, each containing about five dozen. Cheaper jars, holding lesser quantities, are obtainable for family use. Suppose we are trying one of the shilling jars. The first thing to be attended to is that the tails are well steeped in cold water, and that those remaining in the bottle have sufficient liquor to cover them, otherwise they will not keep. Crawfish butter, in the same way, is prepared with the finest cream butter, and sold in hermetically sealed tins, containing half a pound, a quarter of a pound, and two ounces respectively. This crawfish butter is extremely useful in soups and fricasses, and also as an addition to certain sauces.

Among the different varieties of pâte-de-foies gras which can be obtained at any time of the year, but are in season from November to February, are those made of larks, game, snipe, ortolans, partridge, pheasant, perigord, whether truffled or otherwise. The truffled pâtes range in price from half a crown to twenty-five shillings, the largest size being sent out in terrines. An excellent breakfast dish is made by devilling rather thick toast, and covering it with a layer of one of these pâtes, then steaming it in order to make it hot again, and serving with very hot plates. This also makes a good savoury to follow the sweet course at dinner.

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— IS A —

CALAMITY

FROM which millions suffer without knowing what is the matter with them. No one can enjoy good health who has dyspepsia (chronic indigestion). Some of the symptoms are: poor appetite, a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, ringing noises in the head, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, &c. Vogeler's Curative Compound will dispel all of the symptoms, even in chronic cases, and effect a cure.

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And all dyspeptic tendencies. It is the queen of medicines, made from the private formula of an eminent London Physician. Price 1/1½ and 2/6. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by parcels post, with explanatory pamphlet, on receipt of 14 or 30 penny stamps, by The Proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon Road, London.

READY DECEMBER 5. PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE IDLER MAGAZINE.

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CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

IN THE CITY.

MR. RHODES.

It is whispered by persons who ought to be well informed that the main object of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' visit to this country has reference to a matrimonial alliance, in which the Duke of Fife is acting as negotiator.

SO SOON!

The Johannesberg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, was registered under South African laws in 1889 with an authorised capital of £175,000, in shares of £1 each. In April last this capital was doubled, and upon the occasion of the new issue we warned our readers to have nothing to do with it for the following among other reasons :—

1. Because the Company is absolutely in the hands of the Barnato family, the three permanent directors being B. I. Barnato H. Barnato, and Wolff Joel.
2. Because £25,000 of the capital is in founders' shares, mostly held by the Barnatos, and carrying exceptional privileges, even for such shares.
3. Because the trust deed authorises the directors "without resolution of any meeting," to issue capital, and upon any terms they choose; to decide, if they so please, that the dividends accruing to the ordinary shares shall accumulate for providing extra capital with which to earn greater profits upon the founders' shares.

That new issue brought up the capital to £350,000; now it is to be increased to £650,000 by a further issue of 300,000 shares of £1 each at a premium of 10s. per share. In six months the capital has been increased by £475,000!

We have no doubt the money will be got. The applications will be made in haste to be repented of at leisure. Moderately capitalised and properly managed this company would do well. It has valuable properties. But with a capital of £650,000, that may soon be a million, and with the shareholders bound hand and foot to the Barnatos, no prudent investor should touch these shares.

Next week we shall give the salient paragraphs of the trust deed referred to above.

THE ARGUS ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, "FAIR PLAY," AND "TO-DAY."

We have great respect for *Fair Play* and its proprietor-editor, Mr. Robinson. It is a manly paper, controlled by one who writes much of it himself, and is fearless and informed. But, like other newspaper proprietors who know their business, Mr. Robinson leaves certain subjects with which he has not minute acquaintance to contributors who are supposed to be experts, and he gives them a free hand. One of these contributors writes the column headed "Fire and Insurance Notes," filled a fortnight ago by an attack upon To-Day, because in this page we pointed out that Sir Edward Reed and Sir Charles Tupper would do well to retire from the Board of the Argus Assurance Company.

We submitted that gentlemen in the position of those we have named ought not to be upon the Board of this new Assurance Company for two reasons. The one, that before the company was established its promoters, through its secretary, sent out letters inviting private persons with whom they had no acquaintance to qualify themselves for a seat upon the Board—a course unworthy, as it seemed to us, of a company which aimed at being included amongst the great insurance companies of the kingdom; the other that the reasons given in the letter and the prospectus for the belief that the company will be a great success are flagrantly foolish and misleading.

The writer in *Fair Play* differed from us, and in doing so used language we do not look for in *Fair Play*. This personal part of the matter is disposed of by the following paragraph, which appears in the current number of *Fair Play* :—

> "In my remarks in *Fair Play* of last week, touching the attitude of To-day towards the *Argus* Assurance Company, it ought hardly to be necessary to explain that no reflections of a personal nature were, for a moment, contemplated; for, as a matter of fact, I have no knowledge whatever of the identity of the gentleman who edits the financial columns of my contemporary. It is due to the writer in To-day to explain that the words 'monotonous venom' expressed a great deal more than I intended, and I regret that they should have been used."

But *Fair Play* does not withdraw or qualify its statements upon the main issue; it is desirable, therefore, to deal with them. Our contemporary says that the reasons given by the secretary, "why the company should commend itself for support," commend themselves to him. *Fair Play* says :—

> "I never saw them until I read them in To-Day, but it strikes me that the case for the company could not have been more clearly and cogently put.
>
> "The man 'In the City' makes no attempt to confute them. He 'will not'—forsooth!—'insult the intelligence of our readers by doing so.' Possibly he may consider discretion the better part of valour."

The "reasons," which seem so "clear" and "cogent" to *Fair Play* are four. We will take them *seriatim* :—

1. Because "Assurance shares are the best speculation and most remunerative of all investments."

Upon that we say that the shares of *new* insurance companies—and of course we were speaking of new insurance companies when we referred to the Argus—are among the most speculative of shares. The promoter of the Argus, Mr. John Carswell, ought to know that; and if anyone will take the trouble to compare the number of registrations of new insurance companies during the last few years with the number of them still living and thriving, he will be in no doubt as to the misleading character of Reason No. 1.

2. Because "the facilities for placing assurances at present are so restricted that a large number of insurers are compelled to seek foreign protection."

Nonsense. If *Fair Play* will take the list of fire insurance companies, and exclude all whose net premium income is not over £100,000 per annum, he will find that there are no fewer than twenty-eight of such offices, and there are as many again that, though smaller, are sound, perfectly respectable offices. Does *Fair Play* suppose that these amongst them cannot take, almost without exception, all the fire insurance business that is going, or that the twenty-eight are not able to accept and divide the biggest risks amongst them? If he does we challenge him to name insurance experts of standing who agree with him. The risks placed with foreign companies are almost entirely the extra hazardous risks, which British companies decline, except at high premiums. Whilst it is true that a few big risks cannot be *entirely* placed, the parts unplaced are not sufficient to keep a separate office going.

3. Because the increase in fire rates without any increase of risk compels men of business to seek a channel for insurance upon less extravagant lines.

Again nonsense. It is true that the promoter of the Argus, when he controlled the Economic, acted upon the assumption that English fire rates are unnecessarily high, and we all know what came of that experiment. The Economic was not on the Tariff; it tried to do what Mr. Carswell thinks the Argus can do, and—it is in liquidation. As a matter of fact, fire insurance cannot pay, except at an increase of rates. *Fair Play* talks about the increase in rates. It would be more to the purpose if our contemporary noted the decrease of funds, notwithstanding expansion of business. The "Fire Insurance Pocket Chart," which can be got by sending to the *Post Magazine*, and spending a penny, shows in Column 11 that of fifty-seven fire insurance companies the funds of no fewer than twenty-eight show decreases, and in many cases very heavy decreases.

4. Because when the New Employers' Liability Bill comes into force, "it is estimated to create new insurances yielding annual premiums of £6,000,000 sterling."

Once more nonsense. Whose estimate is this estimate of £6,000,000? Whoever heard of it until it was seen in the letter and prospectus of the Argus Assurance Company? Accident men laugh at, pooh-pooh it.

Fair Play says there is not one of the above-named "reasons"—those "clear" and "cogent" reasons—that may not be "honestly" used. Not so. Reasons 1, 2 and 3 would never be used by an insurance expert.

AN ENTERPRISING INSURANCE AGENT.

A correspondent sends us the following :—

> "The wife of my next-door neighbour, who is expecting to be confined next March, was asked, two months ago, by the wife of their next-door neighbour, who is an agent of the Prudential Assurance Company, to allow her husband to have the first chance of insuring the youngster at its birth. In the annuals of insurance I think this will be hard to beat."

We think so, too.

THE TEA TRADE DODGE: THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

In our last issue we directed attention to the doings of a firm trading at Homerton, under the title of Nelson and Co., and attracting large crowds of customers by the promise of a £10 note in the distant future, and ballots for prizes of £5, paid when won. We pointed out that the success of Nelson and Co. would be followed by imitation all over the country, that the retail tea trade would be demoralised, and the public victimised, and that whether Nelson and Co. have or have not violated the Lottery Acts, it is the duty of Parliament to make it impossible for such practices to be pursued with impunity.

Since these comments we have received letters from all parts of the country, from which we find that Nelson and Co.'s methods are being copied and improved upon. It may be well to glance at some of the circulars sent to us.

One of these handbills announces that, "instead of spending £20,000 in more or less worthless advertisements, we intend to divide that amount among the buyers of our special 2s. bonus tea." Lucky buyers! To obtain this £20,000, two million pounds of tea must be sold. In some dim and distant millennial period this enterprising tea dealer will return £1 per 100 lb. chest to his customers. Meantime, so that faith may not waver, periodical ballots will be held, when the holder of the lucky number will receive £5 on account!

Another circular informs us that £100,000 is to be given away. Here ten million pounds of tea—at 2s. 6d. per lb.—must be sold before the £100,000 can be handled. In this case, as in the previous one, the promised payment represents £1 per 100 lb. chest, or something under 2¼d. per lb. But here presents worth 1s. 6d. per lb. are promised in addition, which leaves 9½d. per lb. for the tea, duty, expenses and profits!

Another firm offers a £10 bond, and "two large towels, and a pair of lady's slippers or other similar article with every quarter of a pound of tea"; yet another, 10s. each to every customer who produces wrappers for twelve pounds of his 2s. tea.

But perhaps the best is the last we have space for. This firm are issuing 10,000 bonds for £15 each, to be taken up upon the sale of 2,500,000 lb. of tea, at 1s. 5d. per lb. That is to say, these people promise to distribute among their customers £150,000 so soon as they have sold tea for which they receive in gross £177,083 6s. 8d.; or, to put it in another way, for every 100 lb. of tea they will get £7 1s. 8d., of which they will give £6 to their customers, leaving £1 1s. 8d., or about 2½d. per lb., for the cost of the tea, duty, and expenses! The worthy who makes this offer has several shops, and promises to pay £2 off the bonds by ballot for every 250 lb. sold. In this way, upon the completion of the sale of the 2,500,000 lb., he would have distributed by ballot £20,000, leaving £130,000 to pay on the full redemption of the bonds.

As we predicted, the sellers of other articles than tea are beginning to resort to the ballot trick. A Lowestoft correspondent sends us the handbill of people in his town who give the right of ballot to every person who buys a quarter pound of their tea, or half pound of their butter.

We need not dwell upon the quality of the stuff sold under these conditions, nor should it be necessary to tell sane men that these £10 and £15 bonds are not likely to be redeemed. But the poor and ignorant are credulous, and these tea gentry are doing a roaring trade in their vile compounds. They sell them to the injury alike of the honest trader and the tea drinker. We look to Mr. Asquith to do what is necessary in the matter with the least possible delay.

We have been favoured by the following opinion from lawyers who read our remarks of last week,

> "Although the procedure of Messrs. Nelson and Co. seems clearly to come within the definition laid down in 'Taylor *v.* Smetten' as to what constitutes a lottery—namely, 'a distribution of prizes by lot or chance"—we think that the dictum of the judges in that case and in similar cases so far curtailed the application of this definition as to relieve from the operation of the Lottery Acts any distribution of prizes where the prizes are *equal in value*, and amount known. Moreover, it is laid down in one of the text-books on gaming that, in order to bring a distribution of prizes within the Lottery Acts, some persons must gain by the losses of others. On this ruling, apparently the case of Nelson and Co. would not come within the Acts; and then, again, the prizes distributed by Nelson and Co. are always £5, and, therefore, do not vary in character. As the law now stands we do not believe that this case comes within the Acts."

If this be the law it will have to be amended.

GEORGE BARKER AND CO.

We are authorised by the senior Official Receiver to state that having now something under £25,000 in hand in this matter, he has determined to declare, without further delay, a third dividend at the rate of 9d. (ninepence) in the pound, which will absorb about £24,000. This dividend will be payable before Christmas.

The thanks of the creditors of this estate are due to Mr. Wreford for his determination to distribute the assets collected immediately he has any substantial sum at his disposal.

THE BRITISH FINE ARTS SOCIETY, LIMITED.

We have before us the prospectus of this company, formed with a capital of £60,000 "to acquire the patent rights of the Mathieu Processes for producing coloured photographs." Messrs. Hollams, Sons, Coward and Hawkesley are its solicitors. Mr. Hollams is a member of the committee just appointed to inquire into the working of the Companies' Acts.

The problem of colour photography has hitherto been unsolvable. What evidence is there in this prospectus that the Mathieu process solves it? Not a tittle. We read that—

> "The directors are of opinion that this process solves the problem which has occupied the attention of leading scientists in photography for a long time past."

This is the nearest approach to evidence of value to be found in the prospectus. There is not a fact to show that the process is coming into general use, or can be worked so as to make it commercially valuable. But of the present issue of £25,000, £20,000 is to go to the vendors for the patent rights in England, France and Italy, and a further unknown sum is to be paid by-and-bye "for the acquisition of the patent rights for the whole world." And there is the waiver clause.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

The Pneumatic Typewriter, Limited. Capital £100,000.—Formed to acquire and work a typewriter said to be cheaper, simpler, in all ways better than any other typewriter. The vendors are to get £80,000, of which £47,000 is to be in cash. The price is preposterous.

The Lady Loch Gold Mine, Limited. Capital £70,000.—Formed to buy the lease of a twelve acre mining claim, somewhere near Bayley's Reward claim. The vendors want £50,000 and Lord Percy Douglas "has expressed his confidence in and high opinion of this mine," which is about as valuable a proof of the value of the ground as Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co.'s assay of 35 oz. of gold to the ton. There is the objectionable waiver clause.

Town Properties of West Australia, Limited. Capital, £250,000.—Formed to acquire and develop properties in the Coolgardie district. With honest and sagacious management, a company with this object should do. Whether this company will do is another matter. It is pledged to buy certain properties for £67,000, but there is nothing in the prospectus to prove they are worth it. Of the £67,000, £25,000 is to remain on mortgage, and the vendors are to receive £23,000 in cash. We should have thought the local people would have bought if the properties are anywhere near the value suggested by the prospectus.

Henry Castle and Sons, Limited. Issue of £50,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.—This is a family concern turned into a company, and the vendors take all the Preference and Ordinary shares, amounting to £70,000. We cannot recommend the investment. Mr. Bradshaw Brown thinks that the break-up value of the stock which represents the security for the Debenture issue is over £50,000, and Messrs. Edward Moore and Sons consider that if profits do not diminish they will be more than sufficient to pay the Debenture interest, but that is as near as we can get to facts. The company is to take over the business as from September, 1892—the date of the last stock-taking—an odd arrangement. We do not think the investment a desirable one.

The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited.—Issue of 300,000 shares of £1 each, at a premium of £1 per share. This issue should be left to present shareholders. The shares of no company in which, as here, the Barnatos have supreme control, can be a desirable investment for plain men on this side the water.

The Scandinavian Moss Litter Company, Limited. Capital, £75,000. Six per Cent First Mortgage Debentures, £20,000. Moss litter is coming into more general use, and Scandinavian moss litter is supposed to be amongst the best. These are points in favour of this company, but £60,000 seems an excesssive price for "about 1,000 acres" of "moss litter tracts" somewhere "in the southern part of Norway." Note, too, that the vendor wants all cash, save the £16,000 in shares hypothecated as guarantee for the payment of debenture interest.

The eagerness of the public to subscribe for any issue offering unquestioned security is shown by the applications for the £901,100 of Liverpool Two-and-three-quarters per Cent. Stock issued at 97. The total applications reached £2,951,170, and the stock was sold at an average of £98 16s. 9d., whilst the scrip has since been dealt in at par.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

G. H. Hammond and Co., Limited. Yankee Finance (Mold).—If you had notice of the meeting, and you were informed that the special plan or scheme since adopted would be discussed at that meeting, and you ignored the notice, you are bound by the decision arrived at. **The Queensland Investment Land Mortgage and Agency.** T. (Halifax).—You can only escape if you show that since you applied facts have come to your knowledge which lead you to believe that the prospectus was fraudulent, and that you have made no payment since you became acquainted with these facts. **The Cycle Rubber Works.** J. K. (London).—Many thanks. The matter is having attention. **Mysore Gold Mining Company.** Mysore (London).—It is impossible to predict the future course of a mine, but we do not advise your selling just now. **Sundry Mining Shares.** K. H. S. (Stanley).—No. 4 may recover. We advise you to sell the rest for what they will bring. —— **Bank.** Torquay (Torquay).—It offers you 7 per cent. because it charges its customers from 30 to 60 per cent. We have no grounds for questioning its solvency, but the accounts it publishes are not sufficient for the formation of an opinion. **London and Scottish Banking and Discount Company, Limited.** D. B. W. (Belfast).—The matter shall have attention. **The Native Brands Tea Packing Company.** W. H. F. (Southport).—There is no quotation. **Bruton's System.** E. B. (Halifax).—Have nothing to do with it. **The Mortgage Insurance Association, Limited.** H. H. B. (Dorchester).—We are disposed to think so. We will answer you more fully next week. **Shares and Brokers.** W. H. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Do not touch the shares, and have nothing to do with the brokers.

INSURANCE.

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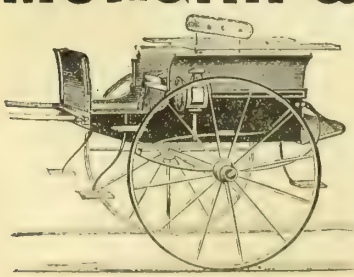
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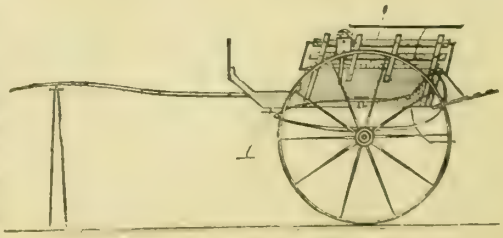
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The action of Professor Stuart and his followers on the County Council, in prohibiting the gardeners employed in the public parks from working for themselves in their spare time, strikes one of the most important blows at the liberty of man that has been delivered even during this age of tyrannical majorities and despotic fanaticism. By so doing, the Council have practically said to these men, "You are now employed as a labourer at two-and-twenty shillings a week. For your whole life you shall remain a labourer; you shall never rise; you shall never improve your position; you shall never advance one step upwards in the world." Suppose Paxton had been tied down by the Duke of Devonshire to eight hours' work a day, for a wage of sixpence an hour, and forbidden ever to use his talents or to seek his own advancement. Has it never occurred to Professor Stuart what would be his position to-day if the creator of the Coleman fortune had been prohibited by a similar tyrannical mandate from seeking to make for himself a position in the world, and leaving for his descendants the foundation of a gigantic and prosperous business in mustard?

Where would civilisation be in this year if Stephenson and Watt had been forbidden to work for themselves, and, in so doing, for posterity? If Arkwright, the weaver, had been compelled by his employer never to use his spare time to his own advancement? The history of the world is the history of men, who by labouring night and day—by using the talents God has given them, the will, and the determination—by hugging hard work to their breasts as a friend who helps them, instead of regarding it as a foe to be shunned, have forced their way upwards against all obstacles. Yet Professor Stuart and his clique, living in comfort and luxury, upon the labour of the very men who have fought and risen, now turn round and say to the workers of the present day, "Stop where you are. Be for ever, whatever your talents may be, hewers of wood and drawers of water. A common labourer you were born, and a common labourer you shall remain to the end—you and your children, and your children's children. No ray of hope for better days shall illumine the sordidness of your life. No stirring of God-given ambition shall draw you upwards towards nobler work and larger influences. We, with our little laws and regulations, will stand across the path and bar the progress of Humanity. You shall have your sixpence an hour. You shall work your eight hours a day—neither more nor less. When you are old and past labour, you shall look forward to the workhouse. Your children shall follow your footsteps; neither you nor they shall ever lift yourselves a step above the position into which you were born."

And these be the new friends of labour, that would hamper and tie it down at every step! These be the new friends of the people, forbidding them to rise when God meant them to rise. As a piece of Socialism one cannot help admiring the consistency of the scheme. Professor Stuart and his would-be levellers have the sense to know that if you would have anything like equality, it must be equality with the lowest, and, therefore, you must level down. You cannot give all workmen happiness and comfort, therefore you must forbid any workmen to attempt to gain them. You cannot make all men equal in brain and influence, therefore you must forbid those who have brain to use it. Level down, my friends. Pass your bye-laws forbidding men to think, forbidding men to hope or aspire, and the laws of God will sweep your petty regulations and your silly laws aside, and men will yet work their way upward in the future, will yet force their way through the bars of circumstances in spite of you and your petty logic.

There is another aspect of the case, and a hardly less important one to be noticed. What are these men to do? The gardener is a skilled artisan, and must have thought within him. The ones who would desire to work overtime are the very ones who would possess restless brains. What are they to do when their eight hours' day is done? They are forbidden to work; hope and ambition will die within them, and there will be nothing left for them but the public-house and the streets. It is idleness that produces half the mischief in the world. Our new rulers talk about work as if it was the curse of man; it is his blessing. The true man finds his enjoyment in work; enforced idleness is a misery to him. Two-and-twenty shillings a week does not give a man anything to spend on recreation and amusement. Does Professor Stuart think that he is to spend his evenings reading the *Sunday at Home* and the reports of Professor Stuart's speeches on Progress and Humanity? If men had been tied down to eight hours labour a day, the world to-day would be rotting in space. These shallow thinkers, their poor little brains muddled with their own conceit, are doing more mischief in the world than they are aware of. In the long run nature will avenge herself upon their puny efforts, and the old order of things will sweep onwards as before, but meanwhile, with the fatuous idea that they are improving the laws of nature, these meddlers and muddlers are working infinite injury to their generation, and the great majority of fools gapes with admiration at their windy periods.

I thought it would come to this. The prudish mind is finding animals indecent now, and is growing indignant at the idea that they are allowed to appear naked and unclothed. The Highland Bull, the well-known picture by W. Watson, R.A., has been made use of in Ireland as a poster, and, at a recent meeting of the Cork Corporation, one of the councillors protested against such a design being exhibited on hoardings. He

called it indecent. I would tell this Cork town councillor that we who are not prudes also have our objection to blatant indecency; and we consider the men blatantly indecent and foul-minded, who have any objections to the work of the Creator. Imagine the utterly degraded state of mind of a man who could see indecency in such a picture! His brain must be one mass of everlasting dirty thoughts. It is such men as this Cork town councillor that make one despair of ever making man, on the whole, into what John Burns would call a decent, healthy animal.

It is quite possible that Lord Rosebery's speech at the opening of the Bishopsgate Institute had no second thought behind it. The Prime Minister was in the best of humours, and his audience laughed most generously. But still it may be that he remembered what an excellent thing it is gradually to familiarise the public with an idea, before the time has come to put that idea into execution. "Let each generation provide for itself according to the lights of that generation," said Lord Rosebery. He deprecated any fanciful reverence for what is past and obsolete. When a Prime Minister, speaking in the City, refers to ancient institutions as Lord Rosebery referred to them, and when the audience knows fairly well what the speaker's views are with reference to the City's constitution, it is almost impossible to avoid drawing inferences. The great difficulty is, of course, to do away with fanciful reverence without doing away with reverence altogether, to disentangle the useless from the beneficial in the past, to sacrifice the former without losing the latter. Advance that solves this difficulty is progress indeed.

In the meantime a nation more attached, perhaps, than any other to such "fanciful reverence" has come to what must be considered the beginning of its end. China has sat still and let civilisation go past her. Practically, she has stopped thinking. The capture of Port Arthur must mean a terrible fall from a proud position. It is true that the Chinese have borrowed the latest inventions and the latest knowledge that could improve their chances in warfare; but the rank and file have been but little better than deluded and superstitious people that not so long ago let off crackers in the street as a method of stopping the progress of an epidemic. The reports received on Monday morning were, of course, contradictory, as usual. One telegram from Shanghai stated that the Chinese "fought with dogged valour"; another from the same place and on the same date said that "their display of cowardice was unparalleled." But all agreed in the one important fact that Port Arthur was taken, and the justification of Chinese courage may be left to follow at its leisure.

It seems that I have grossly libelled a worthy man at Harrogate—viz., a Mr. C. Allen, the landlord of the house occupied by the Princess Alix. In speaking of the Princess's stay at Harrogate, I described the house as "an unpretentious building, without even a garden." The landlord's solicitor writes me that such a description is calculated to do his client injury. I unhesitatingly withdraw my statement. The house is, no doubt, a very pretentious building. I am also told that it has a garden; I am delighted to hear it. My correspondent also appears to complain, through his solicitor, of my having described him as a house decorator, whereas he really is a plumber. I quite admit that, as a rule, a plumber is not given to house decoration. A plumber who did anything to a house calculated to leave it in a state more beautiful than it was before would no doubt be unpopular in his profession; and I therefore withdraw the insinuation. A greater libel still remains. I was informed that the gentleman had nine children; he himself only knows of five. I agree that he should be a better authority than myself. I have been misled. I hasten to knock his family down to five; though perhaps I may be allowed to express a hope that in the future the original nine will yet be reached. I trust my worthy Harrogate friend will be satisfied with this apology, which I have endeavoured to make as ample as the circumstances will allow.

Sooner or later it was bound to come. Sooner or later the medical man is bound to find out the danger of everything, and even the simple and succulent watercress has been attacked at last. Dr. Verdon has shown us that there is but a step from watercress to typhoid. In the tea gardens of Hampstead Heath, and amid the peripatetic vendors of our streets, there must be many a heart cast down by the news. It is sad to think that everything should be so very poisonous; it might almost incline one to believe that this world is no place to live in. I know, of course, that I must not look upon the wine when it is red, nor upon the pickles when they are green, and that the difference between smoking and suicide is so slight that it may be disregarded. But it is hard to see these simple pleasures go. Tea, of course, is bad, and milk is dangerous; and sugar, if we only knew, is not all it might be. Now the watercress is also condemned, and over our deserted tea-tables science prances victorious.

Of course the result will be that before long we shall have an Anti-Watercress League, and pamphleteers and tub-thumpers telling us that watercress is answerable for ninty-nine per cent. of the crime in England—ninety-nine per cent. is the only proportion that your reformer ever deals in. Every new vice that he discovers—and, on an average, he discovers two a day—he finds is responsible for ninety-nine per cent. of the misery and crime of the country. If you take our vegetarians, and our teetotallers, and our anti-tobacconists, and our anti-gamblers, *en bloc*, you will find that roast beef, drink, tobacco, and gambling are together responsible for three hundred and ninety-six per cent. of the misery and crime that is yearly committed in England. Now that watercress is going to be added, the percentage will be still further increased by another ninety-nine. I quite agree with the reformers themselves when they say that these figures are appalling. They confuse me considerably.

There is great comfort in the thought that the London School Board, as at present constituted, is comparatively harmless for evil. With a majority of three, the Church party will be compelled to cease from their silly plan of mixing up religious dogma with education; and the Progressives, fortunately without a majority, will be unable to ruin the cause of education by wild-cat schemes, and will be prevented from injuring, to any great extent, the man they hate most in this world—namely, the ratepayer. Finding ourselves, as many of us did, opposed to the utterly out-of-date ideals of the Church party, while our experience gave us little faith in the sense and wisdom

of the Progressive party, we were unable to feel any very enthusiastic desire for the return of either. Each party is now strong enough to counteract everything done by the other, and in that lies the hope of education.

I am glad to see that an omnibus conductor has been fined in the City for carrying two passengers in excess of his number. The *Daily Chronicle* seems to think that it was not a very heinous offence. I have known graver crimes myself; but people who would excuse it are forgetting two facts—that omnibuses are drawn by horses, which are things of feeling, and that the British public is perhaps the most callously brutal in the world. If a hard-and-fast line were not drawn, they would be quite willing to let a couple of poor animals drag sixty of them, and if the animals did not go fast enough they would threaten to report the driver for not sufficiently whipping them. In spite of the opinion of the *Daily Chronicle*, I am inclined to think that three or four tons is enough for two animals, generally underfed, to drag up, say, Ludgate Hill, on a greasy day. My regret in the case is that the fine was not inflicted upon the two passengers instead of on the conductor. Passengers insist on crowding into the 'buses, and it is impossible for the unfortunate conductor to drag them off. When a 'bus is overcrowded, every passenger in it should be liable to a forty-shilling fine. Considerations for horse-flesh would soon follow.

What a nation of hypocrites we are! The fact always impresses itself painfully on me whenever I read of a police raid on a gambling club. The Albert Club case is *sub judice*, so I will say nothing about the merits or demerits of it. What amuses me, however, is to hear the City Solicitor get up in virtuous indignation, to say that the Chief Commissioner is determined to put down gambling in the City, and that he is sure the Mayor and Aldermen will sympathise with and assist him. Now, come, Mr. City Solicitor, and Mr. City Commissioner, have you never made a bet in your lives, either of you? And, Mr. Lord Mayor, asked to assist in the putting down, once and for all, of this wretched gambling spirit—shall we also put down Stock Exchange gambling and Company Limited gambling? What say you? Either gambling should be made a criminal offence, so that if I meet a man in the street and offer to bet him a shilling that Cambridge wins the next Boat Race, I render myself liable to imprisonment—so that every man who plays a sixpenny game of whist should be hauled up before the nearest magistrate; or else these police raids are a contemptible farce—and, more than contemptible, they are disgusting. The whole nation gambles in one form or another. The constable who breaks through the club door has his shilling or half-crown on a horse; the magistrate before whom the case is tried is either a dabbler in Stock Exchange transactions, a member of some sporting club, or a card-player; the solicitor, mouthing virtuous speeches, is, ten to one, wishing he could get hold of an evening paper, to see how he has come off. The hypocrisy of the whole thing is sickening; it stamps us as a nation of liars, from one end of the earth to the other—and silly liars at that, for there is nothing gained by it.

My teetotal friends—and I am glad to be able to say that I have many—gently upbraid me for my attitude towards them, having regard to the kindly feelings with which so many of them view To-Day. I can assure these excellent gentlemen that my feeling of virtuous indignation against them is against their teetotalism, and against nothing else. They are active and energetic in propounding a policy that I think in the highest degree mischievous, injurious, and degrading to the best interests of mankind; and, to the best of my ability, I am bound to attack them, in season and out of season. For temperance I am perhaps more eager than even they are; for universal temperance would at once kill their fad; and, knowing this, they are more bitter against the moderate drinker than they are against the drunkard.

If they would leave Acts of Parliament alone, and start a league to impress upon all men by argument the great advantages, moral and physical, of temperance and the just use of God's gifts, I should like to join it, and do my best to assist them. But at present they have prostituted the cause of temperance into a foolish and unholy attack on the rights of man, and what, to my mind, is the most sacred thing in life—the cause of freedom. Still, it is not with themselves, but with their tenets, that I disagree. If ever the time comes when, from experience, they have learnt sense enough to abandon their mischievous crusade of teetotalism, I shall then hope to find myself working side by side with them. Meanwhile, with every respect for their sincerity and earnestness, I must ask them to allow me to rank myself their perpetual and uncompromising enemy.

Just as at frequent and regular intervals Jane Cakebread increases the number of her police-court appearances; just as at frequent and regular intervals somebody pulls the trigger of a pistol, and explains at the inquest that he never knew it, so with equal frequency and equal regularity does someone write to the daily press to complain that women wear in their hats the bodies and plumage of slaughtered birds. But a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* has a new variation on this aged theme. She has discovered that these birds are not even honest, not even the humming birds that they pretend to be. One that she describes was a house-sparrow died blue, and it was not even all sparrow, for some of the feathers were hen's feathers. It is very shocking, of course, but I am not sure that these correspondents would not do well to leave the subject alone for a time. It is hard to fight against fate; I should say that it was just about as hard to fight against fashion.

I have to acknowledge the following contributions to the Gallantry Fund:—Samuel French, £1 1s.; Anon, 5s.; W. N. Yarrow, 5s.; Jesse Boot, £1 1s. Mr. Pegram, the sculptor, is now at work on the memorial to little John Clinton, to be placed in Manor Park Cemetery. The cost of the memorial comes out a good deal more than was at first contemplated, but to perpetuate the memory of the little hero it is worth making an effort. Perhaps some of my readers who may remember the story of the gallant little fellow's life may be induced to send something further, having regard to this unexpected expense. The cost of the memorial will not be less than thirty pounds, although everyone is working to a certain extent *con amore*. I shall be able to give my subscribers a sketch of the memorial in next week's issue.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

I must decline to give opinions upon contributions sent to me. Will correspondents kindly abstain in future from seeking my views?

Correspondents are requested to make their letters as short as possible. Enquiries cannot be answered through the post.

C. W. L., writing to me with reference to the action of the Anti-Opiumists, tells me that the following further delightful arguments are being circulated by these gentry in support of their case. My correspondent informs me that they are putting it about that the Indian newspapers were bribed by the Bombay Government to give distorted versions of the trial. I should like to hear what the *Times of India*, the *Bombay Gazette*, and the *Advocate of India* have to say to this charge. The Anti-Opiumists are not ashamed to state that Mr. Slater, the magistrate who tried the case, spent the interval between the end of the trial and the delivery of his sentence in consulting with the Government officials as to his verdict and sentence. That Lord Harris has indignantly denied the statement makes no difference to these missionary friends of ours, and they also take no notice of the fact, since proved, that Mr. Slater, during the time in question, never came into contact with any Government officials. What can the religion of men be worth who stoop to such methods?

Sailor's Wife.—I fear your case is one of the many tragedies that face us throughout life. The coming and going of love has been the theme of tragedy, pathos, and comedy from the beginning of the world's history. Maybe your present trouble will pass away; I sincerely hope it will. The sad part of such things is that there is no earthly remedy.

James Haysman writes me suggesting the creation of a fund for the providing of a Christmas dinner for the aged poor all over England. He thinks that committees might be organised to select and hand tickets to the deserving, and that the fare might be provided by arrangement from the various local eating-houses. Mr. Haysman's intention is excellent, and it seems unkind to throw cold water upon it, but I can imagine an enormous expense being incurred with a result altogether out of proportion to the cost. If each man who would subscribe to such a fund—and there must be many thousands—would instead look around in his own immediate neighbourhood and give a little comfort to some half-dozen families whose circumstances he could investigate for himself, I am sure much more practical benefit would be gained.

H. A. J. (St. Leonards).—Judge a man according to his works. His profession of faith is always unimportant. Too often a man does not know what he is himself. Religious profession is not unfrequently used as hush-money to conscience, and takes the place of the simpler ducat by which, in old days, the right to sin was freely purchased. I quite agree with you in your opinion of the humour of the "De Omnibus" column.

G. R. (Dublin) is indignant with me because a sixpenny cake of Vinolia soap only lasts him five weeks for shaving. He asks me to excuse his saying that I blow my own trumpet, and that I profess to be a sworn enemy to all fraud, and yet, in spite of all this on my part, G. R. can only shave for five weeks upon a sixpenny cake of Vinolia soap. I really don't know what G. R. wants me to do, unless it is to shave him myself.

F. M. (Putney).—By all means let us pray, "Lead us not into temptation." But you must remember that if there were no temptations there would be no need for prayer, no need for religion, no good and no evil. Now let me put a question to you. You believe in the omnipotence and goodness of God. Do you think He would permit evil if it were not for some wise purpose of His own?

E. O. is disappointed that we have dropped out the sketch from "Feminine Affairs." I was doubtful whether it was much cared for by my readers. If my lady friends wish it I will, of course, see that one is now and again given.

J. C. C. (Edinburgh).—Many thanks for having noticed the improvement in To-Day. The larger our circulation the more we shall continue to improve. The price of the unabridged edition of Lindley Murray's Grammar is, I believe, three and sixpence. You could procure it through any bookseller.

Breach.—1. It is possible, under exceptional circumstances, for a marriage settlement to be put an end to. This depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case. Under no circumstances can a wife (except in the event of the settlement being put an end to) draw upon the trust fund without first obtaining the leave of the Court. 2. Your description of the horns is too vague on which to form an opinion as to the animal they belong to. Horns of buffalo are often died and polished, and present an appearance not very different from that of tortoiseshell.

A. R. D. (Leeds).—I should like further details with names and dates (in confidence). Then I could enquire into and take up the matter. H. D. R.—Mr. Sidney Grundy's play, "Sowing the Wind," is not published. One Who Wishes to Know.—There is nothing known definitely concerning heredity; it is all surmise and guess work. A suicidal mania might descend; it might not. It might skip a generation, or it might not; no one can say. Yadot.—You may pay your newsagent the eleven shilling subscription, and we will allow him a discount; if he will write to us we will give him full particulars. Mashazela.—The coins may be worth anything or practically nothing. If you will let me have a full description of each, and the condition they are in, I will let you know exactly. Write to Stanley Gibbons, Limited, Strand, W.C., about the stamps. J. B. M. (Harringay), and one or two other correspondents, point out to me that the *Sun* has been "lifting" from To-day without acknowledgment. The editor of the *Sun* I know would not sanction this, and I expect he will speak to his young men. C. H. K. (Harrogate).—The history of the Rev. Mr. Sawyer's life-work is a powerful and pathetic story, but the *Yorkshire Post* has told the tale so admirably that it would be unnecessary for me to add further remark. W. S. F. (Newcastle).—You seem to have forgotten that *Tit-Bits* does run a serial, as do all papers with large circulations. Lancastrian.—Mr. Luke Fildes pronounces his name in one syllable, and with the i long. R. D. (Johannesburg).—Your letter of praise gave me intense pleasure. As poor Dick Fennell says in *Sweet Lavender*, "Much may be done by praise." But an author gets more abuse than anything else nowadays. Orpheus Up-to-Date.—I believe there are several firms in Hatton Garden from whom you could hire piano organs. Reader (Aberdeen).—Write to French, of 89, Strand, for his catalogues of plays and operettas. You might try *Loan of a Lover*. Admirer (Ashton-under-Lyne).—Many thanks for all the kind things you say. Here are twenty songs for baritone vocalists:—"Out on the Deep" (F. N. Lohr), "The Devout Lover" (M. V. White), "Oh! oh! Hear the Wild Wind Blow," "The Bedouin Love Song," "The Diver," "Mona" (Stephen Adams), "Dear Lady Mine" (A. L.), "A May Morning" (L. Denza), "The Holy City" (Stephen Adams), "To-morrow will be Friday," "Biddy Aroo," "Off to Philadelphia," "The Dear Home-land," "Six Husbands" (Capel), "The Skipper of St. Ives," "Taken in Tow," "The Boys in Blue," "The King's Own," "The Monarch of the Storm" (F. Mullen), "Memories" (Tosti). I gave a list of bass songs a few weeks ago. L. P. (University College, Oxford).—Yes; universities are of necessity the homes both of the most advanced opinions and of the least advanced. The restriction you mention seems silly enough. Many thanks for your good wishes. Vigorinensis.—We don't use paste in this office, and know nothing about it. To obtain one of our gift books you must subscribe direct to the office. L. W.—I daresay to an expert rider there is not much danger in cycling through crowded thoroughfares. But one sees many who are not expert. Kildare.—Tillotson, of Bolton, is the chief. The less-known ones are not always reliable. E. H.—Write to R. L. Franks, clerk, Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, E.C. I do not think it is necessary for any but very young boys to attend the school at Hertford. W. H. Gulliford sends me an interesting letter on vine cultivation, and claims that he was the first to start the industry in Guernsey. He also suggests that the business could be carried on very profitably in the South of England. A. M. R.—You should apply to any of the large schools of cookery for the information you require. J. F. P.—(1) It will be necessary for you to write, and make an appointment with the secretary of the General Post Office. (2) I should imagine they are procurable at any of the large shops. N. K. (Liverpool).—I know of no such society. You might possibly get some information from the Alien Office, the Home Office, Whitehall. M. S.—There is no doubt that, under the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878, you must give notice to the inspector of factories. R. R. C.—I have seen the picture you refer to, but it is so silly that it has amused me rather than roused my indignation. M.P., endorsing my remarks about the sweet innocence of South Western Railway officials concerning South Western trains, asks me to draw attention to the difficulty experienced by passengers at Waterloo in getting luggage conveyed from the old station to the new. Porters in one station, he tells me, decline to have anything to do with luggage going to the other. Hard-up.—If you are certain of procuring the work you want there is no reason why you should not make a couple of pounds a week by it. I am afraid you would find it an up-hill task for some months to come; it takes so long to form a connection. F. J. D.—I believe it is essential that you should know a Freemason before you can be elected a member. A Weekly Subscriber.—The distance is measured along the ordinary highway. The traveller must be three miles from the place where he slept. Long Locks.—If your book is accepted by a publisher, he would issue it at his own risk. Irishwoman.—The matter you complain of is, I admit, a public scandal. It all comes from the want of regulation of vice. A. E. H.—Thank you for the kind things you say about To-Day. Pessimism is in the air of literature, and when a man does now and then try to write a lively story he only gets abuse for his pains. F. O. S.—The ranks both of journalists and black and white artists are already overcrowded. You must have exceptional talent to get on in either. A. S. S.—I cannot undertake to comment upon literary productions. Fleur de Lys objects to short stories, preferring serials, though in other respects he speaks highly of To-Day, and writes me a pleasant critical letter upon "The Master," showing much appreciation of that work. G. P. H. Thank you for your kind letter. Mr. Keighley Snowden will, I am sure, be delighted with your critical appreciation of his story in the Winter Number. Yokel.—The matter you refer to is outside an editor's power. An author has a right to do what he likes with his own work.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—No, no, no. The pretty little actress you mention has *not* committed suicide. She has gone to Paris to write a play—which you may say is the same thing, but she was never better or happier in her life. And I am very glad to hear it.

Neither has Johnny Shine committed suicide. The rumour that he had was most persistent for about twenty-four hours, but I never saw a "self-slain" corpse look so cheerful. You will hear of him as his own manager shortly—this time *without* a syndicate—and he will start business with a new three-act farcical comedy.

Also, Annie Rose is not dead. If you had only read your paper more closely you would have seen that Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Neville) "had presented her husband with a beautiful baby boy, and that the announcement by mistake got printed in the "deaths" column.

Finally, may I call your attention to the fact that this is the end of November—*not* the first of April.

There was no end of a crush at the Gaiety on Saturday night, and on the whole everybody seemed fairly pleased with *The Shop Girl*. It is excellently mounted, the dresses are very pretty, so is the scenery, and so are the girls. The acting and singing leave nothing to be desired. The music is graceful and catchy, but I don't know who wrote the "millionaire" song, which was the biggest go of the evening. Some said it was Caryll, some said Monckton. When the music was not playing the show was a little long, and a little dull. But this is true of nearly every "variety show." Some unfortunate allusions to a strawberry mark caused the goose to hover ominously over the devoted head of Arthur Williams, but this diversion was only momentary, and at the finish, though the composer seemed more popular than the author, everybody was cordially greeted.

The variety show is a distinct thing, apart from any other form of theatrical entertainment, and as such it should be considered. It is the point of contact with the music halls. In the theatre a thin thread of plot is the excuse for the varieties. In the music hall there is no pretence of continuity. Otherwise the shows are the same. I hope Charles Wyndham will not loose sight of this fact when he proceeds to agitate against the County Council. Managers will have to say some day *why* they prefer the control of the Censor to that of the Council. The managers cannot demand the continuance of the censorship in the interests of Art so far as the Gaiety and similar theatres are concerned. Their Art is merely the Art of the music hall, *i.e.*, the Art of the County Council.

There is deuced little Art about *The Wrong Girl* at the Strand. I don't know who is responsible for it, because Kennedy, whose name is mentioned, disclaims much interest, while Mrs. Coffin, who is not mentioned, claims some part of the work. Willie Edouin himself, I believe, has also had a hand in the matter. Anyway, it's a rough sort of farce, that makes you laugh occasionally by its utter extravagance, but which, on the whole, cannot be regarded as other than a poor and paltry business.

I don't like actors playing at being themselves. *Toole at Homburg* was all very well; but fancy what this sort of thing may bring us to! Think of a series of farces dealing with the average actor's daily life! Think of such titles as *Cartwright at Clarkson's*, *Bouchier's Betrothal* (with a lot of practical humour got out of the hero forgetting the words of the marriage service, and speaking a few brilliant things of his own, because he thought they suited the "situation" so much better than the simple phraseology of the original author), *Arthur Cecil and the Anarchist; or, The Wrong Black Bag*, and so on. The prospect is a trifle appalling, isn't it?

Now that Christmas is coming, there will be several interesting changes of programme at some of the best theatres. At the Garrick, you will shortly see a new comedy, *Slaves of the Ring*, by Grundy. After this, it is said, will come the much-talked-of play by Pinero, but it will not surprise me if, before we get to Pinero, Hare revives *The School for Scandal*, playing "Sir Peter" himself; while Mrs. Bancroft appears as "Mrs. Candour," Kate Rorke as "Lady Teazle," and Bancroft as "Joseph."

At the Court, Chudleigh will immediately revive *Dr. Bill*, Hawtrey playing the "Doctor," and Edith Kenward, the original "Kangaroo Girl," playing her original part. She dances, as you know, in the first act. In America she had a dance introduced in every act, and it seemed to go remarkably well. I don't know which version will be played by Chudleigh.

Lewis Waller has only got the Haymarket for a short season, but you will find that he has "come to stay" in London as a manager. He is an excellent actor. He has got together a very strong company, and he has secured a number of good plays. His second production will be a new play by Claude Carton, which will excite a great deal of interest, for it is a departure from what people choose to imagine is Claude's especial manner. Why this assumption continues I cannot imagine. Everybody knows that Claude was part author of *The Pointsman* and *The Great Pink Pearl*, both of them plays as unlike *Liberty Hall* as it is possible to conceive. Like every competent dramatist, he adopted the method best adapted to the exposition of his subject in a particular case; but that one method is not the only one at his command, by any manner of means.

You will, I understand, find that a change of method has been adopted by Oscar Wilde in dealing with his latest play. When we see it at the Haymarket shortly, however, it will be time to talk about it.

The season continues to be an excellent one for the theatres, and business is good nearly everywhere. But the music halls are having a badish time. This will be worse when their principal stars go off to the pantomimes. Why the public has for the moment left the halls, I can't say. The halls had it all their own way a year ago; but the theatres are now having their revenge.

—Your affectionate cousin, Randolph.

"THE WRONG GIRL."

TEN MINUTES WITH MISS FANNY BROUGH.

There is one side of theatrical life that essentially belongs to the debit and credit account of "The Profession," and in which the ordinary public have practically no share. That is, the period of extraordinary animation and buoyancy which pervades the whole of that debatable land lying beyond the stage door, the first few nights of a really successful piece; the very scene-shifters feel a glow of enthusiasm, and a joyful air of animation pervades each brightly lit dressing-room.

"I found Miss Fanny Brough," writes a representative of To-Day, "full of enthusiasm about her new part, and delighted with the reception awarded her after her six months' temporary absence from the stage."

"It is a real pleasure," she observed brightly, "to take part in a screaming farce; not only do I thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing, but I like to feel my audience is having a good time too. Of course, I could not help feeling at first somewhat nervous about the wig incident—you know I have to take my wig off on the stage—it is, as any professional will tell you, a tremendously

daring thing to do; indeed, I doubt if it has ever been done before, even in farcical comedy; still it makes a capital point, and gives me a chance of appearing for once on the boards as I really am in everyday life."

"A pleasant surprise to your many unknown friends in front," I observed, looking at the famous *comedienne's* delicate profile, thrown into relief by masses of fine dark hair, drawn off the broad, low forehead in a way many an eighteenth century beauty might have envied. "Do you not find that farce takes a great deal out of you?"

"Not nearly so much as does tragedy," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Of course, London playgoers can scarcely fancy me in anything but a funny part, and yet the whole of my dramatic training was made in serious rôles, and I suppose there is scarcely a hall with a dramatic license in the United Kingdom which has not seen me acting a pathetic part; and even during my first seasons in London I played the rôle of Lotte, in *War*; and in the Bancrofts' revival of *Money*, that of Clara Douglas."

"You must have found farce an extraordinary change?"

"Yes, but a pleasant one. I have a great sense of humour—accompanied, however, as is often the case, with keen feeling for the tragic side of life. When acting a pathetic part, I entered so thoroughly into the rôle that the strain became intense; when personating Esther, in *Caste*, for instance, I cried every night, and even now I do not believe I could read Captain Hawtrey's letter without the tears coming into my eyes."

"And do you consider that the shedding of real tears makes a greater impression on the audience than the mere simulation of grief?"

"That very much depends to what extent the actress's real emotion is carried; curiously enough, uncontrollable emotion will sometimes cause an audience to laugh at you, instead of crying with you. My greatest efforts have certainly been produced through the expression of deep but absolutely tearless feeling."

"And when did you first discover your present turn for humour?"

"Well, as Norah Fitzgerald, in *Harvest*, I scored a great laughing success, and since then I have had quite a record of comic parts, although I lately returned to my original kind of work in the matinées given of *The Little Squire*."

"Among your most successful and permanent parts, I suppose we may count that of President of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, Miss Brough?"

"I admit," she replied, smiling, "that it is one which never palls on me. We are all very proud of what the Guild has been able to accomplish since it was first founded by our indefatigable hon. sec., Mrs. C. L. Carson; in addition to having helped countless feminine members of the profession in time of dire stress and need, it has welded us all closer together, and, through the weekly sewing bees held at Mrs. Carson's house, has led to many useful and pleasant acquaintances. Everybody helps, those who cannot sew sending a donation; we have dozens of bundles containing women's and babies' clothes, ready to send out at the shortest notice to those eligible—that is, not only actresses and actors' wives, but all women employed about theatres and music halls in the United Kingdom. By the way, it may amuse you to learn that my grandmother, Mrs. Brough, who celebrated her ninety-first birthday the other day, is one of the best workers in the Guild; you know everything is handmade; there is nothing in the shape of machine-sewn garments."

"The lady members of the profession are evidently anything but idle?"

"No, indeed; the most lazy of us lead twice as busy a life as do most women, for, in some shape or other, our profession claims nearly every moment of our waking hours; and yet there is not one of us, I feel sure, who would exchange a working life, as long as she is working, for one of doing nothing."

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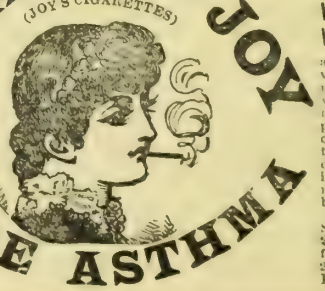

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CLUB CHATTER.

The grey friezes that met with so much favour last fall are still much fancied, notwithstanding that the wear of the season is undoubtedly the cheviot with a suspicion of green in it. There is no chance of any loud patterns being revived, and designers are putting all their energies into producing something novel and neat. The Glen Urquhart tweeds, which have done so well during the last few seasons, are becoming a drug, although a few are buying them in faint contrasts. An attempt is being made to revive the brown shades so popular four or five years ago, but makers are wisely refusing to have anything to do with the violent "brick" colour that drove them finally out of the market.

America is said to be giving the largest orders to the cloth factories, the Bradford firms alone having £75,000 worth of cloth for export. This is satisfactory, and comes as a fitting answer to the charge of Mr. Ward McAllister, the leader of New York society, that America has nothing to gain from English fashions. To prevent anyone thinking that this is a sign that the good old times have come back to the cloth industry, I have to mention with regret, on the authority of an esteemed correspondent, that at the present time German makers are flooding the British market with cloths, printed in patterns on each side, at sixpence and sixpence-halfpenny a yard.

A suggestion that is so good that I commend it to makers of Xylonite goods is made by a correspondent. He points out that nine out of every ten men in the City have to protect their shirt cuffs by a paper cover, and wonders why some xylonite protection to exactly represent linen is not brought out. It could be made to fit every size of cuff, and would prove a boon to business men.

A decided improvement in the packing of Xmas hampers has been made by Messrs. Stenhouse, the well-known whisky merchants of Glasgow. Instead of the straw bottle cases, the box is so arranged that the bottles fit into grooves on each side of the box, and are held in position by a partition in the centre. The risk of breakage is very small, and the arangement does away with all litter. Altogether it is an excellent way to send an excellent liqueur whisky.

I am afraid that the hosiers who went in for the brilliant coloured ties will find they have made a bad bargain. They are hardly being worn at all, and any chance they had of ultimately living down prejudice seems doomed by the cheap and plausible imitations that have since been turned out.

Spats are being largely worn this winter, and it really seems a pity that so comfortable and useful an article of apparel should at any time be tabooed by a passing prejudice of fashion.

It is pretty certain that the Albert Club will fight out the question of betting in clubs. There is no lack of money, and the members recognise the fact that on the final verdict everything depends. Possibly, the police may burk the question by proceeding on some alleged infringement of the rules relating to the management of clubs, and if so, we shall be *in statu quo ante bello*. If, on the other hand, they win on the whole question, the doors of Tattersall's must close, and then——?

Meanwhile, I am extremely glad to see that "Hotspur" joins with me in protesting against the indignity inflicted on members. To lead men well known in the locality through crowded streets, to clear their pockets of everything, down to door-keys, all the time knowing that the only punishment for frequenting a gambling club is so trifling as to be no punishment at all, is disgraceful. Therefore, why not be contented with issuing a summons in the usual way, and merely taking the officials under the warrant. It has been suggested that the whole step was a great surprise, but members have been aware for some time that they were being watched.

It is reassuring to sportsmen to know that Lord Rosebery intends to try to win the Derby for the second year in succession. The Premier has taken time by the forelock, and already secured the services of John Watts for Sir Visto. Sir J. B. Maple, than whom no more ardent sportsman exists, has a claim on Watts, but he generously acceded to Lord Rosebery's request. It is now hoped that Mat Dawson will still continue to train for Lord Rosebery.

Strange to say, both Cannon and Loates, the two leading jockeys, have at times this year been in rather delicate health. Cannon is susceptible to cold, whilst Loates is a martyr to indigestion. It is stated that Cannon will winter abroad. Loates is going to place himself under the care of a specialist.

Mention of jockeys reminds me that everyone is praising young Kempton Cannon for his fine horsemanship on Crotanstown at Manchester. Had the colt lost nearly every Irish backer would have been bankrupt, as it is said that no Irish horse has ever been backed for so much money as was Mr. Lushington's colt. K. Cannon only celebrated his fifteenth birthday a few weeks ago. He is very powerful for his age, and like his father and brother never gets flurried in the most desperate finish.

Mr. John Hawke, when taking his Anti-Gambling League round to the Home Office, said they had never threatened to prosecute the Jockey Club. Mr. John Corlett replies by publishing a letter to the Earl of March containing the League's threat. I mention this for the benefit of Mr. J. W. Britten, of the N.C.U., whose copyright seems to have been infringed.

Last year the chrysanthemum was out of fashion for the button-hole, but this year it has retaken a lease of popularity. The favourite colours are the red, brown, and pure white, with very long petals. The Neapolitan violet, set in myrtle leaves, and the simple English violet are also making a brave show.

One of the new patterns in ties consists of a light wavy line upon a darker background. It is used both for the large "Club" tie and for the bow, and produces a very striking effect. The lines are very narrow, and may be either continuous or broken. For the larger ties a green or gold line on a black background go very well together, and a green or light blue line on a darker blue look smart for the small bows.

A philosopher has just given it as his opinion that no man can be considered drunk so long as he can lie on the ground without holding on.

There is little of novelty at the Stanley Show, but it is none the worse for that. It is an excellent all-round exhibition of cycles and pneumatic tyres, and in minor details many improvements are to be noted. The most striking features are the application of the pneumatic tyre to vehicles, the crop of new gears, and the bamboo cycle. The fitting of the pneumatic tyre to carriages opens up a vast field for a new industry, and I have not the slightest doubt that in a few years' time light vehicles without pneumatic tyres will be scarce. With regard to the boom in new gears, like the Boudard-Peveril, all I can say, I have no belief in them from the mechanical

point of view. The financial aspect has been dealt with in our money article. The bamboo cycle is a clever idea, nicely worked out, but until it has been thoroughly tested by a season's experience on road and path, it would be unsafe to venture an opinion. My only doubt is whether the bottom stays are rigid enough to stand the strain of the chain. The show closes this (Saturday) night.

As I anticipated, Yorkshire had the better of Lancashire in the Rugby County Championship, and I fail to see how the shire of broad acres can lose. Twenty-six points to ten shows what a decided superiority Yorkshire possesses over the County Palatine. The same team will be available in the remaining matches. No less than eight Yorkshire players are chosen to do battle for the North against South.

The rising rebellion against the Rugby Union has advanced a further stage in Lancashire and Yorkshire. At present the position seems to be that both the Yorkshire clubs and the Yorkshire Union strongly protest against the circular. In Lancashire the clubs are against the attitude of the parent body, but the Lancashire Union does not support them. It follows, then, that the opposition to authority is gaining force, and further developments will be awaited with anxiety. My opinion is that Yorkshire and Lancashire will ultimately secede, and a professional union become an established fact.

Only the divisional finals of the English Cup competition remain to be played before the real contest will commence by the inclusion of the exempted clubs. So far as I can see, no amateur club can possibly survive the first round. In the South Millwall, Luton, and Southampton St. Mary's have the best chance of entering the competition proper.

Liverpool gave Sunderland a fright in their League match at Wearside, for, at half-time, the Liverpudlians led by two goals. It was a close thing, but Sunderland managed to scrape home by 3 to 2 at the finish. Everton, too, just defeated Blackburn Rovers by 2 to 1, so that the League table remains unaltered so far as the leading pair are concerned. As I foretold last week, Derby County showed improved form by turning the tables on their conquerors, Preston North End. Bolton Wanderers justified my depreciatory criticism by going under to Small Heath on their own ground—an event which two months ago would have caused the greatest surprise. In the second division, Woolwich Arsenal gained a couple of points at Newcastle with a team weakened by the absence of Mortimer and Boyd. This is really excellent form.

It was a wretched team which, representing London, visited Sheffield to receive a 10—0 thrashing. The Old Boys chosen preferred to play for their clubs. It is a pity that a stronger team could not be got together, as the result must give Northerners but a poor idea of Southern football.

It is pleasant to see that the current number of the *Courrier Francais* publishes as specimens of the best English art the "Fat Woman," by Aubrey Beardsley, which appeared in a recent number of To-Day, and Dudley Hardy's "Yellow Girl" poster. I tender my best thanks to so illustrious a contemporary.

The Major.

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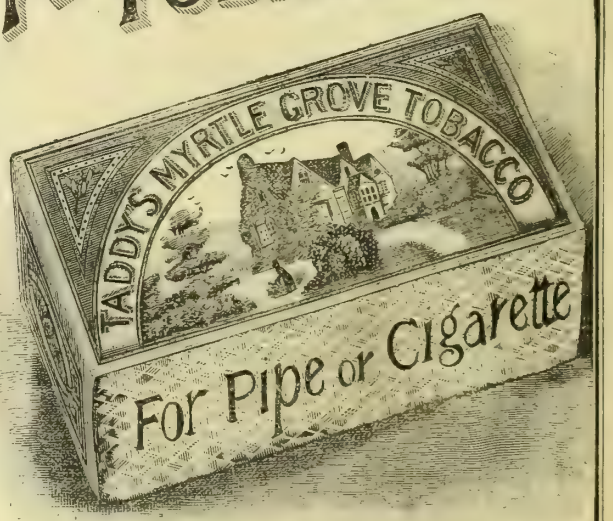

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CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

IT seemed plain to Brant that the despatch-box had been conveyed here and opened, for security, on this desk, and in the hurry of examining the papers the flower had been jostled and the fallen grains of pollen overlooked by the spy. There were one or two freckles of red on the desk which made this accident appear the more probable. But he was equally struck by another circumstance. The desk stood immediately before the window. As he glanced mechanically from it, he was surprised to see that it commanded an extensive view of the slope below the eminence on which the house stood, even beyond his furthest line of pickets. The vase of flowers, each of which was nearly as large as a magnolia blossom, and striking in colour, occupied a central position before it, and no doubt could be quite distinctly seen from a distance. From this circumstance he could not resist the strong impression that this fateful and extraordinary blossom, carried by Miss Faulkner and the mulatto, and so strikingly "in evidence" at the window, was in some way a *signal*. Obeying an impulse which he was conscious had a half superstitious foundation, he carefully lifted the vase from its position before the window, and placed it on a side table. Then he cautiously slipped from the room.

But he could not easily shake off the perplexity which the occurrence had caused, although he was satisfied that it was fraught with no military or strategic danger to his command, and that the unknown spy had obtained no information whatever. Yet he was forced to admit to himself that he was more concerned in his attempts to justify the conduct of Miss Faulkner with this later revelation. It was quite possible that the despatch-box had been purloined by someone else during *her* absence from the house—as the presence of the mulatto servant in his room would have been less suspicious than hers. There was really little evidence to connect Miss Faulkner with the actual outrage—rather might not the *real* spy have taken advantage of her visit here, to throw suspicion upon her? He remembered her singular manner—the strange inconsistency with which she had forced this flower upon him. She would hardly have done so had she been conscious of it having so serious an import. Yet what was the secret of her manifest agitation? A sudden inspiration flashed across his mind; a smile came upon his lips. She was in love! The enemy's line contained some sighing Strephon of a young subaltern with whom she was in communication, and for whom she had undertaken this quest. The flower was their language of correspondence, no doubt. It explained also the young girl's animosity against the younger officers—*his* adversaries; against himself—their commander. He had previously wondered why—if she were indeed a spy—she had not chosen—upon some equally specious order from Washington—the head-quarters of the Division Commander, whose secrets were more valuable. This was explained by the fact that she was nearer the lines and her lover in her present abode. He had no idea that he was making excuses for her—he believed himself only just. The recollection of what she had said of the power of love—albeit it had hurt him cruelly at the time—was now clearer to him, and even seemed to mitigate her offence. She would be here but a day or two longer; he could afford to wait without interrogating her.

But as to the real intruder—spy or thief—that was another affair, and quickly settled. He gave an order to the officer of the day peremptorily forbidding the entrance of alien servants or slaves within the precincts of the Head Quarters. Anyone thus trespassing was to be brought before him. The officer looked surprised—he even fancied disappointed. The graces of the mulatto woman's figure had evidently been not thrown away upon his subalterns.

An hour or two later, when he was mounting his horse for a round of inspection, he was surprised to see Miss Faulkner, accompanied by the mulatto woman, running hurriedly to the house. He had forgotten his late order until he saw the latter halted by the sentries, but the young girl came flying on, regardless of her companion. Her skirt was held in one hand, her straw hat had fallen back in her flight and was caught only by a ribbon around her swelling throat, her loosened hair lay in a black rippled loop on one shoulder. For an instant Brant thought that she was seeking him in indignation at his order, but a second look at her set face, eager eyes and parted scarlet lips, showed him that she had not even noticed him in the concentration of her purpose. She swept by him into the hall, he heard the swish of her skirt and rapid feet on the stairs, she was gone. What had happened, or was this another of her moods?

But he was called to himself by the apparition of a corporal standing before him, with the mulatto woman—the first capture under his order. She was tall, well-formed, but unmistakably showing the negro type, even in her small features. Her black eyes were excited but unintelligent; her manner dogged, but with the obstinacy of half-conscious stupidity. Brant felt not only disappointed, but had a singular impression that she was *not* the same woman that he had first seen. Yet there was the tall, graceful figure, the dark profile, and the turbaned head that he had once followed down the passage by his room.

Her story was as stupidly simple. She had known "Missy" from a chile! She had just trapsed over to see her that afternoon; they were walking together when the sojers stopped her. She had never been stopped before, even by "the patter rollers."* Her old Massa (Manly) had gib leaf to go see Miss Josey, and hadn't said nuffin about no "orders."

More annoyed than he cared to confess, Brant briefly dismissed her with a warning. As he cantered down the slope the view of the distant pickets recalled the window in the wing, and he turned in his saddle to look at it.

* *i.e.*, Patrols—a civic home guard in the South that kept surveillance of slaves.

Copyright 1894, by Bret Harte.

There it was—the largest and most dominant window in that part of the building—and within it a distinct and vivid object, almost filling the opening, was the vase of flowers, which he had a few hours ago removed, *restored to its original position!* He smiled. The hurried entrance and consternation of Miss Faulkner was now fully explained. He had interrupted some impassioned message, perhaps even countermanded some affectionate *rendezvous* beyond the lines. And it seemed to settle the fact that it was she who had done the signalling! But would not this also make her cognisant of the taking of the despatch-box? He reflected, however, that the room was apparently occupied by the mulatto woman—he remembered the calico dresses and turban on the bed—and it was possible that Miss Faulkner had only visited it for the purpose of signalling to her lover. Although this circumstance did not tend to make his mind easier, it was, however, presently diverted by a new arrival and a strange recognition.

HE PLACED THE VASE ON A SIDE TABLE.

As he rode through the camp a group of officers congregated before a large mess tent appeared to be highly amused by the conversation—half monologue and half harangue—of a singular-looking individual who stood in the centre. He wore a "slouch" hat, to the band of which he had imparted a military air by the addition of a gold cord, but the brim was caught up at the side in a peculiarly theatrical and highly artificial fashion. A heavy cavalry sabre depended from a broad-buckled belt under his black frock coat, with the addition of *two* revolvers—minus their holsters—stuck on either side of the buckle, after the style of a stage smuggler. A pair of long enamelled leather riding boots, with the tops turned deeply over, as if they had once done duty for the representative of a Cavalier, completed his extraordinary equipment. The group were so absorbed in him that they did not perceive the approach of their chief and his orderly; and Brant, with a sign to the latter, halted only a few paces from this central figure. His speech was a singular mingling of high-flown and exalted epithets, with inexact pronunciation and occasional lapses of Western slang.

"Well, I ain't purtendin' to any stratutegical smartness, and I didn't gradooate at West Point as one of those Apochryphal Engineers; I don't do much talking about 'flank' movements or 'recognizances in force' or 'Ekellon skirmishing,' but when it comes down to square Ingin fightin', I reckon I kin have my say. There are men who don't know the Army Contractor," he added, darkly, "who mebbe have heard of 'Red Jim.' I don't mention names, gentlemen; but only the other day a man that you all know says to me, 'If I only knew what you do about scoutin' I wouldn't be wanting for information as I do.' I ain't goin' to say who it was, or break any confidences between gentlemen, by saying how many stars he had on his shoulder strap; but he was a man who knew what he was saying. And I say again, gentlemen, that the Curse of the Northern Army is the want of proper scoutin'. What was it caused Bull's Run?—want o' scoutin'! What was it rolled up Pope?—want o' scoutin'! What killed Baker at Ball's Bluff?—want o' scoutin'! What caused the slaughter at the Wilderness?—want o' scoutin'—Ingin scoutin'! Why, only the other day, gentlemen, I was approached, to know what I'd take to organise a scoutin' force. And what did I say?—'No, General; it ain't because I represent one of the largest Army Beef Contracts in this country,' says I; 'it ain't because I belong, so to speak, to the "Sinews of War"; but because I'd want about ten thousand trained Ingins from the Reservations!' And the regular West Point, high-toned, scientific inky-bus that weighs so heavily on our Army don't see it—and won't have it! Then Sherman, he sez to me——"

But here a roar of laughter interrupted him, and in the cross fire of sarcastic interrogations that began Brant saw, with relief, a chance of escape. For in the voice, manner, and, above all, the characteristic temperament of the stranger, he had recognised his old playmate, and the husband of Susy—the redoubtable Jim Hooker! There was no mistaking that gloomy audacity; that mysterious significance; that magnificent lying. But even at that moment Clarence Brant's heart had gone out, with all his old loyalty of feeling, towards his old companion. He knew that a public recognition of him then and there would plunge Hooker into confusion; he felt keenly the ironical plaudits and laughter of his officers over the manifest weakness and vanity of the ex-teamster, ex-rancher, ex-actor, and husband of his old girl sweetheart, and would have spared him the knowledge that *he* had overheard it. Turning hastily to the orderly he bade him bring the stranger to his headquarters, and rode away unperceived.

He had heard enough, however, to account for his presence there, and the singular chance that had brought them again together. He was evidently one of those large Civil Contractors of Supplies whom the Government was obliged to employ, who visited the camp half officially, and whom the Army alternately depended upon and abused. Brant had dealt with his underlings in the Commissariat, and even now remembered that he had heard he was coming, but had overlooked the significance of his name. But how he came to leave his theatrical profession, how he had attained a position which implied a command of considerable capital—for many of the contractors had already amassed large fortunes—and what had become of Susy and her ambitions in this radical change of circumstances, were things still to be learned. In his own changed conditions he had seldom thought of *her;* it was with a strange feeling of irritation and half-responsibility that he now recalled their last interview and the emotion to which he had yielded.

He had not long to wait. He had scarcely regained the quarters at his own private office, before he heard the step of the orderly upon the verandah and the trailing clank of Hooker's sabre. He did not know, however, that Hooker, without recognising his name, had received the message as a personal tribute, and had left his sarcastic companions triumphantly, with the air of going to a confidential interview, to which his well-known military criticism had entitled him. It was with a bearing of gloomy importance, and his characteristic, sullen, sidelong glance, that he entered the apartment, and did not look up until Brant had signalled the orderly to withdraw, and closed the door behind him. And then he recognised his old boyish companion—the preferred favourite of fortune!

For a moment he gasped with astonishment. For a moment gloomy incredulity, suspicion, delight, pride, admiration, even affection, struggled for mastery in his sullen, staring eyes, and open, twitching mouth. For here was Clarence Brant, handsomer than ever, more superior than ever, in the majesty of uniform and authority which fitted him—the younger man—by reason of his four years of active service—with the careless ease and bearing of the veteran! Here was the hero whose name was already so famous that the mere coincidence of it with that of the modest civilian he had known would have struck him as preposterous. Yet here he was—supreme and dazzling—surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of War—into whose reserved presence, he—Jim Hooker—had been ushered with the formality of challenge, saluting and presented bayonets!

Luckily, Brant had taken advantage of his first gratified ejaculation to shake him warmly by the hand, and then, with both hands laid familiarly on his shoulder, force him down into a chair. Luckily, for by that time, Jim Hooker had, with characteristic gloominess, found time to taste the pangs of envy—an envy the more keen since, in spite of his success as a peaceful contractor, he had always secretly longed for military display and distinction. He looked at the man who had achieved it, as he firmly believed, by sheer luck and accident, and his eyes darkened. Then, with characteristic weakness and vanity, he began to resist his first impressions of Clarence's superiority, and to air his own importance. He leaned heavily back in the chair in which he had been thus genially forced, drew off his gauntlet and attempted to thrust it through his belt, as he had seen Brant do, but failed on account of his pistols already occupying that position, dropped it, got his sword between his legs in attempting to pick it up, and then leaned back again, with half-closed eyes, serenely indifferent of his old companion's smiling face.

"I reckon," he began, slowly, with a slightly patronising air, "that we'd have met, sooner or later, at Washington, or at Grant's headquarters, for Hooker, Meacham and Co. go everywhere, and are about as well known as Major-Generals, to say nothin'," he went on, with a sidelong glance at Brant's shoulder-straps, "of Brigadiers; and it's rather strange—only, of course, you're kind of fresh in the service—that you ain't heard of me afore."

"But I'm very glad to hear of you now, Jim," said Brant, smiling, "and from your own lips—which I am also delighted to find," he added, mischievously, "are still as frankly communicative on that topic as of old. But I congratulate you, old fellow, on your good fortune. When did you leave the stage?"

Mr. Hooker frowned slightly.

"I never was really on the stage, you know," he said, waving his hand with assumed negligence. "Only went on to please my wife. Mrs. Hooker wouldn't act with vulgar professionals, don't you see! I was really *manager*—most of the time, and lessee of the theatre. Went East when the War broke out, to offer my sword and knowledge of Injin fightin' to Uncle Sam! Drifted into a big pork contract at St. Louis, with Fremont. Been at it ever since. Offered a commission in the reg'lar service lots o' times. Refused."

"Why?" asked Brant, demurely.

"Too much West Point starch around to suit *me*," returned Hooker, darkly. "And too many spies!"

"Spies?" echoed Brant, abstractedly, with a momentary reminiscence of Miss Faulkner.

"Yes, spies," continued Hooker, with dogged mystery. "One half of Washington is watching t'other half, and from the President's wife down, most of the women are Secesh!"

Brant suddenly fixed his keen eyes on his guest. But the next moment he reflected that this was only Jim Hooker's usual speech, and possessed no ulterior significance. He smiled again, and said, more gently—

"And how is Mrs. Hooker?"

Mr. Hooker fixed his eyes on the ceiling, rose, and pretended to look out of the window; then, taking his seat again by the table, as if fronting an imaginary

audience, and pulling slowly at his gauntlets after the usual theatrical indication of perfect *sang froid*, said—

"There ain't any!"

"Good heavens!" said Brant, with genuine emotion. "I beg your pardon. Really, I——"

"Mrs. Hooker and me are divorced," continued Hooker, slightly changing his attitude, and leaning heavily on his sabre, with his eyes still on his fanciful audience. "There was, you understand"—lightly tossing his gauntlet aside—"incompatibility of temper—and—we—parted! Ha!"

He uttered a low, bitter, scornful laugh, which, however, produced the distinct impression in Brant's mind that up to that moment he had never had the slightest feeling in the matter whatever.

"You seemed to be on such good terms with each other!" murmured Brant, vaguely.

"Seemed!" said Hooker, bitterly, glancing sardonically at an ideal second row in the pit before him; "yes—*seemed!* There were other differences, social and political. You understand that; *you* have suffered, too." He reached out his hand and pressed Brant's, in heavy effusiveness. "But," he continued, haughtily, lightly tossing his glove again, "we are also men of the world; we let that pass."

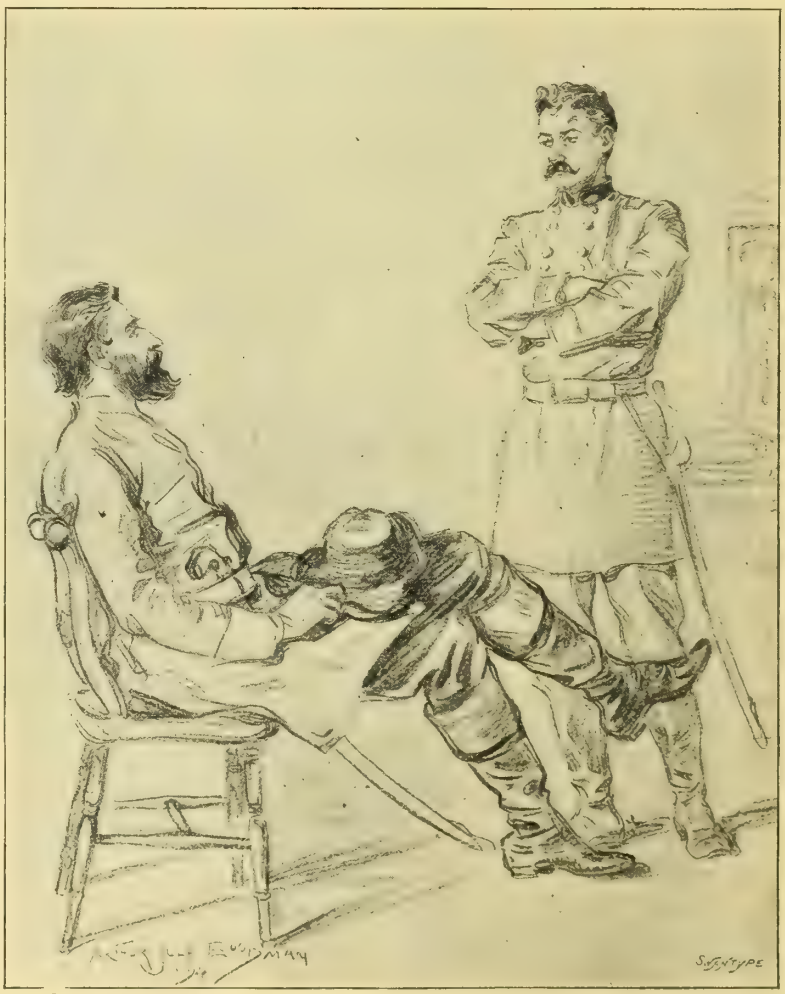
And it was possible that he found the strain of his present attitude too great, for he changed to an easier position.

"But," said Brant, curiously, "I always thought that Mrs. Hooker was intensely Union and Northern?"

"Put on!" said Hooker, in his natural voice.

"But you remember the incident of the flag?" persisted Brant.

"Mrs. Hooker was always an actress," said Hooker, significantly. "But," he added, cheerfully, "Mrs. Hooker is now the wife of Senator Boompointer, one of the wealthiest and most powerful Republicans in Washington—carries the patronage of the whole West in his vest pocket."



HE LEANED BACK IN THE CHAIR.

"Yet, if she is not a Republican, why did she——" began Brant.

"For a purpose," responded Hooker, darkly. "But," he added again, with greater cheerfulness, "she belongs to the very *élite* of Washington society. Goes to all the Foreign Ambassadors' balls, and is a power at the White House. Her picture is in all the first-class illustrated papers."

The singular but unmistakable pride of the man in the importance of the wife from whom he was divorced, and for whom he did not care, would have offended Brant's delicacy, or at least have excited his ridicule, but for the reason that he was more deeply stung by Hooker's allusion to his own wife and his degrading similitude of their two conditions. But he dismissed the former as part of Hooker's invincible and still boyish extravagance, and the latter as part of his equally characteristic assumption. Perhaps he was conscious, too, notwithstanding the lapse of years and the condonation of separation and forgetfulness, that he deserved little delicacy from the hands of Susy's husband. Nevertheless, he dreaded to hear him speak again of her. And the fear was realised in a question.

"Does she know you are here?"

"Who?" said Brant, curtly.

"Your wife. That is—I reckon she's your wife still, eh?"

"Yes; but I do not know what she knows," returned Brant, quietly. He had regained his self-composure.

"Susy — Mrs. Senator Boompointer, that is"—said Hooker, with an apparent dignity in his late wife's new title, "allowed that she'd gone abroad on a secret mission from the Southern Confederacy to them Crowned Heads over there. She was good at ropin' men in, you know. Anyhow, Susy, afore she was Mrs. Boompointer, was dead set on findin' out where she was, but never could. She seemed to drop out of sight a year ago. Some said one thing, and some said another. But you can bet your bottom dollar that Mrs. Senator Boompointer, who knows how to pull all the wires in Washington, will know, if anyone does."

"But is Mrs. Boompointer really disaffected, and a Southern sympathiser?" said Brant, "or is it only caprice or fashion?"

While speaking, he had risen, with a half-abstracted face, and had gone to the window, where he stood in a

listening attitude. Presently he opened the window, and stepped outside. Hooker wonderingly followed him. One or two officers had already stepped out of their rooms, and were standing upon the verandah; another had halted in the path. Then one quickly re-entered the house, reappeared with his cap and sword in his hand, and ran lightly toward the guard-house. A slight crackling noise seemed to come from beyond the garden wall.

"What's up?" said Hooker, with staring eyes.

"Picket firing!"

The crackling suddenly became a long rattle. Brant re-entered the room, and picked up his hat.

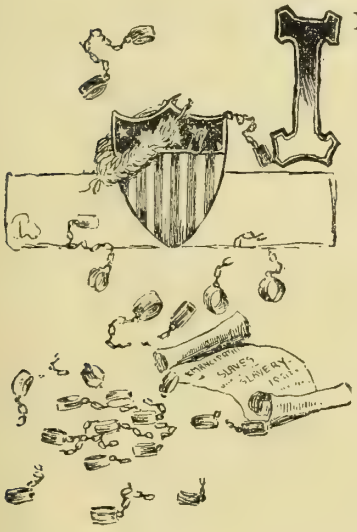
"You'll excuse me for a few moments."

A faint sound, soft yet full, and not unlike a bursting bubble, made the house appear to leap elastically, like the rebound of a rubber ball.

"What's that?" gasped Hooker.

"Cannon, out of range!"

CHAPTER V.



IN another instant bugles were ringing through the camp with the hurrying hoofs of mounted officers, and the trampling of forming men. The house itself was almost deserted. Although the single cannon shot had been enough to show that it was no mere skirmishing of pickets, Brant still did not believe in any serious attack of the enemy. His position, as in the previous engagement, had no strategic importance to them; they were no doubt only making a feint against it to conceal some advance upon the centre of the Army two miles away. Satisfied that he was in easy supporting distance of his Division Commander, he extended his line along the ridge, ready to fall back in that direction, while retarding their advance and masking the position of his own chief. He gave a few orders necessary to the probable abandonment of the house, and then returned to it. Shot and shell were already dropping in the field below. A thin ridge of blue haze showed the line of skirmish fire. A small conical, white cloud like a bursting cotton pod, revealed an opened battery in the willow fringed meadow. Yet the pastoral peacefulness of the house was unchanged. The afternoon sun lay softly on its deep verandahs; the *pot pourri* incense of fallen rose leaves haunted it still.

He entered his room through the French window on the verandah, when the door leading from the passage was suddenly flung open, and Miss Faulkner swept quickly inside, closed the door behind her, and leaned back against it, panting and breathless.

Clarence was startled, and for a moment ashamed. He had suddenly realised that in the excitement he had entirely forgotten her and the dangers to which she might be exposed. She had probably heard the firing, her womanly fears had been awakened; she had come to him for protection. But as he turned towards her with a reassuring smile, he was shocked to see that her agitation and pallor were far beyond any physical cause. She motioned him desperately to shut the window by which he had entered, and said, with white lips—

"I must speak with you alone!"

"Certainly. But there is no immediate danger to you even here—and I can soon put you beyond the reach of any possible harm."

"Harm—to *me!* God! if it were only *that!*"

He stared at her uneasily.

"Listen," she said, gaspingly, "listen to me! Then hate, despise me—kill me if you will. For you are betrayed and ruined—cut off and surrounded! It has been helped on by me, but I swear to you the blow did not come from *my* hand. I would have saved you. God only knows how it happened—it was Fate!"

In an instant Brant saw the whole truth instinctively and clearly. But with the revelation came the usual calmness and perfect self-possession which never yet had failed him in any emergency. With the sound of the increasing cannonade, and its shifting position made clearer to his ears, the view of his whole threatened position spread out like a map before his eyes, the swift calculation of the time his men could hold the ridge in his mind—even a hurried estimate of the precious moments he could give to the wretched woman before him—he even then, gravely and gently, led her to a chair and said in a calm voice—

"That is not enough! Speak slowly, plainly. I must know *everything*. How and in what way have you betrayed me?"

She looked at him imploringly—reassured yet awed by his gentleness.

"You won't believe me; you *cannot* believe me! for I do not even *know* I have taken and exchanged letters—whose contents I never saw—between the Confederates and a spy who comes to this house, but who is far away by this time. I did it because I thought you hated and despised me—because I thought it was my duty to help my cause—because you said it was 'War' between us—but I never spied on *you*. I swear it."

"Then how do you know of this attack?" he said calmly.

She brightened, half timidly, half hopefully.

"There is a window in the wing of this house that overlooks the slope near the Confederate lines. There was a signal placed in it—not by *me*—but I know it meant that as long as it was there the plot, whatever it was, was not ripe, and that no attack would be made on you as long as it was visible. That much I *know*—that much the spy *had* to tell me, for we both had to guard that room, in turns. I wanted to keep this dreadful thing off—until——" her voice trembled, "until," she added hurriedly, seeing his calm eyes were reading her very soul, "until I went away—and for that purpose I withheld some of the letters that were given me. But this morning, while I was away from the house, I looked back and saw that the signal was no longer there. Someone had changed it. I ran back, but I was too late—God help me—as you see!"

The truth flashed upon Brant. It was his own hand that had precipitated the attack. But a larger truth came to him now, like a dazzling inspiration. If he had thus precipitated the attack before they were ready, there was a chance that it was imperfect, and there was still hope. But there was no trace of this visible in his face as he fixed his eyes calmly on hers, although his pulses were halting in expectancy as he said—

"Then the spy had suspected you, and changed it."

"Oh, no," she said eagerly, "for the spy was with me and was frightened too. We both ran back together—you remember—she was stopped by the patrol!"

She checked herself suddenly, but too late. Her cheeks blazed, her head sank—with the foolish identification of the spy into which her eagerness had betrayed her.

But Brant appeared not to notice it. He was, in fact, puzzling his brain to conceive what information the stupid mulatto woman could have obtained *here*. *His* strength, *his* position was no secret to the enemy—there was nothing to gain from *him*. She must have been, like the trembling, eager woman before him, a mere tool of others.

"Did this woman live here?" he said.

"No," she said. "She lived with the Manlys, but had friends whom she visited at your General's Head-quarters."

With difficulty Brant suppressed a start. It was clear to him now. The information had been obtained at the Division Head-quarters, and passed through his camp as being nearest the Confederate lines. But what was the information — and *what* movement had he precipitated? It was clear that this woman did not know. He looked at her keenly. A sudden explosion shook the house—a drift of smoke passed the window—a shell had burst in the garden.

"THIS IS A PASS."

She had been gazing at him despairingly, wistfully—but did not blanch or start.

An idea took possession of him. He approached her, and took her cold hand. A half smile parted her pale lips.

"You have courage—you have devotion," he said, gravely. "I believe you regret the step you have taken. If you could undo what you have done, even at peril to yourself—dare you do it?"

"Yes," she said, breathlessly.

"You are known to the enemy. If I am surrounded, you could pass through their lines unquestioned?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly.

"A note from me would pass you again through the pickets of our Head-quarters. But you would bear a note to the General that no eyes but his must see. It would not implicate you or yours; it would only be a word of warning."

"And *you*," she said, quickly, "would be saved! They would come to your assistance! You would not then be taken?"

He smiled gently.

"Perhaps—who knows!"

He sat down and wrote hurriedly.

"This," he said, handing her a slip of paper, "is a pass. You will use it beyond your own lines. This note," he continued, handing her a sealed envelope, "is for the General. No one else must see it or know of it—not even your lover, should you meet him!"

"My lover!" she said, indignantly, with a flash of her old savagery; "what do you mean? I have no lover!"

Brant glanced at her flushed face.

"I thought," he said, quietly, "that there was someone you cared for in yonder lines—someone you wrote to. It would have been an excuse——"

He stopped, as her face paled again, and her hands dropped heavily at her side.

"Good God!—you thought *that*, too! You thought that I would sacrifice *you* for another man!"

"Pardon me," said Brant, quickly. "I was foolish. But whether your lover is a man or a cause, you have shown a woman's devotion. And, in repairing your fault, you are showing more than a woman's courage now."

To his surprise, the colour had again mounted her

HOLDING HIS OWN AGAINST THE ARTILLERY SENT TO DISLODGE HIM.

pretty cheeks, and even a flash of mischief shone in her blue eyes.

"It would have been '*an excuse*' she murmured—"yes—to save a man, surely!" Then she said, quickly, "I will go. At once! I am ready!"

"One moment," he said, gravely. "Although this pass and an escort ensures your probable safe conduct, this is 'War' and danger! You are still a spy! Are you ready to go?"

"I am," she said, proudly, tossing back a braid of her fallen hair. Yet a moment after she hesitated. Then she said, in a lower voice, "Are you as ready to forgive?"

"In either case," he said, touched by her manner; "and God speed you!"

He extended his hand, and left a slight pressure on her cold fingers. But they slipped quickly from his grasp, and she turned away with a heightened colour.

He stepped to the door. One or two aides-de-camp, withheld by his order against intrusion, were waiting eagerly with reports. The horse of a mounted field officer was pawing the garden turf. The officers stared at the young girl.

"Take Miss Faulkner, with a flag, to some safe point of the enemy's line. She is a non-combatant of their own, and will receive their protection."

He had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with the aides-de-camp before the field officer hurriedly entered. Taking Brant aside, he said, quickly—

"Pardon me, General; but there is a strong feeling among the men that this attack is the result of some information obtained by the enemy. You must know that the woman you have just given a safeguard to is suspected, and the men are indignant."

"The more reason why she should be conveyed beyond any consequences of their folly, Major," said Brant, frigidly, "and I look to you for her safe convoy. There is nothing in this attack to show that the enemy has received any information regarding us. But I would suggest that it would be better to see that my orders are carried out regarding the slaves and non-combatants who are passing our lines, from Divisional Head-quarters, where valuable information may be obtained, than in the surveillance of a testy and outspoken girl."

An angry flush crossed the Major's cheek, as he saluted and fell back, and Brant turned to the aide-de-camp. The news was grave. The column of the enemy was moving against the ridge—it was no longer possible to hold it—and the brigade was cut off from its communication with the Divisional Headquarters, although as yet no combined movement was made against it. Brant's secret fears that it was an intended impact against the centre were confirmed. Would his communication to the Divisional Commander pass through the attacking column in time?

Yet one thing puzzled him. The enemy, after forcing his flank, had shown no disposition, even with their overwhelming force, to turn aside and crush him. He could easily have fallen back, when it was possible to hold the ridge no longer, without pursuit. His other flank and rear were not threatened, as they might have been, by the division of so large an attacking column, which were moving steadily on towards the ridge. It was this fact that seemed to show a failure or imperfection in the enemy's plan. It was possible that his precipitation of the attack by the changed signal had been the cause of it. Doubtless, some provision had been made to attack him in flank and rear, but in the unexpected hurry of the onset it had to be abandoned. He could still save himself—as his officers knew—but his conviction that he

might yet be able to support his Divisional Commander by holding his position doggedly, but coolly, awaiting his opportunity, was strong. More than that, it was his temperament and instinct.

Harrying them in flank and rear, contesting the ground inch by inch, and holding his own against the artillery sent to dislodge him, or the outriding cavalry that circling round swept through his open ranks, he saw his files melt away beside this steady current without flinching.

(To be continued.)

One Day.

One day she came to meet me—
The frost was on the hill;
But a rare rose shed on her lips of red
Made the world seem summer still.

One day she came to meet me—
The snow was in the skies;
But the April rains kissed hills and plains,
And the May dawned in her eyes!

One day she came to meet me:
Shall my soul in the future say—
For all my dreams of the Maytime's beams,
It was only a Winter's day?

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 57. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY
HERBERT KEEN.
Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

II.
A LUCKY JOURNEY.

SPEAKING of Messrs. Stopford, Halcroft, and Taylor, reminds me that, while I was in their office, I was lucky enough to be able to render an important service to the firm, though, for reasons which will presently appear, the fact was never known to any of the partners.

Old Mr. Stopford had been dead some years, but the title of the firm remained unchanged, because he had founded the business, and had left a young son, who was supposed to be going to succeed him. I doubt if he ever would; but the poor young man Albert Dewhurst Stopford, died at the age of twenty-three, from the result of an accident in the hunting-field, and the important question, therefore, never came to an issue. His case was one of the many instances I have known of the son of a deceased partner being the object of a subtle conspiracy on the part of the surviving members to deprive him of his rights. I suppose I ought not to use the word "rights," because I believe that the original articles of partnership contained no stipulation about Mr. Albert; but there can be no question that it was always an understood thing that the young man should be taken into the firm, and the partners recognised this to the extent of giving him his articles. But Mr. Albert soon began to find that he had a difficult game to play, for Mr. Halcroft had a son of his coming on. Mr. Taylor lived in an extravagant style, and was by no means anxious to give up any part of his income; and both were inclined to be jealous of Mr. Albert, because some of the best clients of the firm used to make a point of seeing him when they called, out of friendliness and respect for his father's memory.

If Mr. Albert had possessed tact and cleverness, he might have made himself indispensable, and rendered his position secure. Unfortunately, he was a hot-headed, impetuous lad, with very little natural aptitude for business, and rather reckless in his methods. Time and experience would have sobered him, and I daresay that, had he lived, he might have developed into a very good lawyer, for he was not wanting in ability, and he had plenty of spirit and energy. But he committed startling blunders, which gave the principals just cause of complaint against him, and I could see that the latter were only waiting for a legitimate excuse to get rid of him. The clients were made aware, by shrugs and eyebrow lifting, that young Mr. Albert was not a Solon; he was subjected to petty annoyances in the shape of humiliating and irritating supervision; and, in short, no opportunity was lost of causing him disgust and annoyance, in the hope, no doubt, that he would throw up his post and leave of his own accord.

Mr. Albert was very popular with the clerks in the outer office; a more genial, frank, kind-hearted young fellow never lived. Seeing very clearly what was going forward, my colleagues and I—and especially those who had served in his father's time—used to do our best to assist him. Many a client did we inveigle into his room, and many a scrape did we help him out of. I am afraid that this partisanship was not conducive to the best interests of the firm; but the jealousy of Mr. Halcroft and Mr. Taylor was so manifestly ungenerous, that it was almost impossible for the clerks to remain neutral.

Mr. Albert occupied his father's old room, which was situate on the ground floor, and my desk was in a kind of lobby or passage between this room and the clerks' office. He had nothing to do with the work of my department, but, by reason of our proximity, I saw a good deal of the young man, and, in an informal way, I acted as his confidential assistant and adviser.

One day, after a busy morning up at Chambers, I was

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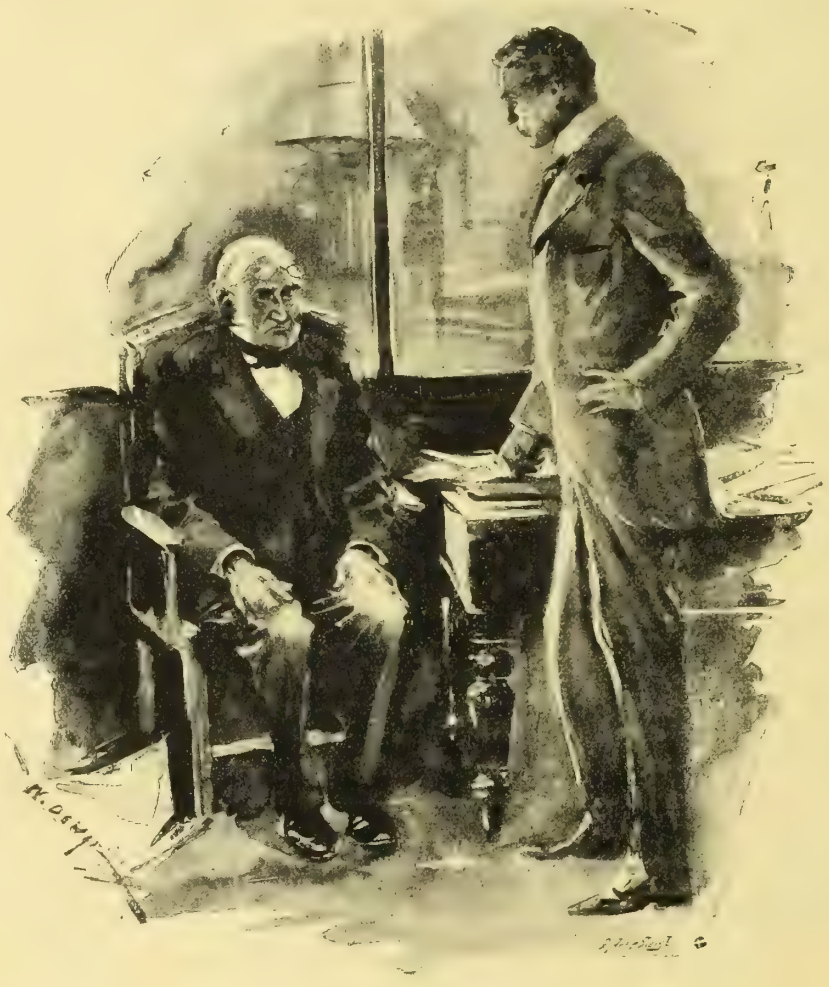
standing with my back to my desk, smoothing my hair in front of a little hand-glass on the wall, before settling down to work, when a tall, stout, elderly gentleman came out of Mr. Albert's room, and passed quickly through mine into the clerks' outer office. Without turning round, I caught sight of his face in the mirror, and detected upon it an extraordinary expression of mingled cunning and jubilation, as he closed Mr. Albert's door behind him. He noticed me the next moment, composed his features in an instant, and hurried past, before I had time to confront him. He was a stranger to me, and I wondered who he was, as I listened to his retreating footsteps, and heard him issue forth into the passage leading into the street. He might have been a prosperous country gentleman, from his appearance and attire, for he was portly and grey haired, with a large, red, clean-shaven face, and was dressed in a suit of dark tweed of sober cut. He carried a soft felt hat in one hand, and a malacca cane, with a massive gold top, in the other, and wore driving gloves of dog-skin, or some similar material.



I ASKED HIM WHETHER HE KNEW SIR BRAMLEY POPE.

I should not have noticed anything remarkable about him if I had not been struck by that look of elation when he thought he was unobserved, and the quick change which came over him as soon as he saw me. I make no pretensions to being a judge of character from physiognomy, than which there is no pursuit more misleading, but I had gained a bad impression of the stranger in the momentary glance I had had of him, and I concluded with uneasiness that he had got the best of his transaction with Mr. Albert, whatever it might have been. While I was meditating whether it was worth while to acquaint Mr. Albert with my mistrust, I heard his voice calling to me from his room, and, before I could respond, he came out.

"Millicent," he said, brushing his hat with his coat-sleeve in a hurried manner, "just take that box from my table into the strong-room again, some time to-day. Tell Mr. Halcroft, or anyone who inquires for me, that I shall not be back to-day. I'm off to a garden party in the country."

"Who was the gentleman who was with you just now, Mr. Albert?" I inquired, as he moved away.

"An old client of my father's," he replied, half over his shoulder. "Sir Bramley Pope, of Starlinghurst."

"I never saw him before," I remarked, carelessly.

"Nor I. He hasn't been here since my father died. He asked especially for me. You can tell Mr. Halcroft that if he inquires," he added, with a laugh.

"Very well, sir. Will you leave any address, in case you are wanted?"

I little foresaw, at the time, the importance of my question, which I put merely as a matter of form, and unfortunately Mr. Albert did not respond to it. He murmured something about having to catch a train, and was out of the office and rushing into the street before I could say anything more.

However, I was assured at hearing who the stranger was, and thought no more about him until a couple of hours later, when I went into Mr. Albert's room to fetch the box. It was a tin box with the name of "Lord Luxingford, deceased," painted on it in white letters, and it stood on the blotting-pad in front of Mr. Albert's chair, showing that it had recently been opened. While I was in the act of carrying it away, my eye fell upon a letter on foreign notepaper, which was lying close beside it and I read idly as follows:—

"My dear Pope,

"Re Luxingford's estate, I think you are right. Things in these parts look very queer. I agree that the bonds should be sold, and at once. Our holding is much too large, considering that it is doubtful whether we have power to hold them at all. It is no good trying to satisfy Lady L. Go to the banker's and get the bonds and dispose of them immediately. Stopford, Halcroft and Taylor have the key of the box at Bartle's. This letter will serve as my authority to them to hand you the key, and if necessary you can get them to give you a note to the bank. Buy English Railway Debentures. I won't

be bothered any more for the sake of high interest, besides which——"

I did not trouble to turn over the page; some loose sheets of the firm's notepaper lay on Mr. Albert's desk, and it was easy to guess that he had handed to Sir Bramley the key, taken from the tin box, together with a letter of introduction to Bartle's Bank.

I was puzzled, because I was haunted by that extraordinary look on Sir Bramley's face, and with my mind a little disturbed I carried the box down into the strong-room, and restored it to its place.

It was the duty of the clerks, whenever they had occasion to go to the strong-room, to make application to old Mr. Coles, who kept the keys during office hours. Mr. Coles was a quaint old gentleman who, in his day, had been general manager of the office, but he was now nearly eighty years of age and past ordinary work. He was a kind of pensioner of the firm's, but he was by no means a useless incumbrance, for, in addition to being the custodian of the strong-room keys, and the keeper of the petty cash, he had a wonderful knack of being able to lay his hand upon old papers, relating to matters quite out of date, which occasionally had to be referred to. His memory, in short, was extremely valuable, and the old man was not a little proud of it. Unfortunately he was getting blind, his physical infirmities were increasing, and he dozed a considerable portion of his time away in an ancient high-backed armchair, behind a glass-panelled partition in a corner of the outer office.

When I returned to Mr. Coles the key of the strong-room, I inquired of him whether he knew Sir Bramley Pope.

"To be sure!" he replied briskly, "and his father before him. Starlinghurst is the name of his property, somewhere down in Norfolk. I remember five-and-forty years ago when the railway in those parts was first projected, the late baronet—not this young one—always declared——"

The old fellow was launching forth in his customary manner upon some interminable story of byegone days when I interrupted him by saying—

"Did he speak to you this morning?"

"Who? Sir Bramley! Has he been here?"

"Yes. He passed out a moment before Mr. Albert," I replied, rather maliciously, for I suspected that Mr. Coles had been dozing.

"That was a tall, stout, elderly man in a grey suit," said Mr. Coles, sharply.

"That *was* Sir Bramley."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Coles, pushing his spectacles up to his forehead, and looking disconcerted, "you don't say so! The truth is, I—I didn't recognise him. He has grown much stouter—and taller! Pooh! That *can't* have been Sir Bramley."

"Simmons," I called out to the lad who sat at the "inquiry" desk, by the entrance door. "Who was the gentleman who went out just before Mr. Albert this morning?"

"Somebody from Sir Bramley Pope," was the answer.

"*From* Sir Bramley Pope—not Sir Bramley himself?" I exclaimed, quickly.

"He said 'from' when he mentioned the name, I'm sure," returned the lad. "I asked him who he wished to see, and he said Mr. Stopford."

"Ha, ha!" cackled old Mr. Coles, enjoying my discomfiture. "I knew I was right. If it had been Sir Bramley, I should have recognised him. This party was much bigger and stouter than he."

"Mr. Coles," I said, shutting the door of his little compartment, and lowering my voice, "I'm afraid there has been a misunderstanding. Mr. Albert thought it was the baronet, he told me so. Good Heavens! He has given him the key of the box at the bank," I added, starting to my feet.

"Eh? Eh? What box?" exclaimed Mr. Coles, alert in an instant.

I told him what had happened in a few words, and with growing excitement, for the conviction was forcing itself upon my mind that Mr. Albert had fallen a victim to his dangerous habit of jumping at conclusions. He had probably disregarded what the clerk had said when handing him Sir Bramley's card, and had greeted the stranger as his father's old client. The latter had, apparently, profited by the mistake to obtain possession of the key for his own purposes, and, if this was so, it followed that a fraud had been committed.

Mr. Coles was scandalised at the suggestion of such carelessness on the part of Mr. Albert, but he knew him well enough to feel startled by the story. When, however, we had visited Mr. Albert's room together, and had carefully read over the letter lying upon his desk, he began to grow seriously alarmed.

"Mr. Albert must be told of this directly he comes back," he said.

"He has left for the day," I replied, "and I don't know where he has gone."

"Dear me! Dear me!" he exclaimed, growing agitated. "I expect it is all right, you know, but something should be done. I will speak to Mr. Halcroft.

"It would be awkward for Mr. Albert if he has been swindled," I replied. "You would get him into a row.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Coles, quickly. "I was forgetting, Mr. Halcroft mustn't know. It would be the ruin of Mr. Albert. You are right, Mr. Millicent. We must keep this to ourselves. But—but some steps should be taken at once, before it is too late," he added, helplessly.

"I will go to Bartle's Bank," I said, after a moment's reflection; "perhaps it is a false alarm, and Mr. Albert never gave him the key. There would be no harm in telling them there has been a mistake, and asking them not to give anyone access to the box till to-morrow."

Mr. Coles gave me authority to do this, though not without considerable reluctance. He was endeavouring to persuade himself that there had been no mistake, in which case our interference would have been impertinent. But my own conviction to the contrary was so strong, that the old gentleman finally yielded to my urgent representations, and I started off to the bank with instructions to be as reticent as possible as to the motive of my visit.

I took one of my firm's cards with me, and, presenting it at the bank, requested to see the manager. Bartle's was an old-fashioned, private establishment, which has since been absorbed in some big joint stock concern; in those days it was carried on in a modest house in the West-end, in a sleepy, slow-going way. The manager was absent, but one of the senior clerks came forward and requested to know my business.

"My firm gave a letter to a client to-day to enable

him to obtain access to a box of securities belonging to the trustees of Lord Luxingford," I said, cautiously.

"Yes," was the equally cautious reply.

"It was a question of the sale of some bonds," I proceeded, racking my brains for some plausible excuse for my inquiry. "We gave our client some information which turns out to be incorrect. Will you be good enough not to act upon our letter, when it is presented, until we communicate with you again?"

"What is your client's name?" inquired the clerk, preparing to take a note of it.

"Sir Bramley Pope"

"Oh!" he said, pausing with his pen poised. "He

"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?"

has been here, I think. He came this morning. Wait a minute, and I will inquire.

The clerk disappeared into an inner room, leaving me more startled than surprised. I had anticipated the possibility of being too late; but, for that matter, if the stranger really had been Sir Bramley Pope himself, he would, no doubt, have proceeded directly to the bank from our office. But it was still more certain that, if he was *not* Sir Bramley Pope, he would have lost no time in obtaining possession of the securities, lest Mr. Albert should by chance have discovered his mistake.

"Sir Bramley Pope called about an hour ago," said the clerk, returning with an open letter in his hand, in which I recognised Mr. Albert's writing.

"He has been to the box, then. Did he take anything away with him?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Yes. He took some bonds," was the reply.

"Is Sir Bramley known here?" I asked, with assumed carelessness.

"No. He sent in his card, and produced this letter. Is there anything wrong?" inquired the clerk, suspiciously.

"Oh, no!" I answered, reflecting that there was no object in raising an alarm at present. "Sir Bramley is a tall, clean-shaven gentleman, with grey hair, and was dressed in a tweed suit and a felt hat."

"That is the description," replied the clerk, evidently relieved.

I requested, by way of keeping up the fiction which I had invented, that, if Sir Bramley called again, he should be referred back to my firm, and I then left the bank, by no means certain what to do next.

But I soon made up my mind that the only available plan was for me to go down at once to the country, and find out whether Sir Bramley had come up to London. By this means I could obtain a reliable description of his personal appearance, and, if it turned out that my suspicions were groundless, I should have done no harm beyond absenting myself from the office for a few hours without leave.

In these days I suppose I could have satisfied myself by sending a telegram; but, at the time I am speaking of, the telegraphic service was by no means universally established in rural districts. Moreover, I was only vaguely aware of the position of Sir Bramley's property, and, above all, I did not wish, for Mr. Albert's sake, to make an unnecessary fuss. I therefore started by the next train to Norwich, and there I had no difficulty in discovering that the station for Starlinghurst was at a little place called Swanleigh, on the branch line to Yarmouth.

When I reached Swanleigh, it occurred to me to inquired of the ticket collector there if he had seen the baronet that day.

"Not likely," was the reply, with a stare of astonishment at the question. "Haven't you heard?"

"What?" I inquired, with uncontrollable excitement.

"Sir Bramley has had a stroke. They say he won't recover."

"When was that?" I asked.

"A month ago and more. He is helpless as a child, I hear."

"Is he sensible?"

"Oh, yes! He is right enough in his head."

"Who transacts his business?" I next asked.

"His agent, Mr. Marchant. You just passed him. He entered the carriage you got out of."

"A little dark gentleman, with a beard?"

"That's him."

The porter was staring at me with such evident curiosity that I deemed it prudent to terminate our conversation, which I did by thanking him, and inquiring the way to Starlinghurst. It was only two miles distant, and, having ascertained the route, I started off to walk there, but without any definite intention of calling. In truth, I was puzzled how to act, even though it now seemed obvious that the bonds had been obtained by fraud. The reason I had inquired who transacted the baronet's business was because Mr. Coles had suggested that perhaps Sir Bramley had authorised someone to represent him. But his agent, Mr. Marchant, whom I happened to see as above mentioned, bore no resemblance whatever to the individual who had called at the office in the morning, and, for the rest, it seemed improbable that Sir Bramley would have entrusted such a matter to anyone without a written authority.

It was evident that the police should be communicated with at once, but I did not like to take upon myself to do this without Mr. Albert's knowledge or authority. Besides, I did not know the value of the missing bonds or their description, and I concluded that my best plan was to go to Starlinghurst and obtain these particulars from the baronet. He, or someone about him, might also be able to furnish some clue to the identity of the

thief, and, as there was no train back to Norwich for nearly two hours, I should lose no time by going up to the house.

I therefore hastened there with all speed, convinced that I was acting rightly, but depressed by the thought that my errand might have serious consequences for Mr. Albert if, as seemed now inevitable, the affair came to the knowledge of the principals. It was this misgiving which was uppermost in my mind when I rang the bell at Starlinghurst Hall, and it entirely influenced me in the rather startling denouement that ensued.

Had I been less agitated and upset I should have gazed around me in wonder and admiration at the stately mediæval mansion, with its beautiful park and grounds, which formed the home of the afflicted Sir Bramley. But I was too much preoccupied to think of anything but the serious scrape Mr. Albert had got into, and, while I was meditating how to relate the facts without revealing any lack of sagacity on the part of the young man I became conscious that the massive hall door had been quietly opened behind me.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?"

"I wish to see Sir Bramley Pope," I said, turning round.

"Sir Bramley is too ill to see anyone," replied a solemn voice.

The speaker was apparently the butler, judging from his pompous manner and his decorous suit of black, with shirt front and swallow tails; but my surprise may be imagined when I instantly recognised the portly figure, the red, clean-shaven face, and the respectable grey hair of the mysterious individual whom I had seen at the office in the morning!

For a moment I was too much startled and astonished to speak, while the butler, mistaking my silence, repeated that his master was too ill to see anyone.

"He was well enough to come up to town this morning," I said, in a low voice, looking him straight in the face.

The man started as though he had been shot, and the ruddy colour deserted his fat cheeks in patches. He stared at me in speechless discomfiture, though it was evident that he failed to recognise me.

"What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely.

"Can I speak to you?" I said, stepping briskly inside the hall. "I have come from Messrs. Stopford, Halcroft, and Taylor, of Lincoln's Inn Fields."

He seemed a trifle relieved to hear this—probably he had feared I was a police officer—and, without another word, he closed the hall door, and led the way across the broad hall, with fine oak staircase and galleries, into a small room at the back of the house, which, from its contents, was evidently the gun room. As he closed the door, and confronted me, he made a blustering attempt to recover his assurance.

"What do you want with me, young man?' he said, boisterously.

"You came to our place this morning, and, by representing yourself as your master, you obtained possession of some securities," I replied.

"It is a lie," he said, hotly. "I have never left here all day."

"I saw you myself coming out of young Mr. Stopford's room. I have traced your movements since. It is no use denying anything," I replied, with firmness.

"I was sent by Sir Bramley," he said, overwhelmed with confusion. "I have given the bonds to him."

"That is what I came to assure myself of," I returned, keeping my eye upon him, and observing that his brow was moist with perspiration.

"Who sent you?" he inquired, more calmly, after a pretty long silence.

"Nobody," I answered, fancying from his manner that I saw the drift of the question.

"What is your game, then?" he asked, dropping his voice, and eyeing me with a look of cunning.

"Halves!"

"Eh?" he exclaimed, starting.

"I'm the only one that knows. What is more, you can't get rid of the bonds without me. I can dispose of them at an hour's notice. Now, which is it to be? Am I to refuse to leave here till I have told everything to Sir Bramley or one of the family, or can we manage the business quietly and profitably between us?"

My heart beat tumultuously while I made this outrageous proposition, but I thought I saw my way, by a little dissimulation, to obtain possession of the bonds without making a scandal. My eagerness must have been apparent, but it passed very well for a symptom of self-interested sincerity.

"You are a cool young fish," he replied, with a low laugh, after a moment's consideration. "It is true I haven't given the bonds to Sir Bramley yet."

"You surely wouldn't be such a fool," I said, knowing full well that he had never meant to. "You are leaving here, I suppose?"

"To-morrow night," he answered. "I've just given notice. Urgent private affairs," he added, with a slow wink.

"Can you meet me at Euston in time to catch the nine o'clock mail for Liverpool, to-morrow evening?" I said, in a business-like way.

"Yes."

"I will bring cash. We can go straight away to New York."

"Halves is too much," he said, in an agitated tone.

"It is that or nothing," I replied decisively. "What are we wasting time for? You can't do without me. I've the whip hand of you at present. I'm innocent, you're guilty. I've only to ring the bell——"

"Stop that!" he cried, as I made a movement as though I intended doing so. "You are too clever for me. I'll consider. You wait here."

He walked slowly and deliberately to the door as he spoke, keeping his dull eyes fixed upon me with a sulky air of indecision. When he had quitted the room I had a moment of uneasiness lest he should frustrate my scheme by going straight to Sir Bramley. Of course, this would have been satisfactory in one sense, for my main purpose was to secure the safety of the bonds. But I was hardly less anxious, for Mr. Albert's sake, to hush up the whole affair, and I felt no scruple about playing a tempter's part because I entertained no doubt that the rascal had all along intended to be dishonest, though I was puzzled to account for his having returned to his master's house, instead of making off with his booty.

He was absent for quite a quarter of an hour, and I concluded that he was taking time to think over the position. When he returned, he had recovered his assurance, and I was pleased to observe that he carried in his hands a bulky parcel done up in a newspaper.

"Here are the bonds, but I don't know why I should part with them to you," he said, placing the bundle on the table, but retaining his hold of it.

"You managed the job cleverly," I remarked, by way of flattering the rascal.

"It was a sudden idea," he replied, with a self-satisfied grin. "I was sent up to town by the guv'nor, and on the journey I found a letter in my pocket which I had forgotten to give him. I opened it just out of curiosity, and it set me thinking. I'd heard the guv'nor say he didn't know young Mr. Stopford, so thinks I to myself, 'By Jove! I'll present the letter, and see if I can get hold of the bonds.' The young man mistook me for the guv'nor, and if I hadn't had to come back here for my things——"

"You've done the trick, and no mistake," I interrupted impatiently. "But it's no good chattering about it now. Give me the bonds and let me be off."

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed, pushing me aside, as I attempted to take possession of the parcel. "That is the part of the business I don't like. How do I know you'll act square? Where is the hurry? Help me to get rid of the bonds, and I'll share with you, as you know too much, but I'd be a fool to hand 'em over to you."

His objection was certainly reasonable, and for me to threaten to raise an alarm unless he gave me the parcel would be foolish and futile on the part of a pretended confederate. While I was wondering what excuse I could urge for carrying off the precious parcel, we were both of us startled by a light footstep and the rustle of a woman's dress just outside the door.

"Bates," said a lady's voice, "where are you?"

With a guilty start, my companion opened the door, but contrived to place himself in front of the parcel. From my position I was not visible from outside, as the door opened, and the butler, evidently, did not intend to admit anyone if he could help it.

"What are you doing in here?" inquired the lady, severely.

"I—I was speaking to my cousin, Miss Agnes," replied the butler, very much abashed.

"This is not a room to receive your friends in," remarked the lady. "My father is very displeased at your requiring to leave so suddenly. What is the meaning of it?"

"I explained to Sir Bramley," replied the butler, insolently.

"Your explanation is quite unsatisfactory, and my father doesn't think he can let you go to-morrow. Stand aside, please, and allow me to pass," added the lady in a peremptory tone.

The butler stepped back, half involuntarily, and a lady walked into the room. She was middle-aged and severe-looking, and I could see very plainly from her manner that she regarded my companion with considerable suspicion. The lady stared haughtily at me, and I felt impelled to excuse myself.

"Beg pardon, Miss, for intruding," I said respectfully. "I came over from Norwich to speak to my cousin. I have said what I had to say, and with your permission I will now leave."

With these words I took up my hat, and at the same time I lifted the parcel from the table with all the assurance I could muster, and quietly put it under my arm, as though I were merely carrying away my own property. I did this from a sort of inspiration on the spur of the moment, and the suddenness of the manœuvre rendered it completely successful. The butler gave a start, but restrained himself and said nothing, while Miss Pope, though she looked pointedly at the parcel, did not feel justified, I suppose, in asking any questions. I walked straight out of the room and out of the house, looking neither to right nor left, and hardly realising my extraordinary good fortune. Each moment I expected to hear Bates' footsteps in hot pursuit, but I suppose he was held in conversation by Miss Pope, and I certainly did not allow the grass to grow under my feet.

I did the journey back to the station in what was probably the shortest time on record, pausing only to hurriedly open the parcel as soon as I could do so unobserved to allay a passing qualm that I might have been deceived as to its contents, and catching the train to Norwich with barely a minute to spare, I reached London in safety.

* * * * *

The bonds, which, by-the-bye, were worth nearly £7,000, were quietly put back in the box at Bartle's next day by Mr. Albert himself, who rewarded me very handsomely for my lucky interference. The affair was kept a dead secret between him and Mr. Coles and me, and this is the first time that it has ever been divulged. I duly kept my appointment with Mr. Bates the following evening at Euston Station, but as I was accompanied by a Police Inspector in uniform, he bolted precipitately the instant he caught sight of me, and I never saw him afterwards. This was only a ruse designed to convey a wholesome shock to the rascal's nervous system, for the Police Inspector was an acquaintance of mine, who had no idea why I so urgently requested him to accompany me for a stroll to the L. & N. W. terminus on that occasion. It was a thousand pities that, owing to circumstances, Mr. Bates escaped punishment for his impudent fraud; but he was prosecuted and convicted by Sir Bramley for vulgar thefts discovered after he left Starlinghurst, and with characteristic modesty he refrained from avowing the much more ingenious attempt which luckily did *not* meet with the success it deserved.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.

BY

C. H. GRINLING.

Illustrated by Ernest Goodwin.

I was so worn out when I got home on the Saturday before Christmas Day, that I was obliged to go straight off to bed. You see, I had been out shopping all day, buying Xmas presents. It is an old custom in our family always to give every member a present at Xmas time. It is not the price of the gift we value so much as the affectionate spirit which it shows. And yet for all that we are—every one of us—always more "touchy" after our Xmas shopping than at any other time in the year.

Indeed, it was to escape from the general irritation just as much as from over-fatigue that I was glad to get off to bed early that evening. I fell asleep directly I got between the blankets, and presently I dreamed the most extraordinary dream.

In the first place, I dreamed that I was an old and valued contributor to the public Press, a sufficiently wild idea, considering that I have at home a large box full of manuscripts returned with "The Editor's compliments and regrets." Then I found myself entering an office, on the door of which was inscribed "The Christmas, Wedding, and Birthday Present Assurance Company."

The Manager of the Company received me cordially.

"Yes," he said, in reply to my queries—and then at once it flashed upon me that I must be "interviewing" him for an article. "Yes, the idea of our Company has caught on, and we are doing a rattling business already."

"What precisely is the object of your business?" I enquired, or at least I dreamt I did, and I remember feeling pleased that I was doing the thing in the right style.

"Why, to save people trouble and expense in buying Xmas, birthday, and wedding presents," was the reply. "You see everyone has to give such gifts nowa-days, and to people with many relations and friends, it is becoming an important item of expenditure, as well as a serious call on their time. You know how you feel yourself when Xmas is drawing near, or a friend is going to be married, or a birthday in the family is approaching. You say to yourself, 'I must give So-and-so a present, but I'm sure I don't know what to get, and I really can't afford the time just now to spend half a day ransacking shops.' And so you put the thing off till it can't be postponed any longer. Then you go in desperation into the first shop you come to, and either spend twice as much as you meant to, or buy something which you are ashamed to send."

"Yes, that's so," I said, "but how do you propose to help me?"

"By taking the whole thing off your hands. You take out a policy with us, pay a year's premium, and we choose and pay for the presents you have occasion to give in the year."

"But who judges what I ought to give?" I asked, remembering how long I had discussed with myself whether my wife's aunt would be offended if I left her out this year.

"Oh, trust that to us. We have experts in etiquette who can decide those points to a nicety. Now suppose you want a general policy covering all sorts of presents. Well, you are a middle-class man, with a small family, a moderate number of relations, and a not very large circle of middle-class friends. Our actuary would probably estimate our risk at taking you at about £15 per annum. For that we should undertake to give your wife and children each two suitable presents during the year—Xmas and birthday. Then we should give one present each—probably at Xmas—to half-a-dozen selected relations annually. We should also send wedding presents to such of your friends as might be married during the year."

"That last would be an uncertain item, would it not?" I queried.

"A little so, perhaps, but one year balances another. You see we have a very strict set of rules—drawn up by a committee of authors of etiquette primers—as to what persons are called upon to give one another wedding presents. When you want us to send a wedding gift on your behalf you would have to prove either that the bridegroom or bride had given such a present to you or your wife, or that you were in the habit of taking at least one meal in a month in the house of the parents of one or other of the happy pair. Afternoon teas don't count as meals. In the case of old schoolfellows we don't admit liability unless an uninterrupted correspondence has been maintained since separation. In the case of ladies, we require at least monthly letters. We have not so far had an instance of a man wishing us to give a present to an old school chum."

"And do I have no voice in the selection of the gifts?" I asked.

"You may if you like, within certain fixed limits—but we recommend our clients to leave the matter entirely in our hands. You see from our large experience we are thoroughly qualified to decide matters of the greatest delicacy. Already we have statistics carefully compiled, which show the precise age to a month at which rattles and india-rubber suckers begin to pall on infants, and we can also advise with confidence as to when it is safe to entrust young children with tin soldiers, mechanical toys, etc., which it would do them harm to suck or swallow.

"In cases of special difficulty we usually ask for photographs of the recipients. By a glance at a boy's tie or boots, we can always tell whether he will most

appreciate a book or a malacca cane, and if a girl has her hair up, we know we are safe in sending gloves or trinkets."

"Do the gifts you send usually give satisfaction?"

"In nearly all instances. You see, our experience is so valuable in delicate cases, such as mothers-in-law and maiden aunts. We never commit the common blunder of giving such ladies a costly present one year and nothing the next. More family quarrels are caused by the sudden stopping of presents previously given than by not making any gifts at all.

"But perhaps you would like to see our store-rooms. Walk this way."

I followed my guide into a large warehouse, which had all the appearance of a fancy fair. One counter looked like a toy-shop, another resembled a tobacconist's, a third a bookseller's, and so on. In the children's section, I found a very large assortment of most ingenious mechanical toys and puzzles, but I looked in vain for the Noah's Arks, picture books, and fairy tales, which so delighted my own childhood.

I FOUND MY TWO YOUNGSTERS SITTING ON THEIR BED, AND HOWLING.

"Have children's tastes so changed?" I asked, with reference to these.

"No," was the reply. "The children still like them; but, nowadays, toys, like pantomimes and circuses, though ostensibly for the children, have to interest and amuse the parents as well. This toy music-hall, for example, with its automatic skirt-dancers and knock-about artistes, is a very popular line, and so are these musical-boxes, which play all the latest coster songs. Both of those are presents sure to give satisfaction in cases of children from one year old, upwards. But come this way, and I will show you our latest development."

So saying, the manager led me into an adjoining room, which, to my amazement, I found filled with such articles as coal-scuttles, saucepans, brooms, basins, and ewers, and other miscellaneous domestic utensils.

"What!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that people give useful things like those as presents? Why, the Millennium must be approaching!"

The manager smiled.

"No," he said. "This is a separate undertaking from the 'Present Assurance.' We call this the 'Wedding Present Clearing House.' All the articles you see on this shelf are marked, 'Equivalent to Salad Bowls.' Now, a salad bowl is a very favourite article for a wedding present. You see, it is handsome, and genteel, and not too expensive, and it looks well in a printed list of gifts. The result is that it is not an uncommon thing for a young married couple to receive from ten to twenty of these bowls. Well, one salad bowl is quite sufficient for a family of two persons, even if they are vegetarians. So something must be done with the others. Some ladies make them up into flower vases, but many now bring them to us, and exchange them for any of the useful articles on this shelf, which they may be in need of. We are glad of the bowls, which we send out again in our next batch of wedding gifts.

"Those articles on the next shelf are a better class of goods. We give them in exchange for silver candlesticks or side-dishes, of which young couples usually have a large surplus."

"I wish your clearing house had been in existence when I married!" I exclaimed, with a distant recollection of a number of silver articles, which my wife put away years ago in tissue paper, and which now never saw the light. "Perhaps even now it is not too late. What do you say, Madeleine, my dear?" I said to my wife, who now seemed to be by my side.

"What's that you're talking about?" came the reply, in my wife's voice. "I asked you to go to the nursery, to see what's the matter with the children. They've been crying for the last ten minutes, and I think one of them must have tumbled out of bed."

I hurriedly pulled on some clothes, and sallied forth. I found my two youngsters sitting on their bed, and howling. It appeared they had got up in the middle of the night to see what Santa Claus had put in their stockings, and were weeping because there was only one layer in the boxes of chocolates instead of two, like last year. I comforted them with promises of another box each, and went back to bed.

"It's disgraceful," I said to my wife; "and I shall write to the company about it to-morrow morning."

Madeleine stared at me, and then I remembered that I had bought the chocolates myself, as a bargain, at the confectioner's, round the corner, and that the Christmas, Wedding, and Birthday Present Assurance Company was only a dream.

BARRILLI AND THE POPE.

Barrilli, the singer, was on his way through Lyons at the time Pope Pius XII. was exiled by Napoleon. It was very cold, and he had put on a red cap that came down over his ears. Arrived at the hotel, he asked them what time they served supper. "Monsigneur, at any time you wish," said the host. "It shall be served to you in your own room." "But this will be too expensive for me. I will dine at the *table-d'hôte*." "We know that anyone who is forced to quit his country has often to put up with a great deal, but here we are only too happy to receive you. Do not trouble about expense." They brought him an exquisite supper much beyond his means, and he again tried to explain—"I am not what you think. I am only a singer." "We know all about that; exiled, proscribed, it is natural that you should not reveal yourself. Be assured of our discretion." Barrilli resigned himself and stayed there some days. At his departure, he found the whole household drawn up, begging for his blessing. "You refuse my money," said he, "it would be ingratitude to refuse you my blessing." And he gave it them, and drove off quickly. They had taken him for the Pope.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

The other dye me and 'Ankin and a few others were 'avin' of a glass o' sutthink, when hin comes a chap by the nime o' Chawles Stebbings, as is mostly called Ike fur shortness. Now this 'ere Ike, bein' one o' them as fancies theirselves, 'adn't got no more sense than ter tike 'Ankin on about the Perish Carncils Ac. Ike was dead aginst it and 'Ankin was fur it. Presintly 'Ankin says: "Tike it 'ome, Ike. You dunno whort yer talkin' abart. I'll lye yer a bob yer caunt even egspline the pervisions o' the Ac." Ike first tikes the bet, an' then tries ter shuffle art of it. 'Arrever, it were a fair bet and we wouldn't let 'im off. "Either you egsplines that Ac," says I, "or else yer kin pye up an' own yerself beat." "Ho, very well then," says Ike, savidge at bein' druv to it, "first yer tikes yer bloomin' perish; then yer gives it a bloomin' Carncil; and then the Carncil does whort it bloomin' likes, and 'ow's that?" 'Ankin said that were no egsplanishun at all, and Ike told us wheer 'e'd like the Perish Carncils Ac ter go to, and that 'Ankin could go arter it, an' I could foller. But 'arrever we guv it against Ike; so 'e pide 'is money an' hoff 'e went, with no ill-feelin' on either side. I turns to 'Ankin. "Nar then, 'Ankin," I says, "you give us the rights o' the kise abart this 'ere bloomin' Ac. I've seen bits abart it in the pipers, but I dunno as I've took it in altugether." "Well," says 'Ankin, "if yer awsts me, I dart if you'll find one man in ev'ry tharsand Perish electors as really understan's that Ac through an' through, inside and art. Theer's a deal of ignerrunce abart." "So there is," says I. "Nar whort abart this Ac?" "It's a demycratic Ac," says 'Ankin, "an' theirs a good deal of it." "Ho yus," says I, "but whort I wants ter know is whort kin the Perish Carncils do, and whort cawnt they do, and ow is they goin' ter do it?" "Ah!" says 'Ankin, "them is the important pints, and no mistike. 'Arrever, it's lite as it is, and I must be movin' 'ome, else we might 'a gone inter them pints," and with that 'e chineges the subjic. I 'ad 'awf a ideer that even 'Ankin 'isself weren't haltogether clear in 'is mind abart the pervishuns of the Ac. Honly, as I says ter myself, if this 'ere Ac is pollertics, and 'Ankin cawnt give yer the long and the short on it, then 'oo the dickens kin?

* * * *

If any man as 'appens ter read this wornts ter buy a dorg, I 'as one ter sell. 'E aint prorp'ly my dorg, but I don't surpose as no objections 'ud be rised. It was this wye, yer see. Abart a week ago I went 'ome, an' my missus said as a man 'ad bin an' left a dorg. "An' whort did 'e do that fur?" says I. "Ho," says she, "'e said the dorg 'ad been bought an' pide fur, and this were the address." Now and agin, yer see, I do buy a dorg when I sees my wye to a deal. 'Arrever, I 'adn't bought this one, and when I saw 'im I said I didn't want 'im. 'E were a fox terrier, with a long tile, an' looked like a disgrice. "Shell I turn 'im art?" says my missus. "Turn 'im art be blowed!" says I. "Wite till 'e's climed, an' chawge 'is keep a shillin' a dye, an' do a bit o' business." So I shet 'im up in the yawd, an' I noticed as 'e seemed parful fond o' me. I mye 'ave left the door opun or I mye not. Hall I knows is, that I was woke at one o'clock in the mornin' by that dorg a sittin' on my chest an' lickin' my nose. I swung art with one awm, and 'eard 'im go bump agin the wall. Thinks I, "That dorg's dead." Well, I gort up early, an' was goin' darn steers in the dark, when I tumbles over that sime dorg, an' goes 'ead over 'eels to the bottom. 'E follers me, and begins ter lick my nose agin. I 'its 'im another smack, an' goes ter git my breakfust. 'E comes an' sits aginst my cheer, lookin' at me as if 'e loved me. 'E were as affeckshnit as ever I seed. Well, I shets 'im up in the yawd agin, an' goes ter work. The 'bus 'adn't stawted afore I sees 'im runnin' be'ind it. 'E follered it fur tew journies, bringin' the 'ole 'bus inter corntempt along of 'is tile nort bein' docked. Well, I give a boy a penny ter tike 'im 'ome, an' liter in the dye blessed if 'e didn't turn up agin. An' 'e's done thet sime ever since. 'E's a nice dorg, but 'e's tew affeckshnit. Does any man wornt ter buy 'im?

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THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ARTIST.

"AN ARTIST'S REMINISCENCES." BY RUDOLPH LEHMANN. SMITH, ELDER AND CO. 12S. 6D.

In the opening chapter of this book Mr. Lehmann gives us an idea of the difficulties he experienced in writing his reminiscences. He has had scarcely any notes to go upon, and the book is written in what is to him a foreign language. The little apology, so gracefully tendered, is really not necessary. The book is absorbingly interesting. There is a charming simplicity about the telling of the tales—there is one on nearly every page—which gives one a good clue to the author's character.

Mr. Lehmann's unassuming modesty is delightful. Take, for instance, his discovery of Dante's portrait :—

> My sketching rambles took me to one of the most interesting monuments of mediæval architecture which abound in Florence, I mean the staircase in the courtyard of the Palazzo del Bargello, where I drew some of the splendidly carved coats of arms which adorn it. On the gallery at the top was a scaffolding, and on it a workman leisurely occupied in removing from the outer wall the thin coat of whitewashing which was supposed to hide some ancient fresco paintings. Half in jest, he asked me if I was inclined to assist him, and on my assenting gave me a flexible sort of palette knife, a sponge, and a basin of water. I set to work. The coating of lime yielded easily after abundant wetting, and presently under my careful manipulation appeared first a human eye, and by-and-by a male profile, which turned out to be Dante's, and is now generally recognised as the only authentic contemporary likeness of the great Tuscan poet.

Mr. Lehmann was at Rome at the time of the death of Pope Gregory XVI., and had the rare experience of viewing the ceremonies in connection with that important event, and the election of Pope Pio IX. It is not every artist who has had a sitting from a Pope :—

> My joy is easily imagined when I received, through a friend at Court, the permission to join a sitting which the Pope was to give on the following day to a Piedmontese sculptor. Presenting myself at the appointed hour, I was ushered into a vast apartment, with a high fresco-painted ceiling. On a baize-covered platform, like a studio model throne, was a gilt armchair, in which I induced one of the attendants to sit for a moment, in order to find out the best position for the proper lighting of the face. Presently His Holiness appeared, entirely clad in white, with the exception of the red slippers (*mules*), the gold-embroidered cross on which the faithful are allowed to kiss. He was followed by two Monsignori, in violet robes with numberless buttons and a broad sash of purple silk. The Pope at once ascended the platform, the Monsignori standing on either side behind him, the one holding a Breviary, the other a capacious snuff-box. I started at once to try to make the best of the very short time allotted me, having previously asked and obtained permission to sit down. A shapeless heap of clay on a modelling stool near the window reminded me of the absent sculptor. Hamlet without the ghost! The Pope . . . made frequent use of the snuff-box, each time handed him by the Monsignore who held it, and ended by asking the other for the Breviary, from the daily recital of which the Pope alone among priests is dispensed. He began to recite it, however, in a subdued voice with half-closed eyes, thereby greatly interfering with my work. Meanwhile no sculptor had made his appearance. "Sarà morto" (he must be dead), said the Pope, when the young man suddenly appeared in the open door, in evening dress, threw himself down on the threshold, the perspiration streaming down his face, and, with uplifted arms, implored the Pope's pardon. By some unfortunate mishap the appointment had not reached him at the proper time. Feverishly he began to pommel the prepared mass of clay, but presently the Pope rose, saying that he had granted an audience in the pavilion in the grounds to the Princess Albrecht of Prussia. Before leaving, His Holiness examined my drawing, and paid me the doubtful compliment that I had well observed the disparity of his two cheeks, as one side of his face had been paralysed when on a voyage to Chili. As he held my sketch in his hand I made bold to ask him to sign his name under it, which he smilingly consented to do. I only afterwards learnt how bold my request had been. When he was gone I carefully collected the snuff which covered the green baize all round the gilt chair, and presented it to a young lady, an enthusiastic admirer of the Holy Father.

In view of the interest that is now being taken in the proper observance of the Sabbath, a foreigner's impressions of his first Sunday in England are well worth our attention. It is true that Mr. Lehmann is writing of London in 1850, but our Sundays have not altered much in the last forty-four years :—

> In aristocratic Mayfair, where my friend had located me, dead silence reigned on the Sunday morning after my arrival on the previous evening. At 11 a.m. all doors opened simultaneously, and out walked solemn gentlemen in black (butlers, as I since learned) with black books under their arms. The doors were slammed to in quick succession. Then came the carriages to fetch the masters or rather mistresses, and finally the servants emerged from the area, all with prayer-books. Silence followed again till about one o'clock, when the whole party returned in inverse order. That was my first experience of an English Sunday, so different from a Continental one.

The latter half of the book is entitled "People I Have Met," and contains some capital stories about celebrities. Here is one about the Prince of Wales :—

> On his first journey to Rome in 1859 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales honoured my studio with a visit, accompanied by his tutor, General Bruce. The Prince, then a boy, at once took me aside to inform me in a whisper that he could talk German. A few days later he sent the General to invite—or, I should rather say, command—me to dine with him. I was, however, so ignorant of etiquette that I naively answered that I would look over my engagements before accepting the invitation; and I well remember the old courtier's ironical smile when he replied: "Oh, of course, if you are engaged you must not make ceremony." I dined, nevertheless, with the Prince at his hotel.

Of the late Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Lehmann says that "his secret was his sincere belief in himself, the confidence with which he inspired his patients, and his power to convince them of his deep, almost exclusive, interest in the special case before him."

The list of well-known people of whom Mr. Lehmann has interesting stories to tell includes Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Robert Browning, Frai Liszt, Sir Edwin Landseer, Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, and many others. In the last few pages, entitled "Anecdotage," we have evidence of Mr. Lehmann's versatility. He can tell you tales about a Pope, or an Italian brigand, or Sarah Bernhardt, or a London model. After reading the book, it is impossible not to envy the author his eventful life with its varied experiences. But after the sigh of envy will come the sigh of gratitude to Mr. Lehmann for giving us such an enjoyable book. It is certainly as captivating as a romance, and possesses the additional charm of being absolutely true.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

To those, and they are many and increasing, who ask me for the latest publication in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Autonym Series, "By Reef and Palm,"[1] I am enabled, on the information of an occasional customer, to give some account of the history and personality of its author, Mr. Louis Becke. That he is a master of the unteachable art of story-telling his pages testify. His experiences were stored up during a chequered career, not in any wise as a literary pioneer with notebook and pencil and letters of introduction, but as supercargo, mate, deck-hand, storekeeper, always a wage-earner in the rough time among the South Seas. And times were rough there, fifteen and twenty years ago. Law was lost then, mostly, and "blackbirding" for the Queensland sugar estate was not the kid-glove business it has since become.

* * * *

Mr. Becke knows his Polynesia, from the Line Islands south, as he knows his alphabet, from A. to Z, and his pictures of the islanders in all their gentleness and ferocity, and of the white men as moulded by their trading and fighting in those Southern Seas, are the unexaggerated fruits of the shrewd observation of many years. Circumstances drove him in later times to Australia, and taste to journalism. His style is unforced and little effort is given to polishing. Whatever

mastery he gains over his readers is won by downright earnestness.

* * * *

There are no limits to the enterprise of modern journalism. Among the contributors to the excellent No. 3 of *The Realm* is the Sultan of Turkey. He did not write the article on Armenia, it is true, but he dictated it almost word for word to one of his Ministers.

* * * *

The "complete romance," by Mr. Hall Caine, entitled, "The Mahdi: a Story of Love and Heroism," which forms the Christmas number of the *Christian World*, is not our old friend, or rather enemy, in the Soudan, but a fictitious Mahdi, who proves the saviour of Morocco. Though in form a story, it is practically a drama, for it abounds in thrilling dramatic incidents, and the reader is taken into the dramatist's confidence throughout, as a theatrical audience would be. I feel quite safe in prophesying that when it is once on the boards it will hold them for many months. Indeed, I doubt if there is any writer but Mr. Hall Caine who could have put such fire and life into an Oriental story. It will not, I understand, appear in book form for a lengthy period. I am very glad to hear that Mr. Hall Caine has taken the precaution of securing the stage rights for a romance which has all the makings of such a great drama.

* * * *

The Christmas number of the *Queen* is, as usual, the best of all the Christmas numbers which are not extras, but merely specially sumptuous issues of the ordinary paper.

* * * *

It is such a pleasure to me that my old customer, Mr. George Gissing—whose novels are so unique that he will surely find his way into the very front rank—is back from Italy and staying down in Surrey. No one can come into the shop, when he is there, without noticing such a striking personality. He is a tallish man with luxuriant auburn hair, and a face singularly full of intelligence and sympathy. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have ready his new novel, "In the Year of Jubilee,"[2] in three volumes.

* * * *

Another old customer of mine is Mr. William le Queux, a slight dark man, with black hair and thin, aquiline features. He wrote "The Great War of 1897,"[3] and has been extraordinarily successful with it. It is already in its eighth or ninth edition.

* * * *

I have been ordering a big pile of the hundred thousand copies of the new *Windsor Magazine*, which Ward, Lock and Co. will issue on December 12th, because I am so struck with its announcement of marriage insurance. This is not, so I learn from my old customer, Mr. Coulson Kernahan—of whose "Sorrow and Song" the same publishers are about to issue a third edition—an insurance to protect the new woman from the loss of the affections of her spouse; it does not even ensure her getting a husband, except as a corollary to the dowry. To start with, the serialists will be Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, whose name, as it stands on the books of the Authors' Club, is Mr. H. S. Scott, the author of that great book "With Edged Tools," and Mr. Guy Boothby, the "Australian Kipling." In form it will be a sumptuous version of the *Strand Magazine*, and its price will be sixpence.

* * * *

There is no book of all the year which has been so asked for, and thumbed, and dog's-eared as Miss Violet Hunt's "A Maiden's Progress,"[4] and no wonder. The man about town, and the new woman, find it so witty and up-to-date, and the old-fashioned subscribers, mostly women, on whom a library really lives, because they take their reading as regularly as their meals, like it for its womanliness, and the tender vein of sentiment which underlies it. No one but a woman, human, gentle, and tender, could have written this book, which is yet witty and terse enough to put me in mind of Mr. Anthony Hope.

* * * *

The "Maiden's Progress" is certainly one of the most charming novels in dialogue we have in English, and I am not surprised that Mr. Louis Austin has given Miss Hunt's portrait in "The Books of the Year," which he contributed to the excellent Christmas *English Illustrated*.

* * * *

A book with which I expect to do very well is the third series of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays,[5] which has just come in. It contains *Comedy and Tragedy, Foggerty's Fairy, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Patience, Princess Ida, The Mikado, Ruddigore, Yeomen of the Guard, The Gondoliers, The Mountebank*, and *Utopia*.

* * * *

"An Unrecorded Chapter in the Mutiny"[6] is one of the best written of all the multitudinous books which have appeared on the Tragedy of India. It is the work of Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, a son of the famous Bishop of Oxford, and I can safely prophesy that no one who reads the first thirty pages will be able to lay the book down till he has finished it; it is written in such a simple, soldierly, graphic way, and presents a great hero and a great siege with such lime-light vividness.

* * * *

I have this morning been arranging on my counter neat little piles of two Socialist novels, "Helen,"[7] the latest *Pseudonym*, and "An Altar of Earth,"[8] the latest *Pioneer*. Pseudonyms always sell. People know that they never fall below Mr. Fisher Unwin's high standard, though "Helen" is certainly not a unique book like Mrs. Craigie's, or "The Home of the Dragon." "An Altar of Earth," on the other hand, is about the best of all the Pioneer Series—about as readable a book as one could expect a Socialist novel to be. It has a charming little heroine, and an admirably drawn City speculator who has waxed fat. The plot is original, and Thymol Monk writes with such a pleasant touch that most people will follow my example, and not lay the book down till they have finished it.

* * * *

Am doing very well with John Strange Winter's annual, "The Stranger Woman."[9] Like all Mrs. Stannard's books, it is just the thing to read when one is tired. She is never heavy. If she wrote full length novels they would be as good stock as a circulating library could wish for.

* * * *

"Greenhill," who has something to do with a literary institute at Harrow, which is doing excellent work, but has very insufficient means, writes to know if I can put him into communication with the trustees of the Peel Fund, which exists for the purpose of making grants of £25 to such institutions. I'm afraid all I can do is to print his appeal, and trust to Romeike and Curtice for its reaching the Peel trustees.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Journalist.—For instruction in black and white drawing, read "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen: Their Work and Methods," by J. Pennell. (Macmillan, 73s. 6d.)

E. A. C.—The books of Paul Heyse and Gustav Freytag would suit you.

M.—I cannot remember a poem by Rudyard Kipling called "The Rivals." "The Ballad of the Clampherdown," and others in "Barrack Room Ballads," are suitable for recitation.

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1. By Reef and Palm. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.)
2. In the Year of Jubilee. (Lawrence and Bullen. Price not stated.)
3. The Great War of 1897. (Tower Publishing Company. 6s.)
4. A Maiden's Progress. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. 6s.)
5. W. S. Gilbert's Original Plays, Third Series. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.)
6. An Unrecorded Chapter in the Mutiny. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)
7. Helen. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.)
8. An Altar of Earth. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d.)
9. The Stranger Woman. (F. White. 1s.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—I wish you could have seen the bonnets at Church Parade on Sunday. They were very wild. A black one with two fans of bright green velvet set base to base above the forehead was eccentric enough, but a small poke, with feathers starting out independently all over it, suggested a dishevelled turkey hen in a most ludicrous way. The latest development of the sable boa has a bunch of violets pinned at one side, and a small cataract of old lace drooping at each side of the front from a rosette of ivory watered ribbon. Guipure is worn on everything, and I saw a very handsome woman dressed in black satin and black velvet, with a deep square of cream-coloured guipure on her bodice, edged all round with a pleated frill, and no other protection from the November weather than a necklace of perfect pearls and the indispensable sable boa. Her large picture hat was in black velvet, broad-brimmed, and trimmed with a huge black satin bow and many feathers of the rampant order.

Jim was with me, and he trod on a lady's gown, much to her annoyance and to his own intense disgust, for you know how he prides himself on his freedom from clumsiness in such matters. But it led to a discovery. The skirt was wired all round the edge. Now, could there be a subtler trap for masculine feet than this? I need scarcely tell you that all the smart people wear their skirts well off the ground, but this little lady, being short, probably preferred being out of the fashion, since the long skirt added half an inch or so to her apparent height. No doubt, it is right enough not to sacrifice one's points to fashion, but can a long dress in the street or park ever be quite excusable? I think not.

The most useful little devices for evening dress are now sold ready-made in the large drapery warehouses. With these, one can wear any familiar old low bodice, and give it an air of novelty. One of them is a square-cut ruby velvet and lace arrangement, which has revers turned back in the velvet, and falling over a sort of berthe of the lace. Another is made of folds of pink and green velvet twisted about each other, and forming a square, with accordeon-kilted pink chiffon falling from under it, and well puffed out on the shoulders. I believe wire is used to distend the puffs here, as well as in the hems of dresses.

I thought these squares such a good idea, that I manufactured one for myself of turquoise-blue velvet and some deep-tinted old Irish lace, with the addition of large puffed elbow sleeves in the velvet. I hunted up a discarded old black satin bodice, took all the trimming off it, and put a fresh band of black satin round the waist, with the antique silver buckle you gave me long ago. With my velvet and lace additions, my old bodice, which always fitted well, is now the most becoming that I possess. Don't you call it a happy thought?

You know the lovely water-lily leaves in the Spirit of the Lotus. Well, I am having them carried out in green velvet veined with gold, for the trimming of a white satin bodice, and the sleeves are to be in white satin, veiled with gold sequin net, and turned up from the arm with some of the lily leaves. The green is a very bright shade, almost metallic in appearance, and intensely becoming. Don't you want to see that bodice finished? I do. I think I shall have a skirt made to wear with it of Liberty brocade in green and gold.

The much-postponed Teck-Grosvenor wedding is now fixed for the 12th. The bride is to wear the richest white English satin, trimmed with fine old Brussels lace and orange blossom. Her bridesmaids are to wear white corded silks, trimmed with white chiffon and sky-blue velvet, with Italian lace and sable tail. The white felt hats have crowns of sky-blue velvet and many white ostrich feathers, one resting on the hair under the up-

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EVERY DAUGHTER
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ROBERT BROWN, 206, Cumberland St., GLASGOW.

Every lady pleased with the
"KI-MI" BUSK!
IN ALL SIZES
From 11 to 13½ inches

Made of two-fold spring steel, GUARANTEED UNBREAKABLE. The edges are carefully bound so that steel cannot possibly cut through cloth. —To be had of all Drapers, price 6d. Ask for it. Sample Busk, post free seven stamps from Sole Makers, WALLACE and RITCHIE, Cochrane-street, Glasgow,

HEIGHT INCREASED
Three Inches without detection by PINET'S Boot and shoe Elevator (Patented).—Mons. PINET, L 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.

ARABINE MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! 6D.
NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED PER BOTTLE
Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the
Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

CREME DE VIOLET
Has attained enormous popularity since we introduced it into Great Britain.
It is a pure and exquisite skin tonic, absolutely free from any ingredients that will injure the most delicate skin. It cleanses the pores, and producing a clear and healthy complexion. Prevents and removes Wrinkles, Pimples, Roughness, Redness, and all Skin Imperfections. Counteracts the disagreeable effects of sun, wind, and sea air. Is deliciously cool and refreshing to the skin. Makes the skin soft and smooth as a baby's. Will make the most faded complexion assume all the natural tints of youthful health and beauty. Suitable for old and young of both sexes. Of Chemists and Perfumers, price 1s. and 2s. 6d. See that the signature Le Frere et Cie is on the label, or sent direct, pos free, in plain wrappers 3d. extra from
LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

lifted brim at the left side. The bride's going-away gown is to be pale-blue velvet, trimmed with sable tail, her hat, cloak, and muff *en suite*. Pretty, isn't it?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE printer took all the meaning out of my interpolated *sic* last week in commenting upon W. S. F.'s communication, by spelling the word "dose" correctly. W. S. F. spelt it "doze."

SEVENTEEN.—My dear "Seventeen," I could almost have guessed your delightful age by your letter. I can fancy Mr. Jerome's smile if he were to read your request that he would cut down the "page called 'In the City,' to make room for more of your frivolous topics." Why, my child, "In the City" is a most important matter, as you will find out some day. Money, money, money is the great fact of life, in one sense, and to thousands of people is such a big one that it excludes all others, even the power to enjoy the money when it is made; and to "Seventeen" money seems such a trifle, such a mere nothing. The truth is somewhere halfway. Money is far from being everything, but it is much. It means culture, refinement, the lilies and roses of life, both literally and figuratively, respect and consideration wherever we go, unless we prove ourselves flagrantly unworthy of them; and, in addition, the power of helping others, which is in itself a great happiness. Add to this list all the creature comforts, and we have an imposing show of *pros*, have we not? Among the *cons* comes first the encouragement to indulge our national indolence that wealth brings, and the want of sympathy with the poor and needy which those feel who have never known what it is to want any necessary of life. But to get back to you, my dear "Seventeen." I would gladly make you my "debtor for life," as you put it, by telling you how to prevent your nose from getting red and your eyelashes from falling out, but I fear that my advice may lack particularity. Do not lace tight. That makes noses rosy. In winter wear a thick veil when the weather is frosty. Wash your face in hot water without soap every night when you are going to bed, and give your nose a good rubbing with a not too soft towel. You have evidently a thin skin. As to getting hot and flushed at dances, nearly all girls do. About the eyelashes I am thoroughly at sea. Have you weak eyes?

ALTHEA.—Try Mrs. Leslie, 102, Brompton Road. She has started a Household Service Bureau, and intends to have only good servants on her books. For ladies living in flats she provides servants who attend daily for so many hours, a sort of service that exactly meets a want just now, there being such limited sleeping accommodation in flats. Besides, the work of the household is so much reduced by the centralisation of the rooms, that there is often not enough to fill the time of three servants, and yet too much for two. Here steps in the peripatetic parlourmaid or the pieced-out lady's-maid. It is a good idea, is it not?

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

APRICOT CREAM.—Procure a tin of preserved apricots. Open it carefully, and take out the fruit without breaking it. Allow the apricots to drain on a dry plate. Dissolve half an ounce of Nelson's gelatine in cold water. While it is preparing take half the number of your apricots, free them from skin and kernels, and press them to a pulp in a large flat basin. Add two tablespoonfuls of glebe sugar. Whip half a pint of double cream for twenty minutes. Add it and the gelatine to the apricot pulp. Beat all up together, and when they are thoroughly amalgamated pour the whole into a mould which has been rinsed out of cold water, drained but not dried. Next day turn it out and garnish it with the apricots left, having previously cut them in half. This is a very popular dish for children's parties. It is well to make at least double the above quantity for these entertainments.

VENISON STEAKS.—Cut them half an inch thick and broil them over a bright fire. When they are done, dust them over with salt and pepper. Melt over the fire in a tiny saucepan a tablespoonful of red-currant jelly, and an ounce of butter, and when this sauce is quite hot, pour it over the steaks and serve them.

SUZETTE.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

FRUIT AND FLOWER GROWING. Several Valuable Properties for Sale, or in some cases partnerships could be arranged. Profits 15 per cent. to 30 per cent. on money invested.

FURNISHED HOUSES TO LET. Full particulars, plans, photos, &c., on application to MESSRS. CONSTABLE, TOWN-END & MORRISH, 55 & 56, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C., and at GUERNSEY.

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Which we are probably now offering for the last time at less than half proper price. Send for a circular telling you in full what all the leading newspapers say and what scores of customers write us about them. Do not forget the proper price of these Machines is **35s.**, and we are offering them at **15s.** (a great deal less than they cost to make), just to get them well known. If you want a valuable present for any of your friends, you cannot do better than give them one of these.

The *Times* says: "It is a marvellous Machine, well and soundly constructed."—*Daily Chronicle:* "The Machine is a gem."—The *People:* "Same as those sold at four times the price."—*Society:* "It is difficult to see how it is to be beaten."—The *Queen:* "Strongly recommended to schools, families, and dressmakers."—The *Lady:* "The cheapest and best Machine in the market."—*Weldon's* "A wonderful Machine."—*Church Bells:* Remarkably cheap and effective."—*Sewing-Machine Gazette:* Of best British make, the wonder is that it can be produced for the money."—*Western Morning News:* "Equal to anything we have seen."

The first thousand we shall sell at less than half cost to introduce them to the public. We are prepared to lose £500 on the cost of the Machines, in order to get them known. Not more than one Machine will be sold to one person, and it is to be understood that if they are thoroughly satisfied with it (as we know they must be) they shall, whenever they get an opportunity, recommend it to their friends at our proper price. We agree to supply any person writing to us with one of these Beautiful British-made Family Lockstitch Sewing Machines for **15s.**, and they can take it to any Machine Manufacturer, and if he will make them one for anything like the money, we will return the cash in full and give them the Machine as well.

Every Machine is guaranteed to be British-make, full-sized superior lockstitch motion, the shuttle is the best make (boat shape), the same as in Singer and Howe type, it will make any size stitch, work any thickness of material, from thin to stout, has vertical feed, patent winder, large plated fly wheel, on polished walnut stand. Each Machine is 13½ inches long, 13 inches high, and 9½ inches from back to front, and is packed in a neat wooden case. This is an opportunity not to be met with more than once in a lifetime. Of course, everybody knows they can never in the ordinary way get a perfectly new English-made Family Sewing Machine complete for **15s.**, but this is what we guarantee. If you have friends in London, let them call at our place and see them: we much prefer this, but don't lose any time, as it is only the first thousand we offer at this price.

We have also fitted 100 of these Machines as Treadle Sewing Machines, and these will be sold at **40s.** each to the first hundred applicants for them. The Coupon below must be cut out and sent with the order.

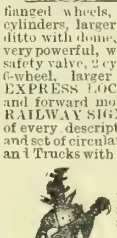
Extra needles 1s. 1d. per Doz.; 2 extra spools 6d.; special oil and oil-can, 6d.; one dozen reels of cotton, 1s. Each Machine, packed in box, weighs 18 lbs. Fuller particulars, specimens of work, and testimonials, 1d. Don't miss this grand opportunity. You can sell the Machine for double what it cost you at once. No reduction, as every Machine is sold far below cost.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.—Mrs. Edwards, Charnock Vicarage, Chorley: "Very pleased indeed with it. It is wonderful." Mrs. Gower, The Schools, Croxton: "I like it immensely." Mrs. Henson, Queensbury Villa, Kettering: "Received quite safe, beautifully packed, much pleased with it." Mrs. Jones, Belle Vue, New Brighton: "It was everything I expected." Mrs. Burdett, Allesby, Boscombe: "It works beautifully." Mrs. R. M. Edwards, Ysyrysty Vicarage, Bettws-y-Coed: "Gives great satisfaction; a perfect marvel" Mrs. Goodman, Thorpe Malson, Kettering: "Am well pleased with it: it is a beauty." Mrs. Turner, King's Cross, Halifax: "It is all the advertisement states it to be." Mrs. Crisp, 24, Brook Street, Hanley: "We consider it a perfect wonder." Mrs. Young, Wormley, Godalming: "Have tried it on all kinds of work; it is far better than I expected." Rev. H. Jutsum, 5, East Terrace, Douglas: "We are all delighted with it." Mrs. Colley, Link Hall, Chathill; "It is wonderful." Mrs. Diffy, Allwood Farm, Corfe Castle: "Am greatly pleased with it both in work and appearance." Mrs. Rose, 29a, Bond Street, Trowbridge: "I am sure it is quite a bargain." Mrs. Le Page, 19, Paris Street, Guernsey: I am very proud of it; it is a wonderful machine." Mrs. S. Bridge, 14, Alfred Street, West Bromwich: "It works quite equal to one I gave four guineas for."

"TO-DAY" COUPON
To be sent with Order.
Please send me One English Lockstitch Machine, as described above, for which enclose..... If I find the Machine what you state, and far below the cost of manufacture, and am thoroughly satisfied with it, I shall be pleased to recommend it to my friends
Signed .....

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. One Gentleman, writing to us from a town in Scotland, said Mr So-and-So (mentioning the name of an agent for one of the largest Sewing Machine Companies in the world) said it was no use his offering Machines at four guineas while people could get yours at 15s. He might as well shut up shop at once. He had seen your machine that I got, and was simply astounded.

WORKING MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVES.—Guaranteed.—With large japanned boiler cylinder, and four wheels, 1s. 6d. THE "FARRINGDON," with beautiful brass boiler, steam whistle, cylinder, and four wheels, 2s. 6d.—greatest bargain ever offered. JAPANNED LOCOMOTIVE, with flanged wheels, starting lever, safety valve, and double cylinders, larger size, 5s.; with whistle 5s. 6d.; 6-wheel ditto with dome, &c., 8s. 6d. ALL BRASS LOCOMOTIVE, very powerful, with whistle, water tap, outfers, steam tap, safety valve, 2 cylinders, and four flanged wheels, 8s. 6d.; 6-wheel ditto, 10s. 6d. Powerful 8-WHEEL EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE with all fittings, and backward and forward motion, 30s. Complete set of WORKING RAILWAY SIGNALS, with Levers, &c., 2s. Engine parts of every description. Locomotive, with tender, carriages, and set of circular rails, in case, 17s. 6d., 35s., 60s. Carriages and Trucks with flanged wheels 1s. 6d. each.



NIGGERS' WIGS.—Reliable quality 1s. 3d. and 1s. 9d.; best, with rising tuft, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. Collars, white or striped, 1s. 2d.; best frilled, 2s. Cuffs, small, 1s. 2d.; large and frilled (coloured), 1s. 6d.; white, 2s. 3d. Fronts, 1s. 6d.; best quality, 2s. 6d. Special black for laces, etc., 1. 2d. Bows, 1s. 2d. Umbrella Cases, 1s. 2d. Coats, 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d. Waistcoats, 4s. 6d. Trousers, 5s., 6d. 6d. Crepe Masks, to fit face, 4s. Nigger Masks, male or female, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Book, Nigger Dialogues, etc. 1s. 2dd. Bones, 1s. 2d., 1s. 8d., 2s. 6d. Clappers, 1s. Banjoes, 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d. 7s. 6d. Tambourines 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Masks, Wigs, Costumes, Make-ups of every description, see list.

ARTIFICIAL FROST FOR CHRISTMAS. In boxes, 8d., 1s. 2d., and 2s. 6d.. Spangles for Costumes, &c., assortment, 8d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Witch's Mask, 1s. 6d. Father Christmas, 1s.; with beard, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Theatrical Make-ups, 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Japanese Lanterns, from 1s. doz. to 1s. each. Fairy Wands, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Donkey, Bear, Cat, Wolf, and other Masks, best quality, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Entertainments provided. Limelights, &c.

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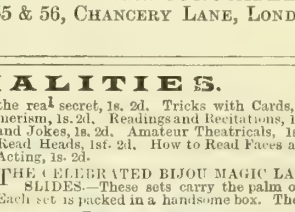
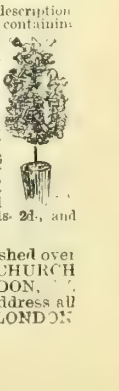
THE CELEBRATED BIJOU MAGIC LANTERN AND SLIDES.—These sets carry the palm over all others. Each set is packed in a handsome box. The Lanterns and all of the slides are of superior English make. These are specially got up so as to form nice presents, and will give satisfaction everywhere. No. 1 Set comprises a best English-made Lantern, fitted with two lenses, paraffin lamp, glass chimney, silvered reflector, 60 really Comic Figures, on 12 long slides, 3 complete Nursery Tales, each Tale having 12 pictures on 4 Slides, making 36 more pictures; 2 Comic Slipping Slides, 2 Moving Panorama Slides, 1 "Good Night" Slide, 2 Lever Slides, 1 "Welcome," 1 Man Swallowing Rats, 2 Chinese Fireworks Slides, 1 Rack-work Slide, 1 Queen, and 1 Curtain Slide, making 100 pictures in all; complete with instructions, giving a picture on the sheet of 3 feet diameter. Price 10s. 6d.—No. 2 precisely similar, but having a No. 2 Lantern and No. 2 Slides, forming a larger size throughout. Gives a picture 4 feet in diameter. Price 14s. 6d.—No. 3 size, much larger still, very suitable for a special present, gives a 5 ft. diameter picture. 21s.—Bottles of SPECIALLY-PREPARED OIL, giving great brilliancy, 9d., 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.



OUR PACKETS OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.

NO. 1 PACKET, price 2s. 6d. carriage free, contains 1½ lb. weight of cards, 100 cards in all, varying from 4d. to 1s. in value. Each packet contains 12 splendid Jewelled Cards of highest quality and finish, 3 two-fold Screen Cards, 3 three-fold ditto, 6 embossed Cards, 6 beautiful Figured Cards, 4 Cards to stand up, 3 Cut-out Cards, 3 Surprise Cards, 12 Floral, 6 Lake Scenes, 6 of Old Country Scenes, 3 Fronted Cards, 3 Transformation Cards, and 30 others assorted. Price 2s. 6d., carriage free. Shop value from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.—No. 2 Packet contains 24 of the very highest quality Cards. 6 of the celebrated Ideal Cards, 6 Jewelled Cards, 3 Transformation Cards, 3 Cut-out Cards, 3 Lace Cards, 3 Standing-up Cards, &c. Price 2s. 6d., carriage free.—No. 3 Packet contains 50 Cards (similar, only less in number, to the No. 1 Packet). Price 1s. 3d., carriage free.—No. 4 Packet, containing 12 best quality Cards similar in quality to No. 2 Packet, 1s. 3d., carriage free.—CHRISTMAS CARD ENVELOPES, assorted sizes, 30 for 7d. 60 for 1s., 200 for 2s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS of every description for full particulars see catalogues. Boxes containing nice assortment of candles, reflectors, glass balls, fancy boxes, candlesticks, and fancy lanterns, carriage free, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 10½d. Specially recommended ditto, splendid value, 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s., and 42s. Artificial Frost, 8d., 1s. 2d., and 2s. 6d. per box. Artificial Moss, 8d. bundle. Father Christmas Mask and Beard, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d. Artificial Christmas Trees, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. Christmas Lanterns, assortment, various shapes and colours, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. Masks of Animals and Figures of every description, Nigger Theatricals, Wigs, Suits, &c. Boxes of Theatrical Make-up, Powders, Paints, &c., 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s., with full instructions. Spangles, 8d., 1s. 2d., and 2s. 6d., assorted cases.



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IN THE CITY.

THE JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY.

THE TRUST DEED.

In accordance with our promise of last week, we give below the salient paragraphs of the Trust Deed of this company. We do not believe there is another copy of this Trust Deed in England. We shall therefore be doing a service to the many English investors who have put money into the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment company by showing how absolutely they are at the mercy of the three permanent directors.

The original capital of the company was £175,000, divided into 150,000 ordinary and 25,000 founders' shares of £1 each. The 25,000 founders' shares were allotted to Messrs. Barnato Brothers as fully paid up "in return for their services, carrying the rights and privileges hereinafter mentioned." Let us see what these rights and privileges are.

Section 106 provides :—

> After payment of a dividend or dividends amounting in the aggregate in any one year to 20 per cent. on the issued share capital of the company, inclusive of founders' shares, any further or surplus dividend or dividends shall be distributed as follows—viz., one half of the amount shall be paid to the holders of the founders' shares, and the other shall be paid to the members according to their right and interest in the profits. (Page 19.)

There is nothing very unusual in this distribution, but it is to be noted that any reserve fund can only be formed after the payment of the 20 per cent. dividend, and from the moiety of the balance of profits accruing to the ordinary shareholders. The unique character of the Trust Deed is to be found in the powers it gives to the permanent directors.

Section 75 provides that—

> The first directors shall be Barnet Isaac Barnato, Henry Barnato and Woolf Joel, hereinafter referred to as permanent directors, with power to add nine, or fewer, additional directors to their number. (Page 14.)

The shareholders cannot nominate a single director. Section 82 provides that—

> Two of the assumed direccors shall retire from office in the reverse order in which they may be nominated from time to time by the permanent directors. (Page 15.)

Under the Deed the qualification of an ordinary director is the holding 250 shares of the company in his own right, but the permanent directors may reduce the qualification, or do away with it altogether; or even dispense with directors. The permanent directors *may* create nine directors—they need not create one—or having created them need not fill up vacancies.

Section 87 provides—

> The permanent directors may from time to time increase or reduce the number of directors, and alter their qualifications, and may also determine in what manner or rotation such increased or reduced number is to go out of office. (Page 15.)

The powers given to the directors are of the most sweeping character. Section 34 allows them to increase the capital of the company to any extent :—

> The directors may, without the intervention of any meeting, increase the capital by creating new shares to such amount and under such circumstances as hereinafter set forth. (Page 10.)

The "circumstances" are "set forth" in Section 35 :—

> Such shares may be issued with a preferential or qualified right to dividends, and in the distribution of the assets of the company, and with a special or ordinary voting power, or without any right of voting, provided that no privileges or rights shall be granted so as in any way to interfere with or encroach upon the rights and privileges of the founders' shares. (Page 10.)

Everywhere the founders' shares are protected from encroachment, but the ordinary shares already issued may be made absolutely worthless if the permanent directors chose it.

Note again the borrowing powers given to these same gentlemen. Section 39 provides that—

> The directors may from time to time, at their discretion, borrow from the directors, or other persons, any sum or sums for the purposes of the company. (Page 11.)

And Section 40 provides that—

> The directors may raise or secure the repayment of such moneys, in such manner and upon such terms and conditions in all respects as they think fit, and in particular by the issue of debentures of the company. (Pages 11.)

Shareholders wanting information are entirely at the mercy of the directors. Section 120 provides that—

> The directors shall from time to time determine whether and to what extent, and at what times and places, and under what conditions or regulations the accounts and books of the company, or any of them, shall be open to the inspection of the members, and no member shall have any right of inspecting any book or document of the company, except as authorised by the directors. (Page 20.)

Section 88 provides that two directors shall form a quorum, and no alteration of the Trust Deed is possible without the unanimous consent of the permanent directors. Section 147 provides that—

> It shall and may be lawful for the shareholders, supported by the unanimous vote of the permanent directors, etc., to repeal, alter, amend, or modify any section or sections of this deed, and to make new provisions therein. (Page 23.)

The Deed may be altered, some little control over their own affairs may be given to the shareholders: but not if any one of the three Life Governors objects. What sane man, acquainted with the terms of this Trust Deed, would put his money into the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company? No directors, let their character and standing be what they may, should be given such powers, but vested in such men as the Barnatos —— !

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

It is sometimes assumed that when a man becomes a bankrupt life is made very unpleasant for him. The popular notion is that everything he earns over and above the barest pittance goes to his creditors, and that until he has paid them 10s. in the £ he cannot get his discharge. Mr. Robert Buchanan's experience in Carey Street should dissipate this delusion.

The Official Receiver stated that—

> The bankrupt had brought on his bankruptcy by rash and hazardous speculations, by unjustifiable extravagance in living, and gambling.

Mr. Buchanan admitted that—

> The excess of his household and personal expenditure over his income was £3,000 up to 1893, and for the twelve months preceding this receiving order it amounted to £1,229. He had lost £1,200 by betting.

The Registrar granted Mr. Buchanan his discharge on condition that he should set aside one half of his net income *in excess of* £900 *a year*.

For aught we know, Mr. Buchanan will act honestly, and set aside the whole of his income over and above a much smaller sum than £900 per annum. It is proper to assume that he will do so. But if not? If he stands by the letter of the order of the Court? What does struggling honesty, working early and late, and eating the bread of carefulness, that he may some day be clear of debt, due as likely as not to illness, unavoidable misfortune, or a heart too big, say to it? May not he be tempted to conclude that the road to ease and rest lies through the Bankruptcy Court, and so take it? There is honour to bar the road? Yes, there is honour, but it cannot have been the intention of Parliament that there should be nothing else.

MR. McKINNON WOOD AND "TO-DAY."

We have received a letter from Mr. McKinnon Wood, in which, referring to remarks in our issue of November 24th respecting the *London* controversy, Mr. McKinnon Wood says we speak of the Local Government Committee as "the committee that decides how the large advertisement expenditure of the Council is to be allocated." Mr. Wood assures us that "the practice of the Council is that each of its twenty-nine committees gives out its own advertisements as it deems wisest. The Local Government Committee has nothing whatever to do with the advertisements of any of the other twenty-eight committees, or with any of the advertisements of the Council except its own, and it is far from being one of the largest advertisers among the committees of the Council."

We very readily print this correction. Mr. McKinnon Wood will remember that To-Day has repeatedly ridiculed the absurd theory that he and other leading members of the London County Council have stooped to corruption for the purpose of benefiting a newspaper in which they happen to have some slight pecuniary interest. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

THE TOUTING FRATERNITY.

We are indebted to a lady for sundry circulars sent to her week by week by—

1. Robert Fairlie, 10, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn.
2. Hugh Armstrong, 16, Great Marlborough Street, W.
3. Francis Ingram, Palace Gardens Mansions, W.

The first of these persons promises £30 to £40 weekly on every £100 left in his hands; the second promises to win a £10 stake, presumably every week, if £200 is lodged; the third promises £30 per week on every £100 share.

Each of these men works a "system" which, as he claims, makes loss impossible, and it is a humiliating reflection that thousands of individuals, apparently sane, read and believe.

THE TEA TRADE DODGE.

THE latest development of the tea trade trick is at Brighton, where the Victoria Tea Company is offering "an exceedingly handsome electro-plated tea service," "at the exceptionally low cost of 13s. 4d., worth at least thirty shillings," to every person who buys forty quarter-pound packets of their tea. The offer is less liberal than some of those we gave last week, but no doubt many silly folk will be hoodwinked by it.

BANK OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, LIMITED.

THE paragraph that appeared in our issue of November 24 with reference to the "distribution of properties" belonging to this company "on the Art Union principle," has brought us a number of letters from correspondents, who, to quote from the letter of an ingenuous Tynesider, "would like to do a small gamble," and who want to know where tickets for the drawings can be obtained. The prospectus before us says that "all applications for shares must be addressed, The Trustees, Bank of Van Dieman's Land, Limited (in Liquidation), Hobart, Tasmania."

SOME NEW ISSUES.

Page and Overton's Brewery Company, Limited. Issue of £80,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures.—This issue is to be used to pay off existing debentures amounting to £60,000, carrying 5 per cent., and held by the London and Northern Assets and Debenture Companies, and to extinguish certain other charges. The security, valued by the company at £131,115, seems fairly good.

John Hetherington and Sons, Limited. Share capital, £300,000.—The Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock now offered, in our opinion represent sound investments.

Strong and Co., of Ramsay, Limited.—The £200,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock now offered is, in our opinion, well secured.

May's Drug Stores, Limited.—This company offer £10,000 (part of £20,000 to be created) Six per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures, but the information given in the prospectus as to the position of the company—incorporated last year—is quite inadequate.

J. W. Cameron and Co., Limited.—The Four-and-a-Quarter per Cent. Mortgage Debenture Stock, and the Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of this issue, should be desirable investments.

The South Sweden Moss Litter Co., Limited.—If the estimates of the prospectus are to be relied upon this company will pay good dividends. Lord Shrewsbury is chairman, and he should know whether the £24,000 asked for the 3,000 acres of moss land to be taken over by the company is excessive or not. The demand for this kind of litter is growing.

The Pandora Folding Box Company, Limited. Capital £60,000.—We do not think it likely that the company will get rid of anything like the number of boxes they name, consequently we have no faith in the estimated profit being realised. We understand that the patentee sold the invention to a syndicate for £5,000, which probably is much nearer its value than the £40,000 the public are asked to give for it.

The Baring Estate Company, Limited. Issue of First and Second Mortgage Debentures, £1,500,000.—The application-list was closed almost as soon as opened, and the debentures are quoted at a big premium. We think those of our readers are the more fortunate who got no allotment. The issue is secured on stocks—mostly unsaleable—valued by the Barings at £2,189,598, and a guarantee of £500,000 given by persons unnamed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Sundry Mining Shares. MOSES (South Shields).—All the shares you name are of a very speculative character. **Johannesburg Water Works.** E. C. M. (Farnham).—If the facts are as you state, then you are entitled to the backwardation; but we advise you to take the shares without haggling, and be thankful to get them. **Salvation Army Bank.** J. F. (Glasgow).—Yes, of course; it is one thing to save souls, another and very different thing to run a bank—safely. **Profits to Promoter.** REX.—It is impossible for us to tell you "what part of nett profit" of a patent should go to the man who has financed you; that is a matter for agreement between you. **Safe Investment.** BONEY (Londonderry).—We advise you to make your own selection. **Raithby, Lawrance and Co., Limited.** PRINTER (Glasgow).—We fear not; you have delayed action over long. **Sundry Bonds.** A. B. (Leeds).—1. No, the risk is not "more" than racing risks. You forget you have the Bond. 2. The Bonds are genuine. 3. Certainly, the price is improving. 4. No, the prices quoted are not "fair value." They can be bought much cheaper from Gerald Quin and Co., 29, Royal Exchange, and other City firms. 5. We have no reason to suppose that the people whose circular you send us are not quite solvent. 6. City of Paris. **Congo Bonds.** CONGO (Halfax).—1. The quotation for these Bonds at the close of last week, and which you say Cunliffe, Russell and Co. quote at about £4 10s.—in the book you send us, at page 13, the quotation is £4—was about £3 12s. 2. The market price on the same date for the other bonds named as compared with the prices given by Cunliffe, Russell and Co. in the pamphlet you send us is as follows:—Ottoman Bonds, £5 7s. 6d. to £5 10s. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. (page 14), £7; Panama Canal Bonds, £5 5s.; Cunliffe, Russell and Co. (page 17), £6; Government of Servia Bonds, £3 10s. to £3 12s. 6d.; Cunliffe, Russell and Co. (page 18), £4. 3. We have no doubt that in the event you speak of Cunliffe, Russell and Co. would act for you, but if you win the prize you could afford a trip to Paris to look after it. 4. As to whether these prizes ever come to England, we were under the impression that there was some ground for scepticism, but later information convinces us that there is not. Two cases have been mentioned to us, one of a well-known Regent Street tradesman who drew a 200,000fr. Town of Paris Bond, another of an equally well-known City man—true a Greek, but long resident in England—who drew the Russian 500,000 rouble prize. **Joint Stock Institute.** J. L. (Birmingham).—We can tell you nothing about the "West Australian Mining Company operation" that you cannot gather for yourself by perusal of the advertisement. The Joint Stock Institute is in as good a position as most people in the City—in a better position than most people—to sift the good from the bad, the promising from the fraudulent, of the scores of West Australian claims that are being put upon this market. And it is equally certain that persons like yourself, who want to put money into these speculative ventures, and know nothing whatever about them except what you are told by interested parties, would gain by making the Joint Stock Institute your agents, provided the controllers of the Institute use their knowledge, as they promise to do, on your behalf. But you will do well to remember that no agency can insure you against loss. Mining speculations must always be very risky, and no one should risk money upon them who cannot afford to lose every penny of the sum he risks. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** B. W. (St. Germans).—We can add nothing to the reply we gave another correspondent a week or two ago; namely, that the London show is doing well; the Provincial less well, owing to hampering engagements, for which the present management is not responsible. **Dorman, Long and Co.** T. G. O. (Blackburn).—We do not know that we can tell you anything more significant than is to be found in the report itself. **Small Savings.** A. D. (Camden Town).—One is as safe as the other. **Cycle Rubber Co.** T. K. (Dundee).—We are obliged to you. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** H. C. B. (Leeds).—Apply to the Agent-General (see "Whittaker" for address). **Pigg's Peak.** A. B. K. (Gunnersbury).—About 5s. **Investment of £50.** W. D. (Enfield).—We have no ground for questioning the solvency of the so-called bank you name, but we advise you to keep your £50 in the Savings Bank. True, the interest is small; but the difference between that and the possible 7 per cent. you might get from the "bank" is only £2 5s., and you *know* your money is safe, and can be handled at any moment if you leave it with the Savings Bank. **Position of Bank.** H. C. (Brighton).—It is a 60 per cent. concern. Very few particulars are obtainable, so that is one of several reasons why your client should not deposit with those people. **Respectable Brokers.** E. W. (Warrington).—Better go to a member of "the House." **The Pandora Folding Box Company.**—(Leeds).—We are much obliged.

INSURANCE.

Life Assurance. C. S. T. (Manchester).—You will get better value for your money from the English company. **Endowment Assurance.** TYPEWRITER (South Shields).—The list submitted is a good one. You will get the largest bonus from Office C; B may possibly come next; A should be placed last of the six. **Life Assurance.** D. S. (Inverness).—Take the old office by all means, for security, profit and conditions. **A Certain Company.** C. F. C. (Salford).—You must not judge the company by the one case you refer to; but even that case tells against you now. The woman had no interest in the man's living; only in his death. The insurance was a gambling transaction. The agent and the woman may have conspired, but because the agent was agent for the company that is no reason why the company should be victimised. The magistrate's decision is wrong, both morally and legally. **Annuity.** SORTER (Nottingham).—The office is not one of the strongest. **Life Office.** A. B. (Nottingham).—Both offices are sound, the older one exceedingly so, and much to be preferred in point of bonuses and system to the younger one, although the latter gives a very fair bonus. **Assurance for £2,000.** S. A. (Leeds).—We have no hesitation in recommending the mutual office as the better of the two named. The other office is run too much in the interests of shareholders. The wants of the public receive too little attention. **Sprinkler Frost.** (Ardwick).—The pressure will, we take it, be the same in all directions, but inasmuch as the Sprinkler is so arranged that by turning the adjusting screw at the bottom all the water can be run out, there is no need to run the risk of frost. Still, if that precaution be neglected, we think the Sprinkler is strong enough to resist the expansive pressure. Why not write to the maker on the question?

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The Editor begs to inform Contributors that he has sufficient Serials, Short Stories, and Poems to last for at least Two Years. All unsolicited MS.S. will, therefore, be returned unread.

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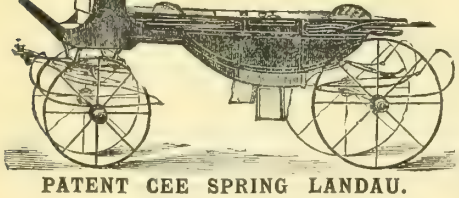

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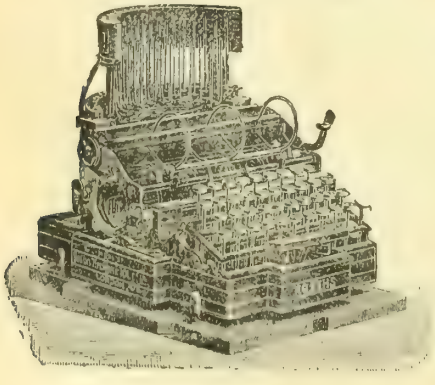

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in To-Day.

Lord Spencer made out a good case the other day for allotments. Nothing could be more serviceable to the country; nothing could be better for the citizens, than that the largest number possible of them should have a personal and practical interest in the land on which they live. Manufactures come and go; trade waxes and wanes; commerce varies as with the wind; but the tillers of the soil are the lifeblood of every country, they are the only permanent feature in it; the only reliable backbone to the community. There should be a million owners of freehold land in the British Isles, and we should then hear less of Socialism and spoliation, more of patriotism and honesty. A freeholder of a little plot of from one to ten acres, becomes at once a man of aims and hopes, of desires and ambitions. His welfare becomes bound up with that of the whole community. He is no longer a drifting human atom, conscious of nothing but a stomach, and of the difficulty of filling it; he becomes at once a rivet in the social machine, dignified with use and position.

That the Conservatives should ever have opposed the three-acres-and-a-cow principle is only explained by the fact that few politicians can see an inch beyond their noses, and that each political party always seems to be under the impression that the world comes to an end with each parliament. As to the cow, I would leave the labourers to acquire that. Cows, I fancy, are more profitable when kept in large numbers, but the three acres I would strain every nerve to give him. With the example of France before us, it is clear that the peasant proprietor makes an admirable citizen. With every labourer the owner of his own little freehold, we should be able to do with half the number of poor-houses, besides giving to thousands whose lives are now a mere dull animal existence, that hope which turns work into delight. If the Conservatives are wise they will absorb the allotment question into their own policy. It is a Conservative measure; it works for Conservatism, as all really useful measures do.

I shall watch with curiosity the result of the trial for embezzlement of a certain tradesman at Trowbridge, who is accused of having misappropriated funds belonging to a sick society, of which he was treasurer. This gentleman is senior deacon of Bethesda Baptist Chapel, senior superintendent of the Sunday school, and leader of the local Band of Hope; the newspaper adds "etc." to this list of good offices, but I think what I have stated is sufficient. I know quite well that there are plenty of scamps outside religious circles, as well as inside, though I doubt if the proportion is any greater; and I am also aware that the fact of a professedly religious man having given way to temptation is no reproach to religion. Some of the best men in the world, and the most religious men, have sinned, and, what is of more importance still to the argument, have been found out. Our first parents were not immaculate; but, on the whole, they were worthy people. David, a man after God's own heart, sinned more than once or twice. Paul was not a consistent angel; and the lives of some of Christ's most devoted followers show many dark pages.

The argument I wish to draw is the argument of toleration—the argument that Christ was thinking of when, in that grandly satirical sentence, he suggested that the man without sin should cast the first stone at the fallen woman. I would suggest to these senior deacons, and senior Sunday-school superintendents, and leaders of Bands of Hope, that they should think more of the spirit of Christianity, and less of its terrors and denunciations; that, when indignant at the mote in their brother's eye, they should occasionally think of the beam in their own, and moderate their wrath; that they should thank God a little less that they are not as other men, and thank God a little more earnestly for making their passions and their temptations lighter.

It is so easy for a man with a full table and a luxurious home to denounce the poor devil who leaves a sordid, desolate hearth to gain a few moments' respite amid the gas-glare of the gin-palace, and to forget his utterly colourless life in a brief moment of drunken exhilaration. It is so easy for a man with an ample balance at his banker's to protest against the wicked desire of a County Council gardener, at twenty-two shillings a week, to make an occasional five-pound note by putting seven-and-sixpence on an "outsider." It is so easy for a man without much blood stirring in his veins, blessed by Nature—if he think it a blessing—with weak and easily-subdued passions, to denounce the men and women of stronger vitality, who do not always resist the ever-present temptation to sin.

But are such vigorous denouncers of other people's evil-doing always so perfectly sure that they are impervious to temptation when it comes their way, and in a guise that appeals to their peculiarities? Can these preachers, who are for ever thundering against the wickedness of the outside world, tell their souls that their brain has never harboured an evil thought? Can they pledge themselves that never in their lives will they admit evil desire into their minds? If not, it would be better that they should be a little more tolerant, a little less savage in their anxiety to punish evildoers, a little less jubilant when a weaker brother is found tripping.

Are any of us so very much superior to the common standards of humanity that we are entitled to constitute

ourselves into pursuers and executioners of others? The original disciples of Christ pleaded with and besought men. With knowledge born from the bitter experience of their own shortcomings, they preached the gospel of kindness and love; our modern-day Christians demand for their crusades a policeman's bâton, the prison cell, and the hangman's rope. They are never happy unless they are hunting a sinner down or demanding his punishment; the Eleventh Commandment they have trampled under foot. They have more faith in an Act of Parliament than in the teaching of their Master. It is a pitiful descent.

Anyone who wants an intelligible explanation of the constitution and powers of Parish and District Councils cannot do better than procure the *Daily Graphic* supplement for last Saturday. When I say that it is intelligible, I do not mean that it is obvious; on the contrary, it needs to be read very carefully. The Act has been received with considerable distrust and considerable enthusiasm; and neither is, I think, entirely warranted. The ratepayer has no cause to be alarmed. The expenditure of a Parish Council is strictly limited by the Act, and its power to exceed the limit can only be conferred upon it by a meeting of the parish electors. In a word, if more money is spent than the ratepayer likes, he will only have himself to blame, and at the same time the Parish Councils will save valuable property to the public. By the preservation of commons and of rights of way, the Parish Council will keep public property out of the hands of the land-grabber. Similarly, where the water supply of a village is deficient, it will be possible for Parish Councils to make full use of any natural source for the benefit of the village, and thus save it from the tender mercies of private enterprise.

At the same time, if the inhabitants of Puddleton-in-the-Slosh (with a scattered population of five hundred) think that they are going to get a public hall, a free library, baths and washhouses, electric light, and wood paving in the main street, and a variety of other luxuries, as the result of the Parish Councils Act, then the inhabitants of Puddleton-in-the-Slosh will find themselves very much disappointed. Not even an Act of Parliament can get more than a pint out of a pint measure. The Parish Councils will see that the money is spent appropriately to the needs of the place from which the money comes. It can do no more. These needs vary, of course, in different parishes, just as the means of supplying these needs will vary. Only the wealthy and densely-populated parishes will be able to avail themselves of the Adoptive Acts, and even in these the expenditure sanctioned will hardly prove more than a useful supplement to private benevolence. Probably the most important action of the Parish Councils will be their action with regard to allotments.

Last Sunday was Museum Sunday. The arguments on behalf of the opening of museums and libraries on Sunday are so well known and so unanswerable that I do not think it worth while to repeat them here. If they have not yet met with success, the reason may be found—partly, at any rate—in the way in which these arguments have been urged. Abuse only makes the Sabbatarian think himself a martyr. The allurement of happiness does not entice him; he does not want to be happy—he wants to be holy. Nor can reason alone prevail very far with a man who, on every Sunday of his life, drives a cart and horse through three-quarters of the Fourth Commandment, and then—and not till then—finds himself pulled up by his conscience. It is only through his church or chapel that the Sabbatarian can be reached, and this is the real use of Museum Sunday. The authority of the clergy, holding out to him the one enticement that can prevail with him, must win the Sabbatarian in the end. The unfortunate thing is, that some of the less educated clergy are themselves Sabbatarians. *Quis docebit doctores?* Meanwhile the defeat of the Lord's Day Observance Society over the Leeds' case comes as a comfort to the true friend of religion.

On the whole I think that Dr. Parker is quite justified in his views on property in sermons. That a preacher should regard his sermon merely as a work of art, or that he should think merely of its commercial value, would never be right, and would generally be absurd. Dr. Parker does neither of these things, though he is an eloquent man and an author whose work is always certain of a sale. But when an editor or publisher takes one of Dr. Parker's sermons, without permission, without even giving the author a chance to correct the proofs, without any intention to do good, and with every intention to make money, and, in addition, gives the sermon a title of which the author distinctly disapproves—then not only is Dr. Parker justified in trying to stop a dishonest trade, but he would be morally wrong if he did not try. To private notes of his sermons and legitimate quotations from them Dr. Parker makes no objection whatever.

I thank somebody for having sent me a little paper called the *Crusader*, a journal for Progressive Methodists. Religious papers, as a rule, do not appeal to me; but I find a note of manliness in the *Crusader* that is generally wanting in modern-day Christianity. The *Crusader* has given itself plenty of work to do; it seems to have chosen for its task the attacking of what, in its own language, it calls "the psalm-singing, tract-distributing humbug," and it seeks its work in the richest soil where such fruit grows—among the conventionally religious, and the self-advertising purists. Throughout its pages there is a note of independence that warms me; and it seems to hate cant, in which, again, it is widely different from most other religious papers. At present it is doing good work in showing up hypocrisy at Cardiff, where, it appears, that the rents of certain houses of ill-fame, known to be such, are received by energetic professors of the Nonconformist Conscience; and it points out the anxiety displayed by the Nonconformist papers of the district to hush up the scandal. It has also a straight word to say about the rich men who prate of the living wage, while grinding down their own employées. The religious world of to-day needs some fresh air let in upon its doings. The Pharisees are the stumbling block to religion to-day, as they were in Christ's time; and the religious Press that would set to work to cleanse its own house would be doing greater work for Truth than could ever be accomplished by the denunciation of outside sinners.

I am sending two guineas from the Gallantry Fund to a foreman stevedore, named William Henry Prosser, who made a gallant attempt at Bootle the other night to rescue an old man who had fallen into the dock. Prosser, seeing the accident, threw off his jacket and hat

and plunged in without a moment's hesitation. The night was very dark, and Prosser was compelled to swim about for some time, seeking the drowning man. He was successful in finding the body and keeping it afloat until he and his burden were picked up by a boat. Unfortunately Prosser's heroism was of no avail, as the poor old man, although alive when rescued, eventually succumbed in the hospital. Prosser, I may mention, has been instrumental in saving more than twenty lives in the course of his career. A medal will follow when ready. I am having a drawing prepared of this medal to show to my readers. I am also sending a guinea to George Edward Dickenson, of Goodhead Street, Nottingham, a horseshoer at Clifton Colliery, who gallantly plunged into the Trent and rescued a poor woman who was attempting to commit suicide. A medal will follow in this case. I have received five shillings from "J. A. K." for the Fund.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

E. H. (Smethwick).—To receive a temperate and unabusive letter from a Socialist opponent is a pleasant variety. Socialism is too big a subject to be treated in any one article, or in any one hundred articles. It is a matter that a public journalist is bound to be continually referring to. My editorial notes in last week's To-Day concerning the action of the County Council in forbidding workmen to seek to improve their position formed another argument on the subject, and such like arguments will be continually appearing in my notes, I expect, as events occur. Socialism would be an excellent scheme for the lazy and the brainless, as it would put them on an equality with the energetic and the talented. Now, the brainless and the lazy are to the energetic and the talented as ninety-nine to one in every human community. Therefore, Socialism is bound to be popular with the great majority, but, fortunately for the one man, it is against the laws of Nature, and therefore will never be anything else but a theory. From its moral point of view Socialism assumes that the highest aim of the Creator is to make men comfortable in this world as regards their belly. I don't take this to be the great scheme. Ten thousand acorns are wasted that one oak tree may grow, and this whirling world is merely a mill for the development of individual character; Nature in all her dealings takes no account of quantity. Her single aim is selection. If you are one who feels that he can never rise by his own individual efforts, you will see the advantages of Socialism. If you have talents and energy, you will see how very objectionable the scheme would be.

H. J.—You are quite correct. I much prefer a man who thinks for himself to a man who always agrees with me. It is always immaterial to me whether the reader agrees with me or not. I simply try to find out what I think myself. There must—as the old Latin proverb has it—be as many opinions as there are men. The truth lies somewhere in the middle of them. Each genuine thinker is simply an advocate. To come to your second argument, even the small sum of two or three pounds is a distinct inducement among the very poor to neglect a child. One does not suppose that many parents insure a baby with the deliberate intention of killing and getting the insurance money, but that even this idea occurs to some among them has often been proved. To a man who has insured his child, and paid the premiums for some two or three years, unexpected trouble comes and every penny is of importance. He looks at the poor helpless mite, ailing, feeble, and fretful, and before his mind there comes the thought of those two or three golden sovereigns that would be his if the faint spark of life went out. Can one blame him if he does not take much trouble to keep it alive? I am an advocate for individual freedom, but I want to see the helpless child have a chance of individual freedom. When a human being is full-grown, then let him take his chances and fight for himself; but children and animals are at the mercy of their owners, and civilisation demands their protection.

J. G. Alexander, the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, writes to me in reply to my notes on his letter, letting in much light upon the ethics of missionary life. Speaking of what is a lie and what is not a lie, Mr. Alexander says:—"To say that which is in fact untrue, but which you honestly believe to be true, however gullible and foolish you may prove yourself by entertaining the belief, is not lying." Now one begins to understand the principles of our modern reformers, and much that has hitherto been inexplicable to me becomes plainer. The reformer has no knowledge of truth and lies, as the truth is to him the thing that he can persuade himself is true. He may call black white; all that is necessary is that he shall bring himself into a state of brain power when he can believe that black is white. This admission throws a grim light on many of their arguments; but I would inform Mr. Alexander that to the lay mind truth is truth and a lie is a lie, and there is no making one the other by any amount of belief. It will be useful to remember Mr. Alexander's argument in future, when dealing with "facts" brought forward by the anti-opium faddists. We shall know what credence to attach to them.

E. K. E. asks me if a person is justified in making a promise which he knows he will break in order to set a loved one's mind at rest, also if people are justified in being a law unto themselves. The two questions are the same, and it all depends upon the person and the circumstances. Strict ethics would make this world unbearable. A strong nature invariably does make a law unto itself, but it must take the responsibility of judging its own strength. If it is not so strong as it thinks itself to be, it will make grave blunders and land itself in inextricable woes and troubles. Indeed, one man and woman out of every million is fit to control their own life; the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine will do much better by following general convention.

C. A. J.—The accent is on the first syllable. B. L. M.—Your correspondence belongs to that large class of narrow-minded bigots. England is peculiarly rich in its supply of such monstrosities, and, of course, they all call themselves Christians. E. J. H. (Victoria, British Columbia) writes me a long and interesting letter showing the terrible state of despotism exercised by the bigots in that colony. In New Westminster he tells me the city council have recently passed a Sabbath Observance Bye-law preventing the opening of shops on Sundays, and prohibiting all traffic and outdoor enjoyments. In this delightful city—and it is a good object-lesson, showing what would happen in other cities should the faddists ever gain power—it is illegal to go driving, fishing, or swimming on Sundays, and those transgressing are fined and imprisoned. When religion is made use of for such purposes it becomes a question whether religion is not played out, and certainly if Christians continue to behave in this way, no thinking, self-respecting man will care to call himself one.

G. B.—The fallacy has been proved by medical evidence over and over again. It is like asking when it was proved to everybody's satisfaction that the world is round. See *The Provincial Medical Journal* for October, and To-Day for October 27.

T. F. (Warrington) writes me as follows:—"*Re* Christmas dinner to aged people.—Your correspondent, James Haysman, is evidently unaware that this is an accomplished and an old-established fact in many places, and he will probably find it an easy matter to establish the custom in his own district. The one I am connected with is managed by a small voluntary committee. The subscriptions come in sufficiently well to leave a respectable margin to carry forward to the next year, and the total number entertained is not far short of one thousand. The men have a dinner—hot meats, puddings, &c.—with beer and a packet of tobacco. The women have a substantial tea, and take home with them a quarter of a pound of tea and one pound of lump sugar. In the evening, after the tea is cleared away, an entertainment is given to the men and women, and the whole thing is a great success. A balance-sheet is published each year. The thing is popular amongst both the feeders and the 'feedees,' and is a settled permanent institution. It is not easy to get at the actual cost, as a great quantity of food is given by local tradesmen, but it would probably amount to about 2s. each. The help is practically all voluntary, is given freely by all classes, and it would not be impossible to see ladies of good position in society waiting on those who might once have been their own servants. The restriction is nominally that all who receive tickets shall be not less than sixty years old, but this rule is very much relaxed as regards the poor women. Those who are infirm are brought from their homes in omnibuses or other conveyances, and are sent back the same way, and care is taken, as far as possible, to make things pleasant in small matters. If Mr. Haysman wishes to commence anything of the kind, and will communicate with me, care of the Editor, I shall have much pleasure in giving him any information he requires to assist him. It should be an easy thing to arrange almost anywhere."

T. W. sends me a letter from a South Australian colonist, dated the 12th of October this year, which, as it bears on the present Australian gold craze, is worth quoting:—"The English papers are full of the great gold fields opened in West Australia. We, on the spot, know the seamy side. The country is described in alliterative fashion as the land of sin, sorrow, sand, and sore eyes. I was talking to a man lately from there—the scarcity of water is an unendurable misery; it is a fact that no man dare be seen to wash his hands, even could he afford the luxury; typhoid is rampant. The reef mining is done by syndicates; no comparison exists between the present and the old style of gold fields, where alluvial diggers made money. Many thousands are there from all parts of the world, such an 'olla podrida' of humanity as only these latter days have made possible."

Yorkshireman.—You certainly appear qualified for a clerkship, but the calling—as I daresay you know—is tremendously overcrowded. I suppose you know the groundwork of French, and that being so the reading of French books and newspapers ought to be serviceable to you, and conversation with a French master. If it is grammar that you desire, Ollendorf's is decidedly the easiest method of learning it.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—We were all of us startled on Saturday by the announcement that a new play would be produced at the St. James's Theatre on January 5th. This means that *The Masqueraders* has comparatively failed. It drew very large houses during the season; it did well on tour; but it was not revived with success. Now perhaps you will confess I was right when I told you at the start that I did not understand the rampant enthusiasm of the audience on the first night. The big gambling scene was theatrically effective, but it was logically ludicrous. I told you so directly after I saw it. Now, it is evident that the bulk of the public is of my opinion, and so up goes a new play. Of course, the illness of Alexander had something to do with the collapse, but I fancy that the drop had commenced before he went out of the bill. His next play, *Guy Domville*, by Henry James, the novelist, is a sort of dramatised Orchardson picture.

"Last nights" are in the fashion for the moment. They are announced at some theatres, and are contemplated at others where they are not even whispered about—publicly.

The Court, as you know, is closed, and opens on Saturday with *Doctor Bill; Money* is coming off at the Garrick; and the last weeks are advertised of *The Gaiety Girl* at Daly's, and of *Little Christopher Columbus* at Terry's. *Mirette* at the Savoy finishes up this week.

On and about Christmas, therefore, we shall have a lot of theatrical novelties knocking around. Amongst others, I shall not be surprised to see *High Jinks*, by Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter, replace *Claude Duval* at the Prince of Wales's. A revival of *Don Quixote* may, however, come first. I was talking to Arthur Roberts the other day about the title of the next burlesque at the Prince of Wales's, and I asked him whether it would be another of the endless series that Owen Hall originally invented. "I suppose so," Arthur replied. "Every musical play is the 'Something Gal' nowadays; in fact, I am seriously thinking of rechristening my present show *Claude Du-Gal!*"

I did not care much for the *Wife of Dives* at the Opera Comique. The play showed decided signs of talent in its making here and there, but it was hopelessly uneven, and, on the whole, weak. It was well played all round, but if it runs I shall be surprised, and it would, therefore, be a waste of time to say much more about it.

The season of Fancy Dress Balls at Covent Garden commenced auspiciously on Friday last. The vast opera house was densely packed, perfect good temper prevailed even in the late hours, when people sometimes wax whiskyful and quarrelsome. One of the prettiest sights of the evening was the dancing of the Cotillon figure out of *The Derby Winner*. This leaves the question of partners entirely to chance. Some very queer assortments resulted, but everybody entered thoroughly into the fun of the thing, and a great deal of amusement was provoked in consequence. Bruce Smith's "Sunny South" scheme of decoration was very much admired. A popular comedian tried to make a speech from a box, but somebody in a box above him extinguished his oratory by the simple expedient of pouring a tumbler of champagne on his head.

The next Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden will take place on December 14th.

Sir Augustus Harris's Pantomime, *Cinderella*, which was such an enormous success at Newcastle last Christmas, will this year be produced at the new Metropole Theatre, Camberwell, with all the original dresses, scenery, and effects.

Cardinal Vaughan has gone one better than Henry Irving in the matter of municipal amusements. Irving only wants a municipal theatre. The Cardinal asks for a municipal "beer hall," on the German principle. As he very properly says, it is infinitely better that the working man should enjoy light refreshments and bright music in a place where he can take his wife and children with him, than that he should sit in the corner of a public-house bar, and soak all by himself.

Clement Scott has also delivered himself of a very important utterance. In the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday he told the theatrical managers very plainly that unless they saw the error of their ways pretty promptly, the County Council would arise and devour them. Scott generally knows what the leading managers are thinking about long before anyone else, and it has evidently come to his knowledge that some of the managers are weak enough to imagine that the restrictions which once hampered the music halls can be reimposed. If anything of the sort were attempted, ballet would be stopped, sketches suppressed, and, Scott thinks, a public agitation would ensue. This, he adds, could only end one way. One authority would be demanded for all places of amusement. Neither the police nor the Lord Chamberlain have the money or the machinery at their disposal for regulating the music halls, even if they wanted to, which they don't. The County Council, on the other hand, is already asking for complete authority over the theatres. In the event of a row, Clement Scott thinks that they will get it. For myself, I will merely add that by the simple process of making the Licenser of Plays a County Council, instead of a Court official, the thing could be instantly done. A Bill of merely two lines run through Parliament would do it.

Two things, however, are perfectly clear: Clement Scott's note of warning has been excited by reliable information; the managers are going to do *something*. But, secondly, public amusement is not a question for managers alone. If managers seek a trade advantage by utilising for their own benefit an antiquated and arbitrary law, they will arouse such a storm of public opinion as to make legislation imperative. The County Council will then be thrust forward as the champions of that huge public which patronises the music halls, and would angrily resent any interference with their present form of entertainment.

The crisis so clearly indicated and ably commented on by Clement Scott is one of the most serious in the history of modern playgoing.

We shall have something fairly serious, I imagine, at the Playgoers' Club on Sunday night. Richard Le Gallienne is going to lecture on the right, or rather the wrong, of public interference with private morality. The Vice-President will occupy the chair. Later on—that is, early next year—Carl Armbuster will lecture on Wagner, with the aid of a magic lantern. This is a new departure, and I like it.

I shall watch with a good deal of curiosity the reception of Yvette Guilbert on her return to the Empire. Last time she had a success of curiosity, and all London talked of the wonderful spread of the hand, the jerk of the shoulder, and the raised eyebrows. She is an artist, I know—a great artist in her particular line—but her songs deal with subjects that an English audience either does not want to understand, or cannot understand. But Yvette is only one among many stars, for the Empire has never had a stronger programme.

That is about all I have to say this week, except that I hear the music-hall people are organising in rivalry to the theatrical managers. The two associations will probably hate each other violently, but it will be to the general advantage if the two bodies become genuinely representative, for then, at least, there will be someone to deal with. One of the very greatest difficulties in the way of amusement reform is in the hopeless nebulosity of entertainment interests.—Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

THEORY IN PRACTICE.

In the December number of the *Idler*, Mr. Zangwill has a clever satire, called "The Abolition of Money." Needless to say the new *régime* did not prove an ideal state for all classes—"There was, for instance, the poet who went round among the workmen to chaffer verses. But there were few willing to barter solid goods for poetry. Here and there an intelligent artisan in love purchased a serenade, and an occasional lunatic (for Nature hath her aberrations under any system) became the proprietor of an epic. But the sons of toil drove few bargains or hard with the sons of the Muses. The best poets fared worst, for the crowd sympathised not with their temper, nor with their diction, and they were like to die of starvation and so achieve speedy recognition. But the minor poets, too, were in sore strait. The market was exceedingly limited. Sellers were many and buyers few. Rondeaux were hawked about from butcher to baker, at ten to the joint or three to the four-pound loaf, and triolets were going at a hollow-toothful of brandy. A balladeworth of butter would hardly cover a luncheon biscuit, while a five-act blank verse tragedy was given away for a pound of tea, and that only when the characters were incestuous and the cæsuras irreproachable.

* * * *

"The professional paradoxist went about with holes in his boots. Epigrams in hand, sickness at heart, and emptiness at stomach, he crawled through the town in search of a buyer. He offered a dozen of the choicest apothegms for a pair of hob-nailed boots, conjuring the cobbler like the veriest 'commercial' to note the superiority of the manufacture. He pointed out that he travelled with the latest novelties in Impressionist Ethics, perfect unfitness guaranteed. He even offered to make a reduction if the cobbler would take a quantity. The worthy craftsman, stung by the prospect of a cheap job lot of epigrams, was prevailed upon to look at the goods. But when he read that 'Vice is the foundation of all virtue,' that 'Self-sacrifice is the quintessence of selfishness,' and that 'The Good of Evil outweighs the Evil of Good,' he felt that he could do much better with his boots, even if he only employed them to kick the epigrammatist. The poor wretch thought himself lucky when he succeeded in purchasing two epigramsworth of tobacco and a paradox-worth of potatoes."

MORALITY IN FICTION.

CROCKETT v. HALL CAINE.

When I met Mr. Crockett the other day (writes a correspondent), I jumped at the opportunity of askng him what he really thought about Mr. Hall Caine's views on the "novel with a purpose." You are to understand that Mr. Crockett had been lecturing in Edinburgh, near his pretty home at Penicuik, the week after the author of "The Manxman" had been laying down the law at the Philosophical Institution, and he had taken occasion to traverse certain of those theories of Mr. Caine which have been so freely discussed in the last week or two. I found him as ready as could be desired to talk on a subject that must always be interesting to a novelist.

"The fact is," he began, "Mr. Hall Caine's oration amounted to a statement of the old truth, that there is nothing like leather. All his books, I suppose, have been written with a purpose, and he wants to persuade the rest of us that that is the only way to set about novel-writing. I don't see it."

"Mr. Caine's lecture was a kind of explanation of his own *raison d'être*, in fact?"

"Something of that sort. Don't let me be construed into saying anything disrespectful of Mr. Caine, you know. I have a great respect for the conscientious way in which he follows his own laws, and marches along the path he points out; only I am quite ready to say that I think he is on the wrong path."

"His contention was that every successful novel must have a 'central purpose,' wasn't it?"

"Well, not, perhaps, quite that, but at least a 'central idea.' I hadn't the advantage of hearing the lecture, though I read it attentively; but it seemed to me that the laws that were laid down for the novelist in it were entirely false ones. In my subsequent lecture I alluded to the remarks made about Scott, which had rather annoyed me. Mr. Caine, as I understood him, declared that all Scott's great books were the outcome of some central idea. Now, I put it to you, could there be a greater delusion? Scott was the most perfect example we have ever had of the *improvisatore*. His stories flowed from him without an effort, certainly with the slightest of preconceived notions as to how the plot was to turn out in the end."

"I suppose, in fact, Carlyle explained Scott's 'central idea' when he said that Sir Walter wrote to earn £15,000 a year for his descendants?"

Mr. Crockett sprang to his feet, and began to pace about the room.

"No, I don't think you can rightly put it just in that way. Scott had a very decided literary conscience. Perhaps I understand him better because I often fancy that I have a bit of the same myself—and he wrote, in the first instance, because he found that telling stories was a thing he could do well, and a thing that gave pleasure to many other people in the world. It was only natural that, as a secondary matter, he should like to sell those stories in the best market he could get for them; we all do that. Of course, I am not talking of the time after his bankruptcy, when he undoubtedly set to work—nobly, too—to earn money and pay off his creditors. But, at his best time, I may tell you that he told stories, just as the children do, merely for the sake of the story, and because he liked doing it, and could do it well."

"Quite so. There was in his work none of that conscious moralising, which Mr. Hall Caine would seem to desiderate?"

"Assuredly not, and if there had been it would only have spoilt the work. If you want an example of conscious moralising, you may look here." The speaker crossed rapidly to his open bureau, and picked up three daintily-bound volumes that were lying there. "Here is the first edition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' just come home from the binder, you see, with the 'Serious Reflections,' that third part of the work which, as you know, is not often seen nowadays. Now, here was Defoe, who wrote his great book simply as a story; they shall never persuade me that he began it with any idea of an allegory in his mind. Well, all the unco' guid people of his day came down on him for writing immoral books, just as Mr. Hall Caine might accuse one nowadays of writing stories with no moral aim. What did Defoe do, being a born liar—he helped to found journalism—but set to work and write a third part, moralising the whole book, in the hope that it would thereafter be appointed to be read in churches, and bring him in no end of fame and money among the pious. That is what this talk about a moral aim may lead to. Or, again, take another instance. You know and love 'Alice in Wonderland,' of course?" I nodded intelligently. "Well, ten years after he had written that delightful piece of pure fun and nonsense, the dear man, who had grown older and more serious, conceived that it was his duty to withstand the Ritualists; so he set to and wrote 'Sylvie and Bruno.' Result: 'Alice' sells still by the thousand, but I never met anyone who had read the book with a purpose."

"Then you think, of course, that to write with a purpose is destructive to Art?"

"It even seems to me that the two things can't co-exist. Take as many instances as you like, and the result will be the same. In George Eliot, now, you can watch with much advantage the gradual intrusion of the devotion to purpose at the expense of Art. She

began as the pure artist, the story-teller, in fact, and she gave us 'Silas Marner.' At the other end of the scale you have 'Daniel Deronda,' full of purpose, no doubt, but is it readable? Take Hardy, again. In his admirable work one might have watched the cloud of purpose gradually creeping up and, to my mind, detracting from the value of his books. I saw the dawn of it in the 'Woodlanders,' and you find it full-blown, not so much in 'Tess,' where the Art has asserted itself once more, but in the 'Group of Noble Dames' and in 'Life's Little Ironies.' No, the fact is that you cannot ask the Art of the novelist to be consciously moral, any more than the Art of the painter or the musician. The Decalogue is not adapted for translation even into a Beethoven Trio."

"Don't you find, if you will pardon the personality, that you have rather an unfair advantage in this matter, Mr. Crockett? When you feel tempted to preach, as we all do at times, you can work it off in one of your sermons; whereas Mr. Hall Caine and the ordinary novelist have no vehicle for their preaching but their books."

The minister of Penicuik laughed, and admitted that there might be something in this view of the case.

"You remind me of that passage in the 'Memories and Portraits,'" he said, "where Stevenson, speaking of his grandfather, says that both were fond of preaching sermons, 'though I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them.' Now, Stevenson preaches as much and as well as you can desire, but he is too good an artist to preach in his novels. He has worked it off in his profound and delightful essays. It might be as well if every novelist with a turn for preaching had some independent occupation of this sort (if it were only as humble as Mr. Dick's famous petition with its ever recurrent King Charles's head), in which to find an outlet when he felt the necessity of preaching coming upon him. Why, take my own case. I believe in God and the Ten Commandments, and the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, but I don't think it needful to lug the protest of all this by head and ears into the forefront of every story I write."

"Mr. Caine said something to the effect that a book is moral or immoral just as its author is. It seemed to me that by so doing he abandoned all the foundation of his previous argument."

"Quite so! He said, I think, that a book's morality was the morality of its author. That is bound to be so, and that is as far as I can see my way to go in this discussion. It always seems to me a pity to talk, indeed, of moral or immoral novels. All works of Art, novels among them, are really *a moral*, that is how I should put it. After all, it is to a great extent a matter of juggling with words. Hall Caine and I, though we say rather different things at times, are probably in reality on very much the same path. But I wish he would not persist in this heresy of 'novels with a purpose'; so long as he does, you'll always find me ready to uplift my humble testimony against it."

THE PREHISTORIC ARTIST AND CRITIC.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributes a stirring poem to the current number of the *Idler*. It opens:—

Once on the glittering ice-field, thousands of years ago,
Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow.
Fashioned the form of a tribesman. Gaily he whistled and sung,
Working the snow with his fingers. *Read ye the story of Ung.*

* * * *

Later, he pictured an Aurochs—later, he pictured a bear—
Pictured the Sabre-tooth tiger dragging a man to his lair—
Pictured the mountainous Mammoth, hairy, abhorrent, alone—
Out of that love that he bore them, scribing them clearly on bone.

Swift came the tribe to behold them, pushing and peering and still—
Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-hatched hill—
Hunters and fishers and trappers, presently whispering low:
"Yea, they are like—and it may be; but how does the Picture-man know?

And so, in the following verses, Mr. Kipling unfolds his fable for the benefit of critics and criticised—and especially the latter. The moral is not difficult to find.

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An inspection of the Board of Trade Returns for the last five years will show that the imports have increased from 43,392 tons in 1890 to 108,171 tons for the first ten months of the current year.

As an example of the profits that may be made in an enterprise of this nature, attention may be called to the fact that the Griendtsveen Moss Litter Company, which is capitalised as follows:—viz., £250,000 in Ordinary and Preference Shares and a Debenture issue of £55,000, has earned on its first year's working a net profit of £63,139. See "Financial News," September 11th, 1894.

The quality of the moss has been very favourably reported upon by Mr. Anthony Gepp, M.A., Fellow of the Linnean Society, one of the highest authorities on mosses, whose report can be inspected at the offices of the Company.

The depth of the moss deposits on the Company's moors has been reported on by Professor Heath, and varies from a minimum of four feet, to repeated maxima, reached by sections and borings, which gave no bottom at an average mean depth of 32 feet.

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London, 1st December, 1894

CLUB CHATTER.

If, as is generally the case, we are to take the latest fashion in umbrellas from Paris, the old humorists will lose their finest joke, and in future the gentle art of umbrella-borrowing will become a penal offence. The newest umbrella handles in Paris are in reality jewels, and are sold in white satin-lined cases. One that I saw the other day in the Rue Royale was priced at several thousand francs. It was cut egg-shaped in pure crystal, and a serpent in diamonds with ruby eyes was inlaid. Another consisted of a bronze top studded with diamonds and sapphires; and still another was made to represent a spider's web woven over a ball, with flies studded with precious stones entangled. As my notes are intended for the plainer sex, I will not run the risk of causing any heartburning among ladies by mentioning the cost and variety that are prepared for them.

Although it has never really gone out in Paris, the frill-fronted shirt for evening dress has become more than ever popular this season, and what is more significant is the fact that the frilled shirt is now being frequently worn for day wear, both with the tie and the bow. This should gladden many a West End hosier who has laid in a stock of the frilled shirts; for I am sure that it only requires a very small impetus to popularise the frill, and after the Monte Carlo season I am quite prepared to see the position of the plain shirt and single stud weakened.

In view of the dancing season, I have been asked by more than one reader to prescribe some rule that will prevent cold when leaving a heated ball-room. I can only repeat the opinion of a German scientist that I gave last winter, which several have since told me is an excellent precaution. This is to take a long breath before leaving the warm room, and to retain the breath as long as possible after getting outside. There is a medical explanation for this, and I believe it is because the pores meanwhile remain closed.

I crossed from Paris to London the other day by what is described as the "shortest and most direct route." I have no doubt that the Western of France and the London and Brighton Railways are justified in the description, but as the journey took eleven hours with a calm sea, I conclude that certain railways who claim to do the journey in a few hours less time are trifling with us. Some of the charms of this service are the following:—From London to Newhaven we had one footwarmer in the carriage. This was no doubt a delicate compliment to the size of our feet, but it was an empty one. We could not see to read while the light was burning between London and Newhaven, but while it was yet pitch dark the light went out altogether between Rouen and Paris. What finally silenced everyone though was the treatment on Sunday morning at Newhaven. It had been bitterly cold in crossing, and when we got there we hurried to the buffet for some coffee. A more desolate place I never have seen. The door was kept wide open, and let in the cold morning air. There was no fire in the grate, and the coffee was served to me in a small tea cup on the coffee tavern principle with milk added before it was handed out. For this I was charged sixpence, which seemed absolutely the "shortest and most direct route" to ——, but let it pass.

Novelties in Christmas presents for men this year are few and very useless. Amongst others I have noticed is a silver cigar-case to hold one cigar. The fact that most men hand their cases to their friends before helping themselves has apparently escaped the notice of the inventor. There was a large silver tobacco-box in the same window, but I have not yet found the man who would discard the homely rubber or purse-pouch in favour of a box as large and inconvenient as a cricket-ball. The next novelty will probably be an eight-day clock for the breast pocket.

I mentioned the other week that green combined with other colours would be the fashionable wear in suitings this winter. Perhaps a word of caution to intending purchasers is not unnecessary. Green is an awkward shade to deal with, and it is only in the best cloths that it's mixture with other colours is really satisfactory. In the cheap imitations—and these are naturally becoming frequent—the result is very often a dirty grey.

Even quietly-dressed men generally lay themselves out to a little relaxation in the matter of socks, and just now there is every opportunity for them to indulge their fancies. Manufacturers vie with each other in producing the most gaudy combinations of reds, blacks, and yellows. The louder the pattern the better it is liked; and I am told that some men are actually wearing shoes instead of boots merely to display as much sock as possible, which is quaint, if true.

Mr. James Lowther, whose vigorous speech at the Gimcrack dinner proves that he does not intend to withdraw from the active part he has hitherto taken in Turf legislation and reform, is probably one of the most respected Turfites of the present day. For close on a century the Lowthers have been closely associated with racing. Mr. Lowther, who is now 54 years of age, studied for the law, after taking his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Cambridge. However, he soon drifted into politics, and it was during his connection with the Beaconsfield Ministry in 1877 that he won the Gimcrack Stakes with King Olaf.

One of the best racehorses Mr. Lowther has ever owned was King Monmouth, who, during his career won over £11,000. Mr. Lowther acted as Steward of the Jockey Club in 1887, and his legal training stood him in good stead when, in conjunction with Lord March and Prince Soltykoff, he investigated the famous Turf scandals of a few years back.

I have been reading Mr. Spencer's article about touts, which appears in this month's *Baily's Magazine*—without a doubt the only genuine sporting monthly now before the public. Mr. Spencer, who appears to have been a keen observer during his long career, relates some very interesting stories concerning the old-time men of observation. He tells us that on the occasion of Iroquois' Derby trial, a tout hung about the stable for three days and nights, and witnessed the spin from the artificial bank erected alongside the Cambridge Road.

But Mr. Spencer's tout was not the only watcher who saw the American horse tried. As the string crossed the Heath, a clergyman, busily engaged searching for curios, was passed without any suspicion being aroused. The clerical clothing was only a disguise adopted by one of the cutest touts at Newmarket, and he was the first to send away the result of the great test spin.

As Mr. Spencer rightly says, many of the present-day touts can quote a favourite Latin author, or, like Silas Wegg, drop into poetry. Several of the Newmarket men make a very good income indeed. The majority of the recognised touts look more like aldermen than men whose vocation compels them to turn out at any hour and in all sorts of weather.

The London Football Association, as I anticipated in this column, has passed a resolution throwing its meetings open to the Press. I am sure the Press ought to feel very much obliged. All the world has been longing to know what the Council of the London Association has to talk about, and at the next meeting, I quite antici-

pate a crush of newspaper representatives from all parts of the world.

Some critics contend that the new definition of the English Association, that the goalkeeper must not be charged unless the ball is within two or three feet of him, will have a mischievous effect on the game, and will make the goalkeeper's lot even more dangerous than it now is. This is sheer nonsense. With a good referee, who will do his duty by penalising an unfair charge, the game should become more fair, and less a matter of brute force.

Mr. G. S. Sherrington's letter to the *Daily Chronicle* on the future of Rugby football is excellent, though I must confess to a repugnance to face two and a half columns on the subject. In view of the crisis, which is daily becoming more and more acute in Yorkshire and Lancashire, Mr. Sherrington points out that if the Rugby Union wishes to be the governing body of the game it will have to recognise professionalism in the same way as the English Association did, or suffer the rivalry of a professional body, which will inevitably arise. The question is whether 'tis better to recognise the evil of professionalism and govern it, or continue to keep the Rugby Union as a purely amateur body, whilst a rival union is gaining strength and gathering under its banner the flower of the clubs in the North. It is, indeed, difficult to decide, especially looking to the example of the English Association, in which the professional element has now quite outgrown the amateur, and practically has captured the reins of government.

Archie Hunter, whose death has been recorded, was at one time one of the shining lights of Association football. To his efforts the Aston Villa club owed much, and his influence remained long after he ceased to take an active part in the game. As an exponent of the dribbling and passing game, Archie Hunter will always be remembered. He died a young man, from acute pneumonia.

The Major.

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CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

YET all along the fateful ridge—now obscured and confused with thin crossing smoke drifts from file-firing—like partly rubbed-out slate-pencil marks—or else, when cleared of those drifts, presenting only an indistinguishable map of zig-zag lines of straggling wagons and horses, unintelligible to any eye but his—the singular magnetism of the chief was felt everywhere; whether it was shown in the quick closing in of resistance to some sharper onset of the enemy or the more dogged stand of inaction under fire—his power was always dominant. A word or two of comprehensive direction sent through an aide-de-camp, or the sudden relief of his dark, watchful, composed face uplifted above a line of bayonets, never failed in their magic. Like all born leaders, he seemed, in these emergencies to hold a charmed life—infecting his followers with a like disbelief in Death; men dropped to right and left of him with serene assurance in their ghastly faces or a cry of life and confidence in their last gasp. Stragglers fell in and closed up under his passing glance; a hopeless, inextricable wrangle around an overturned caisson, at a turn of the road, resolved itself into an orderly, quiet, deliberate clearing away of the impediment, before the significant waiting of that dark, silent horseman.

Yet under this imperturbable mask he was keenly conscious of everything; in that apparent concentration there was a sharpening of all his senses and his impressibilty; he saw the first trace of doubt or alarm in the face of a subaltern to whom he was giving an order; the first touch of sluggishness in a re-forming line; the more significant clumsiness of a living evolution that he knew was clogged by the dead bodies of comrades; the ominous silence of a breastwork; the awful inertia of some rigidly kneeling files beyond, which still kept their form but never would move again; the melting away of skirmish points; the sudden gaps here and there; the sickening incurving of what a moment before had been a straight line—all these he saw in all their fatal significance. But even at this moment, coming upon a hasty barricade of overset commissary wagons, he stopped to glance at a familiar figure he had seen but an hour ago, who now seemed to be commanding a group of collected stragglers and camp followers. Mounted on a wheel with a revolver in each hand, and a bowie knife between his teeth—theatrical even in this paroxysm of undoubted courage—glared Jim Hooker. And Clarence Brant, with the whole responsibility of the field on his shoulders, even at that desperate moment, found himself recalling a vivid picture of the actor Hooker personating the character of "Red Dick" in "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," as he had seen him in a California Theatre five years before.

It wanted still an hour of the darkness that would probably close the fight of that day. Could he hold out, keeping his offensive position so long? A hasty council with his officers showed him that the weakness of their position had already infected them. They reminded him that his line of retreat was still open—that in the course of the night the enemy, although still pressing towards the Division centre, might yet turn and outflank him—or that their strangely delayed supports might come up before morning. Brant's glass, however, remained fixed on the main column still pursuing its way along the ridge. It struck him suddenly, however, that the steady current had stopped, spread out along the crest on both sides and was now at right angles with its previous course. There had been a check! The next moment the thunder of guns along the whole horizon and the rising cloud of smoke revealed a line of battle. The Division centre was engaged. The opportunity he had longed for had come—the desperate chance to throw himself on their rear and cut his way through to the Division—but it had come too late! He looked at his shattered ranks—scarce a regiment remained. Even as a demonstration—the attack would fail against the enemy's superior numbers. Nothing clearly was left to him now but to remain where he was—within supporting distance, and await the issue of the fight beyond. He was putting up his glass, when the dull boom of cannon in the extreme Western limit of the horizon attracted his attention. By the still gleaming sky he could see a long grey line stealing up from the valley from the distant rear of the headquarters to join the main column. They were the missing supports! His heart leaped. He held the key of the mystery now. The one imperfect detail of the enemy's plan was before him. The supports coming later from the west had only seen the *second* signal from the window—when Miss Faulkner had replaced the vase—and had *avoided his position.* It was impossible to limit the effect of this blunder. If the young girl who had thus saved him had reached the Division Commander with his message in time, he might be forewarned, and even profit by it. His own position would be less precarious as the enemy already engaged in front would be unable to recover their position in the rear, and correct the blunder. The bulk of their column had already streamed past him. If defeated, there was always the danger that it might be rolled back upon him—but he conjectured that the Division Commander would attempt to prevent the junction of the supports with the main column by breaking between them, crowding them from the ridge and joining him. As the last stragglers of the rear guard swept by, Brant's bugles were already recalling the skirmishers. He redoubled his pickets, and resolved to wait and watch.

And there was the more painful duty of looking after the wounded and the dead. The larger rooms of the headquarters had already been used as a hospital. Passing from cot to cot, recognising in the faces now drawn with agony or staring in vacant unconsciousness, the features that he had seen only a few hours before flushed with enthusiasm and excitement, something of his old doubting, questioning nature returned. Was there no way but this? How far was *he*—moving among them unscathed and uninjured—responsible? And if not he—who then? His mind went back bitterly to the old days of the conspiracy—to the inception of that struggle which was bearing such ghastly fruit. He thought of his traitorous wife, until he felt his cheeks tingle, and he was fain to avert his eyes from those of his prostrate comrades, in a strange fear that with the clairvoyance of dying men they should read his secret.

It was past midnight, when, without undressing, he threw himself upon his bed in the little convent-like cell to snatch a few moments of sleep. Its spotless, peaceful walls and draperies affected him strangely, as if he had brought into its immaculate serenity the sanguine stain of War. He was awakened suddenly from a deep slumber by an indefinite sense of alarm. His first thought was that he had been summoned to repel an attack. He sat up and listened; everything was silent except the measured tread of the sentry on the gravel walk below. But the door was open. He sprang to his feet and slipped into the gallery, in time to see the tall

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figure of a woman glide before the last moonlit window at its furthest end. He could not see her face—but the characteristic turbaned head of the negro race was plainly visible.

He did not care to follow her or even to alarm the guard. If it were the spy or one of her emissaries, she was powerless now to do any harm, and under his late orders and the rigorous vigilance of his sentinels she could not leave the lines—or, indeed, the house. She probably knew this as well as he did; it was, therefore, no doubt only an accidental intrusion of one of the servants. He re-entered the room, and stood for a few moments by the window, looking over the moonlit ridge. The sounds of distant cannon had long since ceased. Wide awake, and refreshed by the keen morning air, which alone, of all created things, seemed to have shaken the burden of the dreadful yesterday from its dewy wings, he turned away and lit a candle on the table. As he was rebuckling his sword belt he saw a piece of paper lying on the foot of the bed, from which he had just risen. Taking it to the candle, he read in a roughly scrawled hand:—

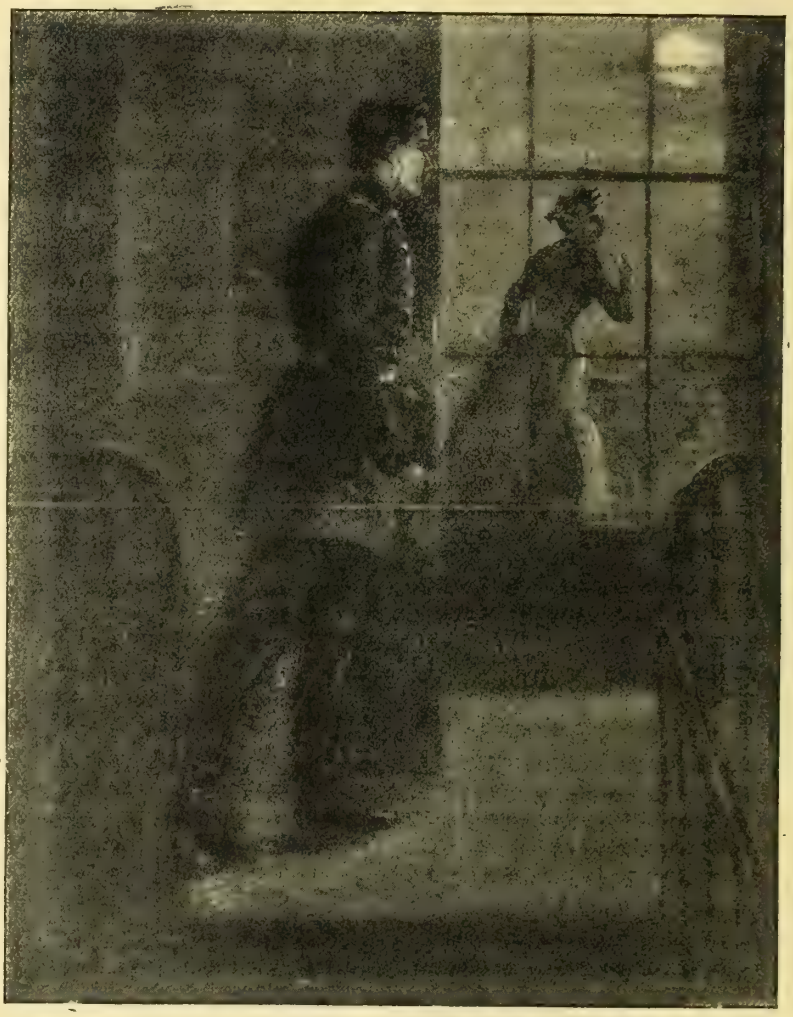
"You are asleep when you should be on the march. You have no time to lose. Before daybreak the supports of the column you have been foolishly resisting will be upon you. From one who would save *you* but hates your cause."

A smile of scorn passed his lips. The handwriting was unknown and evidently disguised. The purport of the message had not alarmed him—but suddenly a suspicion flashed upon him—that it came from *Miss Faulkner!* She had failed in her attempt to pass through the enemy's lines—or she had *never tried to.* She had deceived him—or had thought better of her chivalrous impulse and now sought to mitigate her second treachery by this second warning. And he had let her messenger escape him!

He hurriedly descended the stairs. The sound of voices were approaching him. He halted, and recognised the faces of the Brigade Surgeon and one of his aides-de-camp.

"We were hesitating whether to disturb you, General, but it may be an affair of some importance. Under your orders a negro woman was just now challenged stealing out of the lines. Attempting to escape, she was chased, there was a struggle and scramble over the wall, and she fell, striking her head. She was brought into the guard-house unconscious."

"Very good. I will see her," said Brant, with a feeling of relief.



HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET.

"One moment, General. We thought you would perhaps prefer to see her *alone,*" said the surgeon. "For when I endeavoured to bring her to, and was sponging her face and head to discover her injuries, her colour *came off!* She was a *white* woman—stained and disguised as a mulatto."

For an instant Brant's heart sank. It *was* Miss Faulkner.

"Did you recognise her?" he said, glancing from the one to the other. "Have you seen her here before?"

"No, sir," replied the aide-de-camp. "But she seemed to be quite a superior woman—a lady, I should say."

Brant breathed more freely.

"Where is she now?" he asked.

"In the guard-house. We thought it better not to bring her into hospital, among the men, until we had your orders."

"You have done well," returned Brant gravely. "And you will keep this to yourselves for the present; but see that she is brought here quietly and with as little publicity as possible. Put her in my room above, which I give up to her and any necessary attendant. But you will look carefully after her, doctor"—he turned to the Surgeon—"and when she recovers consciousness let me know."

He moved away. Although attaching little importance to the mysterious message, whether sent by Miss Faulkner or emanating from the stranger herself, which he reasoned was based only upon a knowledge of the *original* plain of attack—he nevertheless quickly despatched a small scouting party in the direction from which the attack might come, with orders to fall back and report at once. With a certain half irony of recollection he had selected Jim Hooker to accompany the party as a volunteer. This done, he returned to the gallery. The surgeon met him at the door.

"The indications of concussion are passing away," he said, "but she seems to be suffering from the exhaustion following some great nervous excitement. You may go in—she may rally from it at any moment."

With the artificial step and mysterious hush of the ordinary visitor to a sick bed, Brant entered the room. But some instinct greater than this common expression of humanity held him suddenly in awe. The room seemed no longer his—it had slipped back into that austere conventional privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another strange suggestion—it seemed almost a vague recollection—overcame him like some lingering perfume, far off and pathetic, in its dying familiarity. He turned his eyes almost timidly

towards the bed. The coverlet was drawn up near the throat of the figure to replace the striped cotton gown stained with blood and dust, which had been hurriedly torn off and thrown on a chair. The pale face, cleansed of blood and disguising colour, the long hair, still damp from the surgeon's sponge, lay rigidly back on the pillow. Suddenly this man of steady nerve uttered a faint cry and with a face as white as the upturned one before him, fell on his knees beside the bed. For the face that lay there was his wife's!

Yes, *hers!* But the beautiful hair that she had gloried in—the hair that in his youth he had thought had once fallen like a benediction on his shoulder—was streaked with grey along the blue veined hollows of the temples; the orbits of those clear eyes, beneath their delicately arched brows, were ringed with days of suffering; only the clear-cut profile, even to the delicate imperiousness of lips and nostril, was still there in all its beauty. The coverlet had slipped from her shoulder; its familiar marble contour startled him. He remembered how, in their early married days, he had felt the sanctity of that Diana-like revelation, and the still nymph-like austerity which clung to this strange, childless woman. He even fancied that he breathed again the subtle characteristic perfume of the laces, embroideries, and delicate enwrappings in her chamber at Robles. Perhaps it was the intensity of his gaze—perhaps it was the magnetism of his presence—but her lips parted with a half sigh, half moan. Her head, although her eyes were still closed, turned on the pillow instinctively towards him. He rose from his knees. Her eyes opened slowly. As the first glare of wonderment cleared from them, they met him—in the old antagonism of spirit! Yet her first gesture was a pathetic feminine movement with both hands, to arrange her straggling hair. It brought her white fingers, cleaned of their disguising stains, as a sudden revelation to her of what had happened; she instantly slipped them back under the coverlet again. Brant did not speak, but with folded arms stood gazing upon her. And it was *her* voice that first broke the silence.

"You have recognised me? Well, I suppose you know all," she said, with a weak, half defiance.

He bowed his head. He felt, as yet, he could not trust his voice, and envied her her own.

"I may sit up, mayn't I?" She managed, by sheer force of will, to struggle to a sitting posture. Then, as the coverlet slipped from the bare shoulder, she said, as she drew it, with a shiver of disgust, around her again—

"I forgot that you strip women, you Northern soldiers! But I forgot, too," she added, with a sarcastic smile, "that you are also my husband, and I am in your room."

The contemptuous significance of her speech dispelled the last lingering remnant of Brant's dream. In a voice as dry as her own, he said—

"I am afraid you will now have to remember only that I am a Northern General, and you a Southern spy."

"So be it," she said, gravely. Then, impulsively, "But I have not spied on *you*."

Yet, the next moment, she bit her lips as if the expression had unwittingly escaped her; and, with a reckless shrug of her shoulders, she lay back on her pillow.

"It matters not," said Brant, coldly. "You have used this house and those within it to forward your designs. It is not your fault that you found nothing in the despatch-box you opened.

She stared at him quickly; then shrugged her shoulder again.

"I might have known she was false to me," she said, bitterly, "and that you would wheedle her soul away, as you have others. Well, she betrayed me! For what?"

A flush passed over Brant's face. But with an effort he contained himself.

"It was the flower that betrayed you! The flower whose red dust fell in the box when you opened it on the desk by the window in yonder room—the flower that stood in the window as a *signal*—the flower I myself removed, and so spoiled the miserable plot your friends had concocted."

A look of mingled terror and awe came into her face.

"*You* changed the signal!" she repeated, dazedly; then, in a lower voice, "that accounts for it all!" But the next moment she turned again fiercely upon him. "And you mean to tell me that *she* didn't help you—that *she* didn't sell me—your wife—to you for—for what was it? A look—a kiss!"

"I mean to say that she did not know the signal was changed, and that she herself restored it to its place. It is no fault of hers nor yours that I am not here a prisoner."

She passed her thin hand dazedly across her forehead.

"I see," she muttered. Then, again, bursting out passionately, she said—"Fool! you never would have been touched! Do you think that Lee would have gone for *you*, with higher game in your Division Commander! No! Those supports were a feint to draw him to your assistance, while our main column broke his centre. Yes, you may stare at me, Clarence Brant. You are a good lawyer—they say a dashing fighter, too. I never thought you a coward, even in your irresolution; but you are fighting with men drilled in the art of War and strategy when you were a boy outcast on the plains." She stopped, closed her eyes, and then added, wearily—"But that was *yesterday*—to-day, who knows? All may be changed. The supports may still attack you. That was why I stopped to write you that note an hour ago, when I believed I should be leaving here for ever. Yes, I did it!" she went on, with half-wearied, half-dogged determination. "You may as well know all. I had arranged to fly. Your pickets were to be drawn by friends of mine, who were waiting for me beyond your lines. Well, I lingered here when I saw you arrive—lingered to write you that note. And—I was too late!"

But Brant had been watching her varying expression, her kindling eye, her strange masculine grasp of military knowledge, her soldierly phraseology, all so new to her, that he scarcely heeded the feminine ending of her speech. It seemed to him no longer the Diana of his youthful fancy, but some Pallas Athenæ, who now looked up at him from the pillow. He had never before fully believed in her unselfish devotion to the Cause until now, when it seemed to have almost unsexed her. In his wildest comprehension of her, he had never dreamed her a Joan of Arc, and yet hers was the face which might have confronted him, exalted and inspired, on the battle-field itself. He recalled himself with an effort.

"I thank you for your would-be warning," he said, more gently, if not so tenderly, "and God knows I wish your flight had been successful. But even your warning is unnecessary. For the supports had already come up; they had followed the *second* signal, and diverged to engage our Division on the left, leaving me alone. And their ruse of drawing our Commander to assist me would not have been successful, as I had *suspected* it, and sent a message to him that I *wanted no help*."

It was the truth; it was the sole purport of the note he had sent through Miss Faulkner. He would not have disclosed his sacrifice; but so great was the strange domination of this woman still over him, that he felt compelled to assert his superiority. She fixed her eyes upon him.

"And Miss Faulkner took your message?" she said, slowly. "Don't deny it! No one else could have passed through our lines; and you gave her a safe conduct through yours. Yes, I might have known it. And this was the creature they sent me for an ally and confidant!"

For an instant Brant felt the sting of this enforced contrast between the two women. But he only said—

"You forget that I did not know *you* were the spy, nor do I believe that she suspected you were my wife."

"Why should she?" she said, almost fiercely. "I

HE FELL ON HIS KNEES BESIDE THE BED.

am known among these people only by the name of Benham—my maiden name. Yes! you can take me out, and shoot me, under that name, without disgracing *yours*. Nobody will know that the Southern spy was the wife of the Northern General! You see I have thought even of *that!*"

"And, thinking of that," said Brant, slowly, "you have put yourself—I will not say in *my* power, for you are in the power of *any man* in this camp who may know you, or even hear you speak. Well, let us understand each other plainly. I do not know how great a sacrifice your devotion to your cause demands of *you*; I do know what it seems to demand of *me*. Hear me, then! I will do my best to protect you, and get you safely away from here; but, failing that, I tell you plainly that I shall blow out your brains and my own together."

She knew that he would do it. Yet her eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awakening light; she put back her hair again, and half raised herself upon the pillow, to gaze at his dark, set face.

"And as I shall let no other life but ours be perilled in this affair," he went on quietly, "and will accompany you *myself* in some disguise beyond the lines, we will together take the risks—or the bullets of the sentries that may save us both all further trouble. An hour or

two more will settle that. Until then your weak condition will excuse you from any disturbance or intrusion here. The mulatto woman you have sometimes personated may be still in this house; I will appoint her to attend you. I suppose you can trust her, for you must personate her again, and escape in her clothes, while she takes your place in this room as my prisoner."

"Clarence!"

Her voice had changed suddenly; it was no longer bitter and stridulous, but low and thrilling as he had heard her call to him that night in the *patio* of Robles. He turned quickly. She was leaning from the bed—her thin, white hands stretched appealingly towards him.

"Let us go together, Clarence," she said eagerly. "Let us leave this horrible place—these wicked, cruel people for ever. Come with *me!* Come with *me* to my people—to *my* own faith—to *my* own house—which shall be yours! Come with me to defend it with your good sword, Clarence, against those vile invaders with whom you have nothing in common, and who are the dirt under your feet. Yes, yes! I know it!—I have done you wrong—I have lied to you when I spoke against your skill and power. You are a hero—a born leader of men! I know it! Have I not heard it from the men who have fought against you, and yet admired and understood you, aye—better than your own? Gallant men, Clarence, soldiers bred—who did not know what you were to me—nor how proud I was of you even while I hated you! Come with me! Think what we would do *together*—with one faith—one cause—one ambition! Think, Clarence, there is no limit you might not attain! We are no niggards of our rewards and honours—we have no hireling votes to truckle to—we know our friends! Even I—Clarence—I——'—there was a strange pathos in the sudden humility that seemed to overcome her—"*I* have had my reward and known my power. I have been sent abroad, in the confidence of the highest—to the highest. Don't turn from me. I am offering you no bribe, Clarence, only your deserts. Come with *me*. Leave these curs behind, and live the hero that you are!"

He turned his blazing eyes upon her.

"If you were a man——" he began passionately, then stopped.

"No! I am only a woman, and must fight in a woman's way," she interrupted bitterly. "Yes! I entreat, I implore, I wheedle, I flatter, I fawn, I *lie!* I creep where you stand upright, and pass through doors to which you would not bow. You wear your blazon of honour on your shoulder; I hide mine in a slave's gown. And yet I have worked and striven and suffered! Listen, Clarence"—her voice again sank to its appealing minor—"I know what you men call 'honour,' that which makes you cling to a merely spoken word, or an empty oath. Well, let that pass! I am weary; I have done my share of this work, you have done yours. Let us both fly; let us leave the fight to those who shall come after us, and let us go together to some distant land where the sounds of these guns, or the blood of our brothers no longer cry out to us for vengeance! There are those living here—I have met them, Clarence," she went on hurriedly, "who think it wrong to lift up fratricidal hands in the struggle, yet who cannot live under the Northern yoke. They are," her voice hesitated, "good men and women—they are respected—they are——"

"Recreants and slaves, before whom you, spy as you are—stand a Queen!" broke in Brant passionately. He stopped and turned towards the window. After a pause he came back again towards the bed—paused again and then said in a lower voice—"Four years ago, Alice, in the *patio* of our house at Robles, I might have listened to this proposal, and—I tremble to think—I might have accepted it! I loved you; I was as weak, as selfish, as unreflecting, my life was purposeless—but for *you*—as the creatures you speak of. But give me now, at least, the credit of a devotion to *my* cause equal to your own—a credit which I have never denied *you!* For the night that you left me, I awoke to a sense of my own worthlessness and degradation—perhaps I have even to *thank* you for that awakening—and I realised the bitter truth. But that night I found my true vocation—my purpose, my manhood——"

A bitter laugh came from the pillow on which she had languidly thrown herself.

"I believe I *left* you with Mrs. Hooker—spare me the details."

The blood rushed to Brant's face and then receded as suddenly.

"You left me with Captain Pinkney, who had tempted you, and whom I killed!" he said furiously.

They were both staring furiously at each other. Suddenly he said, "Hush!" and sprang towards the door, as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed along the passage. But he was too late; it was thrown open to the officer of the guard, who appeared, standing on the threshold.

"Two Confederate officers arrested hovering around our pickets. They demand to see you."

Before Brant could interpose, two men in riding cloaks of Confederate grey, stepped into the room with a jaunty and self-confident air.

"Not *demand*, General," said the foremost, a tall, distinguished-looking man, lifting his hand with a graceful deprecating air. "In fact, too sorry to bother you with an affair of no importance except to ourselves. A bit of after-dinner bravado brought us in contact with your pickets, and, of course, we had to take the consequences. Served us right, and we were lucky not to have got a bullet through us. Gad—I'm afraid my men would have been less discreet! I am Colonel Lagrange, of the 5th Tennessee; my young friend here is Captain Faulkner, of the 1st Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none for *me!* I——"

He stopped, for his eyes suddenly fell upon the bed and its occupant. Both he and his compaion started. But to the natural, unaffected dismay of a gentleman who had unwittingly intruded upon a lady's bedchamber, Brant's quick eye saw a more disastrous concern superadded. Colonel Lagrange was quick to recover himself, as they both removed their caps.

"A thousand pardons," he said, hurriedly stepping backwards to the door. "But I hardly need say to a fellow-officer, General, that we had no idea of making so gross an intrusion! We heard some cock-and-bull story of your being occupied—cross-questioning an escaped or escaping nigger—or we should never have forced ourselves upon you."

Brant glanced quickly at his wife. Her face had apparently become rigid on the entrance of the two men; her eyes were coldly fixed upon the ceiling. He bowed formally, and with a wave of his hand towards the door, said—

"I will hear your story below, gentlemen."

He followed them from the room, stopped to quietly turn the key in the lock, and then motioned them to precede him down the staircase.

(To be continued.)

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

A wonderful child is at present on view in Berlin. hough scarcely two years old, this mite can read fluently, not merely printed matter, but manuscript, and that whether the Gothic or the Latin character be employed. This small prodigy began to exhibit a taste for literature towards the end of his first year, without being in the least pushed or incited thereto by his parents, who are ordinary illiterate folk. He commenced by asking the meaning of the inscriptions beneath pictures, and proceeded thence to the titles of books exposed in shop windows. When a number of movable letters are given him he arranges them into words, and even sentences, and will then pronounce the result in a tone of voice in no way differing from that of any other infant of the same age, a circumstance which adds immensely to the quaint effect produced by the spectacle of such immature erudition.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—II.

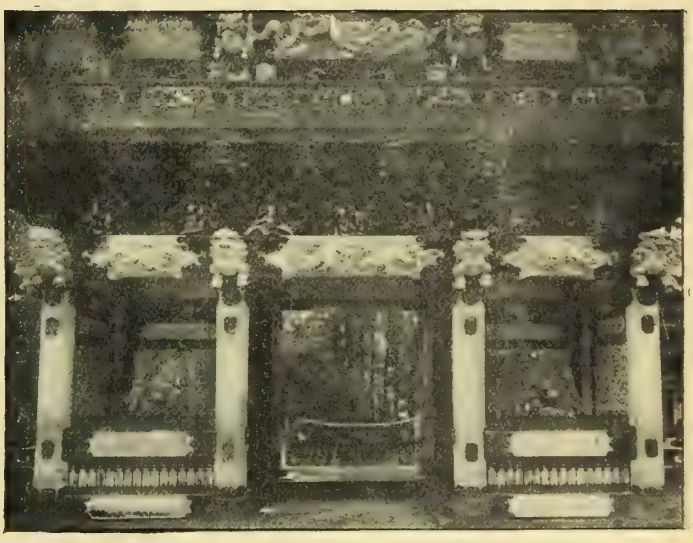
School Children Carrying Babies.

Moving House.

Kago, or Sedan Chair.

Morning Toilet.

Jinrikisha.



Gateway of Buddhist Temple at Nikko.

Homo Ku—A Fishing Village near Yokohama.

(To be continued.)

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 58. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY
HERBERT KEEN.
Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

III.

AN ABORTIVE PLOT.

A CURIOUS episode happened while I was acting as Managing Clerk to Mr. Summers, who used to carry on business in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury. He was an old-fashioned solicitor who, in his palmy days, had enjoyed a very fine practice, but his health had begun to fail for some years before I went to him; he had no son or successor for whom he desired to keep up his connection; and he possessed ample private means. These circumstances combined had impaired his natural energy to such an extent that he hardly took the trouble to conceal from clients his indifference to his profession occupations, and the result was that the business had become stagnant and moribund. If he would only have taken a young and energetic partner he could have retained it all, for he was personally much esteemed and respected; but he always said that he preferred that his practice should die with him, the truth being that he was growing too old and indolent to tolerate any innovation.

Nevertheless, with the inconsistency of mankind in general, he was always a little annoyed when a client deserted him; and those were the only occasions when I ever saw him out of temper. He was a most amiable old gentleman, with snow-white hair, aristocratic features, and a fine presence, in spite of his seventy-five years; his intellect was perfectly clear, and when he chose to exert himself, he proved that he was still a capable man of business.

One morning he arrived at the office rather late, and on my presenting myself in his room to receive instructions about the day's correspondence, he said, irritably—

"Has Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell called yet?"

"No, sir."

"What do you suppose he means by this?" inquired Mr. Summers, handing me an open letter.

While he turned, with transparent pretence at indifference to his other correspondence, I read as follows:—

"Thexford Park,
"Northamptonshire.

"Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you of the death of my father. I believe his will, of which I am sole executor, is in your possession. I am coming up to town to-morrow morning, and if you will kindly have the will looked out for me, I shall be obliged, as I propose to take it away.

"Yours truly,
"CUTHBERT P. CHADWELL."

"I suppose you have the will, sir," I remarked, perceiving the cause of my principal's irritation.

"Yes, I believe it is in the strong room; it must be ten years ago since the testator made it, and I have never seen him since. At one time he used to be a good client," said Mr. Summers, with a sigh. "I suppose the son intends to go to somebody else."

"He says that he wishes to take the will away," I observed, with diffidence.

"Well, he is welcome to it," said Mr. Summers, sharply; "his father was a decent old fellow, though a self-made man. Began life as a shoemaker, I have heard. But I have only seen the son once, and I wasn't favourably impressed. I hear he is a skinflint."

"Not much good as clients, that sort, sir," I said, to soothe him.

"No. Still, it would have been more decent to—— However, *I* don't want his business. Fetch up the will, Millicent, and make out a receipt."

I could see that Mr. Summers was annoyed at not being asked to prove the will and to wind up his late client's estate, though I knew very well that when his momentary irritation had passed, my principal would be rather relieved than otherwise at having been spared the trouble. I descended to the strong room, and when I returned to the clerks' office, I found that during my brief absence, Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell had arrived, and was already closeted with Mr. Summers. I therefore wrote out a receipt for the will, and entered Mr. Summers' room with the document in my hand.

I perceived at a glance that the interview between Mr. Summers and his late client's heir had not been of a particularly cordial description. Mr. Summers' annoyance was manifested by his punctilious politeness, while Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell looked sulky and ill at

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case. My principal seemed relieved when I appeared, and held out his hand for the will, with an impatient gesture.

"With your permission, Mr. Chadwell, I will open the envelope," said Mr. Summers, gravely. "I have no doubt that you are sole executor, as you say; but I cannot trust my memory."

Mr. Chadwell, by a surly grunt, signified a grudging assent to this precaution, and I had leisure to observe him while Mr. Summers was glancing at the will. He was a bald-headed, corpulent, middle-aged man, with coarse, bloated face, a hang-dog look, and a very shifty expression about the eyes. He was evidently ill at ease, and when he happened to meet my gaze he appeared covered with confusion.

"Here is the will," said Mr. Summers, replacing the document in its envelope, and handing it across the table to Mr. Chadwell. "I will ask you to sign the receipt, which my clerk has prepared."

The executor took possession of the will with evident eagerness, and stowed it quickly away in his pocket. He then affixed his signature to the receipt with a very shaky hand, and rose to take his departure.

"Good day, Mr. Chadwell," said Mr. Summers, offering his hand; "I hope you will live many years to enjoy your inheritance."

"All right," said the other, shortly, as he put on his hat and made for the door. "If I can ever put a job in your way, Mr. Summers, I'll bear you in mind."

I READ THE LETTER.

"Thank you. At my time of life, however, I do not expect new clients," said Mr. Summers, with quiet irony.

Mr. Chadwell shambled out of the room in rather a shame-faced way, and hurried from the building. Mr. Summers glanced up at him through the wire blind as he passed the window in the street outside.

"Not a prepossessing person, eh, Millicent?" said Mr. Summers, with a smile.

"Sole executor, too!" I remarked, answering the thought which was evidently in his mind.

"His father trusted him, apparently," said Mr. Summers, shrugging his shoulders. "Besides, he practically takes everything himself."

"Did he mention who his lawyer is?" I inquired, as I turned to leave the room.

"He does not employ a lawyer," answered Mr. Summers, smiling. "He said when he came in this morning that he considers us useless and wasteful. He is going to prove the will himself at the local Registry at Northampton."

I guessed from this that Mr. Chadwell had put Mr. Summers' back up by his manner of announcing his intentions, which accounted for the coolness I had remarked. I must say that in this instance I did not consider that the business had been deprived of a valuable client.

With this reflection, I dismissed the matter from my mind, and I do not suppose that either Mr. Summers or I would ever have given another thought to Mr. Chadwell and his affairs or heard anything more about him, but for one of those singular accidents which are sometimes dignified with the name of coincidences.

There was a Chancery suit going on in the office at the time, in connection with which a series of advertisements had been inserted by order of the Court in various London and Provincial newspapers. About a week after Mr. Chadwell's visit, one of my fellow-clerks handed me a Northamptonshire paper, saying that he could not find the advertisement in that issue, and asking me to see whether he had overlooked it. I made an unsuccessful search, and was folding up the paper to return it to him, when my eye alighted upon a brief paragraph containing an obituary notice of the late Mr. Chadwell, of Thexford. It stated, among other details, that he had died of a paralytic stroke on the 18th instant previous.

Now Mr. Chadwell had called upon us on the 16th, two days earlier: and as he had then informed us that his father had died the day before, it followed that the date of the death was the 15th. The discrepancy was apparently due to a printer's error in the paper; still, when I recalled to mind Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell's peculiar manner on the occasion of his visit to the office, I began to have a vague suspicion that there might be something wrong, and I, therefore, showed Mr. Summers the newspaper paragraph.

"Oh! It is a mistake, of course," said Mr. Summers, when I pointed out the date of death. "What does it matter whether the poor fellow died on the 15th or the 18th?"

"Only that if he didn't die till the 18th, Cuthbert Chadwell was not entitled to have the will," I replied.

"Why?" said Mr. Summers, sharply.

"Because his father was alive."

"Pooh! It is all nonsense," said Mr. Summers, getting up from his chair with a troubled expression, "I—I must admit that I thought the son's manner was odd," he added, after a pause. "Anyhow we may as well set doubt at rest; send a wire to the newspaper people drawing attention to the mistake and see what they say."

Accordingly, after some deliberation, I drew out and despatched the following message to the Editor of the *Thexford Gazette*:—

"Re Matthew Chadwell deceased.—Your issue 23rd gives date death 18th. Is not this an error? Reply paid—important—confidential."

Although I was beginning to feel almost excited at the discovery I had made, I cannot say that I entertained any serious suspicion, and I quite expected that the reply to my telegram would be of a reassuring nature. But to my surprise, and to Mr. Summers' consternation, the answer which arrived in due course was as follows:—

"18th correct date. Informant doctor—have seen certificate."

"Good gracious, Millicent, this is most grave!" exclaimed Mr. Summers, on seeing the telegram. "It is obvious that Cuthbert Chadwell lied to me. What could his object have been in getting hold of the will in his father's lifetime?"

"Perhaps he persuaded his father to destroy it," I said.

"He was residuary legatee, and—h'm!—it is true there were some annuities and one or two big legacies," said Mr. Summers, thoughtfully.

"He was an only child, wasn't he?" I inquired. "If so, everything would come to him in the event of an intestacy."

"We mustn't jump hastily at conclusions, Millicent," said Mr. Summers, evidently greatly disturbed; "the point must be cleared up. If there is anything wrong, I shall feel in a measure personally responsible. I don't know what to do exactly, but I will think it over, and we will talk about it to-morrow."

It was then Mr. Summers' usual hour for leaving, and he went home in a state of considerable agitation. For my part I began to think it quite possible that Cuthbert Chadwell meditated some fraud, and I had the curiosity to look up the draft of his father's will. Assuming that Cuthbert Chadwell was grasping and unscrupulous, the amount of the legacies and annuities seemed to offer quite sufficient incentive to him to suppress it or at least to induce him to endeavour to get it revoked. He had certainly not acted straightforwardly in obtaining possession of the will by means of a subterfuge, and this made me doubt the honesty of his intentions.

The next day Mr. Summers arrived at the office earlier than usual, looking pale and determined, and after glancing through the letters, he took out his watch and said to me—

"Millicent, I have decided to go down to Thexford, and I think you had better accompany me, as you were present when Mr. Chadwell called the other day. We must start in half an hour."

"You propose to call upon Mr. Chadwell, sir?" I inquired.

"Yes. I shall insist upon an explanation. Mind, I don't suppose there is anything wrong. To destroy a will is a felony, and I have no reason to suspect Mr. Chadwell of anything so bad as that. But I must be satisfied that the will still exists, or has been properly revoked."

In spite of his disclaimer, I could see that the result of my principal's deliberations had been to arouse his gravest suspicions, but he maintained a discreet reticence, and neither then, nor during our journey to Thexford, did he offer to discuss the matter further. At Thexford station we hired a fly at the Inn, and drove to the Park, which we reached about two o'clock in the afternon.

It was a fine place, I remember, though the surrounding country was flat and uninteresting, and much disfigured by workings for ironstone, an extensive industry in those parts. The house was a big, ugly square brick building, more like an hotel than a mansion, and looked very much dilapidated and neglected. As the fly drove up to the entrance door, Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell was just strolling out, and he, therefore, came face to face with Mr. Summers, who alighted with the agility of a young man and confronted him. My doubts of Cuthbert Chadwell's integrity were at once confirmed by his look of consternation when he recognised my principal. For a moment he seemed literally thunderstruck, and stood staring at us open-mouthed, while his colour changed from red to white. Pale to the lips he at length made an effort to recover himself, and addressed Mr. Summers with an evil scowl.

"What do you want here?" he exclaimed.

"A few words only, Mr. Chadwell," replied Mr. Summers, with admirable calmness. "I think indoors would be best."

Cuthbert Chadwell took the hint with some perturbation, as he realised that the flyman was an observant spectator of the scene, and ushered us into the hall. Here for the first time he seemed to become conscious of the brusqueness of his greeting, for he murmured something about being pleased to see Mr. Summers, and led the way into a sitting-room, which was evidently the library.

"Close the door, Mr. Millicent," said Mr. Summers, as we entered. "I have brought my Clerk, Mr. Chadwell, because he was present the other day when you said your father was then already dead."

"And now you have found out he wasn't, I suppose," said Mr. Chadwell, standing with his back to the fireplace, and speaking in a would-be jocular manner.

"He did not die till the 18th," replied Mr. Summers gravely.

"That is quite true. He wanted his will; he wasn't well enough to write me an authority; I knew you lawyers are fond of raising difficulties, so I adopted this plan to avoid them," said Mr. Chadwell, with effrontery.

"Why not have told the truth?" remarked Mr. Summers, sternly. "I would have accompanied you, and brought the will myself."

"That was just what I didn't want," said Mr. Chadwell, with an insulting laugh.

"Possibly," observed Mr. Summers, drily.

"I mean my father was too ill to be bothered with lawyers," added Mr. Chadwell, changing his tone rather quickly. "I have no wish to offend you," he added, in a cringing tone.

"It is not a question of anybody's feelings," said Mr. Summers quietly. "Under the circumstances it is my duty to find out what happened about the will."

"My father destroyed it," said Mr. Chadwell, sullenly.

"Destroyed it!" exclaimed Mr. Summers, raising his eyebrows.

"What else should he want it for?" said Mr. Chadwell, insolently.

"Did he destroy it himself?" asked Mr. Summers, keeping his eyes mercilessly fixed upon our host.

"It was all in order if that is what you mean," said Mr. Chadwell, beginning to display increased signs of uneasiness.

"Who was present?"

"I was."

"Who else?"

"The nurse and—and the doctor," answered Mr. Chadwell, with manifest hesitation.

"Is the nurse in the house?"

"No. She has left."

"Well, I must call and see the doctor," said Mr Summers, taking up his hat. "He lives in the village, I suppose. What is his name?"

"Look here, Mr. Summers, what is the meaning of this intrusion? What the deuce has all this to do with you?" cried Mr. Chadwell, endeavouring to hide his evident consternation by a bullying manner. "My father chose to destroy his will. That is enough for you, isn't it? And a devilish deal more than you need to be told," he added, with another coarse laugh.

"I can easily ascertain who the doctor was," answered Mr. Summers, coolly. "As for your question, my duty is obvious. I must communicate the facts to the Court of Probate, certainly—possibly to the police."

"Why?" asked Mr. Chadwell, with a muttered oath.

"The destruction of a will is a serious matter. In some cases it may amount to a criminal offence," said Mr. Summers, significantly. "For the present, I have

ascertained all I want to know, and I wish you good day."

With a stiff bow, Mr. Summers turned on his heel and left the room, while I followed him silently. But before I had closed the door behind me, Mr. Chadwell called after us in a startled voice, and joined us in the hall.

"Mr. Summers," he said, in a more conciliatory tone, "I don't want my affairs talked about all over the place. I don't wish to interfere with your doing what you think your duty, but let us come to my lawyer's. He, no doubt, will be able to satisfy you."

"Who is your lawyer?" inquired Mr. Summers, coldly.

"Mr. Brown, of Stanford," answered Mr. Chadwell, seizing his hat from the hall table. "Stanford is only three miles off, and your fly can take us there."

"It would be satisfactory to know exactly what happened,' said Mr. Summers, after a moment's reflection.

FOR A MOMENT HE SEEMED THUNDERSTRUCK.

"Come along, then," said Mr. Chadwell, eagerly. "I will leave everything to my lawyer."

He led the way to the entrance door, and we all three entered the fly. Mr. Summers and Mr. Chadwell sat on the front seat, while I, facing them, had an opportunity of observing both. I fancied that my principal seemed a little embarrassed by this manœuvre of our companion, and I could well imagine the kind-hearted old gentleman beginning to reproach himself with having been too hasty. But from my position, I could also contemplate Mr. Chadwell's sinister expression, and I perceived very clearly that his suggestion of a visit to his lawyer had been made out of desperation. Probably, on the spur of the moment, he had been able to think of no other expedient for preventing Mr. Summers from seeking an interview with the doctor, and I had a shrewd suspicion that the intelligence we brought would be news to Mr. Brown. Rightly or wrongly, I had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Chadwell had destroyed his father's will himself, unknown to the testator; his manner at the recent interview had left no doubt whatever in my mind upon this point; and I looked forward with considerable curiosity to what would transpire at Mr. Brown's office.

So, it seemed to me, did Mr. Chadwell, though in his case there was far less curiosity than apprehension. He never addressed a single word to Mr. Summers during the drive, but sat fidgetting about in his corner, biting his lips, and staring blankly out of the window. It was not a comfortable journey for any of us, and Mr. Summers and I, at all events, were greatly relieved when the fly rattled through the narrow streets of Stanford.

We had had business with Messrs. Brown, Potter, and Co., of Stanford, and knew them to be a highly respectable firm. It was this fact which evidently puzzled Mr. Summers, for they were not the kind of people to lend themselves to any shady transaction. As I had anticipated, however, as soon as we reached their office, Mr. Chadwell rushed up the steps, saying that he wished to speak to Mr. Brown before we saw him. Mr. Summers and I followed leisurely, and were ushered into the waiting-room. When we were alone, my principal turned to me anxiously—

"What do you think of it all, Millicent?" he inquired.

"Mr. Chadwell destroyed the will himself, and he is now, for the first time, giving Mr. Brown his own version of the occurrence," I said, with conviction.

"Well, well, I hope he will be quick about it," said Mr. Summers, glancing at his watch. "I don't know whether you are beginning to realise that we have not lunched, Millicent; but I am."

I was indeed unpleasantly conscious of the fact, but we were fortunately not detained very long. After an interval of about five or ten minutes a clerk appeared, and conducted us into Mr. Brown's room. There we found Mr. Chadwell seated in a corner, looking very red and sulky, as though his solicitor had been speaking to him pretty plainly. The latter, a little bald old gentleman with bright eyes, and a ruddy, clean-shaven face, came forward to greet Mr. Summers, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Summers. We have known one another through the post for the past forty years."

Mr. Summers murmured his acknowledgments, while Mr. Brown, after courteously placing chairs for us, resumed his seat at his desk.

"I have been away fishing in Norway for a month, and only reached home a few hours ago," remarked Mr. Brown.

"That is why I postponed my visit till to-day," interposed Mr. Chadwell, eagerly.

"Consequently, I have only just heard the news of the death of my late client, Mr. Matthew Chadwell," said Mr. Brown, ignoring the interruption. "Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell has been good enough to say that he wishes me to act for him in the administration of his father's estate."

"He died intestate," murmured Mr. Chadwell, staring defiantly at Mr. Summers.

"That is the question," said Mr. Summers, addressing Mr. Brown. "I don't know whether your client has told you what brings us here?"

"Yes, he has," replied Mr. Brown, taking a silver snuff-box out of a drawer, and helping himself from it with grave deliberation. "I informed Mr. Cuthbert that it was your obvious duty to ascertain the circumstances connected with the destruction of the will. I also informed him that I should not attempt to defend his conduct," he added, looking very straight at his client.

"How was I to know anything about legal formali-

ties?" said the latter, scowling, and dropping his eyes. "All I know is, that I destroyed the will by my father's wishes."

"In the presence of the nurse and the doctor?" I interposed, quickly.

"We need not go into that," said Mr. Brown, with a significant glance at me. "Fortunately, the question of the legality of the transaction will not arise. I say emphatically—fortunately for *you*, Mr. Chadwell."

"I don't see that I did any harm," said Mr. Chadwell, doggedly.

"No, Mr. Summers, no harm was done," said Mr. Brown, ignoring his client with cool contempt, and addressing my principal.

"You said you could prove to Mr. Summers that my father intended to revoke the will?" continued Mr. Chadwell, evidently puzzled by his solicitor's manner.

"When I last saw him a few months ago, he said he was going to write to you for it," said Mr. Brown, still addressing Mr. Summers.

"But he did not," observed my principal.

"No, he did not—foolishly. Therefore, Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell was most unwise in acting on his own responsibility. In fact, I have told our friend here that he has narrowly escaped most unpleasant consequences."

"It's all right now, isn't it, Mr. Brown? You are going to act for me, and——"

"No, sir," interupted Mr. Brown, sharply, "I did not say I would act for you. All I said was that I could convince Mr. Summers that he need not concern himself about the destruction of the will. The fact is," he added, slowly inhaling another pinch of snuff, and looking in our direction with a twinkle in his eye, "the testator himself revoked that will in his lifetime."

"I think I understand," said Mr. Summers, quietly.

"Yes," continued Mr. Brown, addressing Mr. Cuthbert, with ill-disguised elation, "the will being waste paper, it doesn't matter whether it was destroyed rightly or wrongly. The late Mr. Chadwell's will, gentlemen, is in my possession. It revokes all former wills, appoints me and my partner, Mr. Potter, to be executors and trustees, and disposes of his property—ahem!—rather differently to what his original intentions were."

"It's a lie!" cried Mr. Cuthbert Chadwell, jumping to his feet in a sudden passion. "My father made no later will."

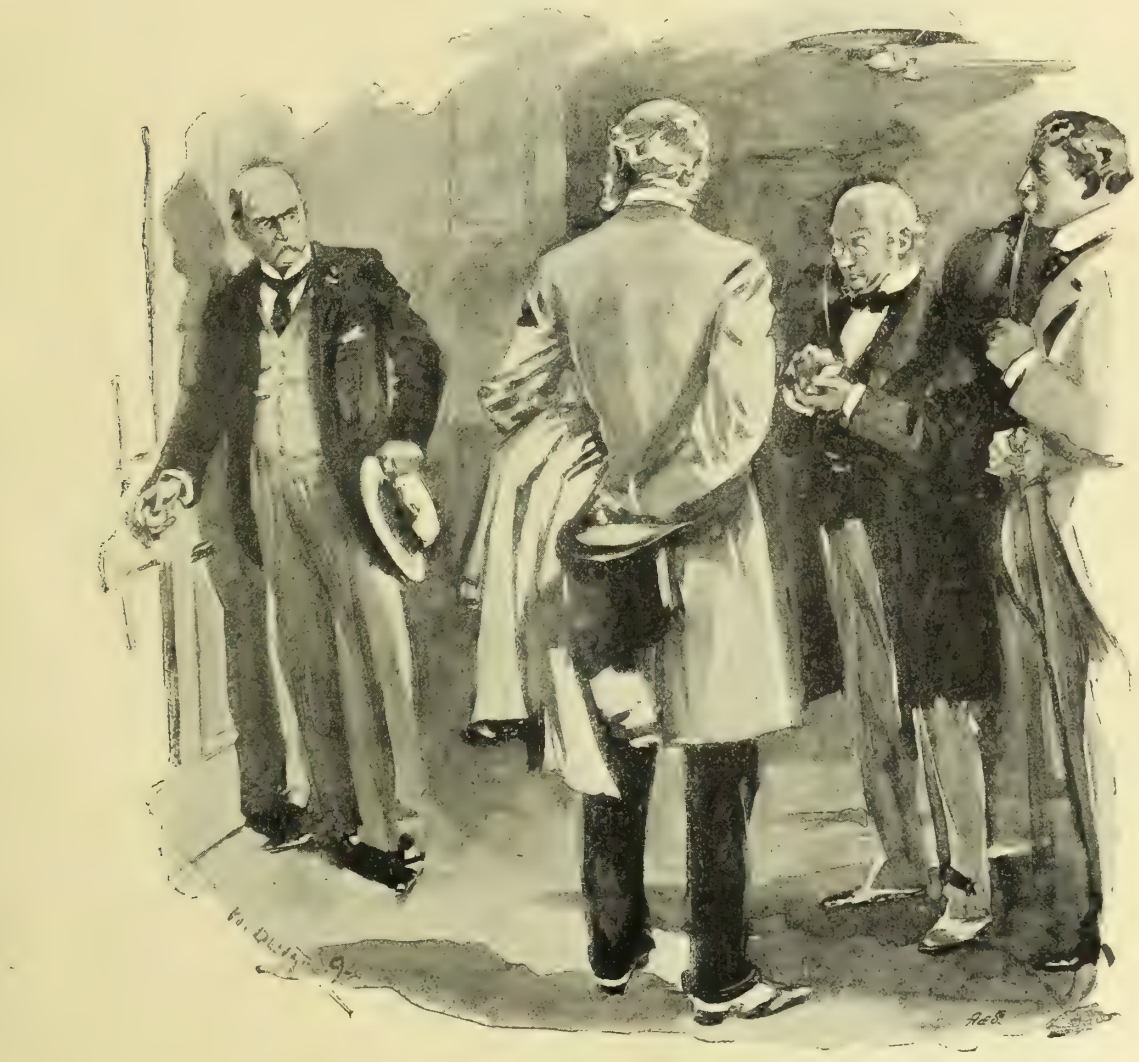
"Recollect what happened two years ago, sir," said Mr. Brown, starting up, and speaking in a very meaning tone. "You thought you had cowed your father into telling nobody, but he told me, and this will was the result."

"I shall dispute it," exclaimed Mr. Chadwell furiously, though evidently startled by the lawyer's words.

"You can do as you like about that, but if you do, the facts about the destruction of the old will must be dealt with, and I should be sorry to stand in your shoes, Mr. Cuthbert, in that case," said Mr. Brown sternly.

"I—I shall obtain independent advice," cried Mr. Chadwell, taking up his hat, and rushing to the door in ludicrous consternation. "You shall hear from me, Mr. Brown, through my solicitor."

"Meanwhile my partner and I will proceed to prove



HE WAS TREMBLING WITH FURY.

the will, and administer the estate," said the lawyer calmly.

For an instant Mr. Chadwell stood still, with his hand on the door handle, literally glaring at Mr. Brown, with an expression that was absolutely murderous. He was trembling with fury, and I believe had we not been present, he would have assaulted the little lawyer. But he had just sense enough to control himself, and with a sort of snarl, he suddenly rushed out of the room and vanished.

"That man, my dear sir," said Mr. Brown to Mr. Summers, giving way to momentary excitement when we were alone, "is to all intents and purposes a murderer. His poor father lived in terror of his life, and two years ago—well, well," he added, checking himself, "I mustn't reveal a professional secret. You will understand from what I have hinted that the poor old father, from sheer fright, let him continue under the delusion that the will you made remained valid. Even that, however, didn't satisfy the scoundrel. He must needs try to suppress it."

"He must be mad," exclaimed Mr. Summers.

"It is charitable to suppose so. Drink, however, has a good deal to do with his condition. My partner and I, I assure you, have a very unenviable task before us. He may shoot us if he likes, but he shall never get hold of *this* will," said Mr. Brown, with calm determination.

"I suppose the new will contains disagreeable surprises for him?" inquired Mr. Summers, as he rose to take leave.

"He gets more than he deserves, but the bulk of the property goes to charities," said Mr. Brown, with a grim laugh.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN CLINTON.

The above sketch is of the monument being prepared by Mr. Pegram, sculptor, to be placed in Manor Park Cemetery, in memory of the gallant little lad, John Clinton, who lost his life in rescuing a small comrade from drowning, in the Thames, near London Bridge. Little Clinton, as stated in To-Day for September 8th., had twice previously saved the lives of younger children. Once he flew across the road in front of a hansom cab, and just succeeded in snatching a baby from before the horse's hoofs and rolling with it into the gutter. On another occasion he found a child on fire in a room, and, tearing down the window curtains, used them to extinguish the flames. When one reflects that in all three cases this judgment, coolness, and daring were exhibited by a child under ten years of age, one feels it would be a disgrace to the nation to leave him lying in an unknown grave.

The memorial, which will cost thirty pounds, in spite of the generous reductions made by all concerned in the work, is being provided for out of the Pluck Fund. This has been a greater expense than we first anticipated, and readers who sympathise with pluck, and who have not already contributed to the Fund, might bear this in mind. We are having a medallion prepared to mark the graves of those who died doing heroic duty. This, while as useful in commemorating the history of brave deeds, will be a less drain upon our limited resources.

The medal, which is in course of preparation, will be the principal reward for any gallant behaviour, not resulting in death; but, since in many cases pecuniary and other loss is sustained by the doer of a brave action—as a man may readily contract some illness, or may ruin a suit of clothes, in rescuing another from a burning house, or from drowning; or may even himself perish, and leave a wife and children without means of support—it is proposed to supplement the medal, in all necessitous cases, by a money gift, varying in amount according to the circumstances.

A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY!

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There was never a smile in a weary while
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright—
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May,
And thrilling with life and joy,
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day
With never a gleam of rest;
But once he crept in the dark and slept
Still on his mother's breast!

* * * * *

There was never a smile in a weary while
And never a gleam of joy;
But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him—
A little bit of a boy!

—*Songs of the Soil* (*Appleton*).

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—III.

GEISHAS, OR DANCING GIRLS.

SLEEPING BEAUTIES. THE RAISED WOODEN PILLOW, WITH A SMALL CUSHION ON THE TOP, IS USED SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE HAIR, WHICH TAKES AN HOUR OR TWO TO DO.

GROUP OF STREET URCHINS.

JINRIKISHA (FROM JIN—MAN, RIKI—TO PULL, SHA—CAR OR CARRIAGE). FACETIOUS EUROPEANS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CALL THEM THE PUL—MAN—CARS OF JAPAN.

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I never know'ed 'ow fur orkudness could go until one dye lawst week. I 'ad a young man on my 'bus whort feerely took the gingerbread. I've 'ad clumsy people on the 'bus afore, but none like 'im. 'E were a tall young man, narrer-chested, with a biggish, turnup-shiped 'ead. 'E kerried two books under 'is awm, an' a humbereller. As 'e were goin' up the steps, the 'bus stawted, and I sharted to 'im to 'old on. Blest if 'e didn't drop the books and the humbereller, and it was just a chawnst thet they didn't go inter the road. "It ain't often I drop anything," 'e said, as I 'anded 'im them back, "in fac, it's most unushal." Then I give 'im 'is ticket. It were a penny fare, and 'e offered me a shillin'. Clumsy people never 'as the right change 'andy. 'Avin' no silver, I was forced ter give 'im eleven coppers, which 'e took and then dropped the 'ole caboodle. "Why, I shall begin ter think I'm turnin' orkud," he said pyshuntly. Theer was that abart him—'e never sim'd ter git irrertited. I've knowed men as would 'ave swore theirselves black in the fice for less nor whort happened ter this young man. Well, I left 'im on 'is 'ands and knees 'untin' fer the lost coppers. 'E wouldn't let me 'elp 'im, and so I went darn agin. I 'adn't bin stannin' theer mor'n a minnit before a brarn felt 'at blowed pawst me and inter a puddle. I didn't wite to awst no questshings; I knowed 'oose 'at that 'ud be. I 'opped off the 'bus, got the 'at, and took it up to 'im. He thanked me and give me twopence. "I don't sim ter be in luck ter dye," he said. "Theer were a gust of wind come just as I were miking myself a cigarette." The cigarette looked like a busted caterpillar. "So," 'e went on, "I 'adn't a 'and ter 'old my 'at on with. I'm sorry to 'ave troubled yer." "No trouble," says I. I kin alwise be perlite ter them as is perlite ter me. Darn I went agin ter wite fur the next awscerdunt as 'e might 'appen to 'ave, an' I 'adn't ter wite long neither. This time it were a silver metch-box as went flyin' inter the road, sime the felt 'at 'ad done. I got it back fur 'im, and 'e give me another twopence. "'Ow did yer come ter drop that over the side, sir?" says I. "I didn't egsackly drop it," 'e said. "I throwed it awye in mistike. The wind 'ad just blowed the metch art that I was lightin' my cigarette with, and I throwed awye the box by mistike fur the metch. Very keerless of me." E 'adn't no more awscerdunts as I seed until 'e come darn ter git off the 'bus. "Don't you git off till we storps, sir," says I. "Ho, no," says 'e; "yer needn't storp fur me. I'm yoosed ter this kind o' thing." With that 'e gives a sort o' jump, gets 'is humbereller between 'is legs, and hover 'e goes flat on 'is fice. 'E wasn't 'urt, and 'e told the copper as it was all 'is own fault, which was the bloomin' truth, an' nutthink else.

* * * *

Well, it were foppence inter my pockut, but all the sime, an' yer kin berlieve me er nort, I were glad when thet young man was done with. Anythink as orkud as thet mikes me feel nervous. On my soul, if I'd 'ad another five minnuts of 'im, I should 'ave stawted droppin' things myself. It's wunnerful the wye sech things mye affect yer. Theer was a ole lyedy gort inter 'Ankin's bus one dye, an' ev'ry nar and thin the 'ole of one side of 'er fice give a twitch, one corner of 'er mug shootin' up like as if she were grinnin'. It were some sort of afflickshun as she'd gort; a cousin of my wife's 'ad much the sime thing, only it took 'er in the heye-brar. Well, 'Ankin stood theer a-watchin' of 'er and a-watchin' of 'er, until at lawst 'e farnd 'is own fice stawtin' ter wink jest the sime wye. As 'Ankin said, it were 'alf as if 'e were doin' it a-puppus, and 'alf as if 'e couldn't 'elp it. As luck 'ud 'ave it, she were the only pussen inside, and 'e'd gathered as she didn't know 'er wye abart. So 'e told 'er To'm Court Road was the Mawble Awch, which was wheer she wonted ter go, an' she said she didn't see no awch anywheer, but still she berlieved 'im and got art. And if she 'adn't, 'e might a bin afflicted pummanunt sime as 'erself.

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BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER-BUSH.*

The killing of one's hero is a short and easy road to a pathetic climax, but when the cause of death is not stated and it's approach is barely hinted at, the pathos of the idea is lost, while the straining after effect is only too visible. When reading the first story in this volume I could not help thinking of a certain little choir boy that Mr. Corney Grain sings about:—"Of course he soon grew pale and thin, and faded day by day, And just about the last verse he faded quite away." It is almost a pity that Mr. Maclaren began his book with this story. It's position is hardly warranted by the very slight references made to it in the latter part of the book, where there are many passages full of genuine pathos—passages in the reading of which the lump will come to one's throat, and the upper lip will require stiffening. This being so, it follows as a matter of course that Mr. Maclaren possesses the rare power of observing life from the humorous point of view, and proof of this is given us in his description of the funereal ceremonies in a Scotch village:—

> Drumtochty gave itself to a "beerial with chastened satisfaction, partly because there was nothing of speculation in it—partly because it lay near to the sorrow of things. "Ye can hae little rael pleesure in a merrige," explained our gravedigger, in whom the serious side had been perhaps abnormally developed, "for ye never ken hoo it will end, but there's nae risk about a beerial."
>
> It came with a shock upon townsmen that the ceremony began with a "service o' speerits," and that an attempt of the Free Kirk minister to replace this by the reading of Scripture was resisted as an "innovation." Yet everyone admitted that the seriousness of Drumtochty pervaded and sanctified this function. A tray of glasses was placed on the table with great solemnity by the "wricht," who made no sign, and invited none. You might have supposed that tbe circumstance had escaped the notice of the company, so abstracted and unconscious was their manner, had it not been that two graven images a minute later are standing at the table.
>
> "Ye'll taste, Tammas?" with settled melancholy.
>
> "Na, na; I've nae incleenation the day; it's an awfu' dispensation this, Jeems. She wud be barely saxty."
>
> "Ay, ay, but we maun keep up the body sae lang as we're here, Tammas."
>
> "Weel, puttin' it that way, a'm no sayin' but yer richt," yielding unwillingly to the force of circumstances.
>
> "We're here the day and there the morn, Tammas. She was a fine wumman—Mistress Stirton—a weel-livin' wumman; this 'll be a blend, a'm thinkin'."
>
> "She slippit aff sudden in the end; a'm judgin' its frae the Muirtown grocer, but a body canna discreeminate on a day like this."
>
> Before the glasses are empty all idea of drinking is dissipated, and one has a vague impression that he is at church.

Under the title of "A Wise Woman," Mr. Maclaren gives us an excellent character sketch of a village gossip. The first chapter is devoted to that lady's abilities as a "sermon taster."

> "It's curious," Mrs. Macfadyen remarked to me one day, "hoo the pulpit fashions change, just like weemen's bonnets. Noo a' mind when ould Doctor Ferintosh, him 'at wrote 'Judas Iscariot the first Residuary,' would stand twa meenuts facing the fouk, and no sit doon till he hed his snuff. But thae young birkies gie oot 'at they see naebody comin' in, an' cover their face wi' ae hand sore solemn, that if ye didna catch them keekin' through their fingers tae see what like the kirk is, ye wud think they were prayin'."
>
> "There's not much escapes you," I dared to say, and although the excellent woman was not accessible to gross flattery, she seemed pleased.
>
> "A'm thankfu' that a' can see withoot lookin'; an' a'll wager nae man ever read his sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, an' a' didna find him oot. Noo, there's the new minister o' Netheraird, he writes his sermon on ae side o' ten sheets o' paper, an' he's that carried awa' at the end o' ilka page that he disna ken what he's daein', and the sleeve o' his goon slips the sheet across tae the ither side o' the Bible.
>
> "But Doctor Ferintosh wes cleverer, sall it near beat me tae detect him," and Elspeth paused to enjoy the pulpit ruse. "It cam tae me sudden ae Sacrament Monday, hoo dis he aye turn up twal texts, naither mair nor less, and that set me thinkin'. Then a' noticed that he left the Bible open at the place till anither text was due, an' I wunnered a'd been sae slow. It wes this wy, he askit the beadle for a gless o' water in the vestry, and slippit his sermon in atween the leaves in sae mony bits. A've wished for a gallery at a time, but there's mair credit in findin' it oot below—ay, and pleesure, tae; a' never wearied in kirk in ma life."

There comes a day, however, when the "sermon-taster" meets her match in the person of a Mr. Mactavish, who divides his sermon into so many heads that the poor old lady is bewildered, and has to own to being beaten.

The story of "A Doctor of the Old School" is capitally told. Though the fine old fellow is nobly unselfish he has his little faults, and it is because Mr. Maclaren has made his character so true to life that the intense pathos of his story must appeal to everyone's sympathy. Indeed, if the book only contained this one story the success it has already achieved would be more than deserved. W. P.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

The modern Marryat, the breeziest of all our novelists, that great writer, Mr. W. Clark Russell, whose "Life of Admiral Lord Collingwood"[1] is announced by Messrs. Methuen, was, I am told, in spite of the currently accepted idea, only a comparatively short while at sea. We are apt to forget that he is an American, born in New York in 1844.

* * * *

Can anyone tell me where to buy some more copies of the Christmas number of *Black and White?* I am clean sold out of them, and customers are asking for them all the time. The fact is that it has, in "The Last Grip," one of the most interesting supplements of the year, and the proper sort of British schoolboy won't rest till he gets it. The literary part is Mr. Barry Pain's and Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "The Dream Club," which everybody is talking about.

* * * *

The Scotsmen who are great enough to follow Mr. J. M. Barrie's lead with their character studies, find their advance much more rapid than his, for Mr. Barrie had to make his road through the wilderness of English apathy. But with people measuring him by Mr. Barrie's standard at every turn, success like that of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier-bush"[2] does not come without very high merit. Even Mr. Barrie's mouth must water when he hears of it's selling ten thousand copies in the first month.

* * *

Talking of the success of young writers, Ian Maclaren, it must be remembered, is only young as a writer. That great man, Mr. George Meredith, was saying last time he came into my shop, that nothing gave him so much pleasure as to see young men like Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman catching the ear of the public so early in life, instead of enduring all the weary years of hope deferred, which he himself had to go through. Mr. Weyman is said to have made £6,000 last year, which he could hardly have done unless he had a first-class agent like Mr. Watt, and several serials running. £2,000 of this, by-the-bye, is said to have come from America.

* * * *

If it imperils American rights, the Canadian copyright question is certainly a matter in which Lord Ripon should not act without the gravest deliberation, for even Mr. Weyman's success in America has been exceeded by Mr. Hall Caine's. He has had nearly a thousand pounds from one book alone in four months.

* * * *

But, on the other hand, the rights of English authors and American printers are nothing in comparison with the wishes of Canada, the most loyal part of Greater Britain. If Canada, in general, demands the right of withdrawing from British copyright arrangements, we must give it freely. We owe it to loyal Canadians to

---

* "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," by Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

consider their feelings in every way, apart from the fact that no self-governing colony is ever refused anything on which it has set it's heart, unless it would lead to an European war. What Lord Ripon has to determine is whether any considerable section of the Canadians want it—or is it only like the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—the Aunt Sally of the House of Lords?

* * * *

I was looking on at the opening dinner of the New Vagabonds last Friday night. The Venetian room at the Holborn is large enough for a quiet spectator not to be noticed. Mr. F. W. Robinson, the novelist, one of the patriarchs of the Club, was in the chair, between the guests of the evening, Mr. Frankfort Moore, with his kind, witty, Irish face, and fair, curly hair, and Mr. Trevor Battye, handsome, erect, soldierly, and in the very pink of health. Close by, with venerable white hair and white Spanish beard, was Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, the great artist, who has just given to the world his interesting reminiscences of famous men, of whom he is one. I noticed — with a beard also, a rare thing for his countrymen — Captain Yendo, the Japanese naval attaché.

* * * *

A good deal of curiosity has been evinced in literary circles as to the identity of "Z. Z.," the author of "A Drama in Dutch." It would not be fair for me to disclose the secret, but I may safely say that the author is not a lady, as some critics would have us believe, and that his name is quite familiar to any reader of modern fiction.

* * * *

I hear that Mr. Zangwill, of the Haymarket Theatre, has joined the ranks of the lecturers. All our literary men seem to be taking to it just now. Mr. Zangwill will lecture on the Ghetto to the Glasgow Society in February, and after that I suppose we shall soon have him on the road.

* * * *

I have had a considerable run on "Poste Restante,"[3] and in the library I have had as many as six people's names down for it at one time. When this happens I always make a point of reading the book myself. The author of "Poste Restante" has designed an original plot for a story, and the interest is well maintained throughout the three volumes.

* * * *

I have had an advance copy of the *Windsor Magazine* put into my hands. It seems to be a mixture of the *Woman at Home* and the *Strand*, and contains most of the interesting features of both those magazines.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clarence and Susy.—The following is a complete list of Barry Pain's books, with publishers' names and prices. "In a Canadian Canoe" (Henry and Co., 2s. 6d.), "Stories and Interludes" (Henry and Co., 3s. 6d.), "Playthings and Parodies" (Cassell and Co., 6s.), "Græme and Cyril" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), "The Kindness of the Celestial" (Henry and Co., 3s. 6d.). In regard to your application for one of Dudley Hardy's "Yellow Girl" posters, I may mention that Sagot, the great Parisian collector, quotes them at twenty-five francs each, and asks five francs for the illustrated display bill of our Winter Number.

W. B.—It is not definitely known who is the author of "The Silver Domino."

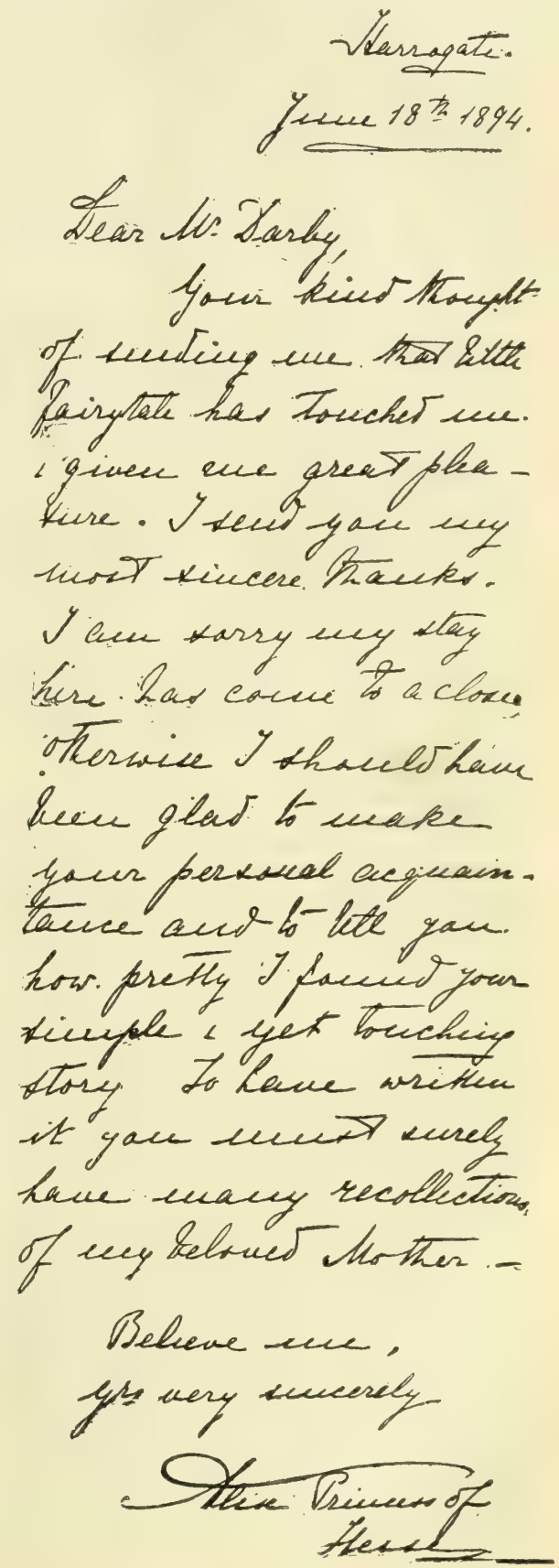
X.—I do not know of the existence of such a book, but you could obtain all particulars from Mr. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn.

Rake Head.—You would find what you want in numbers 50 and 51 of To-Day.

1. Life of Admiral Lord Collingwood. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)
2. Beside the Bonnie Brier-bush. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
3. Poste Restante. (A. and C. Black, 3 Vols., 31s. 6d.)

A LETTER FROM THE CZARINA.

Mr. E. W. Darby, of Harrogate, has favoured me with a letter written by the Princess Alix to him in thanks for a story sent to her. Below is a facsimile of it:—



Harrogate.
June 18th 1894.

Dear Mr Darby,
Your kind thought of sending me that little fairytale has touched me. & given me great pleasure. I send you my most sincere thanks. I am sorry my stay here has come to a close otherwise I should have been glad to make your personal acquaintance and to tell you how prettily I found your simple & yet touching story. To have written it you must surely have many recollections of my beloved Mother.—

Believe me,
yrs very sincerely
Alix Princess of Hesse

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—Crinoline is coming! I feel certain of it, unless we Englishwomen arise in our might and resist the hideous thing. You would be convinced of the danger, too, if you could see the newest frocks from Paris. The skirts fit as clingingly and as closely as ever upon the hips, but round the edge they are immensely wide, and are puffed out with wire or other sort of stiffening in the hem. The folds up the back are stuffed with horsehair, and already wired petticoats are being sold in order to give the requisite look of distension to the border of the skirt, and to the pleats at the back.

What shall we do if this dreadful fashion comes in again? I was talking to a Court milliner about it the other day, and she says that the huge sleeves we are wearing throw the body so completely out of proportion that some width in the skirt is needed to balance them. Consequently, we are drifting towards crinoline, so that our sins in sleeves lead logically to crimes in petticoats! "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we wear a bulged-out sleeve!"

But what are we to do to avert the threatened calamity? It is useless to appeal to our Royalties, for they all avoid extremes of dress so pointedly that the "smart" set has long ignored them in the capacity of leaders of the fashions. The Princess of Wales, since she left off crinoline in 1865, has never disfigured her neat and symmetrical form by any of the excrescences that Paris men-milliners have devised for the wear of women. The vulgar and hideous dress-improver, worn by all classes, only served to make the Princess shine distinguished by an exquisite simplicity whenever she was seen among those who adopted it. Claudia was talking, only the other day, of a red velvet evening dress that the Princess wore several times in public, and in which she had seen her no less than three times, one of them being on the occasion of the glorification of Stanley at the Albert Hall. She declared that the absence of all derelictions from natural outlines, among so many thousand examples of error in that direction, would in itself have rendered the beautiful Royal lady the most conspicuously attractive person present.

Someone asked mother at a dinner party if I had been taught skirt-dancing. I could not help laughing at the momentary look of scorn and indignation she shot at the querist. However, it was gone in a moment, and she replied in the quietest of voices, "No, my daughter has never studied skirt-dancing. I am behind in the times in many respects, and that is an instance. She will have no need to earn her living, and if she had would choose something more congenial to the taste of a well-brought-up young woman. As for amusing her friends, she will probably be as pleasant a companion without skirt-dancing for them as she could possibly be were she the most accomplished rival of professional ladies." She then turned to Colonel Arthur, and said: "Arthur, would you have your girls taught skirt-dancing?" "God bless me, no, my dear creature," was the answer, rapped out with a suddenness that was convincing enough.

Then Lady Surface joined in, "Quite right, Colonel. I have observed that the girls who skirt-dance don't marry, as a rule": a reason that was far from dear old Colonel Arthur's thoughts; but, like most men, he did not take the trouble to say so. We know dozens of girls who are learning skirt-dancing, and who display the accomplishment and the daintiest of hosiery at their friends' "at homes." But, as one of the crowd of spectators, I may say that, notwithstanding the applause that invariably follows, the remarks that are made are not of the sort to encourage those who hear them to learn the art of "high kicking."

Mother and I went to Cheapside the other morning, to see some of the "Singer's" sewing-machines at work. No description could convey any idea to you of the beauty of the embroideries done by them. Landscapes, animals, birds, flowers—all are painted in with the needle, in the most wonderful way and with a rapidity that would have astounded the laborious stitchers of canvas half a century ago. The sight of them made me want a machine and start at once, but I don't know whether mother will get me one or not.

We went to the bazaar at Kensington Town Hall, for giving breakfasts to poor, hungry children, and winter dinners to the poor. Some of the stalls were unusually prettily furnished, and the new idea of raffling articles of dress seemed to catch on rather well. An opera mantle and a silk skirt were sold in this way, and no doubt fetched a good price. But I was under the impression that raffling is illegal. Two tall, dark-haired sisters wore very pretty dresses in black and salmon-pink. The skirts were black, and the bodices and sleeves pink, with a little black lace and black satin ribbon introduced. A very handsome, tall girl wore a charming combination of brown and pale green, with a touch of red in her toque. A wonderful little lady, with the pinkest of cheeks, the whitest of foreheads, and the brightest of golden hair, wore a brown satin pelisse that hung in full folds straight from the neck, and a hat so large and wide, and stuck so full of bird's wings, that at the distance of a few yards it looked like a basket carried on the head and filled with larks and snipe in a state of agitation.

I heard a witty woman say once, "I always pray that I may never be delivered over to the foolishness of fashion. It's a good servant, but a bad master. When I am old, I trust I shall not wear large baby sashes, or daisies in my bonnet; and if ever I want to dye my hair, I hope my friends will lock me up." She has beautiful white hair, and is always one of the best-dressed women at first nights of new plays.

Here is a true story for you. A certain tradesman, who used to be employed at Windsor Castle, was there on one occasion, and his assistant, having done something to annoy him, he turned round and swore at him, being unaware that the Queen and Princess Beatrice had that instant entered the room. Both Royal ladies immediately quitted it, and the tradesman received an intimation that his connection with Windsor Castle was to end at once and for ever.—Your affectionate sister,

Suzette.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wife to Be.—There is no reason why you should have a great number of dresses in your trousseau, especially as your future husband's income is too small to allow of your going about very much, and your father can give you only a limited sum to spend on your trousseau. A dinner dress, a smart afternoon costume (your going-away gown), a good, serviceable tailor-made, and a warm and comfortable tea-gown, which you can wear at breakfast, are as many as you need have. Should you go to a dance, it is far better to buy a dress fresh for the occasion. But you could include a very smart and dainty ball bodice in your trousseau, such as you could wear with any skirt. And you will want a silk blouse, and a good winter coat, up-to-date in every particular. Spend the bulk of your trousseau money on what you must have, and reserve any you have over for additions as they become necessary. With a little management you will be able to make a very good appearance for the sum you name. Have you a sewing machine? It is such a help to the home dressmaker and economist.

Fairy Tale.—The nicest books I have yet seen for children are Miss Braddon's "Christmas Hirelings," "Seven Little Australians" (Ward and Lock), and "A Battle and a Boy" (Heinemann).

Scotch Lassie.—I have no doubt you miss your favourite Scotch shortbread, but I think I can help you out of the difficulty. You can get it post haste from Scotland direct if you write to Robert Brown, 206, Cumberland Street, Glasgow. I tried it myself the other day, and found it perfect.

Our Cookery Column.

Chicken and Oysters.—Cut up a tender chicken and skin the pieces. Flour them, and lay them in a stewpan, with a blade of mace and half a dozen peppercorns. Let it stew slowly for an hour. Then take it out, arrange the pieces neatly on a small,

hot dish. Keep it hot in the oven, covered over, while you prepare the sauce. In a basin rub a tablespoonful of flour to a paste, with the same quantity of butter. Put it in the strained liquor in which the fowl has been boiled. Add two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, with salt and pepper to taste. Make all this very hot, and, one minute before serving, throw in a dozen cooking oysters cut in halves. Pour the sauce over the fowl, and serve it very hot.

BOILED TURKEY, WITH OYSTER SAUCE.—Prepare the turkey as for roasting, make a stuffing of breadcrumbs seasoned with pepper and salt, a teaspoonful of sweet marjoram, half an ounce of sweet basil, three ounces of melted butter, and twenty-five raw oysters chopped and poured in with a few spoonfuls of their juice; mix thoroughly and fill the turkey, but do not pack it, sew up the place you filled it through, truss the legs and wings as for roasting, and put it in a large meat boiler, with a tablespoonful of salt, and cover with *boiling* water; keep a kettle of boiling water to replenish with, and allow fifteen minutes to every pound of turkey. If you put oysters in the stuffing serve with egg sauce, as oyster sauce destroys the taste of the seasoning; if you omit the oysters in the stuffing put a small chopped onion in the place of them, and serve with oyster sauce.

A GOOD SIDEBOARD DISH.—Get three pounds of veal, and pass it through the mincing machine with half a pound of cold fat ham or salt pork. Grate some breadcrumbs very fine, and add half a pint of them to the minced meat. Beat up three eggs, add them to the mass, with a teaspoonful of salt and one of pepper. Mix all well together, and press the mince into a well-buttered mould. Put half a dozen bits of butter the size of a robin's egg on the top, tie it over with white paper, and bake it in a quick oven for two hours. When cold, turn it out.

K. B.—Here is the recipe for Christmas pudding for which you ask: One pound finely-chopped beef suet, half a pound currants, half a pound sultanas, half a pound chopped apples, half a pound candied peel cut small, half a pound self-raising flour, half a pound breadcrumbs, half a pound stoned raisins, quarter of a pound stoned French plums, three-quarters of a pound moist sugar, quarter of a pound ground almonds or half a pound Jordan almonds, blanched and chopped, a saltspoonful of salt, the chopped rind of two large lemons, a dessertspoonful of mixed spice, four well-beaten eggs. Having prepared all these ingredients, mix them well together, and add the eggs last. Then pour in half a pint of old ale and a wineglassful of Liquid Sunshine rum. If you find that this large pudding is beyond the size you require, divide it into different portions. Tie each one in a clean cloth, which must be dipped in boiling water, wrung out and well floured immediately before the pudding is put in it. Tie it up, but not too tightly, and plunge it into a saucepan of boiling water, or an oval soup-kettle, in which two or more puddings can boil at once. Let them boil for eight hours, adding boiling water as that in the pot decreases. This pudding can also be boiled in a basin or mould which has previously been buttered. A pudding cloth is tied over it as described. For Christmas day stick the pudding all over with blanched Jordan almonds when dished, put a sprig of holly with berries in the centre, pour over the pudding a wineglassful of Liquid Sunshine rum, and set it alight outside the dining-room door.

POTATO BALLS.—Boil very dry some good mealy potatoes. Mash them up thoroughly, being careful to remove any lumps, add pepper and salt, and sufficient egg to make a stiff paste. Make the potatoes into balls of equal size, roll them in finely-sifted breadcrumbs, dip them in egg, and again roll them in breadcrumbs. Have ready some good frying fat, and when it boils put the balls into the wire basket, and fry them, shaking lightly, for about a minute. So soon as they assume a golden colour they are done.

BATTER FOR KROMESKYS.—Quarter of a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of salad oil, two whites of eggs, one gill of tepid water, one saltspoonful of salt. Put the flour in a basin, mix in the salt; make a well in the centre, and drop in the oil. Mix to a batter with a wooden spoon, adding the water gradually. Whip the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them lightly in.

SUZETTE.

TYPE-WRITERS, Second-hand, thoroughly perfect, at half makers' prices. Machines lent on hire, also bought or exchanged. Documents type-written.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Type-writer Exchange, 74, Chancery Lane, London. Telephone No. 6690.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

FRUIT AND FLOWER GROWING. Several Valuable Properties for Sale, or in some cases partnerships could be arranged. Profits 15 per cent. to 30 per cent. on money invested.

FURNISHED HOUSES TO LET. Full particulars, plans, photos, &c., on application to MESSRS. CONSTABLE, TOWN-END & MORRISH, 55 & 56, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C., and at GUERNSEY.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

MARIANI WINE

FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES
Body and Brain

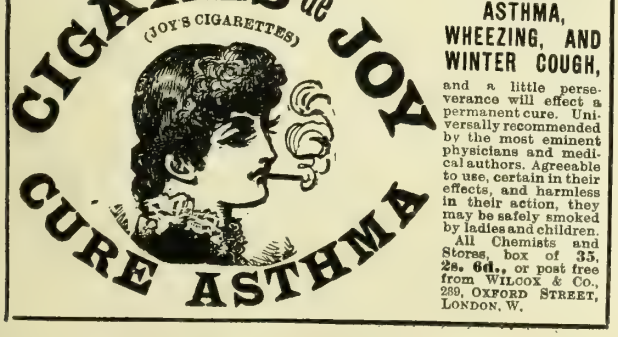
Endorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere

Restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Bottle, 4s. Dozen, 45s.

Of Chemists or Stores, or carriage paid from

Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford St., London.



JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of

ASTHMA, WHEEZING, AND WINTER COUGH,

and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

All Chemists and Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX & Co., 239, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD,

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

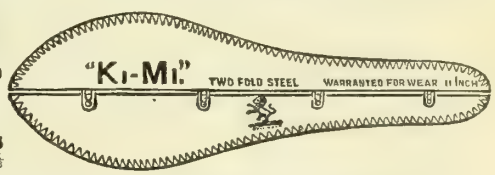
Finest quality sent to any part of the United Kingdom.

Sample Cake, 1 lb. post free, 1s. 3d.; Ornamented Cakes for Christmas Gifts, a Specialty, from 2s. 6d. to 21s.

ROBERT BROWN, 206, Cumberland St., GLASGOW.

Every lady pleased WITH THE **"KI-MI" BUSK!**

IN ALL SIZES From 11 to 13½ inches



Made of two-fold spring steel, **GUARANTEED UNBREAKABLE.** The edges are carefully bound so that steel cannot possibly cut through cloth. —To be had of all Drapers, price 6d. Ask for it. Sample Busk, post free seven stamps from Sole Makers, WALLACE and RITCHIE, Cochrane-street, Glasgow,

HEIGHT INCREASED

Three Inches without detection by PINET'S Boot and shoe Elevator (Patented).—Mons. PINET, L 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.

ARABINE

MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! 6D. PER BOTTLE

NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED.

Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the

Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

CREME DE VIOLET

Has attained enormous popularity since we introduced it into Great Britain.

It is a pure and exquisite skin tonic, absolutely free from any ingredients that will injure the most delicate skin. It cleanses the pores, and producing a clear and healthy complexion. Prevents and removes Wrinkles, Pimples, Roughness, Redness, and all Skin Imperfections. Counteracts the disagreeable effects of sun, wind, and sea air. Is deliciously cool and refreshing to the skin. Makes the skin soft and smooth as a baby's. Will make the most faded complexion assume all the natural tints of youthful health and beauty. Suitable for old and young of both sexes. Of Chemists and Perfumers, price 1s. and 2s. 6d. See that the signature Le Frere et Cie is on the label, or sent direct, pos free, in plain wrappers 3d. extra from

LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

IN THE CITY.

TO GENERAL McLEOD INNES, V.C., R.E., AND OTHERS.

We have received from an officer a lengthy type-written letter signed, "Clement F. Buttle, Major (late) Royal Engineers," which, as he informs us, "has been sent to a great number of army officers." This letter urges those to whom it is addressed to invest in a company called the Welsh Mining Corporation, Limited, formed to work "the historical Esgair-Hir lead mine in Cardiganshire." It is said that "a rich course of ore in a gigantic lode" has been "traced for upwards of a mile," and that "two centuries ago, in the superficial working of the same lode, the returns were calculated at £1,000,000." There is much more to the same effect. Similar statements are made in the prospectus attached to the letter.

Now we do not know that we should go out of our way to direct attention to these documents, which do not differ, save in the wildness of the suggestions of possible profit, from scores and hundreds of other documents of the kind issued every year, but for the fact that the letter and prospectus in question are specifically addressed to soldiers. The directors are:—

General McLeod Innes, V.C., R.E.
Colonel W. J. Engledue, R.E.
J. Halcrow, Esq.

And the prospectus goes on to say that a number of gentlemen, including Sir T. E. Gordon, K.C.I.E., K.C.B., Colonel J. H. Gordon, C.B., and Colonel Arthur Conolly, are "participating in the allotment of vendor's deferred shares." We do not for a moment question the good faith of these gentlemen. We are sure they believe in the mine, and its fabulous wealth. But we put it to them whether they have given the matter consideration. Do they believe that it is within the range of probability, as the prospectus asserts it to be, that the mine may yield its present owners "three million three hundred thousand pounds"? And if they have not tested this and similar estimates, can they, upon reflection, justify their action in lending their names to a prospectus containing such promises, and thereby inducing many soldiers who cannot afford to lose the money they risk to apply for shares?

THE BANK OF VAN DIEMAN'S LOTTERY.

As we continue to receive many inquiries respecting the "distribution of properties," by means of lottery, referred to in previous issues, we thought it well to ask the Agent-General for Tasmania to give us an authoritative statement on the matter. His reply, through Mr. W. T. Goodman, is as below:—

8th December, 1894.

Sir,—I am directed by Sir Robert Herbert to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, and in reply to inform you that the Bank of Van Dieman's Land Lottery is a *bona-fide* affair, sanctioned as stated by Act of the Colonial Parliament.

The Government of Tasmania does not, however, take part in the issue of the prospectus, and cannot guarantee that any property which may fall to the winner of a prize is of the present value represented. The trustees were appointed by special Act of Parliament (55 Vic., No. 17). These Acts can be seen in this department any day between the usual office hours (10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and Saturdays 10 to 12). The copy of the prospectus is returned herewith.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. T. Goodman.

NELSON AND CO.

We have referred more than once to the doings at Homerton of people trading as tea dealers under this title, and attracting custom by the issue of £10 bonds to customers. A Hull correspondent informs us that a firm of this name opened a shop in that town, and began selling tea under the bond system, some twelve months ago. After three or four months the shop was quietly shut up, and the people disappeared. Below is a copy of one of the so-called certificates:—

NELSON AND CO.'S BOND CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that Mr.....
of.....in the County of.....
is the holder of one Bond numbered.....value Ten Pounds, subject to provisions of the notices sent out.

When the 25,000 boxes of Tea are sold this Bond will be exchanged for a Draft on our Bankers, the National Provincial Bank of England, Landport Branch, and be cashed.

Signed .....

Date.....

£10 Head Office: Lake Road, Landport.

We have compared the handwriting of "Nelson and Co." on this certificate with that on one of those issued by Nelson and Co., of High Street, Homerton, and we find it to be the same.

We are in communication with Scotland Yard upon the subject, and it will be noted with satisfaction that the Newcastle magistrates have convicted persons working this bond swindle of an offence against the Lottery Acts, and inflicted the full fine of £25 and costs. But punishment by fine is quite inadequate.

TURNER LUPTON AND CO.

As these people continue to advertise and circularise very largely, it may be useful to direct attention to a case at Edinburgh where they have just figured as defendants.

A tutor sued for £147 10s. balance due to him. Turner, Lupton and Co. bought and sold certain stocks and shares for the tutor, who deposited with them £60 cover. These transactions gave the tutor a profit of £87 10s., but he could get no payment of his profit, or return of his cover, so he sued before Lord Kincairney for £147 10s.

Turner, Lupton and Co. tried to shelter themselves under the Gambling Acts. This was the report of the case in the *Evening Citizen*:—

"They (Turner, Lupton and Co.) pleaded that as the transactions were speculations for differences, and the sum sued for was a gambling or gaming debt, no action at law was maintainable."

That is the swindler's plea, but it did not avail.

"Lord Kincairney held that the defenders acted as sharebrokers, and sold shares to the pursuer, and he was of opinion that even if the shares were fictitious, the pursuer was entitled to prevail. He gave decree for £147 10s. and interest, and found the pursuer entitled to expenses."

Truly "Heads I win and tails you lose." If the market goes against the customer, off goes the cover into Messrs. J. V. Turner Lupton and Co.'s pockets; if by chance the market is in his favour, they stick to the cover and plead the Gambling Acts!

And in their advertisements these people say—

"The firm"—we thought it was a company by the way—"unhesitatingly state that it offers greater facilities, and more advantages to the public to deal in stocks and shares than any other stockbroking house."

It is really very impudent.

TWO COMPANIES AND "TO-DAY."

It is pleasant to be able to say that litigation which followed our recent references to the London and Northern Assets, and Debenture, Corporations is ended. The directors of these institutions seemed to think that we reflected on their good faith, and the solvency of their companies. This reflection we did not, and did not intend to, convey. For once in a way the Law Courts have cleared away misapprehensions. The pleadings disclosed the grounds of resentment, and ours have shown that they were not well taken. Mutual explanations have followed, and harmony reigns again.

M. F. SCOTT.

Recently a correspondent received a letter signed "M. F. Scott," in which he was offered shares in *Black and White*, Limited, at £4 10s. apiece. Our correspondent informed Mr. Scott that he would take as many as he could sell him at that price, and by return of post received the following reply:—

51, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.
28th November, 1894.

Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of yesterday I beg to say my supply of *Black and Whites* is now exhausted, but should I hear of any more I will at once make you an offer. There are now a good many more buyers about than sellers.

Yours faithfully,
M. F. Scott.

Herbert E. Reid, Esq.

We challenge M. F. Scott to show any sale of these shares effected by him at £4 10s., or any other price.

Speaking of newspaper shares, it may be noted that at the Mart on Thursday, twenty-three shares of £10 each, £7 paid, in the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* Newspaper Company, were sold for £1,083, which means a premium of 570 per cent.

"HALFORDS, LIMITED."

A Liverpool correspondent has been good enough to send us a very lengthy type-written letter he has received from Messrs. Halford and Co., who inform him that they have decided to turn their business into a limited liability company, under the title of "Halfords, Limited," and with a capital of £30,000, in 30,000 preference shares of £1 each, entitled to a guaranteed preferential interest of 5 per cent., and 100 deferred shares of £1 each. The ordinary shares are to take one-third of the profits over 5 per cent., the remainder going to the holders of the deferred shares, the vendors themselves.

Messrs. Halford and Co., who are outside brokers, virtually ask the public to give them £30,000, on the promise of 5 per cent. interest, and a third of what profits may remain. Our correspondent's comments upon this invitation are more forcible than polite. But, really, this invitation of Messrs. Halford

and Co., addressed to a stranger, is courageous—a rougher word might be fitter—seeing that there is not one word as to past profits, as to who are to be the directors of "Halfords Limited," as to—well, as to many other things that ought to be explained, but are not.

MR. WILFRED WILBERFORCE.

Mr. Wilfred Wilberforce, of 11, Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park, N., advertises largely his willingness to lend money upon easy terms. A correspondent, who made application to him, states that before his application was considered he had to send a preliminary fee of £1. The loan was not negotiated, and no part of the £1 was returned. Mr. Wilberforce would probably say that the following "Special Notice" on the "Application for Advance"—

> Whether the loan be granted or not the expenses paid will not be returned.

—saves him. May be. But what guarantee is there that Mr. Wilfred Wilberforce makes any inquiries?

MR. P. G. H. CARVILL, M.P.

WE understand that it is not unlikely that Mr. Carvill, an Irish Nationalist M.P. — Mr. Carvill sits for Newry — will give occasion for an action in the Courts which, should it be carried through, promises to be of interest to others besides politicians. Mr. P. G. H. Carvill, M.P., is associated, in this connection, with Mr. Byrne, Mr. T. J. Marron, and Mr. T. H. Ridsdale. Also with Messrs. King and Co., of 3, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue.

WE hear that there is trouble in the Londonderry camp. The difficulties may be overcome—probably they will be; but if they are not there will be nothing for it but return of subscriptions.

MR. BOTTOMLEY will be one of the first witnesses called by the Committee on the Companies' Acts.

WE understand that Messrs. Lyons and Co. have purchased the Trocadero, and will run it on the Duval system—good feeding at cheap rates.

THE directors of the Cycle Rubber Company have given prompt reply to the action of dissentient shareholders. They have called an extraordinary general meeting for Friday next, the 14th, when they will submit a resolution for voluntary liquidation. We shall have something to say about this concern next week.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Mono Lake Gold Fields of California, Limited. X. Y. Z. (Birmingham).—No. **Loan of £9,000.** 777 (Paisley).—You say that you "know there are many who would be only too thankful to get this chance," and that you are "confident" we shall find such. We can say more as to that when you send us the valuation of some well-known firm in your town, but your offer of 4 per cent. will not, we think, strike the Southron in the same way it presents itself to you. **Two Banks.** NELSON (Nelson).—These "banks" are among the best of their kind—60 per cent. gentry. **African Consolidated.** IDLER (Cupar).—(1) Certainly not; sell upon any rise. (2) Too high. (3) Fairly so. (4) They are likely to go higher, but it would be a speculative purchase. **Limited Liability Agency.** MACK (Dentham.)—We know nothing about it. If you want shares, why not to go to a member of the Stock Exchange? **Hamburg Lotteries.** HAMBURG (London).—Have nothing to do with them. **Sydney Pneumatic Tyre Company.** A POOR VICTIM (Camberwell).—We are looking into the matter. It seems a very disgraceful business. **Hillringsberg Aktiebolag.** C. B. (Berlin).—The matter is having consideration. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** W. H. C. (Tipperary).—You will see what is said in another column. **Griffith, Farran and Co., Limited.** G. and G. (Glasgow).—We fear the Receiver has accurately stated the position, namely, that "there will only be enough of a balance to satisfy the debentures, etc." **Recovery of Stamp Moneys.** G. (Derry).—Somerset House. **The Elastic Enamel Paint Company.** T. J. C. (Torquay). We have no information respecting it. The lists will be sent you, but there is more difficulty than was anticipated. **Frank Johnson and Co., Limited.** BRIARINDINO (London).—(1), Fairly good, if the amalgamation scheme is quashed. (2) Have nothing to do with the people you name. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** W. S. (Hyde).—We thank you for your kindly expressions. Your question is answered in another column. **The General Credit Company, Limited.** J. H B. (Moseley).—It is very difficult to "hurry up" a liquidator; we fear nothing can be done. Send us what other papers you have. **Bergvik Timber Company.** MILES (Dover).—It is as well to leave well alone. **Great Eastern Stock.** F. C. N. K. (Ludlow).—1. A very good investment at the present quotation. 2. The building society is sound and respectable. **Raithy, Lawrance, and Co.** T. K. (Dalkeith).—We will, as you request, send the memo. you enclose to "Printer." **Bank Lottery.** C. M. H. (London).—We thank you for the cutting from the Hobart *Mercury*. We refer to the matter again elsewhere. **Cycle Rubber Works.** J. K. (Dundee).—Thanks for letters and enclosures. The matter is having our attention.

INSURANCE.

Your Investment. G. A. (Eccles).—The conditions which members have to observe in order to keep in benefit are so numerous and so onerous, that it will be possible for only a few to receive anything like a fair return from the association. Further, the rate of interest is less than that which can be obtained from sound building societies, and where you would forfeit none of your principal. **£1,000 Life Policy.** MARKET STREET (Manchester).—The system seems to us to be reliable for the object for which it is designed, especially as the company is thoroughly sound. **Insurance Verax.** (Stoke-under-Ham).—Few things offered in the name of insurance are so unsafe as the one you inquire about. The concern is bound to fail in a few years. **Accident Policy.** J. O. M. (Sheffield).—The company is thoroughly sound, has ample capital for the fulfilment of its engagements, and a respectable board of directors. There is no reason whatever why you should leave it. **Insurance Agencies.** A. E. D. (Cinderford).—We do not care to make selections. There are many good companies. Submit a few names, and we will gladly give you our opinion of them. Be careful, however, to have nothing to do with companies which do not publish their accounts. **Equitable Life Assurance Society, U.S.** W. E. S. (Bradford).—It is one of the best of the American companies. Upon the special point to which you refer, we will answer you next week.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

(EUSTON, BROAD STREET, AND KENSINGTON).

On December 20th, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Thurles, Galway, Sligo, and other places in the South and West of Ireland. To Return within 16 days.

On December 21st, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Dundalk, Newry, and other places in the North of Ireland To Return within 16 days.

On December 21st,† to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, &c. For 5 or 8 days.

On December 22nd, to Londonderry, via Fleetwood, and via Liverpool, and thence by Steamer direct. To Return within 16 days.

On December 22nd (Evening), to Coventry, Leamington, Birmingham, South Staffordshire Stations, Wolverhampton, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Liverpool, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Windermere, Penrith, Lancaster, Keswick, Cockermouth, Barrow, Grange, Whitehaven, Workington, Manchester, Staleybridge, Stockport, Oldham, Ashton, Macclesfield, Stoke, Chester, Birkenhead, Rhyl, Bangor, Llandudno Junction, Carnarvon, Holyhead, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Wellington, Llanidloes, Barmouth, Aberystwyth, Borth, Aberdovey, and other Stations. For 4 or 6 days.

On December 28th,† to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Callander, &c. For 5 or 7 days.

† By the Excursion Trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North of Scotland on December 21st and 28th, Passengers can also obtain Third Class Tickets at a **Single Ordinary Fare for the Double Journey,** available to return by one fixed Ordinary Train on any day up to December 29th and January 4th, respectively.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations, Parcels Receiving Offices, and of Messrs. Gaze & Sons, 142, Strand.

London, Dec., 1894. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS TO NORTH OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

On Friday, December 21st, for five or eight days, and on Friday, December 28th, for five or seven days, to NEWCASTLE, Berwick, Carlisle, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stranraer, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, &c. Leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m., Kentish Town 9.19, Victoria (L.C.D.) 8.3, Moorgate Street 8.47, Aldersgate Street 8.49, and Farringdon Street at 8.51 p.m.

RETURN TICKETS at a THIRD CLASS SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will be issued by the train on December 21st to the places mentioned, available for return on any day up to December 29th, and by the train on December 28th, available for return on any day up to January 4th, 1895.

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS to the SCOTCH STATIONS mentioned above will also be issued from LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, BEDFORD, NORTHAMPTON, BRISTOL, BATH, BIRMINGHAM, DERBY, and other provincial towns. (For particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Bills.)

GENERAL CHEAP EXCURSION.

On Saturday night, December 22nd, to Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Blackburn, Bolton, Sheffield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, York, Hull, Scarboro', Newcastle, the Lake District, &c., returning December 26th or 28th.

TO IRELAND.

There will also be cheap Excursions to DUBLIN, BELFAST, Londonderry, and Portrush. For particulars see bills.

Tickets and bills may be had at the Midland Stations and City Booking Offices, also from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

GEO. H. TURNER,

Derby, December, 1894. GENERAL MANAGER.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS

FRIDAY NIGHTS, DECEMBER 21st and 28th, to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and other stations in Scotland, will leave Victoria (L.C. & D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate Farringdon, and King's Cross (G.N.). Passengers by the excursion on 21st, return on Wednesday, 26th, or Saturday, 29th December, and those by the excursion on December 28th, return on Wednesday 2nd, or on Friday, 4th January.

TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY, will also be issued by these excursions to places named, available for return on any day within eight days, including days of issue and return.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22nd, cheap express excursions will be run from LONDON (Victoria, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G.N.), to Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tutbury, Stoke, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Hull, York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c., returning December 26th or 28th.

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and Town Offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

LONDON, KING'S CROSS, December, 1894.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, a New and Original Sporting and Spectacular Drama, entitled,
THE DERBY WINNER.
(Full particulars see Daily Papers). MATINEE every SATURDAY at 1.30. Box Office open 10 to 6.

PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.30.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.
The place to bring your Wives and Children.
An entirely New First Part, consisting of New Ballads and Sentimenta Songs, by the Elite of the Troupe.
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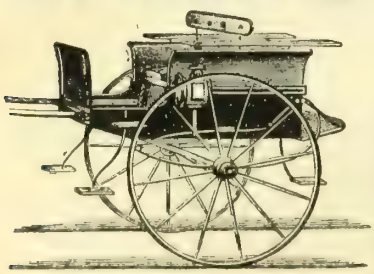
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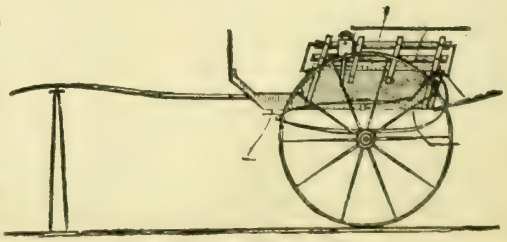
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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in To-Day.

Perhaps my readers may remember the case of the cabman Jarvis, supposed to have been murdered by some of his old mates, during the late cab strike. My readers may remember also that Sir Edward Bradford, on my drawing the case to his attention, simply said in effect that he did not wish to be bothered with it; he at that time being rather busily engaged in suppressing the gambling spirit in London. Upon that I took the matter to the Home Office, and laid the evidence which I had collected before them. They promised to look into the matter, and to communicate with the police. They have done so, and now merely inform me that the police have satisfied them that all that was necessary has been done. This being so, I publish the following letter, which I have received from the son of the alleged murdered man:—

> Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you most sincerely for the trouble you have taken to unravel the mystery surrounding the death of my father. There is no doubt in my mind—and I know my opinion is shared by many Union cabmen, to whom I have spoken on the subject—that my father was deliberately set upon and murdered by a gang of the men out on strike last June; and it is certain, from a statement my father made shortly before his death, that a man called Charlie West, an old acquaintance of his, had been the ringleader in the assault. The police produced a Charles West at the adjourned inquest, who swore that he had never known my father; but none of the family was asked to identify him, and it is remarkable that this Charles West was recognised, in the ante-room of the court, by one of my sisters, as a man she had seen talking to my father some weeks previously. I have seen the reply you have received from the Home Office, and must say I am surprised at it. I see that it says "that although there may be grounds of suspicion against Charles West, yet no sufficiently clear evidence exists respecting him to warrant any steps being taken;" and that in any case "the police have throughout the matter done all in their power to procure evidence of the manner in which Mr. Jarvis met his death." If no sufficiently clear evidence exists against Charles West, why did the police compel him to come to the inquest? The evidence against him is certainly much stronger now than it was then. When he appeared, he simply swore that he did not know my father, and the police were quite content with his mere statement, without seeking any identification. I distinctly disagree with the opinion of the Home Office, that the police have done all in their power to clear the matter up. I may say that Mr. T. E. Saunt, the barrister who appeared at the inquest on behalf of the family, informed me that in his opinion the manner in which the police conducted the case was simply disgraceful; and it is quite plain that the police themselves are conscious of the slipshod way in which they have worked in this affair, from the fact that, after letting the matter completely drop for several months, as soon as you threatened in To-Day to have the matter brought up in Parliament, two detectives from the Criminal Investigation Department called at my mother's house, to question my sister as to her recognition of Charles West. Furthermore, Mr. Hime, musical instrument seller, of the Fulham Road, who knew my father for many years, and also knew a man called Charlie West as an old acquaintance of his, is quite willing to see the Charles West who was called, in order to identify him. Yet the police will not take the trouble to bring Charles West (who, I understand, refuses to come of his own accord) to ascertain if Mr. Hime recognises him as my father's acquaintance. Can there be any more flagrant neglect of duty than this? If this Charles West is not the Charlie West we want, then the one we want has vanished, as Mr. Hime has not seen him in the neighbourhood since the strike; and, in that case, the authorities should find where he has gone; they cannot have much difficulty in tracing a man whose license they have issued. The police made so little enquiry that they never even discovered that Mr. Hime knew my father and his acquaintance, Charlie West. Since your notes have stirred them up, they have made one call on Mr. Hime (when he had gone to bed for the night), and put some stupid questions, apparently under the impression that he had seen the assault himself. I hope this matter will not be allowed to rest here, merely because the police do not want to be bothered with it. This case is one of deliberate murder, in broad daylight, in the streets of London. Surely the Home Secretary will take more notice of it than he appears to have done. Again thanking you for the great exertions you have used in order to clear up the case,—I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, T. W. Jarvis.

I must now, I suppose, wait until Parliament meets. A more disgraceful case of police neglect I could hardly have imagined. I have always been under the impression that the charges brought against the police from time to time in the Press were exaggerated or prejudiced. This causes one to change one's opinion, and to begin to enquire whether there may not be some resemblance between the methods of the police in London and those notorious in New York. Would the police have allowed such a case to rest where it is, if Jarvis had been a rich, instead of a poor, man? Are no enquiries into murder cases, and no efforts in the cause of justice to be made, unless the victim's family be in a position from which large fees, and other tokens of gratitude, may be expected?

From the time of the inquest until the time I communicated with the Home Office no steps whatever were taken by the police to investigate this case. What they have done since, appears from Mr. Jarvis's letter. No wonder some hundred or so murders are committed every year, the last about which we hear being that the police have a clue. They appear to be not only utterly stupid and incompetent, but they are impertinent. Sir Edward Bradford has "nothing whatever to say on the matter." I should like to know what class of subjects he considers that his duties necessitate his taking an interest in. I am now writing on the matter to the member for the division in which the alleged murdered man resided. Perhaps, before I have done, I shall find someone who does

consider that a deliberate murder in the streets of London is a matter upon which something is to be said.

I am by no means satisfied with the termination of the action of Mr. Charles Coborn against the Palace Theatre. I cannot see why the clause in the agreement forbidding artistes to address the audience should have been taken to have only a special and restricted meaning when there is nothing in the wording of the clause to justify it. It seems to me a great pity that artistes should be allowed to take upon themselves an office which, if it is to be discharged at all, should be discharged by the manager of the music-hall. It is the manager who is held responsible for all that is said or sung upon the stage, and it is only fair that he should know exactly what it is that will be said or sung. And why should the public be exposed to the chance remarks—possibly ill-judged; possibly even offensive—of any artiste who chooses to resent his own want of popularity.

A grave tactical error has been made by the Liberal Party in forcing Lord Rosebery, against his will, to make a party question of the abolition of the House of Lords. One would have thought that their experience over Home Rule would have taught them the inadvisability of irrevocably attaching the fortunes of their party to a proposal for which public opinion, to say the least, is not ripe. I have spoken to many Liberals of influence in different parts of the country, and I have never met a man who, whatever his own personal opinion may be, did not think the time ill-chosen, and who was not compelled to admit that enthusiasm for the abolition of the House of Lords was conspicuous, at the present moment, by its ostentatious absence.

As it is now, the Liberal Party will be compelled to stand or fall by this policy. That they will be defeated upon it, they themselves are beginning to see very clearly; and it is doubtful whether even the benefit they will obtain by Home Rule being lost to sight behind the shadow of this new standard, will be a sufficient compensation for the difficulties they will experience before they disentangle themselves from its folds. Whatever advantage there is to be gained by the opening of the question, could easily be reaped by the Conservatives, if they would seize the opportunity to propound and force through a reasonable reform which, while removing many of the absurdities of its constitution, would really strengthen the second chamber in the opinion of the public, by making it representative of the real spirit of the nation. In these times, when statesmanship has given place to mere popularity-hunting, a strong and able second chamber is absolutely needed, and the weight and opinion wanted will never be acquired by a body dependent merely on the hereditary principle.

I have been sent an invitation by the Anti-Corset League requesting the pleasure of my company to an exhibition, but I have refrained from availing myself of it, not knowing what the exhibition may be, and fearing that perhaps my sense of modesty might be shocked. With the object of the society, however, I have some sympathy. I quite agree with them that the wearing of tightly-laced corsets conduces to the moral and physical degradation of women, and I would propose that there be a male branch of this league, formed to promote legislation on the subject. We husbands, fathers, and brothers have a right to be heard on this subject. The matter touches us closely. Our homes are being ruined, our children's future is being endangered, and crime is being engendered by this growing vice. When the ladies are waiting upon the Home Secretary to insist that we should not be allowed to drink a glass of beer, to put half-a-crown on a horse, or play a game of nap, it is time we had our little deputation, our association, and our league to reform and improve them. The spirit of interference with everybody else's affairs is about, and with so many of my own pet sins threatened with extinction, I feel I should like to interfere with somebody else's enjoyments. Besides, it would enable so many of us to square matters with our consciences. When we have been extra wicked and our better feelings are beginning to lecture us unpleasantly, we, too, should enjoy the advantage of being able to turn round upon the inward monitor with, "I know I am very wicked myself, but then look what good I am trying to do to other people."

One is glad to see that at last a jury has awakened to the fact that in cases of cruelty to children, the father is often as much to blame as the mother. At the Clerkenwell Sessions recently, a stepmother was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for cruelty to two little girls. The jury expressed an opinion that the husband was deserving of very severe censure, and Mr. Loveland ordered that he should contribute fourteen shillings a week towards the support of the children, who were handed over to the custody of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A man must know what sort of life his children are living. If he does not, it is his own fault, and it is his duty to protect them. He cannot shirk his responsibility, and shelter himself behind his wife's petticoats. It is a pity that this blackguard could not have been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour as well as his beast of a wife. No stepmother would desire to be cruel to her children if she did not feel sure that the father would only be a grinning spectator. It seems to me in these cases, very often, that the father, glutting his taste for cruelty, goes scot free, while the woman, who is only the active instrument, under his supervision, gets all the punishment. If, in all cases of cruelty to children, the father were punished equally with the mother, I doubt that we should hear so many of them.

"Consul," the West African chimpanzee, whose death has recently saddened Manchester, is said to have been the most remarkable monkey ever brought to Europe. He would sit at dinner with human beings, use the implements of the table correctly, and take his wine with enjoyment. When he was handed a big bunch of keys, he would at once select the right one, unlock his cage with it, and let himself out. He delighted in railway travelling, and had a seat to himself against the carriage window. He died before his education was by any means finished, and it would be idle to guess how far he might have gone. He seems, at any rate, to have gone further than mere instinct— to have acquired, at least to some extent, those qualities of reason and conscience that are popularly supposed to distinguish man from the other animals. Perhaps the missing link may yet be discovered.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

E. C. R.—I have no objection to a man persuading another against drink; but you teetotallers are not content with persuasion and example. You want your Local Veto Bills, you want to forcibly close all the public-houses, and to prohibit a man from drinking anything that you yourselves do not like. Now, this is gross tyranny—so gross that it is difficult to conceive its originating in the mind of any man born on British soil. What right have you to dictate to me what I shall drink or what I shall not drink? You must remember that this world was not intended—as Carlyle has it—to be a lubber-land of roast beef and plum-pudding, in which everybody is to be happy. It is a school for character, and if you take away freedom you take away manhood. So, too, with Socialism. I have read a good deal of the book you mention, and often look into it. If it were possible to create a miliennium without referenee to human nature or the laws of the Creator, this book might afford help; but this world happens to be a battle-field, not a sleeping-couch, as Socialism would make it.

Friend of "To-Day" sends me a report of a speech made at Swansea by the Rev. C. E. Shipley. The Rev. Mr. Shipley does me the honour of coupling my name with that of Charles Dickens, and abusing both of us. He says that when he turns over the pages of my books he finds they smell of stale beer. Where the smell of stale beer could have been acquired I don't profess to say. The books would certainly not possess such a smell when they left the bookseller's hands, and I should like to know where the Rev. Mr. Shipley has been with them. The rest of his speech is also interesting. He is reported as saying that "in no time in the history of the country has the evil (of drink) assumed such proportions as to-day." Now, this will be useful evidence in argument, because, if this be true, what of the work that for the last fifty years our ardent teetotal friends have been accomplishing? After all their exertions, they have to admit that the matter they started to reform is worse to-day than it was at the beginning. It proves, as I have been telling them, that they are entirely on the wrong track; they are doing more harm than good to the cause of temperance. Then this logical Mr. Shipley, after making the admission I have just quoted, goes on to abuse another temperance reformer for saying that the teetotal abstinence society's work had been a failure. I am really afraid that the smell of that stale beer has been too much for the Reverend Mr. Shipley. In two points I agree with him. He ridiculed the Gothenburg system, and evidently did not think much of Local Option.

J. K. P. (Liverpool) draws my attention to a report of a sermon by the Reverend T. W. M. Lund, which, for daring, manly common-sense, love of liberty, and hate of tyranny and cant, is a credit to the Church. The reverend gentleman took for his argument the text, "With freedom did Christ set us free; stand steadfast, therefore, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage." "Liberty of conscience," said the preacher, "the right to judge and act for ourselves, was a great principle to be maintained in our own interests, and even more in the interests of posterity. The Puritans," continued the reverend gentleman, "who began by dying for liberty ended by imposing burdens under which we had groaned ever since. They were only happy when robbing us of joy and brightness." He urged his hearers to stand for liberty, "since its withdrawal from conscience created Pharisees on the one side, cant and hypocrisy on the other." Religion would still be a power in the land to-day if more of its exponents were men of Mr. Lund's stamp.

W. S. F. sends me a report of a discussion among the Gateshead guardians as to whether the poor old souls in the workhouse should have their usual glass of beer at Christmas. Of course the lady guardian, Miss Connell, was most eager that the poor old people should be deprived of this one luxury, but I am glad to see that kindliness was not entirely absent from the Board. A Mr. Ford, who said he was a teetotaller himself, voted in favour of the beer being given as he liked freedom, and Dr. Abraham said that "if teetotallers thought they were advancing their cause by such a line of action he could tell them straight that instead of doing good to their cause, they were doing it a great deal of harm." Mr. Lambert said "he believed the teetotal party did considerable harm by the extreme arguments and measures they resorted to. If they would only use a little moderation, and exercise a little persuasion instead of saying, in effect, that because they were teetotal they would make everybody else teetotal, they might do some good."

Wee Bit Puzzled.—Your letter gave me great pleasure. To get one's self understood, even in a limited degree, is a great point. Can't you see that Pharisaism is the greatest of all evils? Christ did not seem to have many unkind words for the publicans and sinners, and His last words were to a crucified thief. But I think you will find that He was somewhat bitter on the Scribes and Pharisees. He loved what you would call human nature. He knew something about it, and He knew that the human sinner was much nearer heaven than the earnestly reforming Pharisee. I am convinced that the majority of so-called reformers are working with a view to a good place in the next world. They do more evil than all the sinners in the world put together.

Ambitious.—Why use French in writing to an English paper? You are quite right to abandon a calling if you feel that you can never prosper in it or like it, and to cast about for some occupation more congenial to you. The great aim of a man in this world should be to find out what he was meant to do, but be sure that you will like your new business better than your old. Life is too short to make many mistakes.

Mignon asks me if I consider Byron's poems suitable reading for young people. Not the whole of them, certainly. I think great harm is done by leaving literature quite open to the very young. One of two things is bound to happen. Either people with unformed minds and thoughts are given reading which is unfit for them, or else all literature is degraded down to the level of the school-girl's understanding. Conversations that are pleasant and interesting to the matured we should not allow our children to partake of, and we should exercise a similar discrimination in books.

J. M. G. argues in favour of Nelson and Co.'s methods from the individualistic point of view, but trade is essentially Socialistic in its general laws and must protect itself from unfair competition. Otherwise the simple plan to an exceptionally powerful tradesman would be to go round with an axe and kill all the weaker tradespeople within a radius of half a mile, and then secure all the trade of the district to himself. Competition must be kept within reasonable bounds. The principles of individualism cannot be worked out according to pure logic, but according to sense. Any policy carried out logically would result in foolishness.

E. H. C. (Sheffield).—Your letter gave me extreme pleasure. One likes to hear manly words from young fellows with their lives before them. I am sure, from the spirit breathed into your letter, that if you can keep your courage to the sticking-point, you will succeed in life, and, what is of far more importance, make a true man of yourself. You have all my best wishes.

Hemans is the possessor of a tea-urn, once the property of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, and wishes to know if it is valuable. She does not say of what metal the tea-urn is. If of silver, it would readily be saleable, apart from its connection with Mrs. Hemans; if merely plated, it would be comparatively valueless, except to an admirer of that poetess. I thank her for her enclosure in the poetess's handwriting, which I shall value. A. B. C.—I cannot take any notice of letters from anonymous writers. If you will guarantee your accuracy by your name and address I will go into the matter. J. M.—Your letter, without meaning it, is a mere repetition of my own argument. Evil is sent into the world to be fought against. If you did away with evil you would do away with the necessity of struggle, and our souls would die from want of exercise. Eight Hours' Day.—When did I clamour for an eight hours' day? S. W. (Brighton).—Thank you for your genial letter. So much depends upon the man. It was the schoolmaster of the Dr. Grimstone type of whom I was thinking. W. B. W.—To-Day is published in London on Wednesday, but does not get down to some country places till Thursday. I am not responsible for the matter you mention. Jubilee Plunger.—Can't you get the firm to take back the lathe? If you were under age at the time you made the contract it would not hold, and they might be as glad as you to close the transaction without much damage on either side. You certainly have not acted too well to the firm. You should have found out the value of your bonds before reckoning on them. I should explain the matter frankly to them. J. J.—I should have liked to argue with you the question as to whether the workman is an actual slave of his employer, owing to him the whole of his life, or whether he simply gives so much labour in return for so much wages, and is his own master as regards the rest of his time. I am not sure, however, how far the word "private" placed on your letter applies. F. W. D. E.—I do not know whether the Maskelyne typewriter people sell on the three years' system, but I will inquire for you. That would be the most practical way of your obtaining the machine. I can quite sympathize with your position, but it should be a comfort to you to know that you are better off than many others. W. L. B. (Trinity Hall).—Yes, Dagonet is very much alive. Manchester.—One penny each copy. Joe.—Do you remember Lord Tennyson's answer when a lady asked him to explain his poems? I should not like to publish the answer I know the author would make if I were to put your question to him. Admirer.—Supposing there are seven and a half columns of advertisements, that leaves fifty-six and a half columns of matter from such writers as Bret Harte, Stanley Weyman, and others, and this for twopence. S. F. and Others.—The accent is on the first syllable. This question is answered once a week on an average. Belfast.—The only thing I can suggest is that you ought to appoint some trustworthy person your attorney, who alone shall be entitled to sign cheques in your name. You must get some local solicitor to draw a power of attorney. Cymro.—You must keep the name by which you subscribe yourself in your letter; that is your legal name. It will not prevent you being entitled to any property which may come to you in the name your father previously had, nor are you likely to suffer in any other respect. Lothian Lass.—Art has no meaning, some Art less than other. That is not the way to judge Art. The title simply means "The Passers." It is a study in strong blacks and white.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

SOUVENIRS OF DE LESSEPS.

BY

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

When I first went to live in Paris, more than eleven years ago, Ferdinand de Lesseps was without any doubt the most popular man in France, and apart from a few professional blackmailers and a certain number of unsuccessful and jealous rivals, there was nobody in France who was not glad and proud to apply to him that title of "le grand Francais," which of late has been so bitterly contested.

There was no man better known nor more generally liked, and it was quite a sight to see the people saluting him, as heading the cavalcade of his children, he used to ride out to the Bois de Boulogne.

My first introduction to him, which did not take place until I had resided some years in Paris, came about in a somewhat unusual way. I was sitting one afternoon in Baron de Haussman's study, listening to the then already moribund architect of modern Paris, as in a slow and quiet voice he told me, sketching out the purport of his memoirs, of his relations with his Imperial master, of the Tuileries as seen from behind the scenes, of the real causes of the Franco-Prussian war, of Paris as he had found it, and as he had hoped to leave it, a conversation so interesting from its subject matter, and from the strange personality of my interlocutor that I could hardly suppress a gesture of impatience when we were interrupted by the sound of a bell and the entrance of the Baron's valet, who came to announce the call of a visitor. I was rising to go when the Baron stopped me and said, "It is M. de Lesseps, would you not like to see him?"

The call, it appeared, was only one of inquiry as to the Baron's health, and I could not help wondering as I saw the eyes of Haussman fix themselves on the face of his visitor, whether no natural envy was gnawing at his heart, as he contrasted himself with De Lesseps. The contrast, indeed, between these two old men was a most striking one. De Lesseps, although more than ten years the senior of Baron de Haussman, might for vitality and vigour well have been his son. The man Who Had Built lay back, wrapped in rugs, although it was a fine warm day without, in a high-backed armchair, from which a Napoleonic face looked out with the waxen pallor of a death mask. Facing him, restless from excess of vitality, was the man Who Had Dug, whiter of hair perhaps, but with the light of life flashing from his eyes. De Haussman spoke in a low-broken, halting voice, as if every word was enun, ciated with weariness, while De Lesseps, on the other hand, was almost boisterous, breaking each sentence with a hearty and rolling laugh. At that time he was very full of the Panama scheme, and spoke at some length on the magnificent prospects of the enterprise. I noticed more than once a pale smile creeping over the waxen face that fronted him, but the only comment with which De Haussman interrupted De Lesseps' golden dreams was that he knew that he should never live to see them realised.

"*Que si, Que si,*" cried Lesseps. "You have only gloomy fancies in your head." But the Baron again shook his head.

In the course of our conversation the name of a common friend and American newspaper proprietor having been mentioned, De Lesseps, who at my first introduction to him had merely bowed with some indifference, caught me by the hand and gripped it so that the fingers tingled.

"You must come and lunch with me at the Avenue Montaigne one day," he cried, with the heartiest hospitality, "and I will introduce you to my children. *Ils sont tellement gentils, que c'est un plasir de les connaitre.*" Whilst he was speaking I again noticed that pale and enigmatic smile on the face of the Baron.

We left De Haussman's together, De Lesseps asking me to walk with him as far as the Avenue Montaigne "That house," he said, "was bought with the profit on a certain number of Suez Canal shares which I purchased for my wife on the day of our marriage, that is to say, on the day of the inauguration of the Suez Canal, and which increased fifteenfold in value." As we walked along he detailed figures, and it was millions and millions that he spoke about, dinning the rattle of gold and the rustle of bank-notes into my ears till I saw all the poetry of finance which was lately to inspire Emile Zola for one of the most striking and most successful of his novels. As I listened to this exuberant old man I had the best evidence of his great popularity by the number of times on which I was obliged, in response to the salutes of the passers-by, to raise my hat when he did so. I remember that between the Rue d'Anjou and the Avenue Montaigne he was bowed to more than a hundred times, and it was noticeable that most of these salutes came from people of the working classes.

"Those all have money in the Panama Canal," said De Lesseps, adding that the huge majority of his supporters were workmen and peasants. "It is," he said, "from the woollen stocking that we are drawing the funds with which this work is to be finished."

When I left him that day, my confidence in the success of his new enterprise was absolute. The man seemed endowed with almost hypnotic power, and no longer did I wonder at the extraordinary influence he had been able to wield over his fellow-countrymen.

The next time that I saw him was at the offices of the Suez Canal Company. I called there one afternoon and found the ante-chamber crowded with people awaiting an audience. It was the usual ante-chamber crowd with its pathos and its grotesqueness, of such human interest to observe and to study, shabby inventors with haggard and eager faces, anxious women, portly business men with bursting and plethoric portfolios and all the strange and typical crowd that dances round the Golden Calf. The be-liveried huissiers were swelling with importance, and when I asked to see M. de Lesseps, the valet to whom I had addressed my request caught me up with a sharp "I suppose that you mean 'Monsieur le President.'"

I noted with interest the spiteful glances that the other suitors cast at me when the valet returning, with great deference, asked me to follow him. We had been told that M. le President was "in conference," and that it was hopeless to expect to see him that day.

I found him sitting all alone in the big board-room, apparently totally disengaged. He professed himself glad to see me.

"I was boring myself not a little," he said.

It was on that occasion that it first struck me that perhaps he was too old to carry out the gigantic scheme on which he was engaged, and in which such huge interests were at stake, for his conversation might be described as frivolous, and he showed a great disinclination to speak seriously. Inviting me to sit by his side at the fire, he insisted on entertaining me with anecdotes of a trivial nature, and I remember his almost childish laughter at some story which he had told to the Prince of Wales one night at Marlborough House, and which the Prince had advised him to repeat to the Duchess of Sutherland, next to whom De Lesseps was sitting at dinner. I could not help thinking as we sat and gossipped so lightly, of the eager crowd outside and of the nature of the conference that M. le President was at that moment engaged in. I fancy that had I been a shareholder in the Panama Canal Company, my first step on leaving De Lesseps that day would have been to sell out, in spite of the fact that whenever the president would speak about the affairs of the company he was most enthusiastic. His enthusiasm had, moreover, a genuine ring, and I am perfectly convinced that never once did he doubt of his eventual success, a conviction which rendered his failure, to my thinking, all the more pathetic and lamentable.

"In 1889," he said, "France will have two triumphs

to celebrate—the Paris Exhibition and the opening of the Panama Canal. The one is as certain as the other."

His charm of manner was the most subjugating that I have seen in any man, and in De Lesseps was realised completely the English ideal of that type of the manly virtues and accomplishments to which we give the name of gentleman. His carriage towards women was distinguished by an old-world courtesy which one rarely meets with in these bustling and ungallant days, and I can quite understand why so very large a number of women were amongst his warmest supporters. I remember on one occasion meeting him at the Suez Canal offices as he was escorting downstairs, and with the ceremoniousness of the last century marquis, a shabby little American reporter-girl, who had been boring him for the best part of an hour with an interview.

But it was in society that he best displayed his possession of those rare and enviable arts which enlist the affection and admiration of women. I frequently met him in society, and I always noticed that he enjoyed the monopoly of the society of the prettiest women present. His way of addressing women, his courtesy, his deference to the sex in general and his undisguised admiration of female beauty in particular, were models to be studied by those who sought laurels in that most pleasant arena. I have seen young beaux, superb in appearance, neglected, and idly twisting the most attractive of moustaches, while round the octogenarian a whole court of loveliness was collected in eager appreciation. Not that at any time was his conversation particularly brilliant, for Lesseps could never have been described as a distinguished talker; but it was so unegotistical and so impregnated with a flattering assumption of interest in the person to whom he was talking. His courtesy was alike to all. I have seen him speaking to a king, and I have seen him talking to a blue-bloused workman; and it was certainly to the latter that the greater deference was shown. A few months before the final collapse of his enterprise he was so typical of the happiness to be derived from a useful and active life, that I quite agreed with Renan, when one day he remarked to me that the personality of De Lesseps was the best answer that could be given to the pessimistic young writers of the Left Bank of the Seine. It was indeed a remarkable sight, that of this very old man, full of life and energy, who, at an age when most men are pleased to turn their faces to the wall, was marching forward full of hope and resolution towards an object, the realisation of which seemed impossible to men fifty years his junior. He seemed the one man on whom age and the approach of death could take no hold, either when one watched him walking, with a firm step and upright carriage, along the street, or saw him in the midst of his family, with baby children of his own dancing on his knee. I remember him once running after me to communicate some news about his arrangement with M. Eiffel, which he considered of great importance and was anxious to make known. He actually ran, and with considerable agility. On another occasion, as I was walkng with him down the Boulevard Haussman, I saw him seize upon and vigorously shake a wretched street-hawker who was selling some libellous broadsheet attacking the Panama Canal Company, and crying his wares. The old gentleman repented of his violence immediately, and gave the man, who seemed a good deal terrified, a piece of silver as a consolation. As a general rule, De Lesseps was most indifferent to the attacks of the swarms of enemies which his success had brought him.

"I care no more," he once said to me, "for their outcry against me than I do for the barking of a dog."

I was never more pained than when, upon an absence of some months from Paris, I saw M. de Lesseps again just before the final collapse of the company. He was quite a changed man, and reminded me of Baron Haussman as I had seen him some weeks before his death. He was sitting with his children in the little room half-way up the grand staircase of the Avenue Montaigne mansion, the "Wohnstube," which he preferred to the sumptuous apartments elsewhere in the house, and a greater change in a man in so short a time was never seen before. Old age had galloped up at last, and had laid upon my old friend a hand all the heavier for the long delay. The eyes seemed to have lost all their light of life, the hand was cold, the figure sunken, and a heavy silence had settled upon the man who so little a time ago was the gayest and most voluble of talkers. It was in this room, by the way, that, owing to the clumsiness of a newspaper reporter, De Lesseps learned that criminal proceedings had been instituted against him. I was present at the time, and I shall not forget the indignation of Madame de Lesseps' cry:—"You might have killed him!" when the tactless reporter had briskly asked the old gentleman what defence he proposed to offer when he should appear before the Court of Appeal, "for," he said, "as a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, you will be tried before the Court of Appeal." De Lesseps looked quite dazed for a moment, and then some of his old vigour seemed to return, for, springing to his feet, he cried out for his insignia, that he might put them on and confront his judges with all his honours upon him. It is on account of this incident, by which the fact of a prosecution was impressed upon her husband, that Madame de Lesseps feared at times that the old man, for all his apparent ignorance of what was going on, was well aware, and did only lend himself for her sake to the heroic comedy which she and her children played around him at La Chesnaye, where he spent the long and anxious months during which the Panama scandals were so fully exposed.

Such was not, however, my opinion on any of the occasions on which I saw De Lesseps after his fall at La Chesnaye. His mind seemed to me to have given way, though occasional flashes of intelligence did from time to time light up the night of an anticipated death. I remember that the last time I saw him, which was at lunch at La Chesnaye, he watched me for some time with evident curiosity, and that suddenly his face lighted up, and he gave me a pleasant smile, doubtless of recognition. The minute afterwards, however, he had sunk into himself again, only rousing himself to the appearance of life when one of his children, rising from his seat, ran up to the old father to press or to kiss his hand. There were times, also, when, after reading the papers with which he was supplied—papers, by the way, of the previous year—he would comment on something that he had read. I once heard him say to his wife, quite in his old tones, "Oh, I see that De Ressmann has been appointed Italian ambassador. I am very glad to hear it."

It was very touching to see his devotion to his wife. When she was not in the room his eyes would wander about seeking for her, and the rare times on which the settled gloom upon his countenance would clear away were when, after a short absence, she would return to the room. His great sorrow was that he could not attend the sittings of the French Academy, his membership of which was his chief pride; and his greatest hope lay in Queen Victoria—"La Bonne Reine," as he used to call her. It was almost a fixed idea with him that she would come to La Chesnaye, and, having dispelled all the trouble that was weighing upon him, would enable him to return to Paris, once more triumphant and the people's idol.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—Fog, and a fiendish cold, combined, drove me out of London last week; and I do not particularly care what becomes of the drama until I feel better.

Meantime, as you are always eager for information, I may tell you that since he wrote *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, Pinero has completed two plays. One of them has been secured by Comyns Carr, and it will, I expect, follow *The New Woman* at the Comedy. What has become of the other, I don't quite know; but I have

a strong suspicion that George Alexander has got it, and I am moved to this conclusion because Alexander has more courage than most managers, and the piece to which I allude is one of the most powerful ever put on any stage—English or Continental.

Alexander, I am happy to say, has returned to the St. James's, but I am afraid it's rather early for him to resume work. You will be delighted to hear that Marion Terry will rejoin the St. James's company in January. She is such a charming actress that her recent retirement has been most deplorable.

The third play on which Pinero is engaged will be destined for the Garrick. The third act is at present unfinished. I do not think that we shall see it before the autumn. I also think that Elizabeth Robins will play the lead in it, because when the autumn comes round you will find Forbes Robertson and Kate Rorke in management together, and the first play they open in will *not* be *Doctor and Mrs. Neil*, although this strange drama—for it is practically a drama—was received in Manchester with the wildest enthusiasm on the occasion of its first representation.

The Gaiety Girl is being played down here in Brighton this week, and a better provincial company I have never seen. Indeed, it is hardly fair to speak of it as a provincial company at all. Marion Hood is charming in the title-rôle; Chrissie Mayne is the best "Lady Virginia Forest" I have seen, and why Edwardes let her remain out of London I don't know. Albert Christian is also admirable. His singing of "Tommy Atkins" is a thing to hear. Henry Hamilton, who wrote "Tommy," is, I am sorry to say, away at Folkestone, very far from well. *The Gaiety Girl* in America has dropped on bad times. Harry Monkhouse has got small-pox, all the company have been vaccinated, and Juliette Nesville will shortly return home invalided.

Of course, you have followed the controversy in the *Times* between Beerbohm Tree and "X. Y. Z." It is a very pretty bit of fighting, and honours are very evenly divided, but it strikes me as rather a futile combat, because general principles can never be laid down about the drama. The old dramatists thought differently. They were all for rules and axioms which were no sooner determined on than they were upset. Victor Hugo at one time, and Tom Robertson at another, revolutionised the drama in France and in England. The question of the "woman with a past" merely amounts to this—a dozen interesting plays might be woven right round a "woman with a past," but the appearance of a "woman with a past" does not necessarily make a play interesting. Pinero having written a very successful play round a "woman with a past," in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, it stood to reason that other dramatists would follow suit. The particular field had not been much worked, and it looked fertile. So did French farce some years ago. But we were satisfied with French farce. It eventually bored us. The "woman with a past" is doing the same thing.

I mentioned this fact to a well-known dramatist the other day, and he told me that he intended to deal with the "woman with a past" from a new point of view shortly. His hero having determined, like Mr. Tanqueray, to build up an edifice of happiness on a foundation of misery, looks about for a woman sufficiently disreputable to suit his purpose, and he imagines that he has found the right article. He marries her. After the wedding husband and wife are left alone. The wife takes off her wreath, puts down her bouquet, and then suddenly falling on her knees before her husband, says she has something to confess. He anticipates a lurid declaration, but she humbly owns that she knows his views of life, but she has bitterly deceived him. She is a perfectly virtuous woman, and recently taught in a Sunday school. My friend has not quite made up his mind how to finish the play, but he thinks that the horrified husband should commit suicide by swallowing the marriage certificate.

The lecture on "The World, the Flesh, and the—Puritans" that Richard le Gallienne gave at the Playgoers' Club on Sunday, was a remarkable one in many views. You got the views of the poet on love and marriage, and the views of a man of the world on worldliness, or, as Le Gallienne brutally called it, "sin." With memories of the events of the past few weeks in mind, he conjured up a time when we should want a Purity ticket-of-leave in order to stay out after dark, and went on to attack the Modern Puritan spirit that was cruel only to be kind; and in the process broke the highest moral law, "Thou shalt not be cruel." He suggested a sound remedy—the same remedy that I have harped upon to you again and again—that is, the formation of a Trades Union of Sinners. He explained that by sin, he only meant the breaking of the conventional laws which man had made, and which had now become obsolete. Such laws were answerable for much cruelty in the world, for they did not direct the passions of mankind, they only dammed them up till they burst through with irresistible force. He did not deprecate discipline and self-restraint, without which all life lost its comeliness. Nor did he plead for greater sensuality, but for the acceptance of the plain facts of life. By the present system of society it was our virtues which were cramped and not our vices. The lecturer was warmly received, and discussion which followed was joined in by Messrs. Hurst, S. L. Hughes, Herbert Murray, Jerome K. Jerome, and Jope Slade.

Percy House the popular secretary of the Playgoers', was married on Friday last to Miss Lily Magna, a charming little lady, as sweet as she is pretty. Everybody wishes them all happiness and luck.

Although *Dr. Bill* was very well received on Saturday night at the Court, I'm half afraid Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has not been well advised in his selection of a company. Those of us who remembered the tragic earnestness with which Miss Fanny Brough played the part of "Mrs. Horton" were a trifle disappointed on Saturday night with the light-hearted way in which Miss Lottie Venne disposed of the character. In Miss Lottie Venne's hands the farcical side of the idea was too apparent; while Miss Fanny Brough really got far more fun out of the part by her intense seriousness. The first piece of the evening—*The Birthday*—is, I believe, the maiden effort of the author, George Bancroft. The little play is rather overweighted with dialogue, but there is no reason why Mr. Bancroft should not do better work in the future if he would get away from conventionality, and unlearn the few tricks of the stage that he has managed to pick up.

Mrs. Tree and Miss Mary Anderson (Madame Novarro) have both presented their respective husbands with babies this week.

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CLUB CHATTER.

POSSIBLY because of the conduct of the past summer, winter has not, so far, seemed very anxious to punish us unduly; but, all the same, the heaviest winter clothing is being ordered. Furs are unusually popular, and assuredly there is no safer investment; for a fur coat that will not maintain a fashionable appearance for several winters must have been cut on some very peculiar lines. By those who can afford it—for such a purchase means a noticeable inroad into a small banking account—sable is being ordered, with musquash lining, the cloth being as soft as broadcloth, either in black or a dark blue shade. Many are being made with the slits at the sides, instead of the middle. As a rule, they do not reach to the length to which the Irish friezes are being cut, the average being a little below the knees. Astrachan is still in demand, but it has suffered from the ease with which it can be imitated; while beaver and otter still command a steady sale. It seems simply a matter of taste as to whether the coat is frogged in the military style, or simply buttoned; but in all cases where froggings are ordered they are of the pronounced Hussar pattern.

I REMEMBER receiving complaints last winter from many readers who had been tempted to invest in "genuine fur coats," at a low figure, through seeing some plausible advertisement in the "Wants" columns of newspapers. As a rule, the reason given for the sale is that the owner has "no further use for the same." In reality, the address in nine cases out of ten is simply a house of call for some shoddy furrier, who has scores of these coats on hand. I would recommend any reader who may yet be tempted by them to demand a written warranty and if he has any doubts to then submit the garment to an authority. He will generally find the accredited West End dealers willing to render him every assistance, for these swindles do them unjustifiable damage with country customers.

I NOTICE, with satisfaction, that platinum nails have been introduced, with complete success, into the German army for the soldiers' boots. There are few men whose step is so regular that they can afford to dispense with a slight metal protection somewhere, and both iron or brass rivets have always been heavy and cumbersome, while platinum is as light as leather. It is not alone for daily wear that platinum will be appreciated when it comes to England, for it will be a boon to every golfing and sporting man, and the mountain climber and tourist will give it a hearty welcome.

I AM indebted to a correspondent for the following cutting from the *Maidenhead Advertiser*:—

> FOR SALE, a good GARDEN FRAME, belonging to a lady, 6 ft. by 4 ft.; upper and lower lights strongly hinged.

This little lot can be procured for two guineas by applying to "Plevna," Norfolk Park, Maidenhead.

THE delight expressed at Sandown on Saturday, when the result of the Brigg election was known, shows that the National Sporting League are in earnest. It was the first time they had thrown in their lot with any candidate, and a victory at the first attempt is bound to give the League a tremendous impetus. I hope it will not become a Conservative organisation. There are good sportmen on both sides of the House, and the enthusiasm of the anti-gamblers will evaporate if they find that they cannot turn their cause into a party question.

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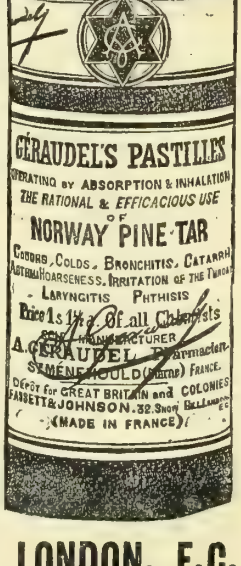

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I mentioned a few weeks ago that Mr. Sidney Fry, the son of Mr. "Red Hot" Fry, was as good a billiard player as one could find in the amateur ranks. Mr. Fry, however, is not to be relied on when playing in public, and he easily succumbed in the recent Amateur Championship. Mr. Maughan, who defeated Mr. Fry, is a left-handed player, and this may have had some effect upon him. I know from experience that it is extremely puzzling to leave the balls for one who uses his left. There are very few who do so, but these few appear to be remarkably skilful players.

About one hundred Old Bedfordians have arranged to dine together at the Café Monico, Piccadilly Circus, on Thursday evening, the 20th inst., under the presidency of General Sir Henry A. Smyth, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Malta. After the dinner there will be a smoking concert, in which many favourite Old Bedfordians will take part. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. Roland G. Hill, of 1, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, who is directing the proceedings.

After his display in the meeting between Blackheath and Cardiff I fully expected the young three-quarter, Fegan, to be selected for the South team against North today. The Southern team is about as good as it can possibly be, although one misses several names which might have been expected to be included, but the fact is there is a superabundance of choice, and only fifteen to be selected. S. M. J. Woods has been chosen, and his reappearance is somewhat of a surprise. The absence of Maud and Lohden has caused some comment. General satisfaction is expressed that W. B. Thomson has been given a place at three-quarter. With Fegan, Baker, and Leslie Jones, behind Wells and Cattell, the attack should be most dangerous, and I fully expect the South to win.

Reference to our advertising columns will help my readers to settle the question "Where shall I spend Christmas?" If you are inclined for a turn on ths Emerald Isle, you have only to put yourself in the hande of the London and North-Western, either on December 20th, 21st, or 22nd, who have arranged three fine excursions. On December 22nd the same company run a special excursion to Scotland, while on the evening of the same day their Christmas service includes almost every town of importance in the North, the Midlands, and Wales. The Midland have a cheap excursion arranged for December 21st from St. Pancras to the principal towns in Scotland, and tickets will be also issued for the trip from their principal provincial stations. On the 22nd there is another excursion to the Midlands, including the Lake district. There are also special trains for Ireland. The Great Northern announce tickets at a single fare for the 21st to the North and Scotland, and on Saturday to all the principal centres on their service throughout the Midlands and the North.

The Major.

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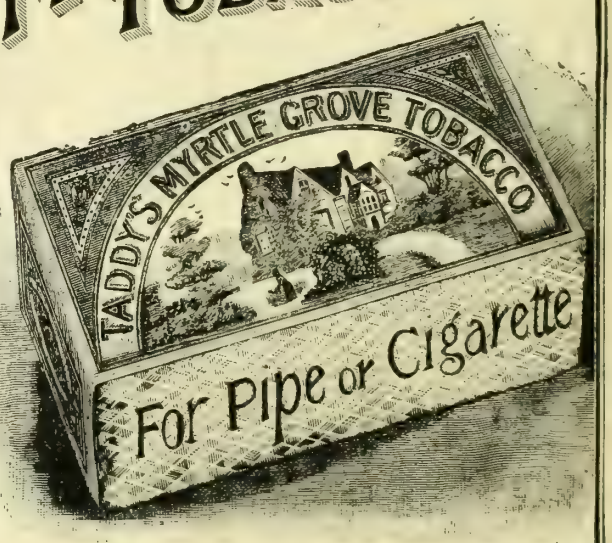

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CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT a word was exchanged till they had reached the lower landing and Brant's private room. Dismissing his subaltern and orderly with a sign, Brant turned towards his prisoners. The jaunty ease, but not the self-possession, had gone from Lagrange's face; the eyes of Captain Faulkner were fixed on his older companion with a half-humorous look of perplexity.

"I am afraid I can only repeat, General, that our foolhardy freak has put us in collision with your sentries," said Lagrange, with a slight hauteur, that replaced his former jauntiness; "and we were very properly made prisoners. If you will accept my parole, I have no doubt our Commander will proceed to exchange a couple of gallant fellows of yours, whom I have had the honour of meeting within our own lines, and whom you must miss probably more than I fear our superiors miss *us*."

"Whatever brought you here, gentlemen," said Brant, drily, "I am glad, for your sakes, that you are in uniform, although it does not, unfortunately, relieve me of an unpleasant duty."

"I don't think I understand you," returned Lagrange, coldly.

"If you had *not* been in uniform, you would probably have been shot down as spies, without the trouble of capture," said Brant, quietly.

"Do you mean to imply, sir——" began Lagrange, sternly.

"I mean to say that the existence of a Confederate spy between this camp and the Division Head Quarters is sufficiently well known to us to justify the strongest action."

"And, pray, how can that affect *us?*" said Lagrange, haughtily.

"I need not inform so old a soldier as Colonel Lagrange that the aiding, abetting, and even receiving information from a spy or traitor within one's lines is an equally dangerous service."

"Perhaps you would like to satisfy yourself, General," said Colonel Lagrange, with an ironical laugh. "Pray do not hesitate on account of our uniform. Search us if you like."

"Not on *entering* my lines, Colonel," replied Brant, with quiet significance.

Lagrange's cheek flushed. But he recovered himself quickly, and, with a formal bow, said—

"You will, then, perhaps, let us know your pleasure?"

My *duty*, Colonel, is to keep you both close prisoners here until I have an opportunity to forward you to the Division Commander, with a report of the circumstances of your arrest. *That* I propose to do. How soon I may have that opportunity, or if I am ever to have it," continued Brant, fixing his clear eyes significantly on Lagrange, "depends upon the chances of war, which you probably understand as well as I do."

"We should never think of making any calculation on the action of an officer of such infinite resources as General Brant," said Lagrange, ironically.

"You will, no doubt, have an opportunity of stating your own case to the Division Commander," continued Brant, with an unmoved face. "And," he continued, turning for the first time to Captain Faulkner, "when *you* tell the Commander what I believe to be the fact—from your name and resemblance—that you are a relation of the young lady who for the last three weeks has been an inmate of this house under a pass from Washington, you will, I have no doubt, favourably explain your own propinquity to my lines."

"My sister Tilly!" said the young officer, impulsively. "But she is no longer here. She passed through the lines back to Washington yesterday. No," he added, with a light laugh, "I'm afraid that excuse won't count for to-day."

A sudden frown upon the face of the elder officer, added to the perfect ingenuousness of Faulkner's speech, satisfied Brant that he had not only elicited the truth, but that Miss Faulkner had been successful! But he was sincere in his suggestion that her relationship to the young officer would incline the Division Commander to look leniently upon his fault, for he was conscious of a singular satisfaction in thus being able to serve her. Of the real object of the two men before him he had no doubt. They were "the friends" of his wife, who were waiting for her outside the lines! Chance alone had saved her from being arrested with them, with the consequent exposure of her treachery before his own men, who, as yet, had no proof of her guilt, nor any suspicion of her actual identity. Meanwhile, his own chance of conveying her with safety beyond his lines was not affected by the incident; the prisoners dare not reveal what they knew of her, and it was with a grim triumph that he thought of compassing her escape without *their* aid. Nothing of this, however, was visible in his face, which the younger man watched with a kind of boyish curiosity, while Colonel Lagrange regarded the ceiling with a politely repressed yawn. "I regret," concluded Brant, as he summoned the officer of the guard, "that I shall have to deprive you of each other's company during the time you are here; but I shall see that you, separately, want for nothing in your confinement."

"If this is with a view to separate interrogatory, General, I can retire now," said Lagrange, rising, with ironical politeness.

"I believe I have all the information I require," returned Brant, with undisturbed composure. Giving the necessary orders to his subaltern, he acknowledged with equal calm the formal salutes of the two prisoners as they were led away, and returned quickly to his bedroom above. He paused instinctively for a moment before the closed door, and listened. There was no sound from within. He unlocked the door, and opened it.

So quiet was the interior that for an instant, without

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glancing at the bed, he cast a quick look at the window, which, till then, he had forgotten, and which he remembered gave upon the verandah roof. But it was still closed, and as he approached the bed, he saw his wife still lying there, in the attitude in which he had left her. But her eyes were ringed, and slightly filmed, as if with recent tears.

It was perhaps this circumstance that softened his voice, still harsh with command, as he said—

"I suppose you knew those two men?"

"Yes."

"And that I have put it out of their power to help you?"

"I do."

There was something so strangely submissive in her voice that he again looked suspiciously at her. But he was shocked to see that she was quite pale now, and that the fire had gone out of her dark eyes.

"Then I may tell you what is *my* plan to save you But, first, you must find this mulatto woman who has acted as your double."

"She is here."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?" he asked, in quick suspicion.

"She was not to leave this place until she knew I was safe within our lines. I have *some* friends who are faithful to me." After a pause she added: "She has been already."

He looked at her startled. "Impossible—I——"

"You locked the door. Yes! but she has a *second* key. And even if she had not, there is another entrance from that closet. You do not know this house; *you* have been here two weeks; *I* spent two years of my life, as a girl, in this room."

An indescribable sensation came over him; he remembered how he had felt when he first occupied it; this was followed by a keen sense of shame on reflecting that he had been, ever since, but a helpless puppet in the power of his enemies, and that she could have escaped if she would, even now.

"Perhaps," he said grimly, "you have already arrange your plans?"

She looked at him with a singular reproachfulness even in her submission.

"I have only told her to be ready to change clothes with me and help me colour my face and hands at the time appointed. I have left the rest to you."

"Then this is my plan. I have changed only a detail. You and she must both leave this house at the *same time*, by *different exits*, but one of them must be private—and unknown to my men. Do you know of such a one?"

"Yes," she said, "in the rear of the negro quarters."

"Good," he replied, "that will be *your* way out. *She* will leave here, publicly, through the parade, armed with a pass from me. She will be overhauled and challenged by the first sentry near the guard house, below the wall. She will be subjected to some delay and scrutiny, which she will, however, be able to pass better than you would. This will create the momentary diversion that we require. In the meantime, you will have left the house by the rear, and you will then keep in the shadow of the hedge until you can drop down along the Run, where it empties into the swamp. That," he continued, fixing his keen eyes upon her, "is the one weak point in the position of this place that is neither overlooked or defended. But perhaps," he added, again grimly, "you *already* know it."

"It is the marsh where the flowers grow, near the path where you met Miss Faulkner. I had crossed the marsh to give her a letter," she said slowly.

A bitter smile came over Brant's face, but passed as quickly.

"Enough," he said quietly, "I will meet you beside the Run, and cross the marsh with you until you are within hailing distance of your lines. I will be in plain clothes, Alice," he went on slowly, "for it will not be the Commander of this force who accompanies you, but your *husband*, and, without disgracing his uniform, he will drop to your level, for the instant he passes his own lines, *in disguise*, he will become like you, a *spy*, and amenable to its penalties."

Her eyes seemed suddenly to leap up to his with that strange look of awakening and enthusiasm which he had noted before. And in its complete prepossession of all her instincts, she rose from the bed unheeding her bared arms and shoulders and loosened hair, and stood upright before him. For an instant husband and wife regarded each other as unreservedly as in their own chamber at Robles.

"When shall I go?"

He glanced through the window already growing lighter with the coming dawn. The Relief would pass in a few moments; the time seemed propitious.

"At once," he said. "I will send Rose to you."

But his wife had already passed into the closet, and was tapping upon some inner door. He heard the sound of hinges turning and the rustling of garments. She reappeared, holding the curtains of the closet together with her hand, and said—

"Go! When she comes to your office for the pass, you will know that I have gone."

He turned away.

"Stop!" she said faintly.

He turned back. Her expression had again changed. Her face was deadly pale; a strange tremor seemed to have taken possession of her. Her hands dropped from the curtain. Her beautiful arms moved slightly forward; it seemed to him that she would in the next moment have extended them towards him. But even then she said hurriedly—

"Go! Go!" and slipped again behind the curtains.

He quickly descended the stairs as the sound of trampling feet on the road and the hurried word of command announced the return of the scouting party. The officer had little report to make beyond the fact that a morning mist, creeping along the valley, prevented any further observation, and bade fair to interrupt their own communications with the camp. Everything was quiet in the West—although the enemy's lines along the ridge seemed to have receded.

Brant had listened impatiently, for a new idea had seized him. Hooker was of the party, and was the one man in whom he could partly confide, and obtain a disguise. He at once made his way to the commissary wagons—one of which he knew Hooker used as a tent. Hastily telling him that he wished to visit the pickets without recognition, he induced him to lend him his slouched hat and frock coat, leaving with him his own distinguishing tunic, hat, and sword. He resisted the belt and pistols which Hooker would have forced upon him. As he left the wagon he was amusedly conscious that his old companion was characteristically examining

the garments he had left behind with mingled admiration and envy. But he did not know, as he slipped out of the camp, that Mr. Hooker was quietly trying them on, before a broken mirror in the wagon head!

The grey light of that summer morning was already so strong that, to avoid detection, he quickly dropped into the shadow of the gulley that sloped towards the Run. The hot mist which the scouts had seen was now lying like a tranquil sea between him and the pickets of the enemy's rear-guard, which it seemed to submerge, and was clinging in moist tenuous swathes—like drawn out cotton wool—along the ridge, half obliterating its face. From the valley in the rear it was already stealing in a thin white line up the slope like the advance of a ghostly column, with a stealthiness that, in spite of himself, touched him with superstitious significance. A warm perfume, languid and treacherous—as from the swamp magnolia—seemed to rise from the half-hidden marsh. An ominous silence that appeared to be a part of this veiling of all things under the clear, opal-tinted sky above, was so little like the hush of rest and peace that he half yearned for the outburst of musketry and tumult of attack that might dispel it. All that he had ever heard or dreamed of the insidious South, with its languid subtleties of climate, and of race, seemed to encompass him here.

HE TURNED BACK.

But the next moment he saw the figure he was waiting for stealing towards him from the shadow of the galley beneath the negro quarters.

Even in that uncertain light there was no mistaking the tall figure, the gaudily striped, clinging gown and turbaned head. And then a strange revulsion of feeling quite characteristic of the emotional side of his singular temperament, overcame him. He was taking leave of his wife—the dream of his youth—perhaps for ever! It should be no parting in anger as at Robles; it should be with a tenderness that would blot out their past in their separate memories—God knows! it might even be that a parting at that moment, was a joining of them in eternity. In his momentary exaltation it even struck him that it was a *duty*, no less sacred, no less unselfish than the one to which he had devoted his life. The light was growing stronger; he could hear voices in the nearest picket line, and the sound of a cough in the invading mist. He made a hurried sign to the oncoming figure to follow him, ran ahead, and halted at last in the cover of a hack-ma-tack bush. Still gazing forward over the marsh, he stealthily held out his hand behind him as the rustling skirt came nearer. At last his hand was touched—but even at that touch he started and turned quickly.

It was not his wife, but Rose!—her mulatto double! Her face was rigid with fright, her beady eyes staring in their china sockets; her white teeth chattering. Yet she would have spoken.

"Hush!" he said, clutching her hand, in a fierce whisper. "Not a word!"

She was holding something white in her fingers; he snatched it quickly. It was a note from his wife—not in the disguised hand of her first warning, but in one that he remembered as if it were a voice from their past.

"Forgive me for disobeying you to save you from capture, disgrace, or death—which would have come to you where you were going! I have taken Rose's pass. You need not fear that your honour will suffer by it, for if I am stopped I shall confess that I took it from her. Think no more of me, Clarence, but only of *yourself*. You are in danger."

He crushed the letter in his hand.

"Tell me," he said in a fierce whisper, seizing her arm, "and speak low. When did you leave her?"

"Sho'ly just now!" gasped the frightened woman.

He flung her aside. There might be still time to

overtake and save her before she reached the picket lines. He ran up the gully, and out on to the slope towards the first guard post. But a familiar challenge reached his ear and his heart stopped beating.

"Who goes there?"

There was a pause, a rattle of arms—voices—another pause—and Brant stood breathlessly listening. Then the voice rose again slowly and clearly: "Pass the mulatto woman!"

Thank God! she was saved! But the thought had scarcely crossed his mind before it seemed to him that a blinding crackle of sparks burst out along the whole slope below the wall, a characteristic yell which he knew too well rang in his ears, and an undulating line of dusty figures came leaping like grey wolves out of the mist upon his pickets. He heard the shouts of his men falling back as they fired; the harsh commands of a few officers hurrying to their posts, and knew that he had been hopelessly surprised and surrounded!

He ran forward among his disorganised men. To his consternation no one seemed to heed him! Then the remembrance of his disguise flashed upon him. But he had only time to throw away his hat and snatch a sword from a falling lieutenant, before a scorching flash seemed to pass before his eyes and burn through his hair, and he dropped like a log, beside his subaltern.

* * * * *

An aching under the bandage around his head where a spent bullet had grazed his scalp, and the sound of impossible voices in his ears were all he knew as he struggled slowly back to consciousness again. Even then it still seemed a delusion, for he was lying on a cot in his own hospital, yet with officers of the *Division staff* around him, and the Division Commander, himself, standing by his side, and regarding him with an air of grave but not unkindly concern. But the wounded man felt instinctively that it was not the effect of his physical condition, and a sense of shame came suddenly over him, which was not dissipated by his superior's words. For, motioning the others aside, the Major-General leaned over his cot, and said—

"Until a few moments ago, the report was that you had been captured in the first rush of the rear-guard which we were rolling up for your attack, and when you were picked up, just now, in plain clothes on the slope, you were not recognised. The one thing seemed to be as improbable as the other," he added significantly.

The miserable truth flashed across Brant's mind. Hooker must have been captured in his clothes—perhaps in some extravagant sally—and had not been recognised in the confusion by his own officers. Nevertheless, he raised his eyes to his superior.

"You got my note?"

The General's brow darkened.

"Yes," he said slowly, "but finding you thus *unprepared*—I had been thinking just now that you had been deceived by that woman—or by others—and that it was a clumsy forgery." He stopped, and seeing the hopeless bewilderment in the face of the wounded man, added more kindly: "But we will not talk of that in your present condition. The Doctor says a few hours will put you straight again. Get strong—for I want you to lose no time—for your own sake—to report yourself at Washington."

"Report myself—at Washington!" repeated Brant, slowly.

"That was last night's order," said the Commander, with military curtness. Then he burst out: "I don't understand it, Brant! I believe you have been misunderstood, misrepresented, perhaps maligned—and I shall make it *my* business to see the thing through—but those are the Department orders. And for the present—I am sorry to say you are relieved of your command."

He turned away, and Brant closed his eyes. With them it seemed to him that he closed his career. No one would ever understand his explanation—even had he been tempted to give one, and he knew he never would. Everything was over now! Even this wretched bullet had not struck him fairly, and culminated his fate as it might: For an instant, he recalled his wife's last offer to fly with him beyond the seas—beyond this cruel injustice—but even as he recalled it, he knew that flight meant the worst of all—a half-confession! But *she* had escaped! Thank God for that! Again and again in his hopeless perplexity this comfort returned to him. he had saved *her*. He had done his duty. And harping upon this in his strange fatalism, it at last seemed to him that this was for what he had lived—for what he had suffered—for what he had fitly ended his career. Perhaps it was left for him now to pass his remaining years in forgotten exile—even as his father had—his father!—his breath came quickly at the thought—God knows! perhaps as wrongfully accused! It may have been a Providence that *she* had borne him no child, to whom this dreadful heritage could be again transmitted.

There was something of this strange and fateful resignation in his face, a few hours later, when he was able to be helped again into the saddle. But he could see in the eyes of the few comrades who commiseratingly took leave of him, a vague, half-repressed awe of some indefinite weakness in the *man*, that mingled with their heartfelt parting with a gallant soldier. Yet even this touched him no longer. He cast a glance at the house and the room where he had parted from *her*, at the slope from which she had passed—and rode away.

And then, as his figure disappeared down the road, the restrained commentary of wonder, surmise and criticism broke out:—

"It must have been something mighty bad, for the old man, who swears by him, looked rather troubled. And it was deuced queer, you know, this changing clothes with somebody, just before this surprise!"

"Nonsense! It's something away back of that! Didn't you hear the old man say that the orders for him to report himself came from Washington *last night?* No!"—the speaker lowered his voice—"Strangeways says that he had regularly sold himself out to one of them d—d Secesh woman spies! It's the old Marc Antony business over again!"

"Now I think of it," said a younger subaltern, "he *did* seem mightily taken with one of those quadroons or mulattoes he issued orders against. I suppose that was a blind for us! I remember the first day he saw her; he was regularly keen to know all about her."

Major Curtis gave a short laugh.

"That mulatto, Martin, was a white woman, burnt-corked! She was trying to get through the lines last night, and fell off a wall, or got a knock on the head from a sentry's carbine. When she was brought in, Doctor Simmons set to washing the blood off her face; the cork came off, and the whole thing came out. Brant hushed it up—and the woman, too—in his own quarters!

It's supposed now that she got away somehow in the rush!"

"It goes further back than that, gentlemen," said the adjutant, authoritatively. "They say his wife was a howling Secessionist, four years ago, in California, was mixed up in a conspiracy, and he had to leave on account of it. Look how thick he and that Miss Faulkner became, before he helped *her* off!"

"That's your jealousy, Tommy; she knew he was, by all odds, the biggest man here, and a good deal more, too, and *you* had no show!"

In the laugh that followed, it would seem that Brant's eulogy had been spoken and forgotten. But as Lieutenant Martin was turning away, a lingering Corporal touched his cap.

"You were speaking of those prowling mulattoes, sir. You know the General passed one out this morning."

"So I have heard."

"I reckon she didn't get very far. It was just at the time that we were driven in by their first fire, and I think she got her share of it, too. Do you mind walking this way, sir?"

The Lieutenant did not mind, although he rather languidly followed. When they had reached the top of the gully, the corporal pointed to what seemed to be a bit of striped calico hanging on a thorn bush in the ravine.

"That's her," said the Corporal. "I know the dress; I was on guard when she was passed. The searchers, who were picking up our men, haven't got to her yet; but she ain't moved or stirred these two hours. Would you like to go down and see her?"

The Lieutenant hesitated. He was young, and slightly fastidious as to unnecessary unpleasantness. He believed he would wait, until the searchers brought her up, when the corporal might call him.

The mist came up gloriously from the swamp like a golden halo. And as Clarence Brant, already forgotten, rode moodily through it, towards Washington, hugging to his heart the solitary comfort of his great sacrifice, his wife, Alice Brant, for whom he had made it, was lying in the ravine, dead and uncared for. Perhaps it was part of the inconsistency of her sex that she was pierced with the bullets of those she had loved, and was wearing the garments of the race that she had wronged.

END OF PART II.

(To be continued.)

PIERCED WITH THE BULLETS OF THOSE SHE HAD LOVED.

ADVENTURES OF A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

BY

FRED WHISHAW.

(Illustrated by J. W. Manuel.)

IT was Christmas Eve, and a most unprecedented event occurred in Alpha Street, Latimer Road. At two o'clock in the afternoon a Carter Paterson vehicle had rumbled into that unsavoury thoroughfare and stopped at the first door; here it shot out a porter who had surprised the neighbourhood by violently agitating the rusty knocker—an indignity to which that instrument had not been put for years, for the door was always open, and was so, indeed, at this moment. Nevertheless the agent of Messrs. Carter, Paterson knocked lustily, and brought around him the entire population of the street by so doing.

"Anyone of the name of Smith live here—E. Smith?" he had inquired.

It so happened that someone of that classic name did live at No. 1, Alpha Street; which fact being ascertained, the porter returned to the vehicle, selected a package from the load of similar packages composing the cargo of his van, lifted it in at the doorway, and drove off again, rumbling away down the street in a way to set the whole double row of disreputable-looking little houses trembling again.

A dozen inquisitive faces immediately bent over the package thus mysteriously deposited at No. 1. It proved to be a hamper of fair size, securely corded and labelled. The label bore the following legend:—

E. Smith (or possibly A. Smith),
1, Alpha Street (number uncertain),
Latimer Road.

which legend was deciphered and read out by a learned youth of fourteen, who—having mastered its exact signification—quickly published it to every inhabitant of the house who might not have congregated below at the carman's knock.

"Hamper," cried the boy, "hamper for E. Smith! Where's E. Smith?"

One of the spectators—an outsider no doubt—inquired of her neighbour who E. Smith was.

"Why, Ted Smith, of course," said the other, "old Ted Smith, as buys old rags."

The fortunate Ted Smith was soon found—indeed, he now appeared coming down the street wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, an action which always tells a tale of the Corner House and of Nature refreshed.

"Ted Smith—ere, look up, there's something for you, just come by the van," cried half a dozen excited voices.

"Well, all right, can't my rich relations send me a Christmas present without your tellin' all the street?" said Ted, who—for all his assumed unconcern—was mightily astonished at the news of a parcel for him.

"Rich relations be boiled!" said someone, disrespectfully; "you come and see what it's all about!"

Old Ted carried the hamper up to his own room—the chamber in which he lived and slept with his entire family of seven children, not to mention the tired woman, his wife.

"Now then, all of you, git out of this! Why carn't yer let a man enjoy the privacy of his own apartments!" Ted remarked, as he reached his room and set down the hamper in the midst. "Come, git, every one of yer!" Ted accompanied these inhospitable words with actions corresponding, and the accompanying host was forced to retire. Ted shut the door; but this did not secure for him the privacy he sought, for half-a-dozen eyes found available chinks in keyhole and panels through which they were enabled to watch subsequent events with more or less of convenience and comfort.

The old man first proceeded to cut the cords, after which he drew out of the hamper, first, a slip of paper with writing upon it, which he placed aside for future reference; next a cold roast goose; then a pound of best pork sausages; then a cold plum pudding, a cake, a pot of yellow plum jam, some apples and a bottle of currant wine. Ted shook his head over this last, but surveyed pleasantly enough the rest of the tempting collection, though oppressed with an uncomfortable conviction that there was a mistake somewhere and that the good things did not rightly belong to him, but might yet be claimed by their lawful owner. However, the label said clearly enough, "E. Smith, 1, Alpha Street," and Ted was undoubtedly known by that name and owned to the address as given. True, there was the doubt in the sender's mind, as shown in the added hint that the E. ought possibly to be an A., and that the number of the house might not be 1, but some other number. However, Ted was not the man to refuse manna if the clouds chose to rain it upon him, and he would undoubtedly have proceeded to put the good things away and collect his family from their playgrounds in the courts and alleys around in order to tell them the joyous news, when his eye fell upon the slip of paper which had lain upon the top of everything else, inside the hamper. The note contained these words:—

"For my little victim, E. Smith, as compensation for my carelessness—A. S."

Ted scratched his head. This made it clearer than ever that a mistake had taken place somewhere. For the life of him he could not recall any circumstance which would lend itself to the requirements of that label; no one had victimised him in any way—indeed, the old man did not look as though he would easily fall a victim to anybody, either careless or designing. Then a thought struck him.

"Why, of course," he said, "what a up-the-chimney ijiot I am! There's little 'Enery—it's him of course!"

Now little 'Enery was the youngest of the family of seven, and might be found in any of the gutters within a quarter of a mile of the paternal residence. Old Ted cheerfully prepared to sally forth in search of the young hopeful in order to prime that youth in his double *rôle* of late victim and present proprietor of the array of good things now set forth in appetising profusion upon the floor of the chamber.

But 'Enery saved his father the trouble of going very far afield to look for him, by showing his grimy little face among the crowd of other smeared countenances and ragged little bodies assembled at the door to scramble for the peep holes when that door was opened and sent them flying. There were "grown-ups" there, too, and no sooner was there a possibility of entering the chamber and obtaining a closer view of the riches displayed therein, than the entire crowd forced their way into the sanctum of Ted Smith, and stood around the goose and the pudding and other delights in a gaping band, speechless with admiration too deep for words. One young person, the same educated individual who had originally read the label, now fixed his attention upon the slip of paper which set forth the end and object of the gift, and having made it out privately, proceeded to read it aloud for the benefit of the rest of the community.

There was silence for a moment as the import of the document sunk into the minds of the hearers; then an untidy lady in the crowd, a lady who appeared to have neglected to "do her hair," and to fasten her dress on this occasion, raised her voice and spoke.

"'Ere, 'old on a minute," she said, "what I wants to know is, 'oo are these ere things for?"

"For—why for me, of course," said old Ted, feeling, however, that the hamper was slipping from his grasp; "leastways for us!"

"You—why you ain't a little victim, are yer?" asked the woman, and her remark received the compliment of roars of rude mirth from the appreciative crowd.

"Oh, the little victim—that's 'Enery, of course!" replied Ted as calmly as the somewhat disturbing circumstances permitted. "'Ere, 'Enery, you remember that gent as nearly run over you on the 'orse in Uxbridge Road. Well, ee's sent you a hamper."

"What gent?" asked 'Enery, removing a huge crust from his mouth to make the remark, but fixing his eyes immovably upon the cold plum pudding—a circumstance which prevented him from witnessing the expression of his father's face, an expression eloquent with unspoken suggestion.

"Why the gent as nearly rode over yer, and 'arf killed yer with fright—*you* know."

There was a note of impatience discernible in the voice of the father.

"There warn't no gent as rode over *me*," said 'Enery, gazing with all eyes at the pudding. 'Enery was too young to dissemble thus easily at a word.

"Garn, yer old liar," said the lady rudely, "'ee ain't the victim, nor you neither; this 'amper ain't for you at all! It's my belief as it's meant for the Alf Smiths at No. 8—you come along with me and ask, Ted; fair's fair—yer carn't eat them things until you've found out if they're meant for you or someone else!"

Things were unpropitious, certainly; 'Enery had proved a lame horse, the crowd looked threatening; there was nothing to be done. Ted cleared the mob from his apartment, locked the door, and followed the rest of the world towards No. 8.

Alf Smith was at home, and it was resolved to appoint a spokesman—not Ted, whose remarks might be prejudiced, it was thought—to lay before Alf the circumstances of the case. The lady whose hair has been described as still unsmoothed, did the talking.

"It's just like this 'ere," she began, "a 'amper of goose and sweet stuffs 'as been sent to E. Smith—or it may be A., the label says, at No. 1 or some other number, Alpha Street; inside is a letter saying as it's from a gent as a make-up to somebody ee's 'urt—victim's the word. It ain't you, of course, we can see that—but it might be your Edgar, or Edie either, or p'raps little Alf?"

Old Alf was taken by surprise, or perhaps he might have made a better job of it. He hesitated.

"Why," he said, thoughtfully, "there *was* summat o' that sort the other day. Little Edgar, 'ee came home complaining of something, but I don't rightly remember what."

The fact of the matter was that young Edgar had been pursued by a policeman for throwing stones at the window of an unoccupied house; he had narrowly escaped capture, and had actually received two cuffs over the head before writhing out of the grasp of the "copper." But if old Alf did not remember the details of the circumstance, there were many present who did, and someone remarked it was rather improbable that a "copper" would feel remorse under any circumstances, and that undoubtedly young Edgar had merely received the just punishment for his offences, and was in no sense a victim. The donor of the hamper was certainly not the man of law; Edgar was not the proprietor. The crowd were about to leave the Alf Smiths, when a far more doughty warrior came upon the field—none other than the strong-minded spouse of Alf, and the regulator of his establishment.

A very different person was this to her thick-witted lord, who was slow in his intellectual movements, and unable to rise to an emergency such as the present. Mrs. Smith hurtled into the apartment, scattering spectators right and left, and made for the centre of the crowd; she thought it was a quarrel, and that her husband was being abused by the lady of the unkempt locks.

"Now, then," she said, bursting in upon the privy council, "what is it—what's my man done—and what do yer all want?"

The situation was explained in a few words.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Alf; "it's my Ede. Here, Ede, come along 'ere. She was 'arf drowned the other day. That's it; all right. I was thinkin' they'd do the 'andsome by 'er. Now, then, where's this 'ere 'amper?"

"Steady on, Eliza,'" said an unbeliever; "'oo drowned 'er?"

"'ERE, 'OLD ON A MINUTE."

"'Oo drowned 'er? Why, this 'er A. S., as signed the letter, of course — Annie Sargent," added Mrs. A. Smith, with marvellous presence of mind—"'ousemaid in Royal Crescent, No. 114. Little Ede there was passin' by, doin' no 'arm, when the girl ups and empties a large pail o' slops down the front stairs as nigh took my Ede off 'er legs, and swamped her through — didn't she, Ede?"

"Ah! she did," said the small child addressed, who looked as though a pail of soapy water would be no more than a blessing in disguise in her case, at any time, and however applied; "she did—but I gave her what-for!"

This was literally true; for Miss Edith Smith favoured her mother in the readiness of her tongue, and came behind no child in Alpha Street as regards the facility with which she could turn again and abuse an enemy. On the particular occasion in point she had indeed given the erring housemaid "what-for;" she had addressed remarks to that careless young person such as her polite ears had possibly never before listened to, and which caused her to retire behind the front door as quickly as she could effect a retreat from the child's withering

sarcasms. It is probable that the housemaid had not sent the hamper.

"What did the 'ousemaid say after she swamped yer?" inquired the unkempt lady, who had appointed herself manageress of these proceedings.

"She didn't say nothin', but 'Oh, Lor!' and went inside," said Ede.

"Didn't she ask your address, nor nothing?"

"I'd 'ave addressed her pretty sharp if she had," said Ede.

The company were divided. Some felt that a case had been made out by Ede, and that the heart of the housemaid had possibly softened towards the child she had doused with her soapsuds; others thought this improbable. The mother expressed herself "sure of it"; but she did not jump at the suggestion made by someone that a deputy should be sent to inquire for "Annie Sargent." Mrs. Smith was unable to recollect how she had become acquainted with the name of the servant, but eventually stated that she had "been to complain." In the end, however, the claim was rejected, and it was decided to look up other families of Smiths in the street—there were three other such families, at least—and an adjournment was made by the crowd, with this object.

It was really astonishing how unfortunate all the E. and A. Smiths in Alpha Street had been of late. There was not one who had not received a scare or an injury of some sort during the last fortnight or so. True, none were suffering at the moment from the effects of these alarms and injuries; but all had been much upset at the time, according to their parents. Little Edwin Smith, at No. 11, for instance, had been knocked into the gutter by a passing bicycle, and had had a tooth knocked out. There was a gap in the child's mouth, sure enough, as the fond mother pointed out, and this leant colour to the tale; but then, as one neighbour stated, the cyclist had taken no notice of the accident—had not, in fact, touched the child, which had merely tripped and fallen as he passed; while another neighbour declared that the boy's mother had pulled out the tooth herself, and she (the neighbour) had seen her (the mother) perform the operation; therefore, little Edwin's claim to the hamper fell through.

HE LAY TOSSING UPON HIS BED.

On examination, all the Smiths' claims were found to be equally weak, and eventually no better solution of the problem could be found than that proposed by the lady of the locks—namely, that the Smith families should divide the good things in equal proportions among themselves. This amicable arrangement was agreed to, and after some hours devoted to the investigations of which a short sketch has been given, the assembled Smiths, escorted by a large crowd of witnesses, returned to the apartment of old Ted Smith, in order to carry out the terms of the arrangement. But now a shocking discovery was made. When the room of the last-named was unlocked and entered, there was not a trace of the good things which had erewhile offered such a fascinating spectacle, save and except the bottle of currant wine, a bag of apples, ditto of oranges, and the empty hamper itself. Now, there were plenty of keys—skeleton and otherwise—in Alpha Street which would open the lock of Mr. E. Smith's door, or any other door; therefore, it would not be fair to throw the entire weight of suspicion upon that gentleman. Moreover, when the above strange discovery was made, there was no person among the crowd of shocked and wondering people present who was more shocked and surprised than old Ted himself. At the same time, it must be remembered that during the excitement attending the examination of various candidates for the possession of that hamper, he had ample opportunities for a visit to his own apartment—a visit which might easily have been paid without attracting much attention; while Ted's facilities for concealing geese or other articles were considerable, Ted being a dealer in rags and bones, and having at his disposal sacks half filled with papers and other refuse, extremely convenient for that purpose.

If the present writer were examined as to his private opinion in this matter, he would, he fears, after carefully weighing the question in all its bearings, be obliged to own to the conviction that the E. Smiths had roast goose for dinner on Christmas Day; moreover, it is also the writer's private belief that Mrs. Alf Smith and family included a pound of best pork sausages in the *menu* of their Christmas repast; and, furthermore, that the lady of the unkempt locks became possessed of a cold plum-pudding—perhaps as "hush-money." As for the other and milder members of the Smith family, it is certain that they received no share of the spoil; having established no claim to any such share, they could not, of course, expect it. So they had nothing to complain of.

At No. 19, Alpha Street, a child, with his arm in a sling, lay tossing upon his bed—a pretty child named Eddie Brown. Poor Eddie had been run over by a bicycle on the previous day He was not very badly hurt, but had been considerably upset, in both senses of the word. His mother sat at the window watching with distaste the movements of the noisy Smiths and their friends. Poverty obliged her to live among these people, but she was not of them, and knew nothing of their affairs.

"Mother," said little Eddie, "the gentleman on the bicycle was going to send me a lovely hamper this afternoon! I wish it would come!"

And poor Eddie continued to toss upon his hot bed until the night came. But no hamper arrived. *Beati possidentes!* Such is life!

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 59. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

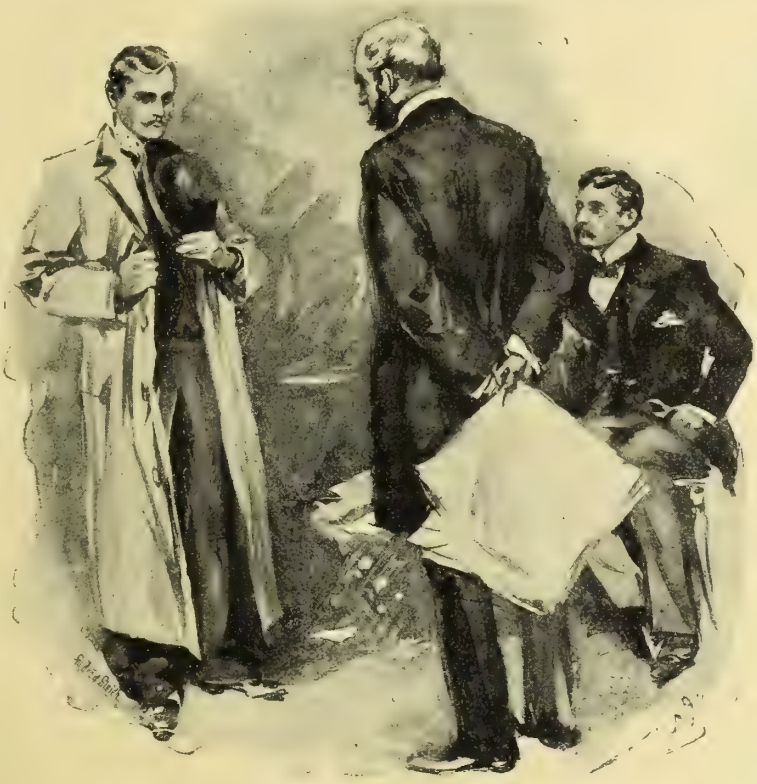
REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY
HERBERT KEEN.
Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

IV.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BILL SMITH.

IT is a far cry from the solid and sober respectability of an old-fashioned West-end firm to the squalid, dingy office of a fifth-rate practitioner in Pentonville. The old saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives is strikingly exemplified in the contrast presented between the business of a respectable solicitor and that of a struggling, out-at-elbows, impecunious Police-court attorney, who is hard put to it, each autumn, to raise the necessary fees for the renewal of his Certificate at the Law Institute. I have had personal experience of this shady side of professional life, for I once found a haven of refuge for a short time as "tout," or irregular assistant, to Mr. Packman, of Little Elliot Street, Pentonville Road.



"SHE KNOWS I WAS IN TROUBLE ONE'ST."

I am not going to speak unkindly of a man who befriended me, and, indeed, Mr. Packman was a very fair specimen of his class. It was rather his misfortune than his fault that his practice was of a dubious description. It is easy to be punctilious on points of professional etiquette and to disdain equivocal methods of defence when one's clients are respectable citizens. He was honest according to his lights, but business intercourse with the lowest class of criminals is not calculated to promote a high standard of morality.

I am not very proud of my connection with Mr. Packman, and have no desire to dwell upon that portion of my career. Fortunately it was brief, for after a few months I succeeded in obtaining a more reputable berth. I should probably have passed over the disagreeable episode in silence had it not been the means of introducing me to Mr. William Smith, to whose memory I consider that I owe the justice of revealing an unsuspected side of his character.

When the adjacent Police-court was closed and there was no professional job to be picked up by lounging about its precincts or at the bar of the public-house opposite, Mr. Packman and I used to smoke a pipe together occasionally in the little back room over the saddler's shop which served him for an office. There was no pride of station about Mr. Packman, and, for that matter, I was by birth and education more than his equal. Moreover, I was not precisely his clerk, for my engagement with him was based upon an illicit system of partnership or division of profits derived from business which I managed to introduce. Therefore, Mr. Packman never stood upon ceremony with me, and being of a feebly sociable turn of mind, was always very confidential and friendly.

We were chatting together one afternoon and bewailing the slackness of business when the door opened and Mr. William Smith revealed his existence to me for the

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first time. He was a tall, stalwart young fellow, with a massive lower jaw and a handsome face and figure. He wore a billycock hat, and his muscular neck was enveloped in a coloured silk handkerchief, the ends of which were tied in rather a jaunty bow. The rest of his attire was that of a respectable mechanic with a tendency to flashiness; but his appearance was marred by that indescribable furtiveness which marks the professional wrongdoer. His entrance was abrupt, and on beholding me he retreated a step in a very significant manner.

"It is all right, Bill," said Mr. Packman, with mingled familiarity and deference, "this gentleman is my assistant, Mr. Millicent."

"I thought you was alone," said Mr. Smith, in a somewhat husky voice, eyeing me very sulkily.

"It is just the same as if I was, Bill," said Mr. Packman, in a reassuring tone. "What is it? Business?"

"Well, I did want a word or two on business. You're right, guv'nor," replied Bill, evidently not at all reconciled to my presence.

"This is my client, Mr. William Smith," said Mr. Packman, turning to me in a manner which plainly implied that he had no particular anxiety to be left alone with him. "What is it, Bill? In trouble again?"

"No, guv'nor, 'tain't that," replied Bill, who seemed mollified by the formal introduction. "I ain't on that lay any more now."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Packman.

"No, I've turned it up, s'help me!" said Bill, with vigour. "I'm working at my trade."

Mr. Packman's lips looked as though they were about to frame the compromising question, "Which?" but before he could speak, his client proceeded—

"I'm a wheelwright, I am. That's my trade. That's what I'm working at, I am," said he, with the vehement reiteration of the uneducated.

"A wheelwright, eh?" said Mr. Packman, encouragingly.

"Yus! Got a job out Camberwell way. Been there a week. I'm gettin' on foine."

"That's right," said Mr. Packman.

"Yus! It *is* right. I tell yer straight, guv'nor, I'm agoin' to stick to it. Wot's more, I'm goin' to get spliced," added Bill, with an ingenuous blush.

"Married!" ejaculated Mr. Packman politely.

"Yus! Reg'lar married. At a church with a real parson," said Bill, with growing excitement. "The bangs is goin' off every Sunday."

"Who is the young woman?" enquired Mr. Packman.

"Hemmer, 'er name is. Hemmer Styles. Comes from up North, near Birmingham. She's got a uncle wot keeps a public 'ouse. She's a servant in a gen'elman's family," said Bill, lowering his voice.

"Oh!" remarked Mr. Packman, rather meaningly.

"I tell yer it's straight, guv'nor," cried Bill, as though repudiating some unspoken insinuation. "It ain't no fake. She's got religion, my gal has. That's why we're going to be married in a church."

"Well, that is all right, Bill," said Mr. Packman impatiently, evidently less interested than I by the young man's uncouth enthusiasm; "mustn't get into trouble any more. Does—does the young woman know?" he added, with delicate hesitation.

"She knows I was in trouble one'st," said Bill, looking shamefaced.

"Once!" repeated Mr. Packman, raising his eyebrows.

"Well, it's enough, ain't it?" cried Bill, with sudden fierceness. "There ain't no call to tell her everythink. She got that out of me along of her religion," he added in rather an awestricken voice, "and now she thinks she knows. Well, wot's the odds? It's all over now!"

"And what can I do for you, Bill?" inquired Mr. Packman, turning the conversation either from delicacy or from business motives.

"I want to buy a little place up my way; a four room 'ouse it is, with a garding. Wot's more, I'm going to furnish it in slap-up style. I promised her a 'ouse of 'er own. I've got the money; see 'ere."

As he spoke, Mr. Smith produced, from various pockets, sundry small parcels, some paper, others dirty rag tied round with string, and ranged them in front of him on the office table.

"There's nigh on three hundred quid there," he said with pride, "all in golden soverings."

"H'm!" coughed Mr. Packman, looking on doubtfully while Bill undid the parcels.

"It's an old job. Blowed over long ago. But the stuff had to be taken to Amsterdam, and I've only just got my share," said Bill, in answer to Mr. Packman's cough.

"What do you want me to do with it?" said Mr. Packman, avoiding my eye rather nervously. "These, I understand, are your savings, Bill?"

"That's right. I want you to take the money and do the law work about buying this little 'ouse. Then I want you to tie it all up, 'ouse, furniture and everythink, so as it'll be 'ers."

"Your future wife's?"

"That's it. You know what I mean, and how it's done."

"A marriage settlement," murmured Mr. Packman, with manifest astonishment.

"I don't care what it's called, so long as it's done," said Bill, thumping the table emphatically with his brawny fist. "You understand, eh, guv'nor?"

"You'll want a trustee," said Mr. Packman, beginning to recover himself.

"Trust who? I tell yer I don't want to trust nobody. It's all to be tied up for 'er," cried Bill, impatiently.

Mr. Packman explained, and his client, who seemed by no means wanting in intelligence, soon grasped the situation. But a difficulty arose owing to the fact that Mr. Smith apparently possessed no reliable friends, and he invited Mr. Packman to undertake the post. To this the lawyer demurred, probably from motives of prudence, though he had not the manliness to refuse outright; he mumbled something about one trustee being no good—that there ought to be two.

"Well, there's your mate there, guv'nor. He'll do, won't he?" inquired Bill, referring to me.

"I'm a stranger to you, Mr. Smith," I interposed, naturally taken aback.

"Never mind. I like the looks on yer. And if the guv'nor here says you're straight, that's good enough for me," said Bill, magnanimously.

"Well, Millicent; what do you say?" inquired Mr. Packman, turning to me, with a grin.

"I've no objection," I answered, carried away by some reckless impulse.

"That is all right, then," said Mr. Packman, banishing his own scruples. "What did you say the young woman's name was?" he added, taking up his pen to note down his client's instructions.

"There's mine fust," interrupted Bill, with some embarrassment.

"William Smith," said Mr. Packman, writing it down.

"'Old 'ard, guv'nor. That ain't it. William Southport, my name is," said Bill, defiantly.

"You can't be married in a false name," protested Mr. Packman.

"It ain't false. I've been down to the old place yonder, and they give me this," said Bill, producing a document from his pocket.

"You mean, at the Reformatory School?" asked Mr. Packman.

"Yus—where I was brought up. I got to be called Smith, but somehow it didn't seem right. I recollected there was another name on the books at the school. So I went down there, and they give me this," said Bill, with satisfaction.

Mr. Packman glanced at the document, and handed it silently to me. It was a copy of a certificate of baptism from a London Union, referring to a male child chris-

tened William and surnamed Southport, after the locality from which the infant was supposed to have come. The details were so meagre that it was evident that Bill's origin was shrouded in mystery. The space for the names of the father and mother was left blank.

"That's me. That was my number at the school—2,749. That's how they knew me," said Bill, cheerfully. "That's the name I go by now, and I ain't Bill Smith any more."

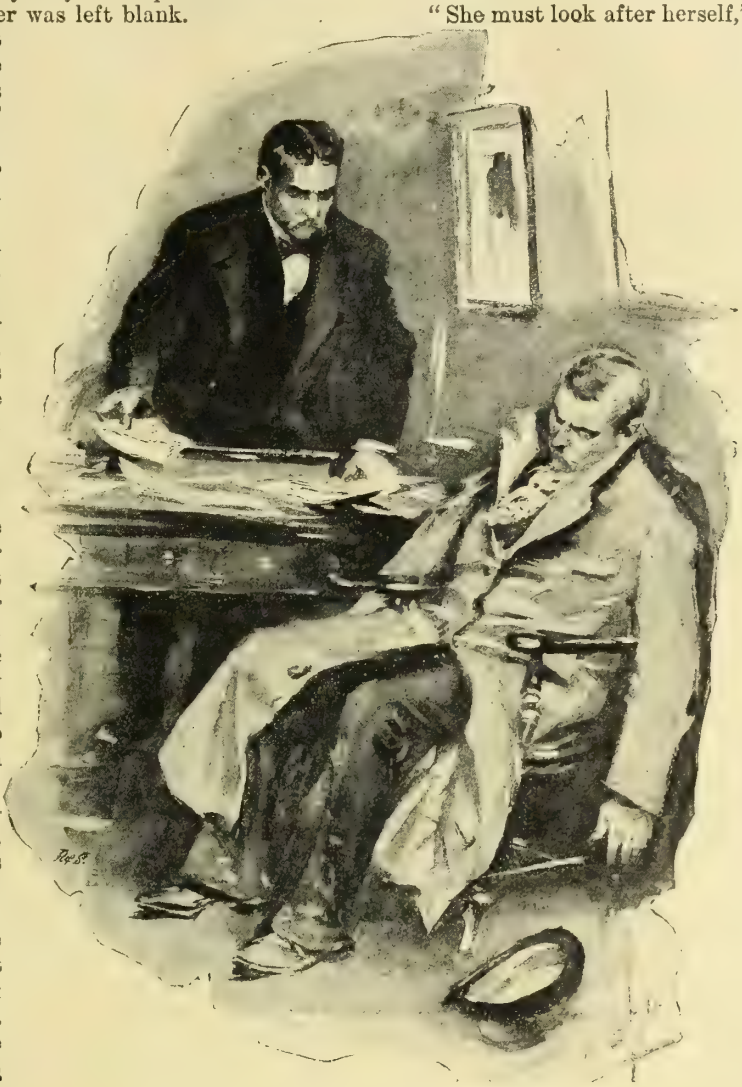
"What does she call you?" inquired Mr. Packman, facetiously.

"I'm William Southport to 'er," said Bill, with dignity. "That is my real name, and she don't know no other. No, nor never shall, s'help me!" he added, with determination.

"Well, Bill, you are quite right to turn over a new leaf, and start fair and square in your proper name," said Mr. Packman, with some feeling. "I daresay you will live to be proud of your name, and to make the young woman proud of it, too."

"You're right, guv-'nor. She's a good girl, and I mean to do what's right by 'er," said Bill, simply.

I was touched by the young man's evident sincerity, and I think Mr. Packman was also. At all events, he made no further allusion to the past, and occupied himself with the business in hand. For my part, I was pleased to behold this sturdy, good-looking young fellow displaying an honest intention to amend his ways for the sake of a girl who had evidently inspired him with a genuine passion. I hoped that she was a good girl, and the respect with which he had spoken of her piety suggested that her beneficial influence might have a permanent basis. I hoped, also, that Bill's past career, if not free from blemish, might at least have been chequered by only occasional offences, and those not of a serious character. On this point, however, I confess that I had uncomfortable misgivings, which were speedily realised.



HE FLUNG HIMSELF INTO THE NEAREST CHAIR.

When the young man had taken his departure, leaving his money behind him, after authorising Mr. Packman to carry out the purchase and to draw up the settlement, the latter turned to me, and said, nervously —

"A queer start, eh, Millicent?"

"The young man seems in earnest," I remarked, apprehensively.

"He is always in earnest. The most determined young ruffian the police have ever had to deal with," said Mr. Packman, with professional coolness.

"I gathered he has been in trouble," I said.

"He is the most daring and reckless burglar in the Metropolis," said Mr. Packman. "That is saying a good deal; but it is no more than his due. But for his extraordinary luck, which is chiefly owing to his courage and coolness, he would be in penal servitude at this minute. I got him off on an alibi last time. It was a narrow squeak, though," he added, reflectively.

"Good gracious! Think of the poor girl!" I exclaimed.

"She must look after herself," said Mr. Packman, with a shrug. "I don't see that it is any affair of mine or yours. *I* wouldn't interfere on any account."

"Why?"

"Well, I would sooner blow my brains out decently. He is capable of anything, that chap is, when he is roused," said Mr. Packman, whose chief characteristic was certainly not physical courage. "Besides, it wouldn't be fair to a client to go and tell his sweetheart all you know about him."

I suppose this argument had some weight with me, but, anyhow, I abandoned my first impulse to seek out Bill's future wife and warn her. What reconciled me to keeping silence was a conviction that the young man meant to reform for the girl's sake, and was capable, as far as force of character went, of carrying out his intentions. I saw him two or three times while Mr. Packman was conducting his business, and I saw the girl also. I could not help being favourably impressed by Bill, in spite of what I knew of his antecedents, and his love for the girl was manifestly honest and heartfelt. As for the latter, she was a little, pale-faced, delicate-looking young woman, who adored her handsome lover, and was prepared to make any sacrifice for his sake. I was relieved to find that she did not care to inquire too curiously into his past, but was absolutely convinced of his present penitence, and believed that she had thoroughly reformed him. For the rest, the match, from her point of view, was a sufficiently good one, for Bill promised to become a clever workman, and already earned good wages; while the young couple started in a cottage of their own, with their own brand-new furniture, everything being securely tied up by deed for the benefit of the bride.

Mr. Packman and I were invited to the wedding, but declined, and it took place, by Bill's wish, with the strictest privacy. For that matter neither, probably, had many available friends, for the girl was an orphan who came from the country, while Bill had laudable reasons for avoiding old associates. On the day of the marriage I remember remarking to Mr. Packman, from an uneasy sense of responsibility towards the girl, that I hoped Bill would not disappoint our sanguine expectations.

"Oh, he will be all right, if he is let alone," said Mr. Packman, carelessly.

"Do you mean that the police are likely to come down upon him?" I inquired, startled.

"The police have nothing against him, so far as I know," replied Mr. Packman. "If they had they would have nabbed him before. His employer is all right, too; he is a crony of the prison chaplain's, through whom Bill got the berth."

"What is the danger, then?" I inquired.

"Bill was a smart cracksman, and his pals appreciated his talents," said Mr. Packman, sententiously.

"It is a question, then, of the young fellow's firmness?"

"It comes to that, I suppose," replied Mr. Packman, rather doubtfully.

Not being so well acquainted with the habits and idiosyncrasies of the criminal classes as Mr. Packman was, I failed to appreciate the significance of this warning note, and relying upon my own opinion of the young man's temperament, I was inclined to regard his future with hopefulness. Nor did anything happen for the first few months to arouse my apprehensions; on the contrary, Bill appeared to be settling down into sober respectability. He brought his young wife up to see us one day, and both seemed happy and contented. Bill retained his situation, and had already obtained an increase of wages, while his love and admiration for his bride continued unabated. His manner was very much improved and subdued, and his wife dropped hints that Bill was taking kindly to religion. Bill, it is true, was a little shamefaced on the subject, which made me doubt his sincerity; but, at least, it was a sign of grace in him that, even after two months of married life, he evidently still regarded his wife as a model of piety and goodness.

Mr. Packman annoyed me a good deal by his cynical incredulity of these favourable appearances. The innate vulgarity of the man betrayed itself in his insensibility to the poetic side of this humble romance. The spectacle of a gross, ignorant nature being uplifted by the divine element of love did not appeal to him at all. His estimate of human virtue was by no means high, and he regarded Bill's good intentions with scoffing mistrust. And the worst of it was that Mr. Packman turned out to be right, or at least partly.

One afternoon, about three months later, I was sitting alone in Mr. Packman's office, when the door opened and Bill Smith entered abruptly. He turned the key in the lock and flung himself, panting and exhausted, into the nearest chair. I sprang to my feet, quite horrified and startled by the change in him. His clothes were torn and mud-stained; his face, deadly pale, was disfigured by a three days' beard; and his whole aspect was suggestive of a fierce animal kind of desperation.

"Good God, Bill!" I exclaimed. "What has happened?"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, starting up and listening rigidly.

There was a footstep on the stair, but it passed on to the floor above. Bill gave a gasp of relief.

"They've seen me! It's a safe cop," he muttered.

"Who? The police?"

"Yus. I came to give myself up, but I wanted a word with the guv'nor fust. As he's out, you'll do," he said, controlling himself, and speaking rapidly.

"What is it?" I inquired apprehensively.

"God knows! a lifer anyway. Listen here now."

He proceeded to tell me that he had been concerned in a recent burglary, that a "pal" had denounced him; that the police were on his track; that his wife, who suspected nothing, was on her way to join him, as she supposed, at Liverpool.

"And look 'ere, mate, she must never know, whatever happens," he cried emphatically.

"How can she help knowing?" I inquired.

"I'm Bill Smith, d'ye see? That's the name that'll appear in the charge sheet and in the p'lice reports. She won't know it's me."

"Perhaps you won't get caught," I suggested impulsively—in my horror and distress.

"I've thought of everything. Better to give myself up and get it over quiet than be took from her side. It would have been bound to come. Not a chance of giving 'em leg-bail, for I'm known—and it's murder!"

"Murder!" I gasped.

"Yus. I didn't mean it, but I fired the pistol. We was disturbed, and if I'd been took she'd have known. I was bound to get clear away somehow. But s'help me, I didn't aim! But that won't matter. I'm done for, and a good thing too."

"What do you want me to do?" I inquired tremulously.

"I'd arranged to take her abroad. When my pals found me out I saw I couldn't stay. I wanted money and I was desperate. I agreed to go into this job to prevent them from splitting and to raise funds."

"I understand," I murmured, remembering Mr. Packman's prediction.

"Knowing I should have to keep out of the way after it, I told her I was going to Liverpool to see about our passages. After the—the job, I started and got there. Then I saw by the papers the man was dead. I telegraphed to her to join me there. She's there by now, and—and I'm here," said the murderer with a great sob.

"You didn't see her then?"

"I didn't wait. See here, mate; that's what I come here for. She must think I died up yonder. You must arrange that. For God's sake, promise me you will! It'll be better for her and the little 'un that's coming that she should believe I'm dead. You can sell the 'ouse and the furniture. Give 'er the money, and send her to British Columbia, to her brother—where we was thinking of goin'."

"But if you get off?" I exclaimed, carried away by the young man's pathetic appeal.

"I shan't get off. It's a lifer at least; more likely the rope. But even if I got off, she'd know. I mustn't never see 'er again. I didn't ought to have dragged 'er down. She was too good for me. My God! but it's 'ard! It's 'ard! I'd shoot myself 'ere, with this revolver, if—if I could do it without her knowing. But she mustn't know—promise me she shan't never know."

"She shan't know if I can help it," I replied, deeply moved by the unhappy man's emotion.

"God bless you, mate! I'll die easier if you promise me that. Here's her address. I told her I might be gone a day or two when she arrived, on a loading job, but she was to wait."

"Why did you send for her?" I inquired, as I took the slip of paper.

"The p'lice might have come to our place, and she might have found out from them. I wanted to get her away from London. Will you go to her, mate? They won't follow her if—if I give myself up at one'st. Here's a couple o' thick 'uns to pay for your ticket. They're honest, s'help me!"

He laid two sovereigns on the desk as he spoke, and rose slowly from his seat. His strong features worked convulsively, but his expression was fiercely determined. I am an emotional creature, I suppose, for the sight of him and the thought of his terrible fate and his touching anxiety for his young wife, seemed to have got upon my nerves. I forgot his crime and his wickedness, and was conscious only of the tortured man before me. I gave an hysterical sob and held out my hand.

"God help you, Bill," I murmured.

"Never mind me, mate," said Bill, moving to the door and refraining, with the delicacy which was perhaps born with prison discipline, from touching my hand. "I'm done for, and a good job too. But God help her! And bless you, mate, again for your promise."

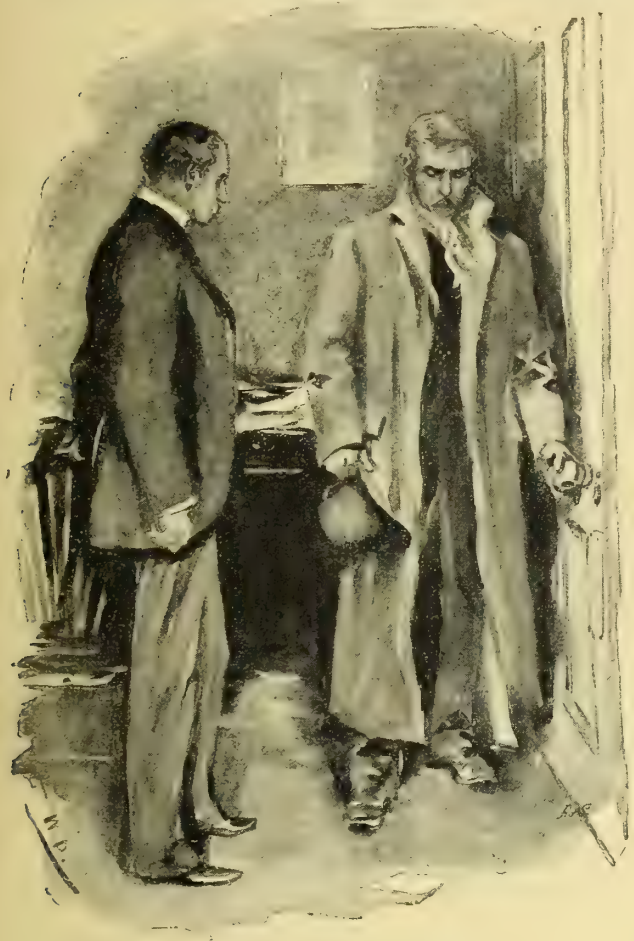
"I'll keep it. She shall never know," I murmured, quite overcome.

"Then I'll die happy!" he said more calmly. "If you can manage it somehow natural, let her have this, mate—from Bill Southport, her old man."

I hardly noticed that he drew from his thick finger a tawdry gold signet ring which he wore there, and laid

it gently in front of me. When I looked up and saw it there, he was gone.

Five minutes later, while I still sat dazed and agitated, Mr. Packman came bustling in full of the news that Bill had walked into the Police-station up the street and had coolly surrendered himself to the authorities in connection with a recent burglary and shooting at Highgate.



"SHE SHALL NEVER KNOW."

I had not seen the case in the papers, but Mr. Packman had, and knew all about it.

"I told you how it would end. Those chaps never reform. How about your beautiful theories, Millicent?" he said jestingly.

"He has learnt how to sacrifice himself," I exclaimed.

"He has shot a man," said Mr. Packman, staring at me.

"He has seen God!" I murmured.

* * * *

Bill Smith was hanged and made what the newspaper reporters described as "an edifying end." That is to say, he confessed his crime, expressed penitence and contrition, attended reverently to the ministrations of the prison chaplain, and met his death with courage and cheerfulness. This was because he had been informed that I had contrived that his wife should never know.

I went down to Liverpool greatly exercised in my mind as to how I should discharge my task. I discovered Mrs. Southport as though by accident, and feigning business in the town I hired a room in the house in which she was lodging. The poor young woman was not alarmed at her husband's absence in consequence of his thoughtful message, and waited for him patiently. She had no suspicion of the truth, and fortunately she was not a newspaper reader. Even if she had been, there was nothing in the reports of Bill's trial to suggest the identity of the prisoner.

While I was endeavouring to devise some plausible story, I heard a rumour at the docks of a sad event which had recently happened. An outward bound ship being pressed for time, had taken with her some labouring hands to complete the stowage of her cargo. These men were sent back, when their work was finished, by a pilot boat, but they arrived minus one of their number. The poor fellow had fallen overboard and had been drowned. He was one of those human waifs and strays who pick up a precarious livelihood in the docks of large seaports; nobody knew anything about him or even his name; but by a coincidence he was called "Bill."

By that time I had heard from Mr. Packman that his unfortunate client's fate was sealed, and that the death sentence was a foregone conclusion. I therefore carried to poor Mrs. Southport the news I had learnt at the docks, and I gave her Bill's ring, saying that it had been found upon the finger of the unknown dead. I added details on my own account which seemed to prove beyond question that Bill Southport had lost his life upon the loading job, and lay buried fathoms deep beneath the sea.

The poor woman was too much overwhelmed and stricken with grief to notice any discrepancies in my story; she mourned for her husband sincerely and passionately; spoke touchingly of his goodness, and of her undying respect for his memory, and donned widow's weeds. When, yielding to my urgent advice, she shortly sailed straight away from Liverpool to join her brother in the far West, she was a widow indeed, and she carried Bill's portrait next her heart.

INTELLECTUAL TURBIDITY IN CHINA.

Nothing is more common in conversation with an uneducated Chinese than to experience difficulty in ascertaining what he is talking about. At times his remarks appear to consist exclusively of predicates, which are woven together in an intricate manner, the whole mass seeming, like Mohammed's coffin, to hang in the air, attached to nothing whatever. To the mind of the speaker, the omission of a nominative is a point of no consequence. He knows what he is talking about, and it never occurs to him that this somewhat important item of information is not conveyed to the mind of his auditor by any kind of intuition. It is remarkable what expert guessers long practice has made most Chinese, in reading a meaning into words which do not convey it, by the simple practice of supplying subjects or predicates as they happen to be lacking. It is often the most important word in the whole sentence which is suppressed, the clew to which may be entirely unknown. There is very frequently nothing in the form of the sentences, the manner of the speaker, his tone of voice, nor in any concomitant circumstance, to indicate that the subject has changed, and yet one suddenly discovers that the speaker is not now speaking of himself as he was a moment ago, but of his grandfather, who lived in the days of Tao Kuang. How the speaker got there and also how he got back again, often remains an insoluble mystery, but we see the feat accomplished every day. To a Chinese there is nothing more remarkable in a sudden, invisible leap, without previous notice, from one topic, one person, one century to another, than in the ability of a man who is watching an insect on the window-pane to observe at the same time and without in the least deflecting his eyes, a herd of cattle situated in the same line of vision on a distant hill.

Chinese Characteristics. By A. H. Smith. (*Fleming H. Revell Co.*)

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new story, "THE RED COCKADE," a Story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in the New Year's Number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY."

CHRISTMAS DAY DIALOGUES.

BY
VIOLET HUNT.
Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

Edwin (*to Angelina*). I wish you would try to walk properly. Look! my trousers are all splashed with mud on the side next you.

Angelina (*crossly*). I can't help it, Edwin. I didn't want to come out.

Edwin. Anything's better than sitting at home listening to your father snoring, and your mother turning pages, and your little brother cracking nuts. What *are* you stopping for?

Angelina. Please, Edwin, would you mind holding my umbrella while I find my pocket?

Edwin. What for?

Angelina. To find my purse to find a sixpence to give the crossing-sweeper.

Edwin. What for?

Angelina. It's Christmas Day, you heathen. . . . Come down this turning. There's a bonnet-shop I always have a look at. Oh, I forgot! it will be shut How hateful!

Edwin. Cannot you do without shopping for one day?

Angelina. Three days! Sunday, Monday, Tuesday! If it wasn't for the January sales after, one would go mad. Here we are at Aunt Caroline's. Now, if you love me, Edwin, do be polite, and ask after her influenza, and remember what she says her symptoms are, and don't be slangy. . . . You know how important it is. If you and I are ever to get married——

"WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING MY UMBRELLA?"

Edwin. Yes, dear, I know. Only you must promise not to stay more than a quarter of an hour!

Angelina (*ringing Aunt Caroline's bell*). Only a quarter of an hour! A Christmas visit! Think, Edwin!

Edwin. Blow Christmas! I always thought it was a holiday!

* * * * *

Betsey Jane (*to Mary Ann*). So she says to me

"THERE AIN'T NOWHERE TO GO."

"Y'aint eddicated enough for me," and I turns round sharp to 'er, and I says, "Oh, but I are!" and the long and the short of it was I got the place.

Mary Ann. But I suppose as you don't mean to go on with it?

Betsey Jane. Lor, no! not a bit wot I've been used to! I've always been where there's been a man kept! I'll just stop long enough for the old girl to give me a character and then——

Mary Ann. What sort of a Christmas do they keep at *your* place now?

Betsey Jane. Very mean . . . Look 'ere, she gave me this comforter . . . not my style at all. I thought for to give it to little Billy. . . . Well, my good gurl, where are you takin' us? We ain't ripe for the river yet, please God!

Mary Ann (*piteously*). There ain't nowhere to go. One ugly street is just like another. There ain't no shops open neither. I'd as soon be at home, and I do believe its coming on to rain.

Betsey Jane. Well, then, we may as well go to church, and do the religious.

Mary Ann. Sooner than spoil my bonnet. Come on.

* * * * *

Algy. Have *your* people got a beastly family gathering to-night they want you to stay in for?

Regy. Yes, I wanted to get out of it, but they insisted.

Algy. So did mine. Infernal nuisance!

Regy. Deuced plague! Had to do it, though. An aunt with expectations.

Algy. An uncle with lots of tin.

Regy. Even then it's hardly worth it. All the old maids of the family, and all the new babies—Christmas tree—sticky children—got to kiss them—and jump them—kind Uncle Regy—don't you know the sort of thing?

Algy. Stale jokes—speeches—too much to eat—horrid noise of crackers going off—and so on.

Regy. They wouldn't even ask Russell Square relations—too vulgar! But the girls are fun.

Algy. I got mine to ask the Mays from Clapham to amuse *me*. And now the pretty one isn't coming.

Regy. Cut it, old man, and come to me.

"I WANTED TO GET OUT OF IT."

Algy. Well, I'll see if I can sneak away. Hang it all, Christmas is meant to be a time of rejoicing.

* * * * *

Alphonse (*to Auguste*). Tiens, mon vieux!

Auguste. Tiens, mon bon!

Alphonse. Merree Crismasse!

Auguste. Vous m'embêtez avec votre Merree Crismasse!

"MERREE CRISMASSE!"

Alphonse. Allons, voyons! Tachez donc de vous amuser un peu.

Auguste. Pas moyen, à Londres.

Alphonse. C'est vrai. Triste ville!

Auguste. Sâle pays, va!

* * * * *

Mrs. Gummidge (*to her husband*). Take the baby a bit, Tom, my arm's nearly broke orf.

Tom. But 'eres little Joe won't leave 'old of my 'and.

Mrs. Gummidge. Come 'ere to your mother, Joe, while I blows yer little nose for ye. There! There—what a smarty you are, in your red plush and reel lace.

Tom. Lucky it's a fine day, M'ria, ain't it?

Mrs. Gummidge. Didn't I just go 'oping and praying it might be fine all last night?

Tom (*grimly*). Couldn't ye 'a prayed for something more important when you were about it? There's the rent——

Mrs. Gummidge. Oh, Tom, d'ye think he'll take less?

Tom. I dunno. Christmas may melt 'is flinty 'art, p'raps. Don't speak of it to-day. Ain't the 'oardings fine! There's a new one I ain't seen before.

Mrs. Gummidge. Poor Man's Picture Gallery, I calls it. It's all *I* ever see.

Tom. Yes, they shuts every blooming place on Christmas Day for the good of our souls.

"TAKE THE BABY A BIT, TOM."

Mrs. Gummidge. It's a good thing if they'd shut some places (*glancing at a public-house*).

Tom (*glancing too*). Look here, missus; I'm that dry——

Mrs. Gummidge (*hastening the pace a little*). Oh, deary a me! There's a stone got in my shoe. They're a bad old pair, and Joe do pull so. Seems as if it wan't for the honour and glory of the thing, I'd rather be indoors——

Tom (*doubtfully*). Is there anything for tea?

Mrs. Gummidge. You just come along, and see what you'll see. D'ye think ye can manage baby till there?

Tom (*gallantly*). Go on, missus. I'm with yer, and it's beginning for to rain, too.

* * * * *

The Modern Mother. Ethel, my dear, how dreadfully red your nose is!

The Revolting Daughter. Can't help it, mamma. I didn't want to come out this beastly day. It's the cold that does it.

The Modern Mother. I am sure it is not the cold. (*Significantly*) It is——

"DO LET ME ALONE."

The Revolting Daughter. It is not.

The Modern Mother. I am sure it is.

The Revolting Daughter. Well, then, you're quite wrong, for I haven't got them on at all—there!

The Modern Mother. You'll catch cold, to a certainty! Oh, dear——

The Revolting Daughter. Nonsense, mother! Do let me alone.

(*A silence.*)

The Modern Mother. Say something, Ethel.

The Revolting Daughter. What's the good? You jump on me every time I speak.

The Modern Mother. Jump on you! What an expression!

The Revolting Daughter. Everybody says it.

The Modern Mother. Ethel, I cannot allow you to be so intimate with those young men next door. It is from them you learn——

The Revolting Daughter. It isn't, and I mean to go on knowing who I like. There are the bells! Nothing but bells on Christmas Day! It's sickening! Can't we go in? Haven't we had enough of this hateful constitutional?

The Modern Mother (*sententiously*). Christmas bells. . . .

The Revolting Daughter (*sneering*). They say peace on earth and goodwill to men, don't they? You give me no peace on earth and you abuse my friends. Let's go in.

* * * * *

Sandford (*to young Merton*). I say, Tommy, how many mince pies did you do?

Merton. Three and a half.

Sandford. I was an idiot. I began with plum-pudding; choked me off rather——

Merton. I don't think *our* cook makes good ones. I had five helps, so I ought to know.

Sandford. Where shall we go? Old Barlow said we might go where we liked.

Merton. What's the good of that? There's nowhere to go.

Sandford. And ma gave me ten shillings to spend.

Merton. What's the good of that? Nowhere to spend it.

Sandford. Beastly dull. It's not even snowing, so that we could put snow into the letter boxes.

Merton. We could runaway ring.

Sandford. I'm sick of that. Takes such a lot of running. Let's go in here—"Straight talk to young men."

Merton. They'd never let *us* in!

Sandford. What rot! It's *said* to us. And then we can go and set up Tom Martin's kind of booby trap—you know—against Mr. Barlow comes to bed to-night. I've got . . . and a . . . . (*whispers*).

"LET'S GO IN HERE."

Merton. Oh, what larks! I do believe we shall have some fun this Christmas after all!

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

A French medical journal is responsible for the statement that a certain Boston millionaire, named Coates, has attained to the age of eighty-three years without ever having taken medicine of any sort or description. It was his hobby to consult numerous physicians, and to have the various prescriptions ordered by them made up; but, instead of swallowing the drugs, he used to stow them away carefully in large presses. According to an enumeration lately made, this unbelieving patient is now in possession of 1,900 bottles and flasks, 1,370 packages of powders, and 870 pill boxes, all full.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S NEW STORY, "THE RED COCKADE." A Story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in the New Year's Number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY."

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I SEE as someone 'as bin a-lettin' of 'isself art in the pipers on the subjic of the pawcels and boxes whort gits tiken inter 'busses, and, in course, 'e goes fur the corndducter. Ho yus, that's the yushal thing, thet is, we're on the 'bus ter be cussed at and reported; that's wort we're pide for, I surpose. Why cawn't them clawsy gents as is so bloomin' particler leave the 'busses alone? A 'bus is a 'bus; it ain't a merrown-lined privit broom, 'ighly scented with hoderkerlone, and no amarnt of jaw will mike it such. This 'ere 'igh-toned gent as wrote ter the pipers complined because 'e barked 'is shins aginst a box in gettin' inter a 'bus, an' because a woman inside was kerryin' of a sheep's 'ead as were a little orf. Well, whort's 'e egspeck? Bawskits o' flars tied up with velvet-plush ribbings? This 'ere's a practicil world, an' there's a 'eap of people in it as is a sight too pore ter be ible ter spend anythink on style. They 'as to kerry pline boxes, an' they buys their butcher's meat at the shorp an' tike it 'ome theirselves, an' they cawn't afford kebs. Theer's the long an' the short on it. Mind yer, I won't 'ave nothink brought on my 'bus as would damidge the 'bus, nor nothink as 'as a smell that's audible, so ter speak, nor wouldn't no other cornducter as I knows on. 'Arrever, awxidents will 'appen nar and then. Then some silly juggins goes off a-writin' ter the pipers, jest as if whert were really a awxident were the reg'ler thing; or, else 'e reports the cornducter, an' likely gits a pore man inter trouble withart doin' 'isself no good. Then theer's another pint—if we was alwise refoosin' tu tike pawcels on the 'bus, them as brought the pawcels would slang us; we might slang back agin, an' then o' course we shud be reported agin fer insevvility. Yes, as long as the bloomin' public kin report us, it's 'appy. Ho, it's disgustin'!

* * * *

'Ankin, I regrets ter sye, is in the wust o' tempers; it's Chrismus as 'e cawn't stend. Yer see, Chrismus is sorter old-esteblished, and 'Ankin never could stend nothink as were old-esteblished. Then lawst Chrismus 'e 'ad ter go to church, because his ole missus would tike him. They'd bin a deckeritin' the church, and 'Ankin set dorn on a bit o' 'olly and 'urt 'isself, and that put 'im aginst Chrismus terreble—wus than ever. 'E's perticler 'ot aginst Chrismus-boxes. "In the fust place," 'e says, "wheer the emplyed gits Chrismus-boxes the emplyers knocks a bit off the screw to allar fer it. The folks as give 'em don't give 'em ter the emplyed at all; as a matter of fac, they gives 'em ter the emplyers, which is yooseless. And if they did give 'em ter the emplyed it 'ud be bloomin' pauperism. Whort we wornts is feer pye fur ar wuk, and no bloomin' charity." Well, thur mye be sutthink in whort 'e syes or theer mye not; it don't trouble me, becus nobody never gives me nutthink. All I knows is that it were misfortshnit that jest as 'Ankin were a-'oldin' forth, in came ole Ike, as were tryin' ter git up a raffle fur a tukkey, an' wanted 'Ankin ter put in fur it. It were very misfortshnit. 'Ankin says, "An' whort do I wornt with any bloomin' tukkey?" "Bein' Chrismus," says Ike. "Ho!" says 'Ankin, "egsackly. It's Chrismus, ain't it? Bloomin' fine Chrismus, too, ain't it?" Well, yer knaw, and then 'e told Ike thet 'e could tike thet tukkey to a suttun plice, and Ike didn't 'arf like it. So they set to a slangin' of each other, till the wunner is we didn't have the coppers in. I took 'Ankin awye. It's a pity, tew, thet 'e 'as thet sort of 'ot temper. One of these dyes—and you mawk my words—'e'll get 'isself inter trouble along of it. Fortshnitly theer is only a foo subjics as reg'larly gits 'is dander up, and they is mostly perlitical. There ain't a thing in the 'ole of pollertics as could mike me turn a 'air, and I'm thenkful fur it. And I ain't gort nutthink against Chrismus, either. So, 'ere's wishin' hev'rybody the complimunts of the seasing.

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TWO NEW CROCKETTS.*

The popularity of "The Lilac Sunbonnet" will never stale. We all of us in our heart of hearts have a weakness for a genuine love-story, and "The Lilac Sunbonnet" is just a love-story. From beginning to end two people hold the stage for the reader, as they might in a Greek play. Cleverly as they are drawn, Ralph's father and the other minister of the Marrow Kirk, to which ministry Ralph has been consecrated by the subscriptions of the faithful for his education; Winifred's grandparents, their women servants and their droll farming men, are only bye players, whose intrusion on the privacy of the lovers you rather resent, necessary as they are to supply the book with its plot. The plot is certainly novel, but in a book like this you feel as if you did not want a plot; it is sufficient to enjoy the delightful love-making, the Arcadian setting of the story; you can read almost any page, at which you open the book, by itself. Mr. Crockett is in his favourite Galloway, and his descriptions of Galloway are always prose poems, instinct with open-air freshness—with morning freshness—full of happily-chosen, sonorous, eloquent phrases. Of wild country, of the young of both sexes he writes with such contagious enthusiasm that one could forgive the touch of pedantry or lack of a man of the world's sense of humour which some critics lay to his charge. The heroine is original, one of the most charming in Scottish fiction, young, beautiful, full of the pride of life, with as much archness and *savoir faire* as if she had been bred in the society of a great city. And all the time she is the real farmer of Craig Ronald, with her common sense and knowledge of things agricultural and instinct for management.

Ralph Peden, the hero, is a divinity student who has lived in James Court, an old-world Edinburgh close, with his father, one of the two ministers of a curious little sect called the Marrow Kirk, who imagine themselves the only rightly guided believers. His father had thought him without human feelings when he sent him to finish his training with his old friend the other minister of that tiny sect. Once in Galloway, in some admirable "situations," the young man is thrown in the way of the bewitching heroine, Winifred or Winsome Charteris, the grand-daughter of a neighbouring farmer of the degree known in Scotland as a "bonnet laird." For a time all is smooth sailing. Winsome, the belle of the district, is so accustomed to men falling in love with her that she is not startled by Ralph's precipitateness, and her grandparents are attached to Ralph because his father was the man whom they wished to marry her beautiful young mother. The first *contretemps* comes from the half gipsy servant Jess, who covets Ralph for herself and makes Winsome furious by contriving to be found in a semi-compromising position with him. Not content with this, she almost succeeds in sacrificing Winsome to dishonour at the hands of a wild young laird by intercepting and altering the destination of a letter from the girl to her lover—while she lures that lover by a forged letter to meet herself. Winsome is only saved by the village natural, who has followed her like a dog, and fastened in dog-fashion on the laird's throat, and held fast. When these obstacles have been triumphed over, larger and graver obstacles supervene. Winsome will not think of marriage with him, because she has gleaned from her grandparents just enough to know that marriage with her entails disgrace in some mysterious way. But Allan Welsh, minister of the exclusively righteous Marrow Kirk, is more explicit when he finds how far matters have gone. Winsome Charteris proves to be Winifred Charteris Welsh, his daughter born out of wedlock, for her mother, on the eve of marriage with Ralph's father, had run away and lived with him in Cumberland for six years in no more hallowed union than a Gretna Green marriage. He tells the young man that, having been bred up for the ministry of the Marrow Kirk, with his education paid for by the pence of the poor people who form that community, he cannot marry a woman with the slur of illegitimacy. Ralph refuses to give up Winsome, and is turned out of the Manse, and out of his father's Manse also when he returns to Edinburgh and refuses to explain the cause of his expulsion. In the interval Winsome has yielded, and promised to marry him when he is able to come back for her. How much he has told her of the knowledge he has gained from her father is wisely left to the reader's imagination. Fortunately for Ralph, he is, when denied his father's house, received with open arms by his uncle, a dry-as-dust old professor, whose daughters were the only women he had known before Winsome, and one of whom he had almost been expected to marry.

The story ends happily. Winsome's grandfather, the bonnet laird of Craig Ronald, who had lived in a sort of paralysis ever since his daughter's disgrace, when his grand-daughter's happiness was assured, forgave his daughter's betrayer, and died, leaving his property to Winsome, subject to certain conditions. And Ralph, who had in the interval become a successful author—a poet, by the way—found the place which his wife farmed an ideal place for work. The book winds up with a charming chapter of their post-connubial happiness.

I have no space to more than barely mention the brilliant bits of courtship among the Galloway rustics, the opening idyll of Ralph coming upon Winsome at her blanket washing, a modern Nausicaa described with Homeric breeziness and grace, the spirited description of her trout-tickling expedition with Andra, or the very powerfully drawn scene in which the two ministers of the Marrow Kirk hold a synod, and depose each other. But I can safely prophesy a permanent place in fiction for a pure love-story with such an ingenious plot, and full of such exquisite pieces of writing.

* * * * *

Nowhere is Mr. Crockett's delightful poetical style shown to greater advantage than in the opening of "The Play Actress," the latest volume in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's Autonym Series. The Galloway parts of the book are full of touches of Mr. Crockett's eloquence, his deep religious feeling, his sympathy and familiarity with Nature, but I cannot give the story, for I have devoted all my space to that Galloway love-poem, "The Lilac Sunbonnet." But I must pause one minute to ask the secret of Mr. Crockett's amazing hold on the world of readers? More than his gift of poetry (half his prose is poetry); more than his intimate knowledge of Galloway and its folk; more than the industry with which he collects his data of history and customs and the ability with which he welds them into his stories, does it consist in his moral courage—he writes what he likes, not caring in the least what the superior person will say. The public is hardly less anxious to see the author, as he really is, in what he writes himself, than in the interviews which give the most minute details of his life. Mr. Crockett writes his books, as great books should be written, for himself, and only publishes them for his readers. D. S.

* "The Lilac Sunbonnet," by the Rev. S. R. Crockett. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
"The Play Actress," by the Rev. S. R. Crockett. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

All my patrons are delighted with the new Acme Library. In appearance it comes first, and all its rivals are nowhere. Except in expensive *editions de luxe*, no more delightfully got up little book can be imagined than "The Parasite,"[1] with its large black artistic type, its lovely title page, and binding of the new vertical-ribbed cloth in exactly the right shade of blue, with a *recherché* little gold ornament on it. It is a simply beautiful

book. The contents are worthy of leading off such a series. It has not a pleasant subject, dealing as it does with the brilliant professor whose domestic life and professional career came within an ace of being ruined by the parasite soul projected into him by a mesmerist, to whose power he has voluntarily submitted in order to be able to write a scientific account of the phenomena. But the story ends happily and it is admirably told—indeed, one is at a loss which to wonder at most, the striking felicity of the literary style or the brilliant conversion to popular use of scientific knowledge. It will add to Mr. Doyle's laurels by its unforgetable horrors; after reading it I would never let anyone belonging to me submit to a mesmerist.

* * * *

From the time that I first opened "Comin' through the Rye," I have always regarded Miss Helen Mathers as one of the womanliest of our writers, and she is a womanly woman, too, womanly enough to find pleasure in what most of her sex find an unmitigated bore—darning stockings. Mrs. Reeves—which has been her name for nearly twenty years—is a frequent customer of mine, and a noticeable one, with her beautiful auburn hair.

* * * *

I don't generally stock medical books, but Miss Ethel Lamport's "Medical Nursing,"[2] prepared from notes by the late James Anderson, M.D., a book of brief plain instructions what to do in case of illness, is so useful in every house, that I stock it and do well with it.

* * * *

Two of the leading literary papers have referred to Alan St. Aubyn, whose "Tragic Honeymoon," in two vols. has recently been brought out, as Mr. St. Aubyn. Alan St. Aubyn is one of my customers, and she is not a gentleman, but the middle-aged wife of a Cambridge Don.

* * * *

I hardly look at the Christmas magazines I stock now, they are getting too like the music halls; as you may go to two or three music halls, and find the same leading performers doing a turn at each, so you will find J. M. Barrie, Mr. Anthony Hope, and one or two other first favourites doing a turn in almost every Christmas number.

* * * *

Can it be only a year ago that Mr. Hawkins—a young barrister who had fought a first rate uphill fight as Gladstonian candidate for a Buckinghamshire division—said in my shop to someone who was congratulating him on his literary successes, that he wrote as Anthony Hope, because he was afraid it might damage his prospects at the Bar if it got about that he was a scribbler? His prospects of the Woolsack cannot trouble him much now; he occupies a much more important position than the new Q.C.'s do, and he has attained it by sheer merit.

* * * *

Mr. Percy Hemingway's "Out of Egypt"[3] is sure to be very popular among my subscribers, even if being by a new man and coming from a publisher not hitherto much identified with fiction, it does not command the sale it ought to. "Gregorio," which takes up most of it, is a particularly clever story, handling a theme which otherwise could hardly be hinted at, with the delicacy and discretion of Mr. Thomas Hardy. It is full of bright local colour from the life led by the foreign scum in Egypt. The author, whose name is not Hemingway, but Addleshaw, is a customer of mine, one of the very able men who are allowed to sign their reviews in the *Academy*, and he was President of the Union at Oxford.

* * * *

My old patron, Mrs. Alfred Hunt, whose "A Black Squire"[4] has lately been issued by Chapman and Hall, is wife of the well-known landscape painter, and mother of Miss Violet Hunt, whose "A Maiden's Progress" I mentioned last week. Everyone knows her also as the favourite serial writer in *Longman's Magazine*, and a novelist of established repute. The story hangs upon the old themes of social mistakes and county society; but it is written with such a sure and delicate touch, and moves so briskly, that one does not demand novelty—and the book has the novelty of leading out of a marriage instead of into one.

* * * *

A book that I am trying to do all I can for is "Bibliotheca Staffordiensis,"[5] by Rupert Simms. It contains a bibliographical account of books and other printed and manuscript matter, relating to, printed or published in, or written by a native, resident, or person deriving title from any portion of, the county of Stafford. The story of the author's life is singularly pathetic.

* * * *

When he was only nine years old he lost both his hands and one arm in an accident. His parents being in humble circumstances, it can be imagined what a hard fight Rupert Simms must have had, not only to produce the book he has just completed, but even to maintain himself, his wife, and family. It has taken him eleven years to collect the material for his book, which, I am sorry to say, has not yet repaid him for the trouble and time he took to compile it. In short, he is in financial difficulties, and a fund has been opened on his behalf at the office of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, Stafford, where subscriptions may be sent, and all information obtained.

* * * *

One of the cheapest pennyworths I have seen for some time was last Sunday's *Sun*. In addition to the usual paper, there was added a sixteen-page literary supplement, containing, amongst other things, a first-rate article on "The Literature of the Year," by Arthur Waugh, another on "Poets and Poetry of To-day," by Richard Le Gallienne, a chat with Anthony Hope, and two short stories by R. S. Hichens and Mrs. Mona Caird.

* * * *

I have added to my library "The Christmas Hirelings,"[6] by M. E. Braddon, illustrated by F. H. Townsend; and a useful "Thoughts from Gladstone."[7]

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. J. G.—(Nos. 1, 3, 4) You would probably find the pieces in "Carpenter's Popular Readings." (2) "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome. (5) There is no objection to your making use of "De Omnibus" for recitation purposes if you acknowledge its source. (6 and 7) Apply to Mr. F. Upton, Prince of Wales Club.

P. P.—"Working and Management of an English Railway," by G. Findlay (Whittaker, 7s. 6d.). "Railways of England," by M. M. Ackworth (Murray, 14s.).

A. D. J.—A dealer in curios would ask about thirty shillings for such a pack, if in good condition.

Art.—"Anecdotes of Painting," by H. Walpole (Sonnenschein, 3 vols., 27s.). "Lives of British Painters," by A. Cunningham (Bell and Daldy, 3 vols., 10s. 6d.).

P. B.—D. J. Keymer and Co., 1, Whitefriars Street, E.C. are agents for Indian and Colonial newspapers.

Viola.—Have you tried Boosey and Co., 295, Regent Street, W.?

A Reciter.—Yes, Artemus Ward did write a piece called "The Showman." Try Ward, Lock and Co., who publish some of his works.

Bridget.—I think you mean "That Hindoo Poem," which appeared in To-Day for February 24th. Try some of the volumes of recitations mentioned above.

Mack.—See reply to Bridget.

Willeth.—The books you name are very common, and are only worth about a shilling a volume.

L. N. H. (Wakefield).—Kaye and Malleson's "History of the Indian Mutiny" (W. H. Allen and Co., six vols., 36s.).

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1. The Parasite, by A. Conan Doyle. (The Acme Library, Archibald Constable. Paper, 1s.)
2. Medical Nursing. (Lewis. Price not stated.)
3. Out of Egypt, by Percy Hemingway. (Elkin Matthews. Price not stated.)
4. A Black Squire. (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d.)
5. Bibliotheca Staffordiensis. (R. Simms, Newcastle-under-Lyme. Price not stated.)
6. The Christmas Hirelings. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 3s. 6d.)
7. Thoughts from Gladstone. (Ward, Lock and Co., 5s.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—Do you know those pretty little fan-shaped cases for invitations that have a different compartment for every day in the week? Mother gave me one last month, and it is now overflowing with cards. We are engaged for four dances, five dinner parties, and two wedding teas. This means new frocks to any extent, and consequently we have been very busy shopping. It is a most interesting occupation, but I assure you that it is really difficult to drag ourselves past the jewellers' windows, so lovely are the contents. Do you remember how mother used to say to us as children: "Learn to admire without wanting things for yourself." It is really the only way to enjoy pretty things, and both she and I have stood entranced before the exquisite diamond ornaments in one window, the profusion of heavenly blue torquoises and their guardian brilliants in another, and the rubies, sapphires, black, white, and grey pearls in a third. There is a spray of maidenhair fern that we both simply adore. It is carried out in diamonds on an almost invisible silver setting, and it looks like the beautiful spirit of the maidenhair translated, immortal, glorified. Tiaras do not make us love them. There is necessarily a stiffness in their arrangement that repels affection, but the rose-sprays, sprigs of ivy and berries, leaves of bramble veined with gold or silver, and other floral fancies carried out in diamonds, are as poetic in their conception as they are intrinsically costly. Don't you think so?

How I hope you will like the little ring I have sent you for a Christmas box. It is at least uncommon, and the strange, faint blue of the curiously marked stone is very becoming to a white hand. Perhaps the day will come when diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds will be so common that only these rare old curios will be worn by persons of taste and discrimination. The inexpensive imitations are already so cleverly done that only an expert can distinguish the false from the true. In Bond Street yesterday I fell very deeply in love with an imitation diamond Marquise ring, which looked exactly like the real thing. As mother said, if one had not known it to be imitation, one would wear it with as much pleasure and as little chance of detection as if it had been worth £100, as its counterpart in real stones would be.

This is a busy and festive month all over England. Balls, bazaars, and wedding bells are going on all over the country. You should see the lovely evening dresses prepared for the first-named; and still is rose-petal pink supreme favourite among all colours. Fancy a fine silk chiffon in this adorable tint, made up over soft white satin in two skirts, both equally long, and both hemmed with velvet rose petals sewn on with mother-o'-pearl sequins, which not only hide the stitches, but glitter like dew drops among the leaves. The bodice is chiefly composed of a corselet band of rose-pink velvet, sewn all over with these sequins, and the sleeves are large frills of chiffon bordered with a band of gauze. Tight under-sleeves of old lace come a little way down the arms, and end in a wide band of open-work jet. Round the shoulders is a similar band of jet, into which pink chiffon is gathered above the velvet corselet. Don't you think that is a very becoming sort of gown?

Mother has just had a blue-and-gold Liberty brocade made up. The design is Japanese, and represents golden almond blossom, through which the far blue sea is seen

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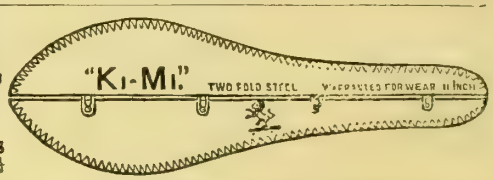

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LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

in glimpses. This is lined with pink, and the bodice turned back with revers of pink miroir velvet bordered with sable, the sleeves, large puffs of the brocade, being finished the same way, with cuffs of the velvet turning the elbows, and edged with sable.

We have chanced now and then on some pretty trousseau gowns in preparation for the various brides prospective. I wish you could have seen a tea-gown of pale green velvet, embroidered in gold, silver, and ivory, and hung with crystal fringes. The front was in pale green accordeon-kilted crêpe, bordered the whole way up with a narrow band of mink. And you would also have appreciated a rhododendron velvet dinner gown, slashed with cream and gold brocade, both on bodice and skirt; and a black satin pelisse with a deep collar of ivory velvet edged with skunk, and a corselet of fine cut jet, from which hung long fringes over the skirt.

No children's Christmas party can be considered complete without a plentiful supply of crackers, and hostesses will find abundant variety as usual in the goods offered by the well-known firm of Tom Smith and Co. Among the novelties this year that will be sure to please the boys are the "Gatling Gun" crackers, which go off six times, and contain a pistol and cap, and the "Musical Elves," in each of which will be found a musical instrument of some sort. For the older children, there are the "Snapshot" crackers, containing miniature albums of photographs of celebrities, and "The Old Curiosity Shop" crackers, which have mock curios inside. Perhaps the most novel of all are the Japanese crackers. In each one there is an animal —I suppose of the kind peculiar to Japan. The noise mine made when I set it going was certainly peculiar to itself.

Lady Edith Ward is to be married to Lord Wolverton, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, on January 5th. Three other peers are to be married early in the new year —viz., the Earl of Stamford, to Miss Elizabeth Theobald; the Earl of Carnarvon, to Miss Almina Wombwell, niece of Sir George Wombwell, Bart.; and Lord Teynham, to Miss Green Wilkinson. There is also to be a fashionable Irish wedding next month, the bridegroom being the Hon. Burton Percy Bingham, second son of the late Lord Clanmorris, and Master of the Galway Blazers, and the bride the third daughter of the late Mr. Burton Persse, M.F.H., of Moyode Castle, Galway. The betrothed couple are cousins. I wonder if it will be a hunting wedding. They are always so pretty.—Your affectionate sister, SUZETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TEUFELCHEN.—What a name you have chosen! The trimmings you suggest would look very well on a tussore silk. Satin cloth is the best material I can think of for a dress that you could wear now, and also in the summer. You would have to choose one that is not too heavy. Crêpons are, of course, the nicest, as you say, but they are decidedly costly. Pease and Co. have a very pretty material, which looks like crêpon, and is made of pure wool. It is called the Mongarry Serge, is made in several different colours, and is 2s. 6d. the yard, forty-four inches wide. It is very soft and light, and yet is sufficiently substantial to look well for winter wear. A capital one is in the Guards' colours, sapphire and ruby. Send for patterns to Pease and Co., The Mills, Darlington, Yorks. The only remedy I can think of for the minute wrinkles caused by the use of cosmetics is massage, and whether the effect of this is really permanent is more than I can say.

LYONNAISE OF POTATOES.—An American dish. Cut a quart of cold boiled potatoes in slices, put in a frying-pan two ounces of butter, in which fry an onion chopped fine until it is about half done, add the potatoes with two more ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, stir and toss them gently until a light brown colour, and serve very hot.

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THE JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

A correspondent, referring to our analysis of the Trust Deed of this company, sends us a letter, from which we take the following. It will repay perusal by those of our readers who are interested in the Barnato Companies:—

> I was in Johnnesburg at the time of the inception of the above company, and at the risk of boring you by traversing ground you doubtless know, I give you the following particulars as they recur to me, and which I believe are substantially correct. Barney bought a piece of ground in Johnnesburg, and pulling down the buildings on it, erected a lot of new buiidings, and with his usual "acumen" preferred to use the money of the public to his own; so he floated a company to take the concern over, making a good profit on what he had paid for the ground to what he charged the company. The public did not take very kindly to the new venture, and Barney had accordingly the bulk of the shares on his hands, and they stood at a considerable discount in the market. Mr. Barney was not, however, done with yet, for he and his creatures held the controlling interest on the boards of several gold mining companies, which included the "Eagle," "Compton and Gardner," and one or two others, one of which was the "National," I think. These companies were at a standstill, their properties not being worth developing further; but they each had a bit of capital on hand, one about £9,000, another £12,000, and so on. This money was lodged in the bank, I think, or at any rate in some safe place; so our friend called meetings of the different boards, and explained that it was a pity to see this money lying idle, and that it would be much more to the shareholders' interests (sic) were it placed in some profitable investment. The boards controlled by Barney were easily persuaded, and he set out to look for this "profitable investment." In the meantime, he had run up Consolidated Investment shares to a good big premium, and then stepped in and sold his holding, or at any rate all he could, to the above gold companies, who found themselves with shares in his precious Consolidated Investment Company, in place of the hard cash they had before. Then the shares dropped, and the gold company shareholders wakened up to find they had been done, and there was a big row. Some men set out to find Barney, and treat him to some tar and feathers; but he had gone off to Europe for his health, and he had the sense to stay there till the storm blew over.

THE MONACO JOINT PROPRIETARY FUND.

Last week we had occasion to complain of sundry general and other officers lending their names for the purpose of persuading soldiers to risk their money in a wild-cat mining enterprise. Now we have to direct attention to something worse. General Innes may have been persuaded that "the historical Esgair-Hir Lead Mine in Cardiganshire" contains "a rich course of ore in a gigantic lode," but that "General W. Bryce Rawlings, of Tollington Park, Middlesex," should believe in the statements of the prospectus before us passes comprehension.

The first line of this precious production promises—

> "A Living, a Competency, probably a Fortune."

And then—

> "Wells's infallible method of acquiring enormous wealth discovered. His marvellous system, scientifically based upon the law of averages and mathematical calculations, solved at last."

In other words, the promoters of this concern ask the public to apply for "Proprietary Subscriptions of £5 each," in order that they may gamble with the money at Monte Carlo. We know nothing about General Bryce Rawlings, but if he wears the British uniform, as he would have us believe, we take leave to say that in associating himself with this Proprietary Fund, he smirches it.

We learn that the principal creditors of Mr. Robert Buchanan are much incensed at the terms of release he has obtained from the Court, and think of petitioning the Board of Trade on the subject.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

The White Feather Main Reef Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital, £75,000.—This company is to buy and work two claims, covering 24 acres, at White Feather, Coolgardie; and the purchase price is £55,000, of which £7,000 is to be in cash. These claims may be worth £7,000 or they may not be worth as many farthings. It is a toss up.

Gold Estates of Australia, Limited. Capital, £100,000.—This is a promoting company, with the right to certain options that may or may not be valuable. Apparently the promoters think an "abridged" prospectus sufficient for the public who are to find the money necessary for carrying on the company. It is a highly speculative venture.

Thomas's Pneumatic Hub Company, Limited. Capital £12,000.—Described as "a preliminary company formed to manufacture and push this valuable invention," the invention being the Thomas Pneumatic Hub. The vendor is to get £8,000 for his patent rights, and the company is to get as much more as it can from the public. There is nothing to show that there is value in the patent. Its main claim is that it stops vibration, but the pneumatic tyre does that.

Humber and Company (America), Limited. Capital £75,000.—This company is to pay £70,000, and a royalty of 1 dol. on every machine sold, for the right to manufacture and sell Humber cycles in the United States. It is assumed that because the Humber cycle is popular in this country, it will be in America—a mere assumption. Speed, lightness, durability are the chief requisites, and in these respects the American manufacturer is not easily beaten. The Beard is a very weak one.

Slater's, Limited. Capital, £300,000.—Some five years ago one Slater, a butcher, turned his business over to a company. It was a good business, and the company has earned good dividends. Now this company sells to a new company, taking in payment 175,000 fully paid £1 ordinary shares, and making a present issue of £50,000 Preference shares. These Six per Cent. Preference Shares should be a sound investment.

Buckley's Brewery, Limited. Share Capital, £100,000. Issue at par of £70,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.—The prospectus of this company leaves a good deal to be explained, and we are not satisfied that it is correct when it says that this issue is secured by assets worth £162,350; but the actual security is probably sufficient.

Gartside and Company of Manchester, Limited. Issue of £300,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures.—The security for this issue appears to be ample.

The British Aluminium Company, Limited. Capital £300,000.—The present issue is of 15,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each. A speculative enterprise vouched for to some extent by Lord Kelvin. But the price to be paid to the vendor for the process to be worked by the company—£100,000 in fully-paid Ordinary shares of £10 each, and £17,500 in cash—seems very excessive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Assay of Ore. A Victim.—It is impossible to say. There is much dodgery in these reports. You are one of very many who have been the victims of the Barnatos, and they are still reaping the golden harvest that sometimes comes of bold and cunning misrepresentation. **Transvaal Estates and Development Company.** G. H. (Birmingham).—Yes. We have not space to give the list, and we do not know any reference-book that would give it, but if you will name any particular company we will say yes or no. **London and Scottish Banking and Discount Corporation.** G. R. (Edinburgh).—We are obliged to you. We understand the matter to be before the Courts. **Sundry Shares.** J. McD. (Perth).—Sell Nos. 2, 3 and 5. Hold 1 and 4. Uruguays should get to 55 by spring time, and we should hold the railway stocks for a better price. **Oriental Leatherette Company.** Zadoy (Ealing).—We have not been able to get any information respecting it. **Ottoman and other Bonds.** Soma (Aberystwyth).—The list is published in the *Moniteur des Tirages*, Brussels. The prices written upon Cunliffe, Rupell and Co.'s list are the correct middle prices of the bonds specified on December 4th and December 6th, but you could not buy at those prices. W. T. (Bradford).—See previous answer. Bowls (Goole).—We have nothing to add to what we have said in previous issues. **Barrett's County Bottling Company, Limited.** Expectant (Huntingdon).—Not particularly so. **Sydney Pneumatic Cycle Tyre Company.** —— (Dublin).—We are much obliged to you.

INSURANCE.

Investment in Life Assurance. Ireland's Eye.—We place the companies you name in the following order—2, 1, 5, 3, 4. All are safe; 2, 1, and 5, profitable; 2, especially so; 3, good; 4, would probably disappoint you. **Assurance Company.** Doubtful.—You should not be. It is a first-class concern. Has never yet disputed a claim. Carefully managed, and satisfactory to everybody. **Assurance Company.** Medical (Edinburgh).—The company is not as prosperous as some; due, in a great measure, to the lowness of the premiums charged. There is, however, a substantial shareholders' capital, the whole of which is available for payment of the sums assured in case of need, but that we do not apprehend. We advise you to continue payment of your premiums. **Promotion of Mine.** L. M. (Whitehaven).—We do not know any stockbroker who would be likely to be of service to you in the matter. **Loan of £20.** S. A. W. (Hanley).—We do not know what you can do, except communicate with the police. If you will send us any correspondence you may have had with Jones we will see if anything can be done. **Turner, Lupton and Co.** W. J. R. (Maryhill).—We are obliged to you for the cutting. It must be presumed that the people in Glasgow would not enter such a plea without instructions from London. **Provident Association of London.** A. H. N. (Notting Hill).—We consider it quite safe. **British Equitable Assurance Company.** W. G. (Moseley).—Your letter reached us too late to be answered to-day. It shall be dealt with fully next week.

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"TO-DAY."

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A Version of this piece as an Operetta is also ready, the music by Harold Vicars.

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MY EXPERIENCE OF SWEARING AND DANCING.

Only those who have passed beyond the "three score years and ten," can recall the many peculiarities which characterised family life in New England's earliest days. Any violation of the stern Puritanical rules were regarded as sinful. In the moral education of children there was no middle ground, and the least deviation from strict morality—even the use of careless language approaching profanity—was always severely punished.

Among my earliest schoolmates there were a few children who were utterly unrestrained, and whose every other word almost was an oath. I was afraid to go near them or hear them talk and they well knew it.

One day at recess I was playing alone, the others having gone off for a ramble in the woods, when some of the children of this dreaded family approached me. I started to run, but was soon caught and taken to a broad plank which crossed a neighbouring millpond. I was then informed that they intended showing the doctor (my father) that his children could swear as well as anyone else, and that if I did not repeat after them the words they told me to they would throw me into the pond. I cried bitterly, but staunchly refused; so they held me down so close to the water that my hair was wet, but I still refused, saying that if I uttered the prompted oaths, I knew I should go "to the bad place." Finally they threatened to drown me, and actually did plunge my head under the water.

Half strangled, and gasping for breath, when they pulled me up, I cried out, "By God!" fearing that they would carry out their threat if I did not, but was so wild with horror on account of what I had said, that I went into convulsions.

Alarmed at what they had done, they carried me up to the school-house, and, after laying me on the grass, fled. I was still unconscious when the others returned from play, and it was several hours before I roused enough to remember what had happened, and many weeks before I could leave my bed. My illness was more due to the dread of the eternal misery that awaited me than to what I had gone through. It was not until I had confessed all to my father, and received his grave assurance that under the circumstances he did not think I would be held responsible that I began to recover.

At that time, while theatres, cards and dancing were considered sinful by those claiming to be Christians, they were not rejected by many moral, respectable people. In the village below my home, a dancing school was opened, and many schoolmates of my own age attended. I once asked my father to let me go, "just to see how they did it," and I shall never forget the look of surprise and horror my childish question caused:—"What you, my child! You want to go to dancing-school?"

As a matter of fact, I was thirty years old before I had ever witnessed a dance, and then—strangely enough—it was at the home of a celebrated Brooklyn clergyman, and the music was furnished by his wife, on the piano!

—Printed by special permission of New York "Truth."

Mrs Henry Ward Beecher

A GAIETY GIRL.

If walls could speak, what a charming auti-biography might be written by a Gaiety dressing-room. Such was the reflection I made to myself when I saw Miss Topsy Sinden sitting before the dressing-table where I had once seen Réjane giving the last touches of rouge to Madame Sans Gêne.

The young lady whose graceful dance is one of the leading features of *The Shop Girl* is still on the right side of eighteen, and looks even younger than her age.

Like most of those engaged in that delightful form of dramatic art, she thoroughly enjoys her work and looks none the worse for it. Indeed, an amateur skirt dancer might envy Miss Topsy's bright eyes and perfect complexion.

"No, this is not my first appearance. I have been at the Gaiety Theatre nearly three years. My engagement terminates in a few months, and I have excellent offers as soon as I am at liberty," she said, smiling, in answer to a question "About this time last year I was taking the part of Don Juan's Vision, and once before, when Miss Sylvia Grey sprained her foot, I took her place. In another sense, I have also been a Gaiety Girl, for during last year I formed part of Mr. George Edwardes' provincial company."

"How did you come to make your *début* at an age when most girls are still in the schoolroom or confined to pantomime parts?"

"Well, I played the *title-rôle* of *Cinderella* in Sir Augustus Harris's pantomime of 1889, and even as a child I acted and danced with my brother, Bert Sinden, in some short dramatic sketches in which we were both very successful. I shall never forget," she continued, "acting before the survivors of those who rode in the charge of the famous 'Six Hundred.' It was a benefit entertainment given in honour of the veterans some four years ago in St. James's Hall. The piece that Bertie and I acted on this occasion was written by our father, and was called *The Blue Hussar*, and greatly delighted our gallant old audience.

"The truth is," said Miss Topsy frankly, "nothing is so popular as dancing, and I shall always be glad that I have had so thorough an apprenticeship with Madame Katti Lanner. I worked with her for nine years, and was thoroughly grounded in every kind of dancing, old or new, English or foreign, for you must know,"she added, laughing, "dancing is not such easy work as some people think it is, for serious and incessant practice is the *sine quâ non*, and the different kinds of steps to be learnt are practically unending; as soon as you think you have learnt them all, you find there is another."

"I believe, Miss Sinden, that you are one of the leading exponents of skirt dancing?"

"I certainly think that skirts, accordeon-pleated or otherwise, add greatly to apparent grace or movement, but a good dancer should not depend on her skirts," she observed thoughtfully. "I, personally, like something rather neat and plain. The pure white dancing dress in which I am now performing is extremely comfortable, and looks, I am told, well from the front, but nowadays not a little of one's success depends on the power of inventing new kinds of dances or movements. The public are always craving for something fresh, and originality is the quality now most in demand."

"And how do you find your audiences?"

"Everyone has always been very kind to me," she replied candidly. "I think what strikes one most is the extreme fairness of the British public; they seem to realise when a performer has done his or her best. I remember once in the provinces I became faint on the stage, and only got through my dance with difficulty, and a number of people sent round to inquire how I was, and the next time I appeared I received quite an ovation; but, fond as I am of provincial audiences, it is a great pleasure to be dancing again in dear old London."

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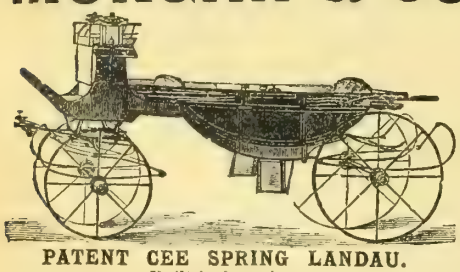

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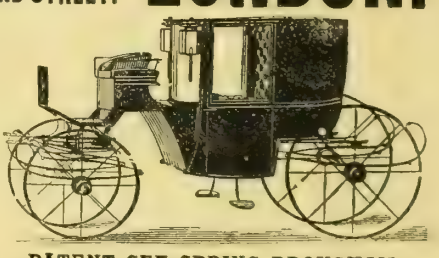

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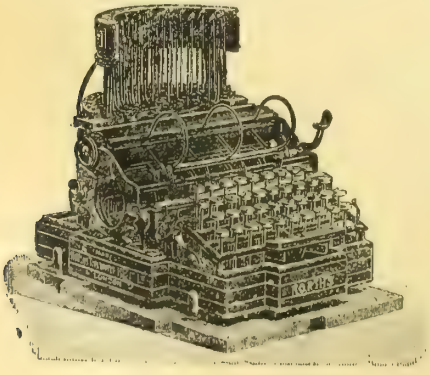

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The report of the inquiry into police corruption in New York is well worth following by English readers. It affords a good commentary upon the value of government by popular representation. We are always being taught to look to America as the example that the rest of the world should aim at. There we have the democratic principle, unhampered by any old-world aristocratic notions. The natural virtue and morality of the People—with a capital P—is allowed its free bent, and Tammany Hall is the result. The thieves and blackguards who are being shown up just now in New York are the selected candidates of the people of New York. They are elected amidst cheers; their noble sentiments, spoken from the platform and published in the Press, are cherished and gloated over. Their denunciations of wickedness are the sermons by which the young of New York are taught to become citizens. The truth is, there is a good deal of sameness about human nature, whether we examine the items of an aristocracy, a bureaucracy, or a democracy. Man is very much the same, whether he wear a linen collar or a pair of corduroy trousers, and the silly talk so popular just now, which would have us believe that every labouring man is an angel in human form, and that every person with a balance at his bank is of necessity, by *prima facie* evidence, an emissary of the Devil, is every whit as idiotic as the faith it has replaced, which represented every decently-dressed man as a gentleman, and contemptuously referred to the poor as brainless *canaille*.

Of course, no one imagines that human nature on the other side of the Atlantic in any way resembles its counterpart on this; and, therefore, one dismisses from one's mind the idea that the police officials in London are ever bribed, either to silence or to action; or that they ever work with any other hope than that of accomplishing their duty. But, with murders committed in the open day, and never inquired into, when the victim happens to be a poor man, while the murderers' friends are possibly in a position to distribute funds, one has to fix this conviction very firmly in one's brain. I believe many murders have been committed in New York, within the last few years, which it was to the interest of political societies and unions to hush up; and, where this has been so, the cases have usually quietly dropped from public ken. One hopes that the same sort of thing never occurs in London.

While Christmas boxes are given to every conceivable individual, some of whom are entitled to a slight acknowledgment, while others are not, it has always struck me as curious that the omnibus conductor and driver never come in for a present of any sort. As a rule, they are the most obliging servants of the public. They are hard worked, and by no means overpaid; they are out in all weathers, and have to bear patiently an amount of grumbling and impertinence that I doubt if any other class of workmen would put up with for five minutes. Every old woman in a 'bus thinks her penny entitles her to prod the conductor with a dirty umbrella; to tell him, when she has not counted her change correctly, that he is a thief, and to threaten to report him for impertinence when he points out that the mistake is her own. He is expected to carry parcels, to pick up sticks and umbrellas that people are unable to hold for themselves, and to act as temporary nursemaid to all children. Nobody ever thinks of giving him so much as a threepenny-bit. Whether the giving of Christmas boxes is a good system or not, I am not arguing here; but, while it exists, I think he is entitled to it as well as any other.

If the happiness of mankind, and the future and fortunes of the British race, were matters of less moment than they are, one would feel inclined, for the comedy it would afford, to wish that the one-Chamber advocates might enjoy for a time a free hand for the testing of their plan. With a party composed of fifty groups of faddists, each living and breathing for only one object, and perfectly indifferent to all questions other than their own, one can readily imagine the class of legislation to which, in the first twelve months, the country would find itself irrevocably committed. The Trades Union members would at once pass an Act condemning to death every workman who refused to go out on strike when ordered, and enlarging the meaning of the word "persuasion," so as to include bricks, pewter pots, and tar.

In return they would assist the Socialists to declare capital common property, and to place its control and distribution in the hands of a committee selected from members of the Fabian Society. The temperance party would at once pass a Bill prohibiting the drinking of any beverages except Kops' Ale and tea, and permitting the police to search every man's house twice a day for liquor, and compelling every family to dine in the presence of a policeman, whose duty it would be to certify that the soup did not contain sherry, and that the Stilton cheese had never had a glass of port poured into it. The purity party would close every place of entertainment in the country, with the exception of the Salvation Army halls. The Anti-Gambling League would prohibit the playing of cards and dominoes, and

appoint inspectors to be present at all the clubs, to see that their orders were carried out. The prudes would abolish evening dress for ladies, and insist on football players wearing trousers.

The Lord's Day Observance Society would make it a penal offence for any man to absent himself from church or chapel on Sunday without a medical certificate, and would compel every citizen to learn two fresh hymns and a chapter out of the Old Testament and repeat the same by heart on Saturday evenings to local examiners, appointed by the Act for the purpose. The anti-tobacconists would forbid smoking, and the vegetarians forbid the eating of meat. The New Woman party would clamour for, and easily obtain, an Act forbidding young unmarried men from going outside the front door unless in charge of a responsible female relation. The Labour party would make it penal by Act of Parliament for any man to work more than two hours a day, or to accept less wages than ten pounds a week. Mr. Labouchere and the little Englanders would, in a single sitting, give India to Russia, Africa to the Boers, and Ireland to America, and unless the subsequent Parliament should change its mind, the Peace party would force the Government to burn the Navy and disband the Army.

A single session would easily suffice, under the circumstances, for the passing of these and a hundred kindred measures, and fanciful as the list may appear experience has taught us that Acts quite as silly and mischievous would undoubtedly be attempted to be made law. A weak Government would be the slave of each faction in turn. Our excellent reformers having got rid of the check of a second Chamber would make short work of opposition in the one. Discussion would soon become a mere farce. After Bills were introduced by the Government members' criticism would be confined to five minutes' speeches, and Bills, each capable of ruining the country by itself, would be raced through all the stages at the rate of two or three a week. It is very great and clever to talk of the Wisdom of the People, especially in these days when the people is king. Kings have always been flattered by servile sycophants, both in the Press and on the platform. But a Majority is capable of making as many mistakes as any single individual, and the absence of responsibility makes it more domineering and reckless. Time is the only thing capable of checking the excesses of a democracy, and it is time that a second Chamber gives us lovers of liberty the opportunity of calling to our aid.

It is, perhaps, just as well that a Prime Minister should understand the British public, and, at present, Lord Rosebery seems still to have something to learn. The British public distinguishes definitely between the serious man and the humourist; the serious man, by this distinction, is one who never makes a joke, and the humourist is one who never does anything else except make jokes. Lord Rosebery must not risk his claim to be considered a serious politician by joking any further. It is already beginning to be generally understood that he does occasionally make a joke. By this time, probably, even Mr. Chamberlain is fully aware of it. This means that Lord Rosebery is trembling on the verge of a disaster; without in the least intending it, and without any great fault on his part, he may find himself saddled for life with the reputation of humourist.

But, surely people have been rather too hard on Mr. Chamberlain. It appears that Lord Rosebery made an ironical remark, using the word "forsooth"; but some of the newspaper reporters neglected to put in the word "forsooth." What other result could have been expected? How was the average-thinking politician to know that a remark was ironical, when, apparently, no use whatever was made of the word "forsooth"? To be ironical without the use of "forsooth" is deliberately to neglect the means for satire which Providence has placed within the reach of the very meanest of us. Mr. Chamberlain has attempted a retort, asking when Lord Rosebery is really serious; but, after all, retort and apology were unnecessary. Mr. Chamberlain has by one simple *tour-de-force* shown that he has just the right kind of mind to qualify him for the post of literary critic on a leading weekly review. Let him be just as proud of it as he is justified in being.

There is probably but little in he Wesleyan church at Bournemouth, as a general rule, to attract the attention of the outside public, but of late it has been somewhat amusing. It happened that the relations between the Wesleyan church and the local gas company were distinctly strained, in consequence of a disputed bill. The gas company seems to have thought that the relations were strained to breaking point; it severed the connection; in other words, it cut off the gas. How, then, was the evening service to be held on the following Sunday? One member suggested an open-air service. In the beautiful words of the newspaper report, "he would like to meet and warm the gas company up, and would be willing to sing." This glorious and militant proposal did not meet with much support; perhaps it was thought that an open-air meeting on a winter night would have but little warmth to spare, while a gas company would naturally have sufficient appliances for warming itself without external assistance; or perhaps it was thought that this member's singing was a weapon which would cut both ways. At any rate, the proposal was rejected, and it was decided to hold the evening service in the afternoon. And then, the report says, "the proceedings concluded with the Benediction."

In America, according to recent newspaper reports, the price of a silk hat is from thirty to forty-eight shillings, while an ordinary felt hat is not to be purchased for less than a sovereign. As a natural consequence the American hatter makes a fortune; and the hat-makers think that they ought to be, at any rate, rather nearer a fortune than they are at present. The masters appear to be willing to grant the extra wages that the men ask, but will not consent to one or two minor demands. The American hat-maker, for instance, demands coffee and dough-nuts at four o'clock in the afternoon, and his master pertinaciously refuses to give him them. So the American hat-makers are on strike. This is a pity, because the hat—especially the silk hat—has from time immemorial been given up to the humorist, and no one connected with hats can possibly expect to be taken seriously. The agonised

cry of the American hat-maker for coffee and dough-nuts may continue to go up on the other side of the Atlantic, but it will never awake one responsive sob. It is hard, but one cannot fight against farce.

In spite of the constant protests of coroners, juries, and a great portion of the Press, the unrestricted sale of carbolic acid still goes on, and the fatalities which occur in consequence still form one of the more familiar items in the newspapers. Recently it was a boy of fourteen at Birmingham who poisoned himself, and the jury at the inquest once more made the usual protest. If carbolic acid were the one possible disinfectant, or if restrictions on its sale would prevent the purchase of it for legitimate purposes, there might be something to say for the present state of things. But, as it is, I do not see what can be said for the present anomaly in the law that regulates the sale of poisons. What is the use of making it difficult for even a grown man to poison himself with one thing when, at the same time, you make it perfectly easy for even a boy to poison himself with another?

A new experiment has been made in the propagation of apple-trees. It has been thought that better results might possibly be obtained from layers than from the common method of grafting. The new idea—which looks like part of the modern tendency to avoid the middleman—has already been put into practice with success, although the experiments do not seem to have been conducted yet on a very large scale. The modern English fruit-grower, is not, as a rule much given to experiment. This is a pity, because, I believe, there is still much to be discovered. The anomalies of grafting are numberless. Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," has a most interesting page on some of the apparent paradoxes that the gardener has to deal with. The general principles may be well known, but I fancy that practical research is still wanted; it would certainly be interesting and might be remunerative.

Anything that can be said regarding the loss inflicted on English literature, by the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, is already a platitude. This loss comes at an ill time, as healthily-minded artists are much wanted in these days, to combat the present ghoulish irruption into the pleasant fields of literature of the mental freak, the morbid egotist, and the sexless sensualist, who possibly for a time will carry all before them. Mr. Stevenson has never had the wide popularity of a Conan Doyle, a Rider Haggard, or, in these late months, of a Stanley Weyman, and possibly it was for this reason that the little critic—who has never changed a hair since the days when Thackeray so scathingly sketched him, and with whom to be successful is for ever to incur his enmity—took him for his own particular idol. But the man was great enough to shine brightly, in spite of the bespatterings of their slimy adulation. His deep and kindly nature knew how to value both the flattery of himself and the depreciation of his fellow workers; and his criticisms of some of his critics would have made an amusing, if somewhat bitter chapter. I have a certain pained pleasure in recollecting that it was in To-Day that his last work appeared; and I hoped in 1896 to have given another story of his in this paper, for I had the promise from him of his next uncommissioned novel.

At last the silver and bronze medals of the Gallantry Fund have been completed, and next week I will show my readers an illustration of them. They have been designed and executed by Mr. H. Evans, of Gerrard Street, Soho, and my readers will be able to judge of his success. I am sending silver medals to Samuel Wilkinson and John William Robinson, the two young railway porters who so pluckily risked their lives in dragging an unfortunate woman almost from under the wheels of an express train. The Marquis of Londonderry has kindly consented to make the presentation. I am also sending a silver medal to James Barry, the gallant little Woolwich lad, who has a record of three lives saved, each one at imminent peril to himself. Mr. S. Brighouse, coroner for Durham, will present the silver medal of the Fund to foreman William Henry Prosser, whose rescue of an old man from a dock I mentioned a couple of weeks ago. Bronze medals are being sent to David Adams, the engine-driver, and George Dickenson, who saved a would-be suicide from drowning in the Trent; and the silver medal will be presented to Nathaniel Burney, of Liverpool, who had a narrow escape from losing his own life in rescuing a boy from drowning in an old pit bottom.

I am also asking Mr. Evans to prepare the medallion to commemorate the death of the miner, Robert Evans, who lost his life in rescuing a comrade from a gas-poisoned mine. It may be remembered that the authorities of the chapel at which poor Evans worshipped "did not wish to be troubled" with the memorial to their dead friend. The chairman of the public hall at Rhos is a little more human in his sympathies than these good chapel folk, and has kindly consented to allow the tablet to be placed in the public hall. I have to thank the county coroner, Mr. W. Wynne Evans, for his kind assistance in this matter. The following additional sums have been received for the Gallantry Fund:—W. G. Kemp, £1; Sir Frederick Milner, Bart, M.P., £1 1s. (annual subscription); Frederick Reeves, £2; An English Boy, 2s. 6d.; Dadabhai Naoroji, M.P., £1 1s.; Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, M.P., £5; A Scot, 10s.; A. B. S., £1; African Admirer, 10s.; H. Mather, £1; Rob Roy, 10s; J. Pattinson, 10s.

Mr. Kemp, who writes me from Cairo, says:—

> "In a country that particularly prides itself upon its admiration for heroism, etc., it is at first sight a little surprising to find a so comparatively small response to your Gallantry Fund.
>
> "This is due, I believe, more to a kind of hidebound habit of conventionality, rather than to any real want of generosity, a habit that leaves 'the genial current of their souls' and purses rather frosty.
>
> "There is a certain attractive air of wise, paternal morality in repeating that virtue should be its own and sole reward; but for my part, I believe this to be a mere mental subterfuge, by which we stifle our infant good intentions, and so save our pockets."

The following letters from Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Frederick Milner speak for themselves:—

> "Dear Sir,—I regret that I cannot spare more for subscriptions, which I am compelled more to reduce than to increase. But I cannot help saying that we must all approve of your object, and all feel that we ought to help either your fund or individual cases known to us. I helped, with all who knew of it, in one such case in this neighbourhood. If I ever come across another I will subscribe through your fund, rather than directly.—Truly yours, "Charles S. Dilke"
>
> "Dear Sir,—Though I fear I cannot at present give sub-

stantial help to your Gallantry Fund, I shall be very happy to subscribe a guinea annually. I think the idea an excellent one, and I hope you may be liberally supported.

"Noble deeds, such as you seek to reward, should be encouraged in every possible way by Englishmen. I shall be glad to do all in my power to support you.—Very truly yours, "Fred. Milner, Bart., M.P."

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

W. Watts, lessee of the Queen's Theatre at Gateshead, sends me a report of the Gateshead Town Council meeting, held to discuss the question whether his theatre should enjoy the same privileges that every other theatre in the country does. Something was carried by two votes, but I am not at all sure now whether Mr. Watts is able to sell drink or not. I notice that everybody spoke well of Mr. Watts's management; and I notice another thing which, if possible, gave me still greater pleasure, and that is that one of the councillors—namely, Mr. Flynn, himself a teetotaler—spoke in favour of allowing the people of Gateshead to judge and act for themselves in this matter. There has been a refreshing change lately in the attitude of many teetotalers, especially those placed in a public position, and I notice a healthy spirit of common sense and tolerance beginning to creep into their ranks. If this continue, a temperate England may even yet be an accomplished fact.

W. J. S.—Your letter is merely a repetition of old, hackneyed arguments that have been exploded a hundred times over. What "class legislation" prevents you from gaining that position in the world to which your talents entitle you? I never knew a man yet with talents combined with will that found any permanent difficulty in making his way. This talk about insurmountable obstacles and crushing weights is always the wail of the weak. Why not study a question before you argue about it? You ask why taxation is taken off the land? My dear fellow, you buy a bit of land, and you will very soon find out that taxation is by no means taken off it. I never could understand how sensible men could be taken in by the vapid talk that is poured out over this matter. Do, for heaven's sake, think for yourself a bit. If the wild-cat ideas you favour ever came to laws, you would soon find your £250 a year cut down.

G. T. S.—It is a kind idea, and I hope the success it deserves will attend the plan. Marion asks me the surest way for a woman of forty-three to make herself a pleasant companion to a gentleman of sixty-five. Marion means as a comrade, not as a wife. Upon my word I don't know. If Marion will wait a little while till I am sixty-five myself, possibly I shall be able to tell her. Perhaps some reader of To-Day, who is near the age, may be able to help. W. B. (Manchester) calls my attention to the following advertisement appearing in the *Manchester Guardian*:—"A Child of God, seeking employment, would like to take charge of property, and collect rents." He is just the sort of child who would. I wonder if anybody is going to trust him. R. de M.—I attack the special evil that I most hate. I think that all sins are forgiveable except hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is not a human sin, it comes straight from hell. H. D. (Teignmouth).—I thank you for your kind letter. A. B. C. (Manchester).—A man is not made backboneless by drinking. A backboneless man drinks too much. There is a great difference between the two. Of course the audience were intelligent; they showed it by coming. Anne A.—Send me specimens of your work. G. C. W. (Birmingham).—Your thoughtful letter gave me much pleasure. H. A. S. tells me how much To-Day is appreciated by the officers in the merchant service. Factor asks me my opinion of matrimonial agencies as a means of obtaining a suitable wife. I should say that anyone who went to a matrimonial agency to get a wife must be a drivelling idiot, and a matrimonial agency is just the place from which he should get suited.

T. H. G. (Mahoba Hamirpur).—Your kind letter, so pleasantly appreciative of To-Day, gave me much enjoyment. The paper seems to have made friends for itself in all corners of the world, and such messages as yours make editorship a delight. The railway insurance covers railway employés travelling in an ordinary carriage with the company's pass, and *not on duty*. Your risk would therefore not be covered when you were travelling officially.

D. Mc. K. sends me a report of a sermon by the Reverend J. Robertson, of Glasgow. Says this reverend gentleman—and these be the gentry that propose to guide and reform the world:—

> "The objectionable part of the theatre is that it is not only a distinctively worldly institution, but that it is more, even a distinctively devilish one. The theatres are mere houses of assignation, where rich and bloated men meet their mistresses and harlots. The whole stage reeks with vice, and we say it is a damnable shame that any such paragraph can be read in any paper that 'the Moderator of the Church of Scotland and many other ministers' were in front of the wretched footlights in a Glasgow theatre. Oh! the harm those wolves in sheep's clothing are doing among the flock of God! . . . The Moderator of the Church of Scotland and a bevy of ministers, while three-fourths of the inhabitants of Glasgow are going headlong to hell, sitting wasting an evening in a theatre, the rendez-vous of well-to-do rascality, and amid the jewelled glitter and painted rottenness of lewd men and women—it is enough to make the Covenanters turn in their graves. The theatre is the very porch of the pit; it is the vestibule of hell."

M. M. M.—You are living a drama that has ever been one of the most intense interest to all thinkers, but the working out is too serious a matter for anyone to dare to advise you. The responsibility is yours and yours alone. It is a question between you and your conscience. There can be no hard-and-fast law on the subject. By following the world's convention you might be acting rightly, you might be acting wrongly. By sacrificing yourself you might be doing no good, and you might be doing the right thing. If I were in your place I should try to listen to no voices other than those that come from within. Each person's life is a thing in itself, apart. It has nothing to do with other lives, it has nothing to do with the rest of the world. There are four people in this drama—the man, the other woman, yourself, and your conscience. You must work it out as it seems good to you, you knowing the whole story. The world's opinion one way or the other is always a very small matter when we come down to the realities of life. It is not what others think of us, but what we think of ourselves, that is of real importance.

C. W. H.—Thank you for your kindly criticism. After all, art is frequently a matter of personal taste. F. C. H.—You should send your play to an actor or actress who is not too high up in the world.

Dealing with some notes in To-Day on the vagaries of the Waterloo officials, a Putney correspondent writes:—"For a fact I know one man who gave up his house at Kingston solely on account of the staff at Waterloo. He always went down half an hour before the train was advertised to go, and considered himself lucky if he was on board any of them within an hour. He told me that in order to kill the weary hours while waiting for the return of various search parties, he spent enough money on penny-in-the-slot machines to pay a comfortable 10 per cent. dividend on every known automatic invention. Pressed for time the other night I asked an official where my train started. He said he did not know, but it was somewhere from the station. I pointed out that the station covered some acres, and that there was a north station, a loop line, and a central. He seemed to regard the remark in the light of a compliment to the extent of his employers' property, and said that it was so. Finally, by the aid of a board, I found the platform, and, carrying out instructions, jumped in on the left. I might have been there till now had it not been for a friendly official, who told me that the carriage had simply been shunted in there, and that my train, which was in the front, had long since gone. I would suggest to brother season-ticket holders the employment of a qualified explorer at our expense."

Nancy Ross.—I wish all my correspondents had your discretion; but, my dear lady, how can I have impressed you with the idea that I think poorly of women? No one has a greater admiration for them, I feel sure. It is only when they forget their position and stoop from it that I am shocked and grieved. You would enjoy Mr. Keighley Snowden's "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds" (Sampson, Low and Co).

H. G. B.—These silly tirades really do no harm. Their exaggeration is so evident that they can impose on nobody who is capable of reading. In fact, I often think that the Almighty has touched the energetic teetotaler with madness on purpose that he may run over these steep places and shatter himself. It is lucky for the cause of freedom that they are not clever men. P. H. L.—You will get a list of children's plays from Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, W.C. You might try *The Toy Shop*, *Snow White*, or *Prince Balbo* (adapted from Thackeray's fairy story, "The Rose and the Ring"). Postal.—I am delighted to find To-Day so much to your taste, and I am glad to say that I find most young men do like it. I know of no people in the postal service myself, and I expect all the good berths are kept for friends and relations of the higher officials. E. P. (Nebraska) writes to correct a statement as to the temperature of the United States. He tells me that in Nebraska last summer they registered over a hundred and twenty degrees. A. C. B.—I tell you what men like you who sympathise with omnibus horses might do. You might draw my attention to every case of cruelty you come across, and be prepared to substantiate it. M. W. (Nova Scotia).—As an editor, I suppose I have opened my columns to more unknown men than do most papers. My having to close them now for a period is due to my having taken so much from them. For the next two years or so you must try other editors. You will find plenty of new names in both The Idler and To-Day, but the pages of both are only limited. Regular Reader.—I cannot see what football has to do with Christianity, or Christianity with football. Cannot a man be both a Christian and a football player, and why need he mix the two things up? A Christian theatre, and a Christian football club, and a Christian dance savour of hypocrisy. I should certainly leave the letter alone. Enquirer, who is not very good at figures, would be glad to know how to become an expert and good financier; also to know how to become a good extempore speaker. Financiers and speakers are born, not made. I should advise him not to attempt either.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—The air is full of shouting, and there is blood on the face of the moon.

The "Modern Society Play" controversy is raging like an influenza epidemic. Everybody is inclined to take sides. At the Actors' Benevolent Fund dinner, hints and allusions flew round like crackers, and even within the sacred portals of the Garrick Club, a manager and an author have tackled a critic with such unwonted warmth and persistency, that the latter, refusing to disturb social amenities by contributing to an acrimonious discussion, was reduced to taking up his hat and walking out of the club, to avoid recriminations that followed almost to his cab door.

This is all very regretable, and, curiously enough, it nearly all results from a misunderstanding. An old patron of the drama, who is a member of the Union Club, wrote to the *Times* a letter that Beerbohm Tree believed was written by a well-known critic. Tree answered back, and so the row began. As I told you last week, there was not very much in the controversy as a controversy, but, unfortunately, Tree was betrayed into saying that in one of the letters he thought that he could trace "the ink-stained finger of the old journalistic hand."

What did he mean? I don't know. I believe, personally, that he merely wrote the line because it flowed nicely from his pen. That it can convey any sort of imputation I fail to perceive. But it was not very polite. Different men use different things to earn their living with, and to talk of ink-stained fingers in connection with a journalist is not more relevant than to say that the phrasing of an actor's letter is an example of "the greasy check, or the wig-pasty wit, of the professional actor." If the arguments of an actor are strong, you do not rebut them by telling him that his face is painted and his stomach padded. Equally, you cannot confute a critic by telling him that there is ink on his fingers—or, for that matter, on his cuffs.

It seems to me that ever since the great battle over Ibsen we are inclined too much to controversy, and too little to common sense. Nothing is more deplorable than the absence of unanimity which prevails amongst those who are interested in public amusements at this particular moment. Just consider for yourself how things stand.

Irving, while admitting that music halls have their uses, does not consider that they ought to be allowed to dabble in drama.

Clement Scott, who is quite as enthusiastic in the cause of Art as Irving, warmly upholds Theatrical Free Trade. Wyndham, I am glad to know, is of the same opinion. But both stick to the censorship.

Edward Rose, dramatist and critic, confesses this week in the columns of the *Sunday Times* that we want the complete and absolute freedom for which I have so frequently pleaded in this letter. Haddon Chambers, I believe, is of the same way of thinking. Tree hovers on the brink. One manager of my acquaintance is thirsting to follow the example of go-ahead Brighton, and start a smoking theatre. The Lord Chamberlain is willing to consent if all the managers will unite in asking for the permission. Another manager, an inveterate smoker himself, thinks the bare idea of smoking in a theatre little short of sacrilege.

Amongst the music-hall people, a strong effort is being made to hand the licensing over to the Lord Chamberlain; but the Newson-Smith syndicate, controlling the Pavilion, the Oxford, and the Tivoli, and a total capital of half a million, refuse to join the movement; and a similar line is taken by the Alhambra and the Palace together with several of the smaller halls. Meantime, the Censor, just to help things along, has vetoed a play by W. Hineman, who will probably publish it at once in book form, and has refused to license a one-act play written by Captain Marshall, in which George Alexander himself meant playing at the St. James's. George, I hear, thinks so highly of this work that he means to give one private "invitation" performance of it to the critics and his friends. Meantime, he is, naturally, not predisposed in favour of the censorship.

Under these circumstances, is it wonderful that a practically unanimous County Council should be within measurable distance of obtaining the object of its desires—the absolute control of all places of amusement in the metropolis, without exception?

It was a decided relief to get away from controversial excitements to the unemotional joys of the Savoy on Thursday. *The Chieftain* is a decidedly polite and decorous little work, harmless and agreeable in every feature. The first act was produced as a complete operetta at the German Reeds in the middle sixties; the second act is a decided advance upon it in every way, but the entire entertainment has still a strong flavour of St. George's Hall about it. Nevertheless it is pretty sure to enjoy a considerable share of Christmas popularity, for, such as it is, it is fairly faultless. Burnand's taste is above reproach, and Sir Arthur Sullivan couldn't compose a dull number if he tried: so the piano scores will sell in cartloads, and Carte's comfortable theatre will be filled for a period. I do not anticipate, however, that *The Chieftain* will run in any way like any of the great Gilbert-Sullivan series. It is excellently mounted and strongly cast, but nobody has sufficient to do to call for individual mention.

Much the same is true of the new ballet at the Alhambra. *Ali Baba* is a good subject, but its treatment is thoroughly conventional and common-place. Wild 'tus horses will not apparently drag the Alhambra out of the good old-fashioned groove into which its ballet has fallen. In face of the repeated success of up-to-date ballet at the Empire, the Alhambra plods doggedly on. In its last ballet we had pantomime monkeys. Now we have a pantomime donkey. We get, as before, an example of traditional Italian mimicry in the dramatic posturing of the Captain of the Forty and Morgiana. We get the military evolutions of the Thieves, and, finally, we get the Early Penny Valentine sort of Fairy Palace, before which everybody assembles, and stands in a hollow square, whilst the *première danseuse*, in stiff muslin skirts, performs her time-honoured gyrations. This is all very charming, but there is only one place in London for which it is exactly suited, and that is the British Museum.

One introduction is distinctly noticeable, and that is the show of the Flying Grigolates. They are, to put it briefly, *Ænea* multiplied by seven. Their leader is a singularly beautiful woman blessed with an almost perfect figure, and the scene in which she appears is most certainly worth seeing. For the rest, it is good of its sort—but oh, dear! it is such a very, very old sort.

Next week the programme at the Alhambra will be strengthened by the accession of Lonnen and Alice Lethbridge, who are freed by the termination of *Little Christopher Columbus*, which has reached the end of its remarkable run at last. In the provinces, however, it still careers gaily, and in New York it is enjoying conspicuous prosperity.

The Gaiety Girl at Daly's has also come to an end, and Owen Hall's new musical comedy is in active rehearsal. I am told that it is to be called *The Model*, but I believe no name has been finally fixed upon yet.

Horace Sedger has taken the Trafalgar, and will open it with a musical show called *The Taboo*. It is rather an ominous title, isn't it?—Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

Some time ago I spoke of the attempt of inventors to disguise articles of every-day use in some ridiculous form, instancing the latest in tobacco-pouches, which was made to look like a cricket-ball. *The Globe*, in a kindly article, supported my views. It was only the other day, though, that I fully appreciated the lengths to which this practice had gone. I went into a Regent Street house, and asked for a match-box of simple pattern. The assistant came back, and presented me with a long cylinder, with a whistle at one end. I said that I wanted a match-box, and he told me that it was one, and that the whistle was thrown in. When I told him that I failed to see the use of it, he said that it was handy when you wanted a cab, and that it had the sound of the police-alarm combined. We discussed the question, and he agreed with me finally that it was quite possible that this blend might lead to peculiar complications.

Then he came back with another made to look like a hunting-horn, and with a ring on the top. He remarked that this fitted on to the watch-chain, and seemed surprised when I suggested that a man did not as a rule undress each time he wanted a light. At his third essay he brought a neat little affair that seemed exactly what I wanted. He was a little disappointed at this ready appreciation, and explained that I did not see the real advantage. It was a puzzle. You pressed it in two places, scratched at a spring elsewhere, and, presupposing that you had not forgotten to fill your case, there were the matches. He added that I should, of course, know the trick, but that it would provide me with a fund of perpetual jest at the expense of my friends.

By this time I was getting a little disheartened, and again solicited his kind offices in procuring my original order. Then he came back again with one more specimen. It was several ounces in weight, and opened all over. When it was opened fully you saw a wheel, with phosphorus tips, and a small rope, and all you had to do was to press a spring, and one thing set alight to another, and you got a fire at which you could warm your feet or cook a moderately-sized potato. Finally, I actually got what I wanted, but to-day the ribs are clogged up, and I am wondering why some good Samaritan does not set his mind on trying to invent a friction surface that will carry out its contract, instead of perpetuating these strange devices.

It is just the same with cigar cases. The inventor of to-day seems to think that this is the only luggage a man carries on a long journey. Accordingly, he makes provision for sufficient stationery and stamps to maintain a liberal correspondence for some months, provides for a set of rules in regard to postal rates, also facts as to the Inland Revenue charges for dogs, and room for a few dozen visiting cards; finally, as an after thought, he makes a space for four cigars, and then, out of sheer depravity, devotes a larger compartment to the transport of cigarettes.

I note these facts because I take it that the usual demand encourages the supply, and that there are among my readers those who appreciate these distractions. But for the very large number who have recently asked me to give some suggestion for a present which is at once useful and seasonable I would mention those very comfortable fancy waistcoats made either in leather or corduroy; travelling bags, which I am glad to see are now almost invariably being built without those ridiculous compartments for perfumes that no sane man ever wanted; lined travelling rugs of the Highland tartan pattern; scarfs or ties of a dark pattern—because everything is in a quiet shade since the Court went into mourning—with small dots either in white or dark red. All these presents are of reasonable cost, and are serviceable. For those who still use the Christmas card, I may add that no end of ingenuity has been expended on the production of sporting novelties. You can get golf, rowing, football, or racing trophies mounted on cards in a very neat fashion, and, all said and done, I believe that a Christmas card is the easiest solution of the present question; when one is in doubt.

If among my readers there are any interested in mineralogy, I should be only too pleased to supply them with every single fact on every single metal. This liberal education has been forced upon me during the last few days by a printer's error. I attribute the error to the printers without going fully into the question of responsibility, because I have had to deal with printers for very many years, and don't trust them. One printer I know blighted the career of one of my most promising friends. He described a religious festival, and spoke of the imposing ceremony in the "growing darkness." The printer set it up "drunkenness," and now the writer is lost to his family in the Colonies somewhere. I was recently told of a young man who was anxious to conciliate a lady love by a flattering reference in a public print to her share in the recitative, "Come down, and in the dust be humbled," The compositor set it up "Come down, and in the dust he tumbled," and the sub-editor, at a loss to make the context read evenly, added that it was "most laughable." That poor writer is now an unmarried widower. Even more recently, I was shown the vagaries of a compositor in the setting up of Mr. Bret Harte's "Clarence" in To-Day, where a lady's distraction was translated into "dirty action." It is for these reasons that I decline to fully accept the responsibility of the use of the word "platinum" in last week's notes, when it should have been "aluminium."

Within a few hours of the publication of the paper, I was awakened to the sense of my responsibility. My first correspondent very kindly told me that he always took my suggestions blindly. When he saw that platinum nails were being introduced into the German Army for their boots, he went out and ordered some. The bootmaker suggested that he was drunk, and a friend whom he met subsequently worked out the whole question and found that it would take just £14 8s. to substitute platinum for the existing iron or brass. Another correspondent told me that if I would vouch for the accuracy of my statement he would naturalise as a German to-morrow, get his boots, bolt, and then set up housekeeping. Smooth iambics and flowing dactyls have been thrown about regardlessly, "leather" rhyming with "feather," and "gold" with "sold." But I must seriously thank many score of my readers for their kindly action in taking, no doubt, a great deal of trouble in working out for my benefit the respective density of practically every metal.

I was forcibly struck with the pity of the decision in the Coborn-Palace case by an incident at the Pavilion on Saturday night. A singer—Bessie Bellwood by name—had rendered a couple of indifferent songs, and there was some hissing. We were at once treated to her opinion of the opinion of the audience. A good deal of talk about her "best efforts," "earning a living," and so forth, followed; and there was, naturally, a counter-demonstration on her behalf. Finally, she wound up with some reference to meeting any of her opponents about her own weight at the stage door. No doubt the woman laboured under some sense of provocation; but such displays do not lend to the gaiety of an evening, and I regret that, so far, the Palace Company have been thwarted in a laudable attempt to enforce an excellent rule.

It is satisfactory to hear that Bradford is out of danger, and that Tom Loates has picked up wonderfully

since he placed himself under the charge of Dr. T. Robinson. Bradford's life was, at one time, despaired of, whilst it was rumoured that the excitement of last season had so impaired Loates's nervous system that there were doubts as to his being well by next season. G. Barrett, whose riding of late years has shown a great falling off, has, I notice, gone to South Africa. Last winter Barrett was in Palestine, and there he made a memorable race with a bishop. He proposes to ride in the land of Cecil Rhodes.

When certain writers have chosen professions as their theme, it has been their custom to dwell on fees earned by a leading jockey, and compare his salary with that of a Prime Minister or Archbishop. But, as is the case with every other calling, horsemanship has its drawbacks, and not the least of these is the continual wasting, and the ordeals which the knights of the pigskin undergo in order to reduce "this all too solid flesh" are really surprising.

According to an old-time writer, a jockey's fare consists of a Turkish bath for breakfast, use of a toothpick for lunch, and a seidlitz powder for supper. That the present-day horseman thinks too much of the winning-post cannot be denied, and in his eagerness to gain the plaudits of the great B.P., he becomes oblivious of the great risk he is running, with the result that ere long his health breaks down, and the saddle knows him no more.

In one of Sterne's works appears the following:—"Blessed health: he that has thee has little else to care for; and he who is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee." Maybe, if the eyes of our young horsemen light upon these lines, they will feel somewhat impressed, and will not go on undermining their constitutions, and soon dare to "bewitch the world" with their horsemanship.

Plumpton is a good many miles from London, but the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company seem to favour the meeting, and thus metropolitan sportsmen are not above supporting the little Sussex fixture. At last Saturday's gathering, I noticed most of the leading members of the ring, and the wagering at times was quite as heavy and brisk as at Sandown on a Grand Military day. The weather was perfect, but my day's enjoyment was marred by the sad accident to that popular cross-country rider, Sensier.

It appeared to the onlookers on the stands and enclosures that after Sensier had come to grief, one of the other competitors jumped right on to him. His injuries were terrible, and it is wonderful that he was not killed outright. It is understood that Topthorne is one of the most awkward animals in training, but Sensier displayed no hesitation in accepting the mount. Fancy riding horses like Topthorne for a fee of five guineas!

I have seen it stated that the London Athletic Club, having decided to accept the challenge of the New York A C., have asked C. A. Bradley, F. Bacon, and G. Crossland to make the journey to America next autumn. I hardly think this can be correct, as neither of the men are members of our premier athletic club, and I believe only L.A.C. men were included in the challenge.

The crushing defeat of the North by the South will have a good effect in the present crisis in the Rugby Union. The Yorkshire clubs have hitherto assumed an independent attitude, owing to their vaunted superiority over Southern teams, but Saturday's thrashing—which, by-the-bye, is a record one (36 points to nil)—will have a soothing effect, and the meeting on December 28th may,

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

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Tickets for all principal places on the London and North Western System, available from either Euston or Kensington (Addison Road), and dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at the Spread Eagle Office, Piccadilly Circus, and other principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, and at Messrs. Gaze and Sons' Offices, 142, Strand, W.C.; 4, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; 18, Westbourne Grove, W.; The Army and Navy Co-operative Society's Stores; 105, Victoria Street, Westminster; and the L. B. & S. C. Co.'s Offices, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; as well as at the Railway Stations.

On Saturday, December 22nd, Special Trains will be run from Willesden Junction at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal Stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from Euston; and from Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham.

On Monday, December 24th, the Night Irish Mail, due to leave Euston at 8.20 p.m., will not leave until 9.5 p.m. The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the Train at Holyhead.

The 12.0 night Train from London (**Euston**), due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Tuesday, December 25th, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week days.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Ireland, Lancaster, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. The ordinary Sunday Service of Trains will be run.

On Bank Holiday, Wednesday, December 26th, the Express Trains usually leaving London (Euston) at 12.0 noon and 4.0 p.m. **will not be run,** passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. Trains respectively. The 4.30 p.m., London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and passengers will be conveyed by the 5.0 p.m. Train, except those for Market Harboro', Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, Wellingboro', &c., who must travel by the 3.15 p.m. Train from Euston. The 8.10 p.m., Euston to Northampton, will not run. Numerous residential Trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run.

The Up and Down Dining Saloons between London, Liverpool, and Manchester, will not be run on Bank Holiday, but the Corridor Dining Car Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company.

London, December, 1894. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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after all, pass off more peaceably than was at first imagined. Moreover, the modification of the obnoxious circular by the Committee may meet to some extent the objections against the original manifesto. There is a rumour, to which I do not attach much credence, that negotiations for a settlement have reached such a stage that the meeting of the 28th will not be held after all.

How came the North to succumb so easily? There is but one answer. They were over-played all round. Forward, where they were thought to be strongest, they were simply smothered, and the Southern backs were cleverer and faster all round. The South team would, I believe, be good enough, as they played at Blackheath, for the first International contest, and I hope to see them chosen *en masse*.

Sunderland and Everton are still running neck and neck for the League Championship. Both won their matches on Saturday by the narrow margin of a single goal, and both got the winning point in the last ten minutes of the game. Sunderland, at home, found the Blackburn Rovers a hard nut to crack; and the Blackburn men may be seen to better advantage in the English Cup, in which they invariably make a good show. Everton had to visit Preston North End; and, considering the latter's broken-down team, Everton were very lucky to take away two points with them. In view of Preston's stout defence, it will be interesting to note how Sunderland will fare in their visit to Deepdale to-day.

The battle royal between the Corinthians and Aston Villa at the Oval ended in favour of the professionals by five goals to three. The Corinthian team originally selected was a very powerful one, but unfortunately Lodge and Cotterill were unable to play, whereas the Villans were full strength. Veitch, Sandilands, and R. C. Gosling played a sterling forward game, but on the day the Birmingham men were undoubtedly the better team, their combination and condition being superior to that of the amateurs.

The Old Etonians are going very strongly this season, as their last victory over Old Westminsters by nine goals to two proves. They have only once as yet suffered defeat.

The divisional final ties in the qualifying competition of the English Cup resulted in six finished matches and four draws, the drawn games being Tottenham Hotspur and Luton, Leicester Fosse and Loughborough, Long Eaton and Chesterfield, and Workington and Southport Central. Writing before the draw for the competition proper is known, I cannot attempt any forecast of the first round, but I shall have an opportunity of referring to it next week.

Swindon and Chatham will probably be the next two Southern clubs to join the professional ranks, and it is not improbable that before another season comes round the Kent Association, and perhaps the London Association, will admit professional clubs to their ranks.

Christmas tours are now the order of the day. Many of the principal Rugby and Association clubs are on these excursions, including Corinthians, Richmond, and Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Christmas football is like Christmas pudding—somewhat hard to digest.

The League players who were captured by American agents and taken across the Atlantic have returned like whipped curs. They tell a doleful tale of extravagant promises, desertion by agents, and fiasco generally. The American League has broken down utterly, owing to want of public support. What about the projected tour of Sunderland after this?

In England the referee has sometimes to seek police protection. In America the police go in force to the Inter-'Varsity matches to see fair play, and prevent the players from maiming each other. That was the case in the Yale-Harvard match. The American game is a brutal one. It is a sort of bastard Rugby, with hacking, tripping, and all kinds of fouls permitted.

The wave of professionalism in the Association game is spreading over the South. Chatham, Reading, and Swindon will probably ere long enter the ranks of the paid players. The London Football Association is to be attacked by the advocates of professionalism, and should they be successful, Kent and Surrey, and probably Middlesex, will follow. The Major.

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STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new story, "THE RED COCKADE," a story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in the New Year's Number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY."

CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

IT was sunset of a hot day at Washington. Even at that hour the broad avenues, which diverged from the Capitol like the rays of another sun, were fierce and glittering. The sterile distances, between, glowed more cruelly than ever, and pedestrians keeping in the scant shade, hesitated on the kerbstones, before plunging into the Sahara-like waste of crossings. The city seemed deserted. Even that vast army of contractors, speculators, place-hunters, and lobbyists, which hung on the heels of the other army, and had turned this pacific camp of the nation into a battlefield of ignoble conflict and contention—more disastrous than the one to the South—had slunk into their holes in hotel back bedrooms, in shady bar-rooms, or in the negro quarters of Georgetown, as if the majestic, white-robed Goddess enthroned upon the dome of the Capitol had at last descended among them, and was smiting to right and left with the flat and flash of her insufferable sword.

Into this stifling atmosphere of greed and corruption, Clarence Brant stepped from the shadow of the War Department. For the last three weeks he had haunted its ante-rooms and audience-chambers, in the vain hope of righting himself before his superiors, who were content, without formulating charges against him, to keep him in this disgrace of inaction and the anxiety of suspense. Unable to ascertain the details of the accusation, and conscious of his own secret, he was debarred the last resort of demanding a court-martial, which he knew could only exonerate him by the exposure of the guilt of his wife, whom he still hoped had safely escaped. His Division Commander, in active operations in the field, had no time to help him at Washington. Elbowed aside by greedy contractors, forestalled by selfish politicians, and disdaining the ordinary method of influence, he had no friend to turn to. In his few years of campaigning he had lost his instinct of diplomacy, without acquiring a soldier's bluntness.

The nearly level rays of the sun forced him at last to turn aside into one of the openings of a large building—a famous caravansary of that hotel-haunted capital, and he presently found himself in the luxurious bar room, fragrant with mint, and cool with ice-slabs piled symmetrically on its marble counters. A few groups of men were seeking coolness at small tables with glasses before them and palm leaf fans in their hands, but a larger and noisier assemblage was collected before the bar, where a man, collarless and in his shirt-sleeves, with his back to the counter, was pretentiously addressing them. Brant, who had moodily dropped into a chair in the corner, after ordering a cooling drink as an excuse for his temporary refuge from the stifling street, half regretted his enforced participation in their conviviality. But a sudden lowering of the speaker's voice into a note of gloomy significance, seemed familiar to him. He glanced at him quickly, from the shadow of his corner. He was not mistaken—it *was* Jim Hooker!

For the first time in his life, Brant wished to evade him. In the days of his own prosperity his heart had always gone out towards this old companion of his boyhood; in his present humiliation his presence jarred upon him. He would have slipped away, but to do so he would have had to pass before the counter again, and Hooker with the self-consciousness of a story-teller had an eye on his audience. Brant, with a palm leaf fan before his face, was obliged to listen.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Hooker, examining his glass dramatically, "when a man's been cooped up in a Rebel prison, with a death line before him that he's obliged to cross every time he wants a square drink, it seems sort of like a dream of his boyhood to be standin' here comf'ble before his liquor, alongside o' white men once more. And when he knows he's bin put to all that trouble jest to save the reputation of another man, and the secrets of a few high and mighty ones, it's almost enough to make his liquor go agin him!" He stopped theatrically, seemed to choke emotionally over his brandy smash, but with a pause of dramatic determination, finally dashed it down. "No, gentlemen," he continued gloomily, "I don't say what I'm back in Washington *for*—I don't say what I've been sayin' to myself when I've bin picking the weevils outer my biscuits in Libby Prison—but ef you don't see some pretty big men in the War Department obliged to climb down in the next few days, my name ain't Jim Hooker, of Hooker, Meecham and Co., Army Beef Contractors, and the man who saved the fight at Grey Oaks!"

The smile of satisfaction that went around his audience—an audience quick to seize the weakness of any performance—might have startled a vanity less oblivious than Hookers; but it only aroused Brant's indignation and pity, and made his position still more intolerable. But Hooker, scornfully expectorating a thin stream of tobacco juice against the spittoon, remained for an instant gloomily silent.

"Tell us about the fight again," said a smiling auditor.

Hooker looked around the room with a certain dark suspiciousness, and then, in an affected lower voice, which his theatrical experience made perfectly audible, went on:—

"It ain't much to speak of, and if it wasn't for the principle of the thing, I wouldn't be talking. A man who's seen Injin fightin', don't go much on this here West Point fightin' by rule-of-three—but that ain't here or there! Well, I'd bin out a scoutin'—just to help the boys along, and I was sittin' in my wagon about daybreak, when along comes a Brigadier-General, and he looks into the wagon flap. I oughter to tell you first, gentlemen, that every minit he was expecting an attack—but he didn't let on a hint of it to *me*. 'How are you, Jim?' said he. 'How are you, General?' said I. 'Would you mind lendin' me your coat and hat?' says he, 'I've got a little game here with our pickets, and I don't want to be recognised.' 'Anything to oblige, General,' said I, and with that I strips off my coat and hat, and he peels and puts them on. 'Nearly the same figure, Jim,' he says, lookin' at me, 'suppose *you* try on *my* things and see.' With that he hands me his coat—full uniform, by G—d!—with the little gold cords and laces and the epaulettes with a star, and I puts it on—quite innocent-like. And then he says, handin' me his sword and belt, 'Same inches round the waist, I reckon,' and I puts that on too. 'You may as well keep 'em on till I come back,' says he, 'for it's mighty damp and malarious at this time around the swamp.' And with that he lites out. Well, gentlemen, I hadn't sat there five minutes before Bang! bang! rattle! rattle! kershiz! and I hears a yell. I steps out of the wagon; everything's quite dark, but the rattle goes on. Then along trots an orderly, leadin' a horse. 'Mount, General,' he says, 'we're attacked—the rear-guard's on us!'"

He paused, looked round his audience, and then in a lower voice, said darkly—

"I ain't a fool, gentlemen, an' in that minute a man's brain works at high pressure, and I saw it all! I saw

Copyright, 1894, by Bret Harte.

the little game of the Brigadier—to skunk away in my clothes and leave me to be captured in his. But I ain't a dog neither, and I mounted that horse, gentlemen, and lit out to where the men were formin'! I didn't dare to speak, lest they should know me, but I waved my sword, and by G—d! they followed me! And the next minit we was in the thick of it. I had my hat as full of holes as that ice strainer; I had a dozen bullets through my coat, the frirge of my epaulettes was shot away, but I kept the boys at their work—and we stopped *'em!* Stopped 'em, gentlemen, until we heard the bugles of the rest of our division, that all this time had been rolling that blasted rear-guard over on us! And it saved the fight; but the next minute the Johnny Rebs made a last dash and cut me off—and there I was—by G—d, a prisoner! Me that had saved the fight!"

A ripple of ironical applause went round as Hooker gloomily drained his glass, and then held up his hand in scornful deprecation.

"I said I was a prisoner, gentlemen," he went on, bitterly; "but that ain't all! I asked to see Johnstone, told him what I had done, and demanded to be exchanged for a general officer. He said, 'You be d——d.' I then sent word to the Division Commander-in-Chief, and told him how I had saved Grey Oaks when his Brigadier ran away, and he said, 'You be d——d.' I've bin 'You be d——d' from the lowest Non.-Com. to the Commander-in-Chief, and when I was at last exchanged, I was exchanged, gentlemen, for two mules and a broken wagon. But I'm *here*, gentlemen—as I was *thar!*'

"Why don't you see the President about it?" asked a bystander, in affected commiseration.

Mr. Hooker stared contemptuously at the suggestion, and expectorated his scornful dissent.

"Not much!" he said. "But I'm going to see the man that carries him and his Cabinet in his breeches pocket—Senator Boompointer."

"Boompointer's a big man," continued his auditor doubtfully. "Do you know him?"

"*Know* him?" Mr. Hooker laughed a bitter, sardonic laugh. "Well, gentlemen, I ain't the kind o' man to go in for family influence; but," he added, with gloomy elevation, "considering he's an intimate relation of mine, *by marriage*, I should say I did."

Brant heard no more; the facing around of his old companion towards the bar gave him that opportunity of escaping he had been waiting for. The defection of Hooker and his peculiar inventions were too characteristic of him to excite surprise, and, although they no longer awakened his good-humoured tolerance, they were powerless to affect him in his greater trouble. Only one thing he learned—that Hooker knew nothing of his wife being in camp as a spy—the incident would have been too tempting to have escaped his dramatic embellishment. And the allusion to Senator Boompointer, monstrous as it seemed in Hooker's mouth, gave him a grim temptation. He had heard of Boompointer's wonderful power; he believed that Susy would and could help *him*—Clarence—whether she did or did not help Hooker. But the next moment he dismissed the idea, with a flushing cheek. How low had he already sunk, even to think of it!

It had been once or twice in his mind to seek the President, and under a promise of secrecy, reveal a part of his story. He had heard many anecdotes of his goodness of heart and generous tolerance of all things, but with this was joined—so said contemporaneous history—a flippancy of speech and a brutality of directness from which Clarence's sensibility shrank. Would he see anything in his wife but a common spy on his army; would he see anything in *him* but the weak victim, like many others, of a scheming woman? Stories current in camp and Congress of the way that this grim humorist had, with an apposite anecdote or a rugged illustration, brushed away the most delicate sentiment or the subtlest poetry, even as he had exposed the sham of Puritanic morality or of Epicurean ethics. Brant had even solicited an audience, but had retired awkwardly, and with his confidence unspoken, before the dark, humorous eyes, that seemed almost too tolerant of his grievance. He had been to levées, and his heart had sunk equally before the vulgar crowd, who seemed to regard this man as their own buffoon, or the pompousness of position, learn-

BRANT WAS OBLIGED TO LISTEN.

ing, and dignity, which he seemed to delight to shake and disturb.

One afternoon, a few days later, in sheer listlessness of purpose, he found himself again at the White House. The President was giving audience to a deputation of fanatics, who, with a pathetic simplicity almost equal to his own pathetic tolerance, was urging upon this ruler of millions the policy of an insignificant score, and Brant listened to his patient, practical response of facts and logic, clothed in simple but sinewy English, up to the inevitable climax of humorous illustration, which the young Brigadier could now see was necessary to relieve the grimness of his refusal. For the first time Brant felt the courage to address him and resolved to wait until the deputation retired. As they left the gallery he lingered in the ante-room for the President to appear. But, as he did not come, afraid of losing his chances, he returned to the gallery. Alone in his privacy and shadow, the man he had just left was standing by a column, in motionless abstraction, looking over the distant garden. But the kindly, humorous face was almost tragic with an intensity of weariness! Every line of those strong, rustic features was relaxed under a burden which even the long, lank, angular figure—overgrown and unfinished as his own West—seemed to be distorted in its efforts to adjust itself to; while the dark, deep-set eyes were abstracted with the vague prescience of the prophet and the martyr. Shocked at that sudden change, Brant felt his cheek burn with shame. And *he* was about to break upon that wearied man's unbending; he was about to add *his* petty burden to the shoulders of this Western Atlas. He drew back silently, and descended the stairs.

HE WAS STANDING BY A COLUMN.

But before he had left the house, while mingling with the crowd in one of the larger rooms, he saw the President reappear beside an important, prosperous-looking figure, on whom the kindly giant was now smiling with humorous toleration. He noticed the divided attention of the crowd; the name of Senator Boompointer was upon every lip; he was nearly face to face with that famous dispenser of place and preferment—this second husband of Susy! An indescribable feeling—half cynical, half fateful—came over him. He would not have been surprised to have seen Jim Hooker join the throng, which now seemed to him to even dwarf the lonely central figure that had so lately touched him! He wanted to escape it all!

But his fate brought him to the entrance at the same moment that Boompointer was leaving it, and that distinguished man brushed hastily by him as a gorgeous carriage, drawn by two spirited horses, and driven by a resplendent negro coachman, dashed up. It was the Boompointer carriage.

A fashionably-dressed, pretty woman, who, in style, bearing, opulent contentment, and ingenuous self-consciousness, was in perfect keeping with the slight ostentation of the equipage, was its only occupant. As Boompointer stepped into the vehicle, her blue eyes fell for an instant on Brant. A happy, child like pink flush came into her cheeks, and a violet ray of recognition and mischief darted from her eyes to his. For it was Susy!

(To be continued.)

NOT INCLUSIVE TERMS.—VISITOR (*on being shown his room in Swiss hotel*): Very well, landlord, I will take this room; I like it because of the lovely view. (*Gazes meditatively out of window*). Yes, the sight of these noble hills awakens in me a whole crowd of pleasant memories.

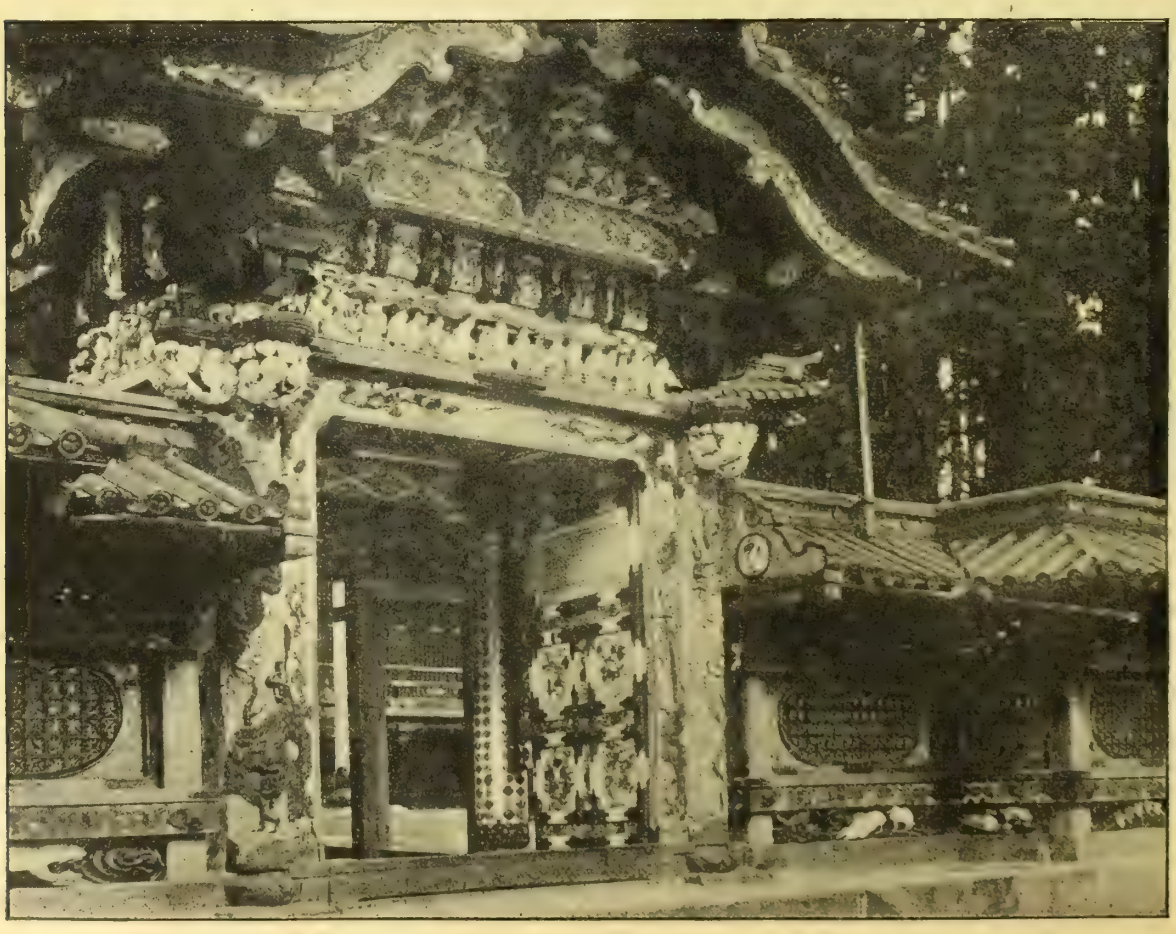
LANDLORD (*to chief waiter*): William, take a note. Number 27, awakening crowd of pleasant memories—ten francs.

PRACTICAL.—"Well, doctor, how do you find my husband?" "Not very well, madam; it is absolutely indispensable that he should have perfect rest. I will leave a prescription for some sleeping powders." "And when shall I give him them?" "Him? The powders are for you, madam!"

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new story, "THE RED COCKADE," a story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in the New Year's Number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY"

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—IV.

GIRLS PLAYING A GAME. THE OBJECT IS TO PASS THE HAND THROUGH THE LOOP AND SEIZE THE TEA-CUP BEFORE THE GIRLS AT EITHER END PULL THE SASH TIGHT AND THUS CATCH THE PLAYER BY THE ARM.



DOORWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF IYEYASU AT NIKKO.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE "NEW" PORTRAITS.

At the New Gallery. (*The rooms are hung with portraits—big and little, good and bad; the walls have a hundred eyes watching the careless visitors.*)

Miss Dodo Hall (*sister to the æsthetic critic, Ellesmere Hall, as she enters*). How cold it looks, and empty! Why is it?

Mr. Upto-Deight (*a young man absolutely unknown last July, now a lion—in certain circles*). You see they have only portraits here now; not arts and crafts, like last year.

Miss Dodo Hall. I know! But I like portraits. They tell one the way to sit down, and what frocks not to wear.

Mr. Upto-Deight (*hoping he may not muddle the celebrities he feels he ought to be able to recognise at a glance*). It is always pleasant to see portraits of one's friends. The modern fashion is certain to make them look their worst.

Miss Dodo Hall. Yes! That's why I prefer oil paintings to be of other people. If one is made pretty, one's friends say, of course, that "it is shamefully flattering," and to pay for being caricatured seems foolish.

Mr. Upto-Deight. I see by these later pictures that women never sit on chairs, but always choose the end of a sofa.

Miss Dodo Hall. Where they sit, like Britannia, on an old Cape of Good Hope postage stamp—you remember the triangular things one used to love?—trying not to come a cropper.

Mr. Upto-Deight (*with a mental glance at his past, when he visited galleries, a conscientious shilling-expending suburban, not as now a privileged private viewer*). Yes. Mrs. Hugh Hammersley sat on a sofa; so did Lady Colin Campbell. Now everybody sits on sofas—even at the New English Art Club!

Miss Dodo Hall. The next time I am painted I shall sit on a table and smoke a gold-tipped cigarette the wrong end—like a New Woman. To light the wrong end is a proof of virtue to-day, you know!

Mr. Upto-Deight. "Prove thy red gold in the fire," is doubtless the maxim it symbolises.

Miss Dodo Hall. Who is that elephantine person in No. 130 running amuck through a laundress's back-garden? Letty Lind? No! That's too bad; I won't allow Herkomer to paint me, if that is how he sees people.

Mr. Upto-Deight. Yes, really! even a skirt dance is not quite so wooden as that! Is the rainbow in the corner meant to imply a promise that so long as summer and winter remaineth, skirt dances shall never fail?

Miss Dodo Hall. I thought they danced before the ark, I mean before it was built; and the rainbow was after, wasn't it? I wish people would not mix allegories, like the Church and Stage Guild! Let us try another! Look at that charming creature in white! The Princesse Chimay. Isn't she divine? Gandara knows how to paint a woman.

Mr. Upto-Deight (*with transparent subtlety*). As well as she knows herself—yes! That lily——

Miss Dodo Hall. —Is not as white as she is painted, you bet! I wonder what powder she uses; it does not show!

Mr. Upto-Deight. Who are those funny people? (*Consults catalogue.*) The Lord Battersea, the Lady Battersea. I thought they were designs for posters!

Miss Dodo Hall. They are by Sandys—one must not sneer at him; I don't know why! But he is a genius who lives in a mystery, and you must not make fun of mysteries unless they are Mahatmas—just at present.

Mr. Podsnap (*joining them*). There is a lack of dignity about modern portraits that I object to strongly.

Mr. Upto-Deight. Dignity is not worn this season. Like belief in oneself, it is only evident when best concealed.

Miss Dodo Hall (*sweetly*). One doubts oneself. dear Mr. Podsnap.

Mr. Podsnap. My dear young lady, I *never* do!

Miss Dodo Hall (*innocently*). Ah! there lives more doubt in honest faith, believe me, than in half the creeds.

Mr. Podsnap (*oblivious of the perverted quotation*). I wish to go down to my grandchildren as a serious person, not a flippant cynic.

Mr. Upto-Deight. Their memories will make them doubt any painter who represented you otherwise. But do come and see this No. 26, "Mrs. E. Walton." Isn't it stunning? By Jove! Mr. Podsnap, it is worthy to hang by a Sir Joshua!

Mr. Podsnap (*with a fine generosity*). It is clever, very clever. I suppose you like the next, "Mrs. Fitzroy Bell," by Lavery, don't you? But these things seem to me a little too clever—don't you know—too—too (*halts for a non-committal word*)—too obvious!

Miss Dodo Hall (*in ecstasy*). That dress is a perfect inspiration! I shall bring my dressmaker here; it is better than looking at *The Queen*.

Mr. Upto-Deight. You mean the paper old tabbies read, on the principle "a cat may look at a queen."

Mr. Podsnap. Really, sir, if that be humour I prefer dulness! (*Consults his catalogue.*) Who is Mr. Walter Darnrosch?

Mr. Upto-Deight. Oh! that is Walter Damrosch, the swagger conductor of New York. I suppose they hardly like to spell his name D—rosch, so split the difference with a mild darn!

Miss Dodo Hall. Look at that poached-egg-on-spinach person by Besnard; it is like a placard for Coleman's mustard, mixed with Reckitt's blue, isn't it?

Mr. Upto-Deight (*looking at his catalogue*). "Agthanike, Daughter of"—what a queer name!—"Miss Toby Cockell," "Tottie Boucham." These titles are very flippant; they sound like a chorus in the provinces!

Mr. Podsnap. Please remember they are not owned by public characters, Mr. Upto-Deight. In my young days people did not ridicule the names of private persons.

Miss Dodo Hall. I think I like photographs best—in a shop window; they are always so delightfully mixed there! Take me to the tea-room, Mr. Upto-Deight, I am tired of pictures. Now, say something pretty.

Mr. Upto-Deight (*with meaning . . .*) Portraits unpainted are fairest; the sweetest songs are those unsung, you know!

Miss Dodo Hall. I quoted that to a girl last night, after she had sung a dozen or so. She looked so happy!

Mr. Slater (*an art critic*). I wonder why, when people come to galleries, they never glance at the best things there! J. J. Shannon's "Mrs. Creelman," Herkomer's "Herman Herkomer," painted in 1881 (*with a sigh*)—he could paint then!—or Guthrie's "Mrs. Garnier," for instance?

Mr. Podsnap (*snappishly*). Why, for just the reason you point out: to become awful examples to superior people like yourself! I like a good solid portrait, calm and self-possessed, that goes well in a dining-room. Not these flighty attempts, which are light enough for a drawing-room, and one should only have water-colours there!

Mr. Slater (*aghast*). My dear sir! Do you really think that Art is concerned with what goes on before it?

Mr. Podsnap. Not a jot, my dear sir! Not a jot, since it permits *you* to babble on in any gallery!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

THE TURKISH WOMAN AT HOME.

BY

CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE.

ONE has been so used all one's life to look at the Turkish woman as a miserable prisoner and hapless slave, that when one visits her home in Constantinople one looks with annoyance and suspicion on those who attempt to argue that her lot admits of certain compensations.

Passing by, for the moment, those terrible disadvantages of her position which certainly exist, mitigated though they may be for one of her race and her faith, let us describe the life of some beauty on the Bosphorus in what would be known among ourselves as the upper classes, and see if some hurried and worried leader of society at home would not be glad to occasionally introduce a little of the luxurious indolence and easy-going mindlessness of her Oriental sister into her own life.

In order to create a personal interest in our beauty, we will call her Zuleika. In all probability it was her name, for those pretty syllables with which the "Arabian Nights" have made us familiar are as common there as Mary once was among ourselves.

Zuleika lies in a corner of the room on a pile of silken cushions, and silk is silk in the East, not that harsh combination of cotton and jute unknown to the little worm of the mulberry leaf, which does duty for this fabric so often among ourselves. Were the beauty asked to throw her slight form on what answers to the word bed in England, she would exclaim—

"What! Risk knocking my head against horrid bars of brass and iron, and hurting my feet against those at the other end, smother myself under weighty blankets, and draw that ice-cold linen sheet up to my chin! Never!"

She might also remark that her couch was so arranged that she was spared the necessity of a nightly search beneath it for a burglar, a rite which must be carefully performed by any English girl who hopes to avoid eight hours of agonised wakefulness.

On another silky pillow placed on the floor sits a slave girl, as lovely and dainty in the eyes of the casual observer as the Queen of the Harem herself. In her hand she idly waves a fly-brush, lest any indiscreet insect should attempt to cause the sleeping beauty to open her heavily-fringed eyes one moment before she is so pleased. The hour is still early, not yet seven o'clock, but as it is the height of summer a flood of warm sunlight is already streaming in at the latticed window. Zuleika has no special hour for rising in the morning nor for retiring at night, and to attempt to impose such on her would be an act of tyranny few rulers of the Harem would dare to attempt. Sometimes she will elect to rise at four, sometimes it will be her pleasure to lie till nine, sometimes she will remain where she is the whole day. Why not? She is a long way above social or household duties as understood in the West, and as laziness is no vice in the East, she would only reply with the Ottoman equivalent of "How very funny!" if one tried to point out to her the moral contained in our cradle song, "The Voice of the Sluggard."

"However it's hard on Ayesha, the slave girl, to have to wait about from dawn to dusk," says someone who likes justice all round.

By no means! Ayesha is perfectly happy where she is, her cushions are as soft as those of her mistress, and she might go to sleep if she liked; long practice would cause her to leap into instant wakefulness at the first slight movement Zuleika might make, and if she preferred to slumber undisturbed, there are a score of other girls dying to have the honour of taking her place, though if they presumed to hint as much, Ayesha would break the handle of her fly-brush over their heads for their presumption, as jealousy and impetuosity are among her prominent characteristics.

Now Zuleika opens her eyes. How dark and beautiful they are. Ayesha throws some silky wraps round her, and she thrusts her little feet into a pair of high-heeled velvet slippers, gold-embroidered and sewn with pearls; that done, she is considered fully dressed for the house, and she now indulges in a stretch and a yawn. We have all seen her go through this performance on the walls of the Academy and in the illustrated papers, so we know how gracefully she does it.

Ayesha meanwhile claps her hands, and more slave girls enter with golden bowls filled with rose-water, trays of sweetmeats and coffee, and a box of daintily-perfumed cigarettes. These Turkish women eat wonderfully little excepting at their one big meal a day, and often Zuleika does not seem to require much beyond a spoonful of rose-leaf jam—such horrid stuff, though

the inhabitants of the palaces love it, so must you profess to do if you are to find favour with them, and be asked to come again. She then takes up what we should call an egg-cup of gold filigree studded with coral and pearls, and in this is inserted a tiny cup filled with coffee, the blackest of the black, which she fills and empties many times, and then her breakfast is over.

Ayesha now offers her a lute or zither; she accepts it languidly and strikes a few chords, then throws it impatiently aside, an expectant attendant catching it cleverly in one hand.

Why should Zuleika trouble "to keep up her music?" She is no longer on her promotion. She is Queen. Let others concern themselves with dance and song.

She strolls to the window and looks out into the court below; the walls around it are high, so her lattices are not so closely woven as on the other side, where the casement gives on to the Bosphorus and the public pathway; then she decides to do a little shopping. Her method of amusing herself thus is certainly convenient. She merely throws herself back on a divan and orders the shop to walk in. There is a moment's pause while a yashmak is thrown over her head, then the wide doorways open, and the shopmen march forward. A jeweller comes first, and in his hands he bears a tray whereon rich glittering gems are set out on a billowy sheet of crimson plush after the manner of a goldsmith's window in Bond Street. He takes up a heavy bracelet consisting of a massive band of gold, studded round with large pearls; it is of beautiful workmanship, though perfectly plain.

The bevy of maidens glance anxiously at their mistress. Even the Beauty of a Harem has her duties, and one is to provide opinions for the attendants.

"Handsome, but most uninteresting," is Zuleika's verdict on the bauble, and then, waking from her lethargy, she seizes on a necklet of gold filigree from which dangles a kind of fringe of emeralds, rubies, amethysts, sapphires, diamonds, and the rest. All are uncut—it is wonderful how indifferent Turkish women are to the beauty of well-cut stones—and they are so carelessly set that a valuable sapphire drops from its place as it catches in the laces on being clasped round about Zuleika's throat. No matter, precious stones often fall, and they are easily put back again. Zuleika does not stoop to ask the price of her trinket. The man will send in his bill later on, and it will be paid—somehow. Not in all things does the East differ from the West. Salaaming deeply, the jeweller retires, and a dealer in bric-à-brac brings forward another tray of "daintie delyghtes"; from these are selected a hand mirror, a velvet case, and a little casket. The first was necessary to replace that which Zuleika shattered, with a stamp of her little heel, last night, because it showed her that the dainty velvet toque, with an aigrette and a diamond clasp, which she wears in the house when in full dress, had been set awry on her little crop of short, fluffy curls. The case is of rich violet velvet; the imperial colour is in favour here, and is heavily embroidered in gold. No trade is carried on so briskly in the bazaars as that of gold thread and lacquer. The pretty Turkish name for this case is a hiding-place for love letters; but of these, Zuleika, for obvious reasons, receives few, and, instead, she puts in it scraps of verses, inscribed in beautiful Arab characters. They are very flowery, and might have been taken from either "Lalla Rooke" or from Tom Smith's Christmas crackers. The casket is of olive wood, and its cover is encircled by a thick band of turquoises. The purpose for which this is destined is distinctly original. When my lord goes to his barber's, the cuttings from his hair and beard will be collected and forwarded by special messenger to Zuleika, who will carefully preserve them in her casket, than which she can show him no greater proof of devotion, for these hairs are destined to supply the place of such as he has lost through age, and will re-sow themselves into his head in his future life. A mantle of brilliant emerald green, the Prophet's colour, is selected from another tray, and then the morning's work is done, and Zuleika decides to go for a drive. The horses have been waiting her orders for hours, so have the six stalwart caigees, who might have been required to row her in that most graceful of all barques, the Ottoman caik, had she not decided to go by land to the Sweet Waters of Asia, whither she is bent. However, no one minded this delay. The sturdy little nags of the country, which are best suited for Turkey's villainous roads, slept as comfortably between their shafts as though they stood in their stables; the driver snored contentedly upon his box, and the caigees, resting their handsome heads and muscular, brown arms heavily on the great, curious oars, cut into the form of a half-moon at the end, were as happy as the rest.

Her out-door robes, embroidered boots, and large mantle, or ferighee, put on, Zuleika's yashmak is thrown over her head; this is of the most delicate muslin, and perfectly transparent, and woe betide the handmaid who, in drawing it over the curly hair, or round the slender throat, shall so do that her mistress's beauties are concealed, and not enhanced, by the gauzy veil, which, moreover, leaves her luminous eyes absolutely uncovered; in fact, the prim little black veil of the West is a disguise far more effectual than the snowy film of the East, as those who "ha'e tried baith" declare. Now and then an order comes from Yildiz Kiosk that the veil is to be of thicker material and more closely drawn than before. The imperial command is scrupulously obeyed—for three weeks—during which most of the female set really worth inspection stay at home and yawn; then, little by little, it is proved that woman is still the lord of all, and she comes forth more thinly veiled than ever. Much unnecessary pity is lavished on the wearers of the yashmak; but ask a little girl of eleven how soon she will put on hers, and she will glow and colour all over her little face as she delightedly confides to you that she has only one more year to wait now. As Zuleika crosses the court to enter her carriage, she perceives her husband at the other end. He beats a hasty retreat,

A BEAUTY OF THE HAREM.

as it is not etiquette for him to even turn his eyes on his consort in public; she, therefore, must dispense with his hand to help her in; but then, in compensation, there is no one to growl out: "Do you know those horses have been standing here half the day?" She transgresses one of our notions of etiquette very thoroughly on her arrival at the Sweet Waters, as she begins to chat with perfect familiarity to her coachman, learning from him all the gossip of the city, which she will, in turn, retail to that group of bright-coloured butterflies flitting under the trees, whom she is now about to join. Her carriage is drawn as near to the spot as possible, for the Turkish woman never willingly takes one unnecessary step, nor yet does she stand about for one instant if she can sit. Hence the unwieldiness of frame which frequently overtakes her in life at an age when a European woman looks forward to retaining the slenderness of nineteen for a dozen years to come.

On Zuleika's return home, having no visitors to receive to-day, she wanders into one of the gaily-painted kiosks, which are dotted about the gardens, some of them forming little residences in themselves, so comfortably are they furnished and appointed. Here the ubiquitous sherbet and coffee cups follow her, and, thus refreshed, she moves to a more distant part of the grounds, where her lord, being a man of wealth, keeps a miniature wild-beast show. To this he has recently added a tiger cub from India, and the keeper hands this to Zuleika, who plays with it, thrusting her slim fingers between its jaws, and withdrawing them with little shrieks of excitement, as its infantine teeth graze her delicate skin. Tired of the tiger, she returns to the palace to drink more coffee, to read a French novel, to wrangle with her friends, to discuss her enemies, to watch the fairy-footed Fatima dance, or to hear the sweet-voiced Zoe sing the Song of the Bower. In the evening—and who shall say she has not as much liberty as is good for her on learning this?—in the evening she will visit the Imperial Harem for the purpose of watching Madame Sarah Bernhardt and her company go through a performance of *Theodora*.

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 60. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1894. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY
HERBERT KEEN.
Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

V.
A NARROW ESCAPE.

WHEN Mr. Summers died, his will was found to contain express directions to the executors to take effectual steps to prevent any other solicitor from succeeding to his business. He always had very strict notions about his duty to his clients, and I suppose he was anxious not to leave them and their affairs at the mercy of strangers. At all events, his will provided that his name should immediately be removed from the office door; that all deeds and documents should be despatched to their respective owners; that all unclaimed papers should, after due advertisement, be destroyed; and that the lease of his office should not be sold to a solicitor. For the purpose of ensuring the carrying out of this arrangement, he bequeathed to me and to another clerk one year's salary upon condition that we placed our services at the disposal of his executors for such period of time as might be necessary.

It was a melancholy and irksome task, and involved daily attendance at the office for nearly six months. The work was monotonous and uninteresting, for it consisted in sorting masses of old papers, making schedules of deeds and important documents, and correspondence with former clients as to the disposition of their property. My colleague and I acted under the supervision of one of the executors, who kept the keys of the strong-room, and saw that all deeds, etc., were sent off to their proper destinations. I do not think that I ever spent a more wearisome time, and the only incident which occurred to enliven the very depressing proceedings was so startling that I could very well have dispensed with it.

We found in the strong-room a bundle of deeds, labelled "J. L. Woods, Olive Villa, High Road, Chiswick." This gentleman had never had any business transactions with Mr. Summers in my time, and was consequently a stranger to me; but I wrote him the usual letter, to the above address, informing him of the death of my late principal, and asking instructions as to the disposal of his deeds. In due course I received a reply from him, expressing regret at the news my letter contained, and requesting me to forward the deeds to him by registered post. There was nothing in the communication to excite suspicion, and I therefore sent off the deeds—which, by-the-bye, related to some freehold house property in Walworth—in the manner directed, with a form of receipt for signature. The latter was duly returned with a polite note of acknowledgment, and that, I naturally supposed, was the end of the matter.

About a month later, however, I received a visit from a Mr. Derwent, a young solicitor, who informed me that he had been instructed by Mr. Woods to sell the property, and who wished to ask some technical question about the title. As I had never had occasion to investigate it, I was unable to assist him, but his inquiry was not very important, and he departed after some friendly chat about Mr. Summers and his affairs. It was not until afterwards that I realised the true motive of Mr. Derwent's call.

One afternoon, in the course of the following week, my colleague said to me, when I returned to the office after the dinner-hour—

"An old gentleman called while you were out; he came to see Mr. Summers, and was very much shocked to hear of his death. He said there are some deeds of his here, but he couldn't wait, as he was only passing through town. He wants them sent to him in the country."

"What was his name?" I inquired unsuspectingly.

"I put his card on your desk. There it is. 'Mr. James Law Woods, Tappenden House, Cheltenham.'" added my colleague, reading the address. "He said he used to live at Chiswick."

"At Chiswick?" I interrupted with a start, "Olive Villa, High Road, Chiswick?"

"Yes; but he removed from there into the country a year or two ago."

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"But I sent him his deeds some time back," I exclaimed. "Didn't you tell him so?"

"I didn't know it. You must have done them up yourself. Anyhow, he evidently hasn't received them," said my colleague, startled by my manner.

"I have his receipt for them. Besides, Mr. Derwent, his present solicitor, called here one day last week, and mentioned that the property was to be put up for sale. I hope there is nothing wrong," I added, with a dismal apprehension.

"The old gentleman seemed to know what he was talking about. He made no mention of any intention of dealing with the property."

"I must go into the City and see Mr. Derwent at once," I exclaimed, jumping up from my seat. "There is a misunderstanding, at all events, which ought to be cleared up."

In a great fluster, I hailed a hansom and drove to Mr. Derwent's office, which was in Fenchurch Street. Fortunately he was within and disengaged. While waiting to be shown into his room, I noticed on the wall of the outer office, a placard, evidently fresh from the printer's, announcing the sale by auction of Mr. Woods' property at an early date. Mr. Derwent, who recognised me at once, looked rather startled at seeing me.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed apprehensively.

"Your client, Mr. Woods, called at our place to-day," I began.

"Impossible," he interrupted, "my client left town yesterday."

"I supposed he was detained. I didn't see him myself, but he said that he was going down into the country to-day. The curious thing is," I added, "that he called for his deeds."

"I have them here," exclaimed Mr. Derwent, indicating the safe behind him.

"What did he mean, then? He asked that they should be forwarded to him down at Cheltenham, saying that he had left Chiswick a year or two back."

"Left Chiswick?" interrupted Mr. Derwent quickly. "He hasn't left Chiswick. *You* know that because you sent him the deeds there. Your visitor was evidently an impostor," added the young man, with an uneasy laugh.

"My colleague describes him as a most respectable old gentleman," I replied.

"Mr. Woods isn't old," returned Mr. Derwent triumphantly. "He can't be more than forty."

"How long have you known him?" I inquired.

"Well, he is a stranger, but he brought an introduction from a client of mine," answered Mr. Derwent, looking uneasy again.

"I understand now why you called the other day," I remarked meaningly.

"It is true that I wished to verify his account of himself," replied Mr. Derwent, who was a young practitioner, and therefore easily disconcerted. "I was satisfied with what you told me about him."

"Which didn't amount to much," I said, observing that the young man seemed unaccountably embarrassed, "for I have never met him."

"The client who introduced him to me said that he was only a casual acquaintance, so I thought I would satisfy myself that his late solicitor had really died, and so on. However, I have no doubt it is all right," said Mr. Derwent, with a forced air of assurance.

"It looks to me, Mr. Derwent, as though somebody is attempting to personate Mr. Woods. Whether the real person is the old gentleman who called upon me to-day, or your client, I don't know," I observed.

"My man is perfectly genuine," he exclaimed, almost rudely, in his manifest perturbation.

"That may be, sir," I said, rising. "But I must give you notice, on behalf of the real Mr. Woods, not to part with the deeds. Fortunately, there is no harm done at present."

"I hope not," said Mr. Derwent, suddenly losing his self-possession, and turning pale; "but the fact is, I have already advanced money on the property, pending the sale."

"Not much, I hope," I said, perceiving the cause of his emotion.

"Five hundred pounds. He wanted the money at once, for a purpose which he explained, and I advanced it on his signing a memorandum of equitable deposit," replied the young man, evidently yielding to a growing conviction that he had been swindled, and speaking with bated breath.

"When was that?" I asked.

"Only yesterday."

"How did you pay the money?" I inquired, my sympathy fully aroused by the young man's distress.

"He asked for an open cheque, as he had to take up a bill. I gave him a cheque 'to bearer,' and directed him to my bank—the British Joint Stock," said Mr. Derwent, ruefully.

"He was probably paid chiefly in bank-notes, and you had better ascertain the numbers. I would suggest that we should then go down to Chiswick together, and if, from inquiries at Olive Villa, we discover that your client is a swindler, you can give information to the police at once, and stop the notes," I said.

"All right. Come along!" exclaimed the young man, in great excitement, seizing his hat, and starting off.

The City branch of the British Joint Stock Bank was near at hand, and when we reached it, I waited in the porch, while Mr. Derwent rushed inside the building. There seemed to me to be no doubt whatever that some thief had contrived to get hold of Mr. Woods' deeds, owing to the latter having omitted to give notice of his change of address, and that Mr. Derwent was the victim of an ingenious fraud. It was not the first instance I had known of a young solicitor, just starting in business, being honoured with the patronage of a swindler. Young practitioners are naturally credulous and eager for business, and, as had evidently been the case with Mr. Derwent, are easily beguiled by a plausible manner. There are unscrupulous persons who make themselves acquainted with the details revealed by the Law List, and every young solicitor starting in practice on his own account, receives a visit, early in his career, from some mysterious person who cannot be induced to reveal the name of the "friend" who had recommended him as a client.

Mr. Derwent, however, had been victimised under rather special circumstances, for not only had the soi-disant Mr. Woods brought him title deeds which were absolutely genuine, but had accounted for coming to a stranger in a manner which was capable of verification. Mr. Derwent had taken the precaution of calling at Mr. Summers' late office to check his client's statement, and I was, therefore, all the more sorry for the young man, for I regarded his £500 as irretrievably and hopelessly lost.

To my great surprise, however, when Mr. Derwent rejoined me, he was radiant with delight, and exclaimed, breathlessly—

"It is all right! We needn't go down to Chiswick."

"Why?" I murmured, taken aback.

"My cheque wasn't presented yesterday. You are evidently mistaken about my client. The swindler must be your respectable old gentleman," said Mr. Derwent, in high good humour. "No doubt Mr. Woods has paid the cheque into his bank in the usual way."

"I thought you told me he particularly asked for an open cheque, in order that he might cash it at once," I remarked.

"So he did; but I suppose he changed his mind, which he wouldn't if he had been a swindler," laughed Mr. Derwent. "In that case, you may be sure that he would have got the money."

"You have stopped the cheque, I suppose?" I said.

"Yes, and if you care to make inquiries down at Chiswick, you can. I shall probably have to apologise to my client, but I shall hold you responsible," said the young gentleman, jauntily.

"You can do as you like about that; but if you are foolish enough to pay the money after what I have told you, you will have nobody but yourself to blame. I must again warn you not, on any account, to part with the deeds," I added, impressively.

"I shall wait until I have communicated with my client, of course," said Mr. Derwent, rather pompously.

"My opinion remains the same, sir," I said, emphatically. "The reason the cheque wasn't presented yesterday we shall probably find out; it may be that you have had a lucky escape; but I am certain that this is an attempted fraud."

I turned away with these words, feeling somewhat irritated by the young gentleman's superior manner; but, of course, the fact of the cheque not having been presented for payment suggested a possibility that his Mr. Woods might be the genuine person. On the other hand, the modus operandi of Mr. Derwent's client had been that which an ingenious thief would have adopted, except in the important particular above mentioned. A dishonest person who had wrongfully obtained possession of title deeds would probably select a young solicitor for his victim, would hand him the deeds, with instructions to sell, in order to inspire confidence, and would then secure his plunder in the form of a temporary loan, with which he would abscond before the publicity caused by the placards had exposed the fraud.

I, therefore, did not hesitate to take the first train to Chiswick, and was not suprised to find that Olive Villa had recently been vacated. It was a picturesque cottage of the old-fashined kind occasionally to be found in outlying suburbs, overgrown with ivy and creeping plants, and surrounded by a large garden. Though the house was empty, there was no bill in the window, and from the litter of paper and straw on the footpath and roadway in front, it was evident that the furniture had been removed within the last day or two.

There was no caretaker upon the premises, but I learnt, from inquiries in the neighbourhood, that the late tenant had been a man named Hunter, with a family consisting of a wife and two children. His departure had evidently been abrupt, and he had lived in the house so short a time that very little was known about him. He was described to me as middle-aged, inclined to stoutness, with florid face and red whiskers, and was supposed to be a betting man or in some way connected with the turf.

With regard to Mr. Woods, the information I obtained was much more complete and satisfactory. Mr. Summers' old client had resided at Chiswick for many years, and I easily obtained from the local tradespeople a reliable description of his personal appearance. There could be no doubt that the old gentleman who had called at my office was Mr. Woods himself, and that Mr. Derwent's client was the man Hunter.

I was very much upset at this discovery, for now that it was too late, I blamed myself for having despatched the deeds to Chiswick without making sufficient inquiries. I ought to have taken the precaution to compare the handwriting of the letter which I had received from the person who had personated Mr. Woods, with genuine letters which I might possibly have found among old papers. It was easy to be wise after the event, and the incident suggested disagreeable misgivings that there might have been other instances of the same kind of fraud in connection with my present occupation. Even though Mr. Summers' estate might not be legally responsible for any loss that had occurred, I should be accused of culpable carelessness and stupidity, with the result of forfeiting the testimonial from the executors upon which I greatly relied for obtaining a fresh situation.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Derwent that evening, informing him of the result of my visit to Chiswick, but I decided to do nothing further until I had consulted Mr. Summers' executors. One of them, Mr. Rolandson, a barrister, was to have come to the office early the next day, and I thought it would be wise to ascertain from him our legal position before seeing Mr. Derwent again. But to my great annoyance, Mr. Rolandson was late, and I sat waiting for him, fuming and fidgetting till nearly one o'clock. I was just making up my mind to go down into the City without further delay, when Mr. Derwent walked into my room. He was flushed and excited, and I saw at once that something had happened.

I HAILED A HANSOM.

"Here is a nice complication," he said, irritably. "My cheque has been presented."

"Well? Payment was refused, I suppose?" I remarked.

"Yes, but the cheque came from a bonâ fide holder. It was paid into Bartle's Bank by a most respectable customer of theirs, who has a large account, and was presented by Bartle's this morning," said Mr. Derwent, mopping the perspiration from his forehead.

"How do you know the holder is bonâ fide?" I inquired.

"The bank told me there is no doubt of it," said Mr. Derwent. "He is a most respectable ironmonger, named Dillon, in a large way of business over in Lambeth. Of course, it is a serious thing not to honour one's cheque. I hardly like to withhold payment."

"That is your own affair," I replied. "But I think it might be worth while to call upon this Mr. Dillon. It is all very well to say he is respectable. How came he by the cheque?"

"Woods or Hunter, or whatever his name is, endorsed it, and Dillon paid it into his own bank," said Mr. Derwent impatiently.

"It looks suspicious to me," I replied. "I see you have a cab at the door. Let us drive over at once and learn exactly what this gentleman knows about the matter."

"A man of his position is not the least likely to be a party to a fraud," said the young man despondently. "He no doubt gave value for the cheque and the only question is whether, under those circumstances, I am legally liable. That will be for a Court of Law to decide."

"It will save time if we can contrive to get back the cheque," I answered. "Anyhow, it is worth trying."

After some demur, Mr. Derwent agreed to my suggestion, and we drove with all speed to Nelson Street, Lambeth, where we found that Mr. Dillon's establishment was a considerable one, consisting of two or three shops, which showed every indication of a thriving business. Mr. Derwent, with some irritation at having been brought on what he evidently considered a fool's errand, whispered to me as we entered to leave the conduct of the interview to him.

"WHICH IS MR. DERWENT?"

He sent in his card, and after a short delay we were ushered into Mr. Dillon's private office. Mr. Dillon was a tall, heavy, prosperous-looking man, dressed in black, with a pompous manner and a deep solemn voice. But the expression of his fat, clean-shaven face inspired me with vague distrust, which seemed to be reciprocated, for when I followed Mr. Derwent into the room, he said sharply—

"Which is Mr. Derwent?"

"I am," replied my companion.

"And you, sir?" inquired Mr. Dillon addressing me.

"Oh, only a friend of mine," interposed Mr. Derwent quickly. "I called, Mr. Dillon, about my cheque."

"What cheque?" asked Mr. Dillon, glancing uneasily at me.

"A cheque for £500, which was paid in by you, and which my bank refused to cash by my orders," said Mr. Derwent nervously.

"You dishonoured your cheque!" exclaimed Mr. Dillon, with a portentous frown.

"Yes; at least I have at present. My object in calling is to inquire how you came by it?" said Mr. Derwent.

"That cheque," replied Mr. Dillon, leaning back in his chair and speaking with grave deliberation, "came to me from a customer in the ordinary course of business. I paid it into my bank with other cheques, and I expect it to be met."

"But who did you get it from?" repeated Mr. Derwent.

"Really, sir, I must ask the object of your inquiry," said Mr. Dillon, whose uneasy side-glances in my direction convinced me that his assurance was assumed.

"Did you give value for the cheque?" inquired Mr. Derwent, who was manifestly disconcerted by Mr. Dillon's manner.

"Most certainly, sir, I did," replied the latter emphatically.

"Did you cash it for the payee?"

"No, sir, I did not. I have never heard of the payee. What was the name? Jones—Smith——?"

"Woods," interposed Mr. Derwent.

"Ah, yes. I remember. I know nobody of that name; the cheque was sent to me by a customer, but if you will excuse me, I must decline to discuss the matter. Are you going to meet the cheque or not, sir?" said Mr. Dillon, addressing my companion in a bullying tone.

"Not unless——" began Mr. Derwent.

"Then, sir, my solicitor will communicate with you," interrupted Mr. Dillon, rising from his seat with a stiff bow intended to dismiss us.

Mr. Derwent got up also, partly from pique, but partly, I could see, because he was overawed by Mr. Dillon's impressive manner; but I, sitting apart, had been quietly taking stock of this gentleman during the interview, and had arrived at a tolerably firm conviction that, in spite of his outward respectability, the man was a rogue. I therefore said significantly—

"Can you give us the address of your friend Hunter, Mr. Dillon?"

"I don't know such a person," replied Mr. Dillon, with suspicious quickness.

"Otherwise Woods," I continued, looking straight at him.

"I have already answered that question. Who may you be, sir?" he added, addressing me half defiantly, half apprehensively.

"I am a private detective," I said quietly, giving Mr. Derwent a sly kick under the table.

"What the deuce do you mean, sir, by coming into my office with a spy in this manner?" exclaimed Mr. Dillon, addressing my companion with blustering indignation.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Dillon," I interposed. "A thief, named Hunter, obtains possession of a cheque by fraud. It is presented for payment by a gentleman, who refuses any explanation. You do not seem to realise your own position."

"I—I certainly didn't understand that there was any—ahem!—fraud," replied Mr. Dillon, changing his tone in a wonderful manner and becoming civil all of a sudden.

"That is the worst of cashing cheques for people you don't know—though I think you said it was paid you by a customer?" I said politely.

"Well, now I come to think of it, that particular cheque—you must remember I pay in numbers of cheques every day—came to me in rather a curious way. But first, I must know how I stand?" he said, glancing at me shrewdly.

"The matter need go no further than this room," I answered, lowering my voice.

"Is that so, Mr. Derwent?" he inquired, turning to my companion with visible relief.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Derwent, nearly betraying me by his evident bewilderment.

"That cheque," said Mr. Dillon, opening a drawer in front of him, and producing an envelope, "reached me by yesterday morning's post, enclosed in this, without any note or message whatever."

He handed me an envelope as he spoke, directed to him in pencil, and bearing the City district post-mark. The address had evidently been hurriedly written, but the handwriting was unmistakably Hunter's. Mr. Derwent recognised it at once, and said so.

"Who Woods or Hunter may be, I can't say," rejoined Mr. Dillon, in an innocent tone; "receiving the cheque in that mysterious manner, I naturally concluded, as it was endorsed by the payee, that it came from some customer who had omitted to enclose a letter with it. I therefore paid it into my account, expecting to receive an explanation later."

"You said you gave value for it," said Mr. Derwent, sharply.

"For aught I knew, I might have done," replied Mr. Dillon, colouring. "I have large accounts outstanding, and I concluded this cheque came from one of my debtors, who had received it from Woods, whoever he may be. Of course, I am perfectly satisfied with the explanation you now give me, Mr. Derwent. I absolutely decline to have anything whatever to do with the cheque," he added, with a virtuous air.

At that moment there came a knock at the door, and a clerk entered with a sealed envelope.

"From the bank," he said, handing it to his master.

"Ah! here it is, I expect!" exclaimed Mr. Dillon, opening the letter, and producing Mr. Derwent's cheque, which was marked, "Refer to drawer." "If you want it, sir, you are welcome to have it back."

He threw the cheque on the table as he spoke, and Mr. Derwent pounced upon it eagerly.

"It is a very extraordinary thing, Mr. Dillon," I remarked, significantly, "that the thief should have sent the cheque to you direct."

"It is most unaccountable," acquiesced Mr. Dillon, avoiding my gaze. "I rely upon your assurance, Mr. Derwent, that the affair will end here."

"I shan't prosecute Hunter, if you mean that," replied Mr. Derwent, promptly, overjoyed at recovering the cheque; "as I haven't lost my money, I am not disposed to waste any more time over it."

"I have given you every information," continued Mr. Dillon, addressing me, "and my conduct has been quite straightforward; but I naturally do not wish my name to be mixed up in any criminal proceedings."

"You have heard Mr. Derwent's decision. Of course. I have nothing further to say," I replied, as we all moved towards the door. "But I *should* like to know why Hunter sent the cheque to you."

"So should I," returned Mr. Dillon, visibly confused, opening the door for us with ponderous politeness. "If you ever find out, you can let me know."

* * * * *

I was unable to gratify Mr. Dillon's very natural curiosity on this point; but a couple of days afterwards I came across a paragraph in a newspaper which, as it seemed to me to throw some light upon the subject, I cut out and sent to him. It ran as follows:—

"CLEVER CAPTURE.—George Parry, a well-dressed, middle-aged man, who was charged on Tuesday last at this Court with assaulting Detective Sergeant Balustrade, and who was remanded, at the request of the police, for inquiries, was again brought up yesterday, when sensational developments ensued. It will be remembered that, on Monday last, Sergeant Balustrade chanced to meet the prisoner outside the British Joint Stock Bank in the City, and recognising him as a notorious burglar who was 'wanted,' started in pursuit. The sergeant explained that, being not quite certain of his man, he refrained from summoning assistance, but followed him for the best part of two hours through various City lanes and by-ways, with which the prisoner appeared to be well acquainted. Once the sergeant lost sight of his quarry for nearly half an hour, but ultimately came across him again, just as he was emerging from the back entrance of a block of City offices in which the prisoner had taken refuge. The episode culminated in the prisoner roughly pushing past the sergeant in attempting to escape, which was the assault complained of. The sergeant now came forward, and requested the magistrate to grant a further remand, as he had since been able to verify his suspicions about the prisoner's identity. The police are reticent at present, but there is no doubt that the capture is regarded as a most important one, and the prisoner is said to be the chief perpetrator of a number of daring burglaries in the West End, who has hitherto succeeded in evading arrest. The prisoner, who appeared to be a person of superior education, indignantly protested his innocence, but the magistrate remanded him for a week, and refused bail."

Mr. Dillon never acknowledged my civility, and perhaps, at first sight, the above announcement may not have been intelligible to him. But fuller details were given in the newspapers, after the next appearance of the prisoner before the magistrate, and it then incidentally transpired that, among other aliases, he had called himself Hunter. This was undoubtedly the person who had personated Mr. Woods, and the reason why he had never cashed Mr. Derwent's cheque was now apparent. He was evidently on his way to the bank when he came face to face with the detective, and made off with the cheque still in his possession. In the short interval during the chase, while the sergeant was temporarily at fault, Hunter had contrived to slip the cheque into an envelope, and post it to Mr. Dillon. Probably

SERGEANT BALUSTRADE STARTED IN PURSUIT.

he was apprehensive of capture, and wished to get rid of this awkward slip of paper, which he would have found it difficult to account for.

What induced him to send the cheque to Mr. Dillon,

when he might undoubtedly have destroyed it, is a mystery which can only be explained in a very startling hypothesis. Hunter was committed for trial, and was finally convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, but nothing came out during the proceedings about the attempted fraud on Mr. Derwent. I never came across Mr. Dillon again, but I believe he still carries on his thriving business. That the prisoner was not a stranger to him I am absolutely convinced, but I have never been able to make up my mind about that cheque. It is charitable to assume that Hunter's trial was an appalling revelation to the respectable Mr. Dillon, and that, when he paid the cheque into his account, he had not the remotest suspicion of the character and antecedents of his correspondent. While absolutely discrediting Mr. Dillon's own version of the incident, I find it hard to believe that he had any guilty knowledge, though a police inspector of my acquaintance, to whom I afterwards told the story, seemed to think otherwise.

As for Mr. Derwent, he was pleased to consider that he was in some measure indebted to my interference for recovering his cheque without further trouble, and he therefore, at my request, despatched the deeds by registered post to the rightful owner, who, to this moment, has no suspicion that they did not come direct from Mr. Summers' strong-room.

TIRED.

Once upon a time there was a man, and the man was weary. He heard the chatter and clatter of the world, the new ideas which were always old, the speculations which were never new, the hopes which ever dissolved in tears, and beneath the tumult the helpless moan of a morbid pessimism.

He was young, and strong, and full of courage, but youth soon gave way to premature age, his strength failed, and his head ached with unprofitable thought. Then a voice within him whispered, "Go! They talk and dream! Go thou, and live." So the man departed.

He journeyed for many days and nights, and at last he came to a quiet country, unsullied by the voice or foot of man. The heavens were clear, and blue, and smiling, the earth was veiled in many colours, and flowers blossomed, and birds sang, all the day long.

The man rejoiced as he looked around, and cried, "Behold! the earth is fair; the blue heavens are above me; the trees give shelter from the heat; the river water to quench my thirst. Here will I live in peace."

But it came to pass on a certain day that he heard a vague and distant tumult, and knew the world was coming to find him. Then the birds sang of "original sin," and the monkeys prated of "rights," and the trees discussed the "labour question," and the flowers whispered "defeat," and the sunset spake of departed hopes, and the stars murmured of death.

So the man arose and left his dwelling, and journeyed further and further away, till he came to the shores of a great sea, and there he built a hut. And the man smiled to himself, and said, "The blue heavens are still above me, the brown earth is beneath, and these are the waters of a great sea."

And he lived there happy and contented for two full years.

Then he heard again the distant tumult, and knew the world was coming his way; and the waves were fierce, and wild, and restless, and the wind wailed like a little child, and questions that never found an answer filled the air.

The man looked like a hunted creature, and a terrible pain was in his heart and black despair in his eyes. He rose and stood on the shining beach, and gazed long at the coming world, and his voice had a sound of tears.

"I wanted life, and you gave me philosophy; I wanted love, and you offered me gold; I cried for death, and you proffered disease. I gave you a heart, and untaintedintellect. You devoured the one and corrupted the other. I gave you young hopes and ardent prayers. You filled me with folly and empty delusion. I sought to escape. You have followed me here. One way only is left to me now"; and he plunged to rest in the restless sea.

M. J. Marshall.

"TOMMY ON RUDYARD."

He was "sitting" for Pleyne Eyre, A.R.A. To be more accurate, he was sitting waiting, stoically, disconsolately, and tapping his boots with something a cross between a whip and a cane, when I entered that huge, bare studio in search of its owner.

"Good afternoon, Atkins," I said, for we had made friends before, when he was posing for Pleyne Eyre's famous picture, 'Tho' I walks with twenty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand'—for that A.R.A. is one of those artists whose pictures, critics say, palpitate with actuality. He would scorn to paint a mere model decked in theatrical uniform. Hence Atkins' frequent "engagements"—the only ones, I strongly suspect, he had ever seen.

"Mr. Pleyne Eyre not in?" I said.

"No, sir. 'That dratted frame maker is a hass'—them were his very words, sir!" (This I doubted; no effect of palpitating modernity would make Pleyne Eyre say "dratted.") "So he bolted off, sudden-like; and now it's gettin' dull, I'm afraid he won't 'urry back."

Then I saw my chance, as my eye fell on a disreputable copy of "Barrack Room Ballads," kept to give local atmosphere to these British Army pictures Pleyne Eyre loves. A book thumbed and tattered enough to satisfy the most bumptious minor poet.

"Been reading Rudyard Kipling, Atkins?"

"Ra-ther," he replied. "Not but what I knows 'im by 'art almost."

"Do you? Well, what do you think of him—I mean, all of you?"

"He's blooming fine as a writer—that's wot 'e is; but I'm d——d if I can make out where he got to know all about sojers as he does. That licks me! 'E's all wool, and a yard wide. You know what I mean by that, sir?" he added, anxiously, lest I was straining my intellect to follow him.

"I think I do. But do your chums read him much? I have never been able to find out what the rank and file think of him."

"Well, they don't read much, any way," said Atkins, conscientiously, "but t'other night a fellow read out some of his 'Plain Tales,' and you should have just seen 'ow they all liked 'em."

"Which was their favourite?"

"'The Taking of Lungtungpen,'" said Atkins instantly, without a second's consideration. "Lor! 'ow they did larf. 'Foive-and-twenty privits and a orficer ov the line in review ordher, an' not so much as would dust a fife betune 'em all in the way of clothes. They was nakid as Vanus.' That fetched 'em. The boys all say 'e must 'a bin a sojer himself; no civilian could 'a got into the men's confidence."

"I have heard all sorts of people claim Kipling as a fellow professional," I said. "Tell me, do they like his ballads as well as his stories?"

"Not all of 'em," Atkins cautiously replied. "'Soldier, Soldier,' they say is all tommy-rot. Catch a gal a-waiting. When you came home you'd find her bloomin' well married."

"I see; they like his comic ones best?"

"Not a bit of it. Don't get that in your 'ed. They like that story of Snarleyow, bringing up the guns, and drivin' right over his brother's bloomin' 'ed. But you must 'a been a 'orse artilleryman yourself to appreciate that. It's bally good. No; they don't care for 'Screw-guns' near so much, but they likes the 'Widdy at Windsor.'"

This rather upset my notions; like a coster's choice of Chevalier's ditties, it showed that insiders have different standards to ordinary folks.

"Of course, they like 'Mandalay' and 'Danny Deever'?" I added.

"No," said Atkins, glumly. "'Danny Deever' is too bloomin' dismal, and that 'Mandalay' gal's no good. You see a lot of 'em 'ave bin there, and they know 'er. Tommy ain't nuts on sentiment, but when he gets real in love, 'e goes mad about it. But t'ain't over a yeller gal, you bet!"

"Then what the dickens does he like?"

"Well, he likes the 'Young British Sojer' and the 'Widdy at Windsor'—they touch him up."

"And 'Belts, Belts,' I suppose? That ought to touch him up still more."

"No, it don't; you see it's different in the artillery. It's easy enough to keep straight in the infantry; all you has to do is to keep clean—then you're sure to get off all right."

"Do they like 'Bobs'?"

"I should say they did," said Atkins, now really excited. "'Bobs' is first-class. How he picked it all up's wot puzzles—and that reglar staggers me. Not in London; why, bless you" (confidentially), "here they are that blooming particular, a Guardsman ain't allowed to be seen talking to his own sister, let alone a bloomin' toff. Why they'd run 'im in for that."

"So 'Bobs' is first favourite?"

"Yes; he's all right. Ain't he, Bobs? I tell you another just bowls 'em over. The B. Company, as drink themselves into clink-by-squads—that's cells, you know."

"H'm! What is Tommy's favourite tipple—gin?"

"Not offin! Mild and bitter's 'is booze. R. K. knows that; and he knows the queer lingo the boys talk. It's gospel true, them queer oaths; why, I heard a man in for 'cells,' only t'other night, say of the fellow who'd got his monkey up, 'May Gawd throw rubub in 'is eyes; may 'e 'ave the itch in 'is ears; may 'is finger niles drop off, so that 'e can't scratch hisself!'—that's the sort o' thing they do say."

"I see. Tommy has a pretty wit."

"I don't know o' that; but he can sling words about when you puts 'is back up."

"How does he like the *Gaiety Girl* 'Tommy Atkins'?"

"'E jest 'ates it—you take that straight from me. I never knew a Guardsman go twice to see that blooming show; why, they make all the orficers be'ave like blooming cads—there ain't one of 'em knows how to walk."

"Have you read the 'Light that Failed'?"

Here Atkins' spirits sank, but he owned he 'never could get through with it,' and I felt a sneaking sympathy.

Just then Pleyne Eyre entered, and Atkins froze up—but even a glimpse into Kipling's standing in the army seemed worth putting on record.

Phlegmatic.—Yes, he was a cool customer, was Tranquilsby. I never knew anything or anybody put him out. But let me just give you an instance. One evening he rang for a glass of water, and the servant took it up to him. About two minutes later she was rung for again. Tranquilsby wanted another glass, and this the servant also brought him. After another very short interval, Tranquilsby's bell again rang. "Oh, just fetch me a glass of water, will you?" he said, with the utmost calmness. "Why, whatever's wrong, sir?" asked the girl in alarm; "I've brought you two glasses within the last three minutes." "Oh, thanks," said Tranquilsby, with a grateful smile; "I've used them, though. My bedroom's got on fire, you see." (The sitting-room, in fact, was rapidly filling with smoke.) "Ah, yes! I'm afraid I shall still want another!"

Looking Ahead.—Solomon Cohenstein (to his son Isaac): Vat! you haf now von leedle brodersh—yet you are not glatt—you haf not joy!

Isaac: And why should I haf joy, when dot leedle brodersh make me go down fifty per shents?

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new story, "THE RED COCKADE," a story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in the next Number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY."

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—V.

JAPANESE FUNERAL.

MOUNT FUJIYAMA.

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

These Chrismus festiverties—they 'as much ter awnser for. I've bin told by one as ought ter knaw, an 'e were a young lad as worked at a chemist's, that the run on digestive pills at this season of the year is suthink crule. The fact is, theer's a lot of people as acts joodishus enough in the or'nery course, but cawnt bring theirselves ter act joodishus when their on their 'ollerdies. Oh, yer may berliev me, thet ain't at all uncommon. I knawed a kise of that in a young nevvy o' mine, as prop'ly speakin' is my cousing, but calls me uncle for the sike of cornvenience. Nar that boy, when 'e's in school, is a reg'lar lamb, and ax as sich. But as soon as ever the summer 'ollerdies comes rarnd, you'll ketch 'im spilin' a noo soot by shinnin' up a apple tree, which, belongin' as it do to a cormperitive strineger, kin only git 'im inter trouble. I ain't like 'Ankin, I ain't ollwise a shovin' forrud my objicktion ter things in gen'ral. But I must sye as the wye the or'nery wukkin'-man 'as ter manidge 'is ollerdies is a disgrice and nutthink else. Fust of all, as like as nort, 'e 'as ter wuk extry 'awd, and by the time the 'ollerdy comes' e's too tired ter be fit ter enjy it. Then 'e goes horf on a bust, so thet when is 'ollerdy's over 'e ain't no more fit for the wuk than 'e were for the 'ollerdy. Nar thet ain't as it should be; I've said it afore, and I sye it agen, thet the wukkin'-man's 'ollerdies is manidged shockin'. I awsk yer ter cornsider it. London's a big plice, and when all trides stops wuk fur three or four dyes tergither, whort's the effec'? The effec' is a deal of ill-cornvenience, and hev'ry-body feels it. Nar whort I says is, whur's the sense of it? I don't deny that if diff'runt trides tuk their 'ollerdies at diff'runt times, theer might be orbstercles in the wye of family meetin's and sich. But, tikin' all things tergether, I don't see as 'ow any arringement could be wus than whort we 'as at present. And, mind yer, I don't sye that from no pussonal motives. I 'appened ter win thet tukkey as ole Ike put up fur a raffel, and I dunno as I've ever done a Chrismus better nor cheaper. Still, it's the principul of the thing as I looks at.

* * * *

'Ankin 'as a 'abit of lookin' beck at the end of each year and tikin' whort 'e calls a gineral survey of the stite of the pollertics of the nyshun. 'E awsts 'isself, 'as the pawthwye bin mide smoother fur the advawnce of a triumphint dimocricy—ah, whort 'Ankin don't know abart langwidge yur cawn't teach 'im!—an' does the pawty of progriss stand wheer it did? And 'is awnsers to sich questshings is mostly of a 'ighly onsatisfactery nychur. Pussonally, I don't look beck on pollertics; I prefers to look beck on myself, as being to myself a subjic of deeper hinterest. Well, I dunno as I'm any forrader nor any backwarder nor I was twelve months ago. I ain't no richer and I ain't no poorer. As fur whort I've done, I could carnt up the number of journeys as I've done on the 'bus, if I thought it were worth it, which I'm 'anged if I do. Per'aps the wust of a 'bus cornducter's life is thet it is so bloomin' mernoternous. The only remawkable chinge as I've noticed is thet I'm 'awf a stone lighter nor whort I was last year, an' I puts thet darn to 'Ankin. 'Is 'abit of argyin' with hev'rybody mye be, as 'e says, a hinterleckshal egsercise; but it is also most uncommun wearin', and I don't dart as I've lost parnds of flesh in tryin' ter show 'im 'ow artrigusly wrong 'e is on most pints. Well, 'ere's another year on the top of us anywye. 'Igher up theer, 'ninety-four!

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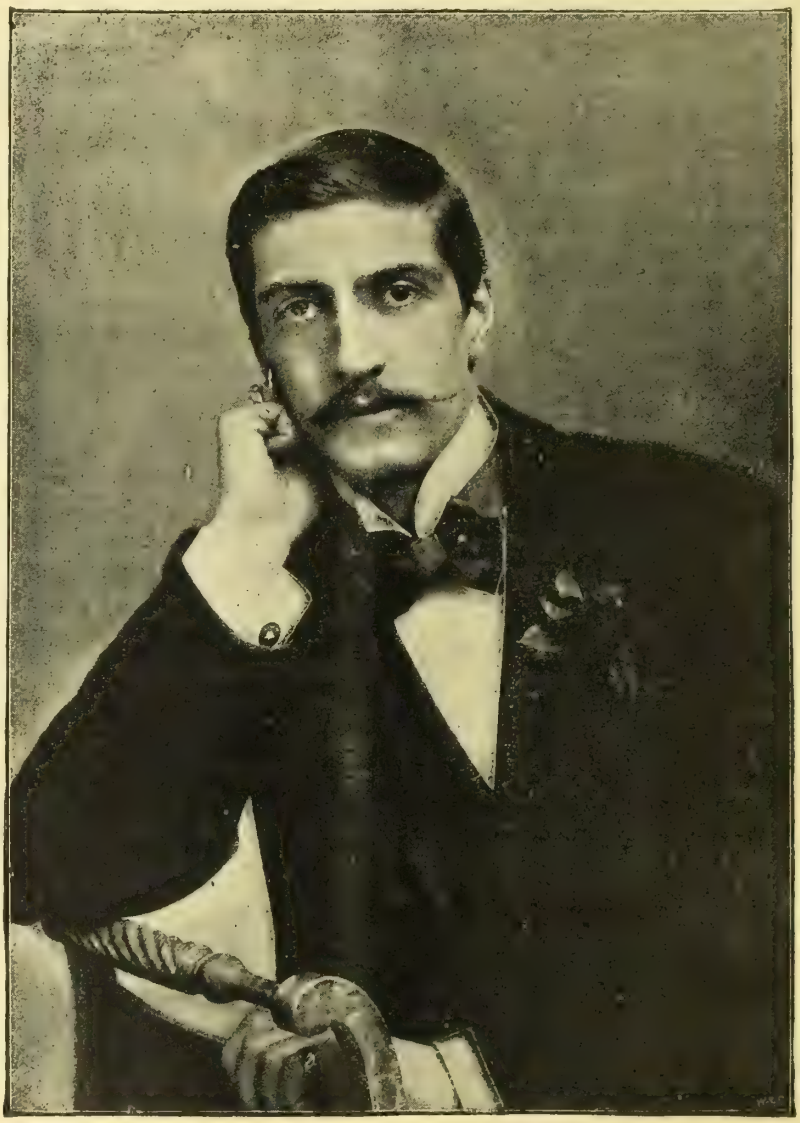
STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S NEW STORY, "THE RED COCKADE," A Story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in next week's number of "TO-DAY."

THE TRUTH ABOUT COOLGARDIE.

A CHAT WITH MR. ALBERT F. CALVERT.

During the last few months the British investor has been invited to subscribe millions for the purchase and development of Western Australian mining lands. Seldom a week passes without two or three new companies appealing to the public. During the last few days we have seen one company asking for £375,000, and others for smaller, but still large sums. With the beginning of the New Year we are certain to have further, and even heavier appeals, and it is very necessary that we should get some independent information as to the value of these Coolgardie properties. We do not know anyone more competent to give this information than Mr. Calvert. For several years past this gentleman has been spending time and money in making Western Australia better known to his countrymen at home. Long before most people knew anything of the mineral riches of the Colony, Mr. Calvert was predicting that in the gold industry it would find its salvation, and that soon the richest gold fields in the world would be opened in Western Australia. Since then Mr. Calvert has twice renewed his acquaintance with the various gold-producing districts of the Colony, and he is peculiarly well fitted to give an opinion upon them. He is not over here to promote companies, and fill his own pockets at the expense of the investor. He is, indeed, associated as a managing director with one West Australian company—the Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia; but that is a company that was floated this year, that has all the capital it wants, and is obtaining excellent results—and as director of the big Blow Gold Mines. When, therefore, opportunity occurred to have a chat with Mr. Calvert, advantage was taken of it, that readers of To-Day might be put in possession of information not to be found in the prospectuses crowding in upon them week by week. As many of our readers may like to know what manner of man Mr. Calvert appears to be, we give his portrait; and it may be convenient to summarise his views in the form of question and answer, which we proceed to do.



"What do you say, Mr. Calvert, as to the prospects of the numerous companies recently formed to work claims in Western Australia?"

"It is impossible to give any very decided opinion as to the value of most of these properties. Bayley's Reward has been proved to be a good property, and we know that there are rich deposits on the Londonderry and the Wealth of Nations. But by far the greater number of the claims brought out on this side are undeveloped, and many of these companies with small working capital must amalgamate, or collapse, unless their claims prove rich immediately."

"May I take it that the public are asked to give far too much for most of these claims?"

"*Your* public, yes. Most of these claims may be got on the spot for very little. The Coolgardie district covers 32,000 miles, and Government will let you have as much of it as you want at £1 an acre. Here these claims, with a little bit of development work done, are offered at £2,000 or £3,000 an acre. It is really ludicrous."

"What value is to be attached to the reports from mining engineers that figure in the prospectuses?"

"Very little. Speaking generally the reporters know little or nothing about the claims they report upon. They are not gold mining experts, or if they are they are persons of no reputation. And the directors know even less of the properties they are to control."

"I suppose the local people keep the really valuable claims in their own hands?"

"No, not necessarily. As a matter of fact the people of Western Australia have been extremely sceptical as to the value of the gold discoveries. When I was in Perth two or three years ago, they laughed at the idea. Most of the work has been done by outsiders. Nearly all the miners come from the Eastern Colonies. No doubt the local people are coming in more now; but you must remember that there is not much capital in the Colony, and times have been bad in the other Colonies. Moreover, there is strong antagonism between the Colonies, and the people of Western Australia would rather see foreigners—that is, others than Colonists—than their kinsmen on the fields."

"Do you consider the Coolgardie district the best?"

"No. It may turn out to be, but at present it does not come near the Murchison. Let me repeat; we have, a

matters stand, very few actual results to rest upon, so far as Coolgardie is concerned. We must wait awhile; but I have no doubt that many of the claims will give handsome returns, and then, if ever you get the properties upon fair terms, which you are certainly not doing at present, good dividends may be looked for with confidence."

"Can you suggest any means by which the investor may be protected from the unscrupulous promoter?"

"That is a question to which I have given much attention, but I do not see my way clearly as yet. Something might be done through the Agent General, and it has occurred to me that some system might be devised which would enable investors to get trustworthy particulars from his office as to the value of properties. But there are many difficulties in the way. If the officials were experts, and had the necessary time, they might be employed to give a report upon each claim; but they have neither the knowledge nor the time necessary for this. On my next visit to Western Australia I intend to discuss the matter with the Premier, Sir John Forrest, who I know to be anxious to do something in this direction."

"Does the presence of local men on a board give any real security to investors that their property is worth something like the money paid for it, and will be well managed?"

"Broadly, no. If you examine a list of the directors of these West Australian companies, you will find that few of them know anything about mining; and as to the local board—well, Adelaide is a thousand miles from Coolgardie, and you may as well be in London."

"You have a wide experience of Australian mining, Mr. Calvert?"

"Yes, I have made myself acquainted with it in all the colonies, as well as in Africa and California. I have been round the world three times, and I hope to be in Australia again early next year. I am strongly of the opinion that the West Australian gold mines will by-and-bye be second to none in profitable yield."

We heartily hope that in his coming conferences with Sir John Forrest Mr. Calvert will be able to devise some scheme for the better protection of the investor. Nothing that the wit of man can invent will save the money of foolish or careless people who simply swallow everything they read in a prospectus. All that it is possible to do, if it is possible to do it, is to issue accurate information, brought within the reach of all who are really anxious to get it. It remains to be seen whether that can be done; but meantime, all who have local knowledge, and are not interested in company promoting, should do their best through the Press to warn the public against the wild-cat schemes with which they are being deluded. Mr. Calvert has himself done good service in this direction by means of his weekly journal, the *West Australian Review*.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

One of the most illustrious of my patrons will never again enter the old shop, which I always hold was trodden by the feet of Ben Jonson, for my shop was standing—and not so very new, either—in the days of rare old Ben, and was a tavern to boot. Of course, I never expected to see brave, brilliant Robert Louis Stevenson again; but death severs more surely than ten thousand miles of sea, and the tired brain, which had wrought its owner an imperishable reputation as one of the great masters of style in the prose and poetry of England, but dreaded lest its magic was lost, is sleeping half-way between the English of America and the English of Australia. I hear on the best authority that though he began to realise the market value of his work towards the end, he was so "had," as my informant put it, over some of his novels that his literary income was by no means what it should have been.

For the past six months my patrons have been asking me what book they were to read about China. My answer has invariably been Professor Douglas's "Society in China."[1] And while I have added quite an abnormal number to my library, there is never a copy in—every copy is booked several deep in advance. And though it is a big expensive book I have been able to sell it freely. For it is far and away the best book to give one an idea of China, and had there been no war at all, it must have commanded a large circle of readers, for its very succinct and brightly written account of one of the most interesting peoples in the world, who have handed down almost unchanged to our own times a system of national life that was already old when Moses drew up his.

* * * *

Unfortunately corruption was recognised in pre-Mosaic Asia, so China has come tottering down when bumped against Japan, run on the advanced Western ideas of only cheating your enemies, and

> "Blest is the man whose cause is just,
> But doubly blest is he who gets his blow in fust."

It is not surprising that the capable Japanese Government should make short work of the plans of the Nuiko, or Cabinet, which consists of "three Chinese and three Manchu chancellors, together with a large body of Mandarins of the six highest grades (whose duties, as defined by the Imperial statutes, are to deliberate on the government of the Empire, to proclaim abroad the Imperial pleasure, and to regulate the canons of State, together with the whole administration of the great balance of power, thus aiding the Emperor in directing the affairs of State"), and meets every morning at daylight to present the Emperor with annotated State papers relating to every branch of administration on which he declares his will with a vermilion pencil, which is authenticated with twenty-five different seals of Government.

* * * *

Besides, the Nuiko initiates nothing. That is done by the *Chünchi Chu*, or Council of State, which, "at an hour in the morning when the capitals of Europe are wrapped in slumber, meets in the Forbidden Palace, and discusses, in the presence of the Son of Heaven, all affairs of State, from the most important Imperial concerns down to the promotion and degradation of mandarins of the lowest rank."

* * * *

The principal duties of the Board of War, which executes the more important behests of the *Chünchi Chu*, are apparently the transmission of secret orders to countermand the fulfilment of treaties. Professor Douglas's book is one of the most entertaining, as well as the best, ever written on China..

* * * *

One of the prettiest children's books I have seen and read for some time is "Lily and the Lift,"[2] by Mrs. Herbert Railton. The story and illustrations — both by Mrs. Railton — are really capital, and remind me of "Alice in Wonderland," though the idea of the story is entirely new. The wonder is that no one has thought of it before. I know one little child who has already been through the book three times, and the pictures are still a never-failing source of delight to her. My juvenile customers are sometimes hard to please, but they know a good thing when they see it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. S. (Durham) and other correspondents call my attention to the ignorance of the writer of the London letter in the *Newcastle Daily Journal*. This gentleman calmly announces that Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" has never appeared in serial form. He is not the only literary critic who writes concerning matters of which he knows nothing.

1. Society in China. (A. D. Innes and Co.)
Lily and the Lift. (Seeley and Co.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—I told you last week that I disliked tiaras, but since then have seen one that no one could help adoring, in Hunt and Roskell's window. Instead of the stiff designs of spikes and fleur-de-lys to which one is accustomed, this consists of a lovely spray of wild roses, buds, and leaves, all carried out in brilliants, and of a most perfect workmanship. Does it not sound beautiful?

Frances is going to a Hunt ball, and has had a most delicious gown made up for it. It is made of white satin, the skirt very full about the feet, but only just long enough to touch the ground at the sides and back. Half the bodice and all the sleeves are in the palest sea-green velvet, and the skirt is edged with similar velvet sewn on with green and silver sequins. A band sewn over with these sequins finishes the puffs of the sleeves round the arms, and from under the band falls a long cascade of fine old point, one of Frances's most treasured possessions. Will not that gown look pretty with a "pink" coated partner?

The new blouses are quite a study in themselves. The velvet ones are mostly made with a wide pleat in front, after the fashion which has been raging in Paris for so long. When not exaggerated, this pleat is rather becoming to a tall, slim figure.

I saw a plain red velvet blouse the other day, fitted like a bodice to the figure, and fastening invisibly down one side, under knots of black satin ribbon, which were repeated on the other side, bars of the ribbon crossing from one bow to the other the whole way down to the waist, and, of course, gradually narrowing as they approached it. You can't think how very becoming this trimming is. The sleeves were large puffs of black satin, diminishing into tightness at the wrists, where they were covered with bands and bows of ribbon.

Do you remember the story with a moral, about the new carpet that necessitated refurnishing the drawing-room, and gradually led to expense upon expense, which resulted in ruin to the wretched man who had yielded to his wife's insistent wish to indulge in a new carpet because Mrs. Somebody Else had just had one? We have just known a very handsome bracelet to lead directly up to an entire revolution in the wardrobe! Like the carpet, it had to be lived up to. New gloves, and plenty of them, were the first immediate consequence. Then the sleeves had to be brought into harmony with the gloves, the bodices with the sleeves, the skirts with the bodices, the coats with the skirts, and the hats and bonnets with the coats. Marvellous was the transformation effected by that skilfully-wrought ribbon of gold. The dowdy became well-dressed. The coiffure was careful, the chaussure reformed, and with fresh pride in his wife, who had begun to grow careless as she felt youth slipping from her, the husband blessed the

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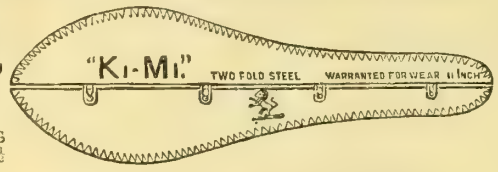

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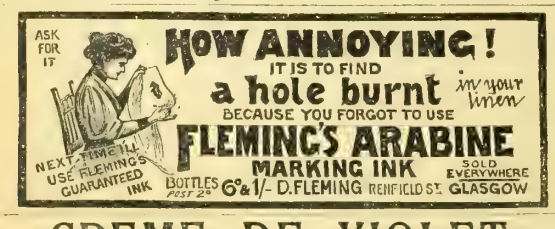

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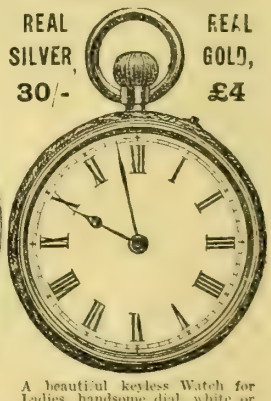

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brain that had designed, and the cunning artificer who had wrought, that particular bracelet.

The moral of this story is—Husbands, give your wives nice bracelets! Isn't it a pleasant moral?

The very prettiest hat I have seen this season had a brim of gathered black velvet, a crown of rose pink velvet, and black feathers and satin ribbons. The way in which the brim was curved, was quite perfect, with a little dip over the right eye, a deeper one over the right ear, and a dainty fold of pink velvet lifting the whole at the left side. The lovely soft, dark hair beneath was arranged with the usual (artificial) crinkles, and was drawn back into the chignon in those harmonious lines that are half the charm of a skilfully-arranged coiffure. Do you know what I mean? Sometimes the hair is dragged up in one place, straight back in another, and drawn down behind the ears. When it is all combed back in one direction, the lines all running one way, the effect is a hundred times better.—Your affectionate sister, SUZETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANGIE.—The new veils are to be had of Mr. Lee, 100, Wigmore Street, and I believe the price to be 5s. for half a dozen. He is going to have a cheap sale, so, if you hurry up, you may get some at a lower price. They are made of very fine meshed net, with small dots over them, and are drawn in at the top, so as to fit over bonnet or hat without resting on the eyelids, which is such an uncomfortable thing.

JEANNETTE.—I have been a long time trying to get a satisfactory answer to your question about coffee, and have not yet succeeded. Some people declare that good coffee can only be made in a cafetière which is furnished with a spirit lamp, so that the moment the water boils it infuses the freshly-ground coffee. Others think the success of the brew depends upon the elaborated method they follow. Half the failures arise from using cheap coffee, and grudging enough of even that.

DOROTHEA.—Very glad you found the recipe I gave for mincemeat so successful, and hope the Christmas pudding will be equally satisfactory. For the prune cream, first stew three-quarters of a pound of the fruit in just sufficient water to cover them. In twenty minutes they will be sufficiently soft for you to take out the stones with ease. In the meantime soak half an ounce of Marshal's leaf gelatine in three-quarters of a pint of claret. When it is dissolved put it into a stewpan, with a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, the prunes chopped very small, and a saltspoonful of essence of lemon. Stir occasionally until the mixture thickens slightly, and then turn it into a mould which has just been drained (but not dried) from clean, cold water. Turn it out next day, and serve it with whipped cream in glasses.

A COMMONPLACE PERSON.—I am very glad you liked the recipes. I take pains to make them practical. Prunes are French plums, not cherries. I have used tinned oysters constantly for years, and have never once met with any that were "wrong." I always recommend Crosse and Blackwell's "Cove" brand. A tin of these, with the liquor added, makes a very good supplement to a dozen cooking oysters in the making of oyster soup. There is a great scare about raw oysters just now, but I don't believe in it much. I attribute much of the typhoid that attacks the upper classes at this season to eating "high" game and venison in addition to the live cheese, the taste for which is acquired just as much as the other. Next week I will give you recipes for the puddings you want.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

SWEET TOOTH.—I have inquired about the Australian dishes, and find that they deal with meat and rabbit. One of them is lamb and mushroom pudding. Fresh New Zealand mutton will do, but it must not be too fat. Fresh mushrooms must also be used, seasoned with pepper and salt. The pudding-dish is lined with suet crust. Boil for from two to three hours. It is said to be delicious and economical. Boiled New Zealand lamb, with onion sauce and mashed turnips, is another of these dishes. Coney in cream, with shallots and roast potatoes, is also an Antipodean dainty. The rabbit is stewed in cream with a few shallots. To prepare the cream have new milk, and thicken with yolk of egg and a little fine arrowroot. All these dishes can be prepared at little cost.

"JUST THE SOAP FOR YOUR BATH."

IVY soap

IT FLOATS!!

Is it not most annoying, when having a bath, to lose the soap or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither will happen with "IVY" Soap, which is always in sight floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "IVY" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water.

"IVY" Soap is a beautiful, white, "Milky" Soap, hard and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from irritating Chemicals. Gives a creamy lather, and is *SPLENDID FOR WASHING* Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing, and all delicate goods, the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common soaps.

3D. PER LARGE DOUBLE CAKE.

Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you Three Cakes in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your Address and Twelve Stamps or 1s. Postal Order.

G. W. GOODWIN & SON, ORDSALL LANE, MANCHESTER.

IN THE CITY.

THE JOHANNESBURG WATERWORKS COMPANY, LIMITED.

Several correspondents have asked us if they should sell their shares in this company. We think they would be acting wisely in doing so. To day they can get about 27s. per share, and that is more than they are likely to get later on. We will explain why.

The Johannesburg Waterworks Company has two main sources of revenue—the income it gets from the town that gives it its name for the supply of water, and the rentals it receives from property it is possessed of in that town. But the first and main source of revenue is very seriously threatened by the fact that what we may call a municipal scheme for the supply of water to the town has been sanctioned by the Council, passed by the Volksraad, and approved by the Executive. The directors of the Johannesburg Waterworks Company are fond of saying that they hold a concession for the supply of water, implying that they have a monopoly. But they have nothing of the kind. All they have is the right to lay piping, but that may be given, and has been given, to other people, too.

This, then, is the position. The present company has not given, and does not give satisfaction. Its water is bad, and its rates are very high. The municipality will supply good water at reasonable rates. If it can come to terms with the existing company it will do so; if not, it will proceed on its own account, and within two years it will be in a position to supply the town. And it will start with this enormous advantage—it will have the right to levy a water rate, which means practically that it will have a monopoly of the supply. Men like Mr. George Gooch, Mr. Edward Hancock, and Mr. Henry Salmon—leading and respected citizens—will control the enterprise, and it will treat with the Johannesburg Waterworks Company with very much in its favour. Is it likely that under these circumstances it will consent to buy out that company upon terms that would represent the present value of its shares?

We say, then, that shareholders of the Johannesburg Waterworks Company will do well to sell whilst the shares are quoted at their present price. Deprive the company of its water business, and its rentals would hardly cover the cost of administration.

THOMAS HERBERT AND CO., LIMITED.

Our readers will remember that some months ago we entered a protest against respectable newspapers giving insertion to a touting advertisement of persons trading as outside stockbrokers, under the title ef Thomas Herbert and Co. We spoke of their "system," as they called it, as "an impudent imposition," and we are glad to know that our exposure of it went far to kill it.

On Wednesday last these people were sued, at the Guildhall, to recover 200 fully-paid £1 shares in F. Joyce and Co., or their value, and damages for their detention. Of course there was no appearance on their part. Thomas Herbert and Co. were really a man named Harrison, who has now gone away. The housekeeper, to whom he owes £2 10s. 6d., would like to know where he is. Meantime a man has been in possession for rent, and a day or two ago a handbill was posted up from which we take the following:—

Under Distraint for Rent. To Office Furniture Dealers and Others.
15, New Broad Street.
MR. WM. JACOBS
Will Sell by Auction,
On the Second Floor of the above premises,
On Friday next, December 14th, 1894,
At Twelve o'clock precisely, about Fifty Lots of excellent Office Furniture.

Among these "lots" we note:—

Nearly new bordered Turkey carpet, 4 by 4 yards.
Clear plate chimney glass in ebonized and gilt frame, plate 47 inches by 60 inches.
Bordered Turkey carpet, 3 by 3 yards.

What do our friends of the daily Press say to it?

THE AMERICAN OXYZONE SYNDICATE.

Oxyzone is, it seems, "a combination of Oxygen and Ozone," and we are assured that "it relates to the most astonishing and incomprehensible thing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most momentous, the most triumphant, the most astounding, the most extraordinary, the most miraculous, the most incredible, the most prodigious, the most unique, and the most brilliant of all the wonders among men." The Oxyzone Syndicate are offering £20,000 in prizes, and they say, frankly enough, that "there is no pretence of philanthropy, or anything else except the most energetic kind of business in connection with this remarkable advertisement." Everyone "between the ages of 16 and 70" is invited to supply correct answers to "Four Skeleton Word Studies," and those who succeed are to have £4, whilst others, partially successful, are to be paid in proportion. But it appears that a condition precedent to obtaining a prize is the remittance of a postal order for 10s. 6d. for a bottle of Oxyzone, said to be sold ordinarily for 21s. If a prize is won the 10s. 6d. is deducted; if there is no prize, the 10s. 6d. will be returned if the sender wants it, and does not want the Oxyzone.

This is what is called "the cash for brains" system of advertising, and it is not our business to express an opinion upon it. But we have had many letters from correspondents in doubt as to whether the prizes are really paid, and while we have no reason to suppose that they are not, we direct attention to sundry stipulations upon which we should like to have the explanation of the company.

On page 1 we read:—

> The right is reserved to throw out any list of answers when the patronage of the sender, for any reason, is not desired.

A rather curious stipulation, that. Then, on page 2:—

> In those cases where an error has been made by the Awarding Committee there is no appeal.

On page 3:—

> When the sealed duplicate reward bearing your File Number is opened, if it is found that none of your answers were successful you will then owe us nothing.

What, then, is meant by the certificate (file number) which says that the answers were correct?

Perhaps Mr. G. Webber, Treasurer, Jersey City, New Jersey, U.S.A., will explain these little matters?

INGENUOUS MR. BEGEHOLE.

One of the West Australian companies brought out last week gives a report from Mr. Begehole, from which we take the following:—

> I am of opinion you possess a very valuable property, and no time should be lost in its development. By doing a little more work you will probably obtain some startling results. To my personal knowledge some wonderful discoveries have already been made in this district, of which nothing has been reported over here.

We can well believe that last sentence. When the "wonderful discoveries" are made—wonderful in fact, not merely wonderful for the purposes of a prospectus—the claims upon which they are made are apt to remain in the possession of the local folk—a fact too often forgotten by the home investor, dazzled by glowing reports, and misleading assays. By the way, why did Mr. Begehole leave Bayley's Reward?

PROSPECTUS ASSAYS.

Immediately preceding the extract from the report to which we make reference above, reports from Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co. and Messrs. Johnson and Sons as to the value of ore taken from the properties to be bought by the company in question are set out. These reports are essentially misleading. What do they say? Here is the first:—

We have assayed the two specimens of quartz as under, and find the following to be the result:—

	Produce of Gold. oz.	dwt.
Australian	81	15
Australian (North) ..	411	5

Per ton of 2,240 lb. of quartz.

"Two specimens of quartz." Nothing is said as to the weight of these specimens, only that at the same rate of gold in one case 81 oz. of gold would be got to the ton, in the other 411. In the second report we are told specifically that the assay is of two tons of ore, and that one of these tons gave 202 oz. and the other 54 oz. of gold.

What is the object of getting such reports? There can only be one, and that is to persuade the public that the "claims" from which this ore was taken are marvellously rich in gold. One ounce to the ton would give good profits upon the working; what, then, may not we expect from 411 oz? *Of*

course this sort of thing does not deceive experts, but then prospectuses are not issued for experts. Doubtless the assayers make a perfectly honest report upon the ore submitted to them, but it is not their duty to tell the public that an assay of this kind proves nothing beyond this, that "pockets" of more or less value are to be found upon the property. It may be said that the public ought not to be deceived by such statements. Perhaps not; but they are deceived.

WE are requested by Messrs. Maddisons to say that the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Harvey and Co., merchants, of St. John's, Newfoundland, circulated here in various papers, is untrue, and that legal proceedings are being taken against the author of the story.

WE understand that the amount subscribed by outsiders on the Londonderry issue was £83,000. Colonel North wants to be quit of "The Wealth of Nations."

MESSRS. FITCH AND LORILLARD are about to bring out another West Australian Mining Company, the West Londonderry.

NOT content with his South African ventures, Mr. Barney Barnato has just sent out a prospecting party to Western Australia. TO-DAY will await the results with interest.

THE Egyptian Cotton Company hangs fire.

AND so they want to wind up Martiny, Limited? What about those valuable asbestos properties of the New Asbestos Company—eh, Mr. Simpson?

WILL Mr. Gangee tell us what has become of The Metropolitan Ice, Limited? Or perhaps Messrs. W. H. Pannell and Co., or Mr. James Drake Digby, will say what has become of the money subscribed for preliminary expenses?

HOW is it that the two girls in the office of the Morocco Joint Proprietary Fund know nothing of General W. Bryce Rawlings, of Tollington Park, Middlesex, or, shall we say, Holloway Road, N.?

A TEMPTING OFFER.

WE take the following from a morning paper :—

LADY PARTNER.—A gentleman, J.P., widower, having £1,400 a year, town and country residence, titled society, wishes to meet lady who will redeem bank charge about £8,000, retaining it her property and the interest on it. Substantial thanks to friend or guardian effecting object.—Reply, Partner, O'Keefe's Advertising Agency, Dublin.

"Substantial thanks" is good.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

The Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited. Capital, £375,000.—The price asked for the nineteen claims—£325,000, of which £135,000 is to be in cash—is preposterous.

The Brighton and District Co-operative Meat Supply Association. Share Capital, £42,500.—The retail meat business is a profitable trade, but the prospectus of this company does not convince us that the business and premises to be taken over are worth £15,500, of which £11,500 is to be in cash.

The New Rand Gold Mines, Limited. Capital, £150,000.—The property to be taken over is of considerable extent, but the only crushing made from it gave over the plates only 7·18 dwt. The promoters think that the improved methods of winning the gold available nowadays will enable a substantial profit to be made from such ore. It may be so, but £80,000 is a big price to pay for the right to try the experiment. There is, too, the waiver clause.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Imperial Deposit Bank. R. H. (N.B.).—If we are to form an opinion worth having you must send us the correspondence on both sides, with particulars as to the amount you applied for, the security you offered, etc. **The Boudard Universal Gear Company.** A. S. E. (Cowbridge).—We have forwarded your letter to the shareholder referred to, and he will no doubt communicate with you. **"Cash for Brains,"** D. V. H. (Balham).—We are obliged to you. We have made reference to the matter, as you will see, in another column. **Cautious** (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We return the papers under cover. We are looking into the matter. **Market Quotations.** A. G. T. (Newport).—The special edition of the *Evening Standard* gives the full list, and you get the whole of the Official List in the *Financier*, published every day save Saturday. Probably the *Financial News* or the *Financial Times* would be best suited to your requirements. **Brooke, Bond and Co.** A. (Birmingham).—Our information is to the same effect. **Tho Londonderry Company.** SUBSCRIBER.—They are at a small discount. We expect the matter to which you refer will be arranged. **Van Dieman's Land Bank.** LUCK (Liskeard).—We cannot put our hand upon it, but if we find it we will send it to you under cover. **Uruguays.** INVESTOR (Lincoln).—Yes, if you are willing to take the risk inseparable from the best South American stocks; but we remain of the opinion that this stock will go to 55 before long.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

LAST PUBLISHED STORY,

THE EBB-TIDE
THE EBB-TIDE
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THE DERBY WINNER,
by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton.
Box Office open 10.0 a.m. all day. For full particulars see Daily Papers.

PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.30.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THEIR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.
The place to bring your Wives and Children.
GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.
Christmas Carnival (Four Performances) in the Grand Hall. Special Gala.
MONSTER PROGRAMME.
In the Moore and Burgess Hall, Dec. 28, Mr. Sims and Mr. Caryll's Comical Plantation Operetta, entitled "The Yaller Bride." Miss Carrie Daniels specially engaged for the principal part, and supported by our funny Comedian. Produced with special Scenery and Costumes. EVERY EVENING at 8; Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday Afternoons at 2.30. Christmas Holidays, twice daily. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s..
FARINI, Manager.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Free Entertainments, 11 a.m. At no place in the World can so many Sights be seen.—Wet or Fine, THOUSANDS CAN WITNESS the MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCES, 2 and 7.—MUSICAL and POSTER EXHIBITIONS. (No Extra Charge). GIGANTIC CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL to Feb. 2.

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The only Perfect Writing Machine.
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NEW ESTATE DUTIES
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Any Book chosen from a list, which will be sent post free to any address; see last page.

An Insurance Policy for **One Year,** insuring the subscriber in sums of £1,600, £500, and £250, against Train, Steamboat, Omnibus, and Tramcar Accidents.

Legal Advice, *by letter.* Stamped directed envelope must be enclosed with all enquiries, which should be addressed, Solicitors, "To-Day" Office, Howard House, Arundel Street, W.C.

Patent Advice.—We have appointed a firm of patent agents of high standing as patent editors to this paper. They will give our subscribers **free advice** in the matter of inventions, and shall also receive special and **substantial reductions** in the charges for obtaining provisional or full patents. All communications, which should invariably contain the numbers on the subscribers' receipts, should be addressed, Patent Editors, "To-day" Offices, Howard House, Arundel Street, London, W.C.

WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE.

The fore-going insurance policy will be made **world-wide** (excluding the United States of America) on payment of an additional shilling.

WEEKLY COMPENSATION FOR SLIGHT INJURIES.

In most railway accidents the number of people who are disabled for work for a period, by a shock to the system or by a slight injury, is far greater than the number of those losing life or limb. To meet such cases we have arranged that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, shall make a **Weekly Allowance of Five Pounds,** for a period not exceeding ten weeks, to any annual subscriber so temporarily incapacitated from work, by any accident to the train in which he shall have been travelling. This addition to our annual insurance can only be allowed to subscribers forwarding an extra half-crown.

BURGLARY INSURANCE.

We have made arrangements by which the Ocean Accident and Insurance Corporation, Limited, shall guarantee any subscriber to this paper up to the sum of £25 (under Class A), or £50 (Class B), against loss by Burglary or Housebreaking. Special **numbered Policies** for this insurance, holding valid for **one year,** will be issued to subscribers at the following charges:—

Class A, 3s. 0d. Class B, 4s. 6d.

Volume I. of "TO-DAY," containing the whole of

R. L. STEVENSON'S LATEST STORY,

"THE EBB-TIDE,"

COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED,

Is offered as a premium to any person sending us an Annual Subscription (Eleven Shillings) to "TO-DAY."

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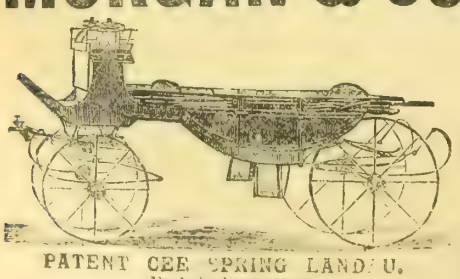

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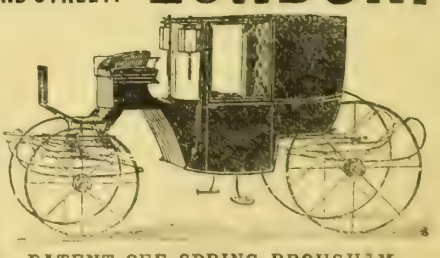

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Built for one or a pair of horses.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

It is reported that John Burns has said that no man is worth more than five hundred pounds a year. John Burns is one of the most broad-minded and reasonable of the Socialists, so we may take this statement of his as an outside limit; and from it the eager and ambitious —in other words all real live men—may gain a glimpse of the sort of world that would be in store for them. Our Socialistic dreamer's five hundred pounds would be the uttermost limit that any man might hope to attain; and such extravagant salaries would, we may be pretty sure, be reserved for the political leaders and "bosses." In commerce or art, enterprise could never hope for anything beyond, say, three hundred pounds a year. As the labourers, being in the majority, would control the voting, we may take it that labour would be paid for at the very highest possible rate. The necessities of life would be a good deal more expensive than they are now, and the luxuries almost prohibitive. No one would ever be able to keep a horse, or live in anything larger than a four-roomed house. Very rich men would possibly be able to afford a glass of wine on Sundays, and a man, with economy, might be able to keep a dog, provided it was not a large eater. And such are the prizes that these lovers of mankind would hold out as an encouragement to energy, enterprise, and genius. It would be a pleasant world; one feels comforted, when contemplating such a picture, by the reflection that the span of life is only seventy years, and that we, in this generation, at all events, will be happily dead and buried before its realisation can possibly take place.

I do not think I shall be mistaken for a prude on the prowl, but I am anxious for further information concerning a publication that has just come under my notice, called "The Chameleon." It is issued from Oxford, and published by a West-end firm. As far as I can judge, it can be purchased by anyone who likes to pay the subscription. If I am wrong—if it is a private publication, intended only to circulate among a limited and known *clientèle*—there is an end of the matter. A hundred gentlemen or so have as much right to circulate indecency among themselves, by means of the printing press, as they have to tell each other dirty stories in the club smoking-room. Each to his tast. But if "The Chameleon" is issued broadcast, and any immature youth, or foolish New Young Woman, can obtain it, then it is certainly a case for the police. The publication appears to be nothing more nor less than an advocacy for indulgence in the cravings of an unnatural disease.

About vice I never care to argue; it is a much-abused word, and means different things to different people. Indulgence or control of the passions, placed within us by the Creator, is a matter for each man's individual conscience; but the passions stirred, and intended to be stirred up by the literature of this precious periodical are not the passions of man, woman, or beast. The practice of them is an insult to the race. Humanity has a right to say to the creature allowing himself to become a slave to them, "You are not of our flesh and blood. You do not belong to our world. If you do not cleanse yourself, you shall not live among us. You shall not contaminate our souls with your foul disease. You have less right to come near us than has the leper. Take yourself to yourself and your kind, and, as you value your carcass, do not poison the minds of our young with your vile thoughts."

That young men are here and there cursed with these unnatural cravings, no one acquainted with our public school life can deny. It is for such to wrestle with the devil within them; and many a long and agonised struggle is fought, unseen and unknown, within the heart of a young man. A publication of this kind, falling into his hands before the victory is complete, would, unless the poor fellow were of an exceptionally strong nature, utterly ruin him for all eternity. This magazine, which is to be issued three times a year, is an insult to the animal creation. It is an outrage on literature. How any body of men, having the fear of God before their eyes, could dare to issue it passes my comprehension. It can serve no purpose but that of evil. It can please no man or woman with a single grain of self-respect left in their souls. Let us have liberty; but this is unbridled license. Let all things grow in literature which spring from the seeds of human nature. This is garbage and offal.

A report in the Leicester *Daily Mercury* affords me another argument against child insurance. The scene was the customary Coroner's court. The *dramatis personae*, the voluble woman and the small, wizened corpse. The woman had lost six children besides the one under discussion. The oldest of the six who had died was three years and six months of age. They were all insured. Witness received sums for their death varying from ten shillings to two pounds ten. The Coroner remarked that it was an unsatisfactory case. There was strong suspicion that the mother had more or less neglected the child. He did not want to judge the insurance company hardly; but he thought it might have been advisable if they had flatly declined to keep on insuring child after child. The jury thought the woman had been making her children a source of gain. The inquiry then terminated. Ladies who are doing excellent Christian work in rescuing, from life-long misery, the unfortunate foundlings cast upon a world where they are not wanted, and who, in the course of their

labours, are brought much into contact with the still numerous baby farmers who exist all over the country, tell me that child insurance is a recognised asset held by the baby farmer. The child is handed over to her for ten pounds; she insures its life, starves and neglects it to death, and pockets the extra two or three pounds. It is a hideous trade. As I have said again and again, there is no legitimate excuse for child insurance. It ought to be utterly abolished.

During these Christmas holidays, and while no more burning question is agitating the breasts of our political enthusiasts throughout the country, I would suggest that they occupy their leisure time by discovering some new song with which to greet their favourites. I am becoming so tired of reading that "the right honourable gentleman upon rising was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers, the whole audience rising and singing 'For he's a jolly good fellow.'" I have every due respect for Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Tim Healy, for instance, but by no picture of the imagination do they realise my ideal of the genial, rolling, rollicking, devil-may-care, good comrade conjured up in one's mind by the refrain "For he's a jolly good fellow." Sir Wilfrid Lawson is also greeted as "a jolly good fellow." When abusing bishops, sneering at the apostles, or extolling the genial properties of sugar and water he is excellent, but I think some more appropriate song might be selected with which to greet him. I expect at the next County Council election to hear that Mr. McDougall has been musically alluded to as a "jolly good fellow." Everybody is a "jolly good fellow" nowadays. We always did take our pleasures sadly, and I suppose our notion of a "jolly good fellow" does not quite accord with that of other people's.

My wanderings have taken me recently among many provincial towns in the North of England; and nothing has struck me more forcibly than the waste of Sunday that prevails throughout these gloom-haunted hives of labour. In the small manufacturing and mining towns the men and boys who work hard throughout the week lounge listlessly about the squalid streets, leaning against grimy posts and cinder-stained walls, with their hands in their pockets. They have nothing to do; they have nothing to think of. They quarrel a little among themselves; confide to one another a few coarse jokes and stories, and perhaps vary the monotony, when the policeman is not in sight, with an occasional game of pitch-and-toss; but, for the most part, they remain in sullen silence, listening to the harsh voice of the cracked bell of some distant chapel, or grinning at the inane vagaries of some wandering troup of Salvationists.

How much better that these men should be playing a healthy game of cricket, or golf, or football—doing something to stir their blood, to rouse their torpid brains; and what possible harm could it do to their souls, I wonder? Yet, I suppose, that if the poor fellows dared to start some wholesome sport, to make their one day of rest a real enjoyment to them, instead of a period of weariness and boredom, all the little Bethels in the country would be up in arms, clamouring for the Home Secretary to march the police into each village, and drive them back to their soulless waste of time; insisting that their one hope throughout the day should be for the hour when the public-house door is opened.

The truth is, religion in England is becoming behind the times, and, as a consequence, is losing its grip upon the people, and especially upon the young. Religion for hundreds of years has stood still, while the human race has advanced. It is being left far in the rear, and thought and manhood are beginning to feel that its present ideals and aims are distinctly a drag upon human advancement. A thing must move forward, or it dies. God himself moves; but religion in England seems to be only standing and marking time with a great stamping of feet, and much shouting. It is no longer in touch with the wants and opinions of the day. It is a popular religious conundrum, just now, to ask what Christ would do if he came to London. I think myself he would set to work to stir the dust that lies upon our altars; to scout at the meaningless jargon that falls from the lips of our modern Pharisees.

If Mrs. Ormiston Chant be in search of new fields, I can recommend to her New Brighton, near Liverpool. The promenade in front of the sea might with advantage to decency be improved. In the course of some five hundred yards, I was stopped and accosted over a dozen times, and this in the middle of the afternoon; and in one or two cases I had to use some exertion to escape from the uninvited embraces of various ladies, who were anxious to inveigle me into what they called "tea rooms." Whether these places are used for legitimate purposes or otherwise, I am unable to say, but, from the wording of the invitations I received, I am inclined to think otherwise. Possibly my appearance may have suggested an eager tea-drinker, but if most men who venture along the promenade receive the same class of attention that was accorded to myself, then some useful work might be done by the New Brighton Town Council in looking after this place. I do not think I am unduly prudish, but a seaside promenade in the middle of the afternoon should be possible.

A short time ago there appeared in the London papers some account of the exposure of a spiritualist, a Mrs. Mellon, in Sydney. I have procured and read a full report of what happened in the columns of the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*. It is asserted that a materialised spirit of a child was seized by a man who was present at the *séance*, that the lights were turned up, and the man found that he was grasping by the wrist the medium herself, and recognised the properties by which she had disguised herself as the supposed child, walking on her knees to aid the deception. The medium has, of course, explained; mediums are rarely backward in the matter of explanation. However, I do not propose to go into this case. But I have been asked by correspondents to give them some notion of the truth about spiritualism, and I am glad to take this opportunity of doing so.

One has first to consider the nature and value of evidence. There are some who consider that they themselves have received at *séances* sufficient proof of the *bonâ fides* and the power of spiritualists; there are many more who have friends of known probity and

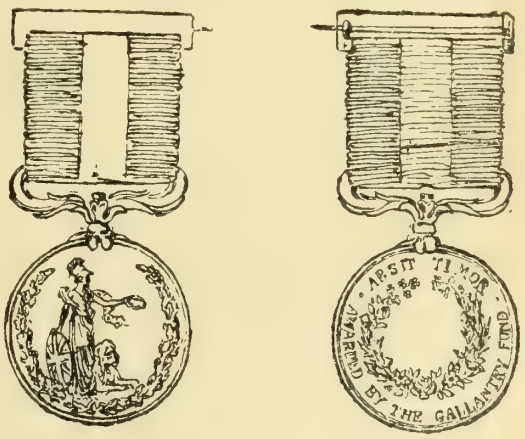
average common sense, who consider that they have received similar proof. Is this valuable evidence? As a rule, it is of no value whatever, as I will proceed to show. "Can I not trust my senses?" That is a question that one often hears urged as an argument. Place one hand in a bowl of very hot water, and the other hand in a bowl of iced water, and then place both hands together in water of a moderate temperature. To one hand it will seem warm, and to the other cold; in a word, the evidence of your senses will contradict itself. We are all familiar with diagrams which show that sight is not to be trusted; in them two lines of equal length appear to be of unequal length. Shut your eyes, and see if you can always detect accurately the direction from which the click of one coin against another comes. You will find that you cannot. Eat a lump of sugar, and immediately afterwards try if you can taste champagne correctly. You will find that you cannot. Compare your sense of smell with that possessed by a woman who suffers from hyperæsthesia, and see if that sense is trustworthy.

Then cannot we trust our senses at all? Certainly we can, under certain conditions. The absolutely normal person may trust his senses under absolutely normal conditions. Now, are the *séances* of spiritualists conducted under normal conditions? In the first place, the lights are turned down; the room is almost dark, and the evidence of the eyesight is worth very little; it is easy enough to do conjuring tricks in the dark. Then, again, the expectations of those present are aroused, and it is well known that expectation is a great factor in the production of illusions. It may be hard enough to create an illusion from no starting point, but the spiritualist has a starting point. Some mother longs ardently to see her lost child, and pays her half-sovereign to the medium; the medium shows her, almost in darkness, a bundle of draperies in the shape of a child. The mother's imagination starts from that and completes the likeness; she goes away convinced. It has been well said by an eminent psychologist:—"Emotion is the great disturber of all intellectual operations." What mother, in such a case as this, could be said to be a normal person exercising her senses under normal conditions?

And the professional medium does what he can to foster emotion. Music is introduced; those present are made to sing together. Now, the effect of music is as certain on some temperaments—I believe that I might say, on most temperaments—as the effect of a cut with a knife. It is not for nothing that in the pathetic scene on the stage we have the trembling on the violin-strings in the orchestra. It is the singing as much as the testifying that brings hysterical women to the penitent-forms at Salvation Army meetings. Excitement, expectation, emotion, the darkened room—everything is done by the professional medium to vitiate the evidence of what takes place. As for the hearsay evidence, the evidence of friends who have been present at *séances*, how many honest people wish, though unconsciously, to be deceived; and how few could, even with the best intentions, repeat accurately any elaborate story that had been told them twenty minutes before? Allow for the lapses of memory. No; if the professional medium wishes me to believe that the spirit of a dead man is permitted by the Deity to return to the earth in a material form, for the conjoint purposes of playing the abject ass and putting half-sovereigns into the pockets of the professed medium, he must submit himself to tests from which hitherto he has never emerged undetected.

It may happen—it has frequently happened—that even when professional mediums are not present, and the honesty of the people sitting is beyond question, things are seen and heard which might seem to point to a supernatural origin. Stories of such occurrences have been brought to me, too well authenticated for it to be possible for me to doubt them. But, at the same time, I have no belief whatever in their supernatural character. I believe that the things seen and heard are hallucinations. They are subjective and not objective. They come from within, and the brain creates what the eye seems to see or the ear seems to hear. Such hallucinations are more common than many people suppose, and they are by no means confined to the insane; they may be experienced even by minds of a very high order. Descartes, Dr. Johnson, Byron, Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, all experienced such hallucinations.

There are several causes which may produce them. Amongst them are great exhaustion of mind or body and morbid emotional conditions. It is quite possible, too, that much which has been assigned to the agency of spirits is really the result of hypnotic suggestion. I should advise anyone who has experienced such hallucinations, and cannot account for them, to see a doctor, and, at the same time, not to be nervous; they do not necessarily point to disease or even to disorder of the brain, and they may be due to some curable affection of an organ of sense. After all, there is no need to be afraid of the word hallucination. There are those who think that the whole material world is an hallucination of the senses, and it is much easier to disagree with them than to disprove their conclusions.



The Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, M.P., I am delighted to say, promises to join the committee of our Gallantry Fund. The names now, therefore, definitely pledged, will give us a very representative list to start with, and one which is bound to add greatly to the value of recognition. The following subscriptions have come in since last week:—Miss M. Lees, £1 1s.; W. H. Tayler, 2s. 6d.; Theodore Lloyd, £1 1s. Above I give drawings of the medals which have been struck;

they present a very handsome appearance in the metal, and, as I do not wish to be anything more than an intermediary between the public and the man that it wishes to honour, I have not thought it necessary that "To-Day" should appear upon the medal in any form. There is every hope, having regard to the class of men and women who have already come forward to support us, that this Fund will be far more representative than anything confined to one particular newspaper could hope to be, and I wish to do nothing to hamper its extension.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

I must decline to give opinions upon contributions sent to me. Will correspondents kindly abstain in future from seeking my views?

Letters are becoming so numerous that I cannot answer the whole of my correspondence in these columns. Will correspondents who do not find any reply here kindly consult the pages of "Feminine Affairs," "Club Chatter," "Bookmarker," or "In the City," according to the nature of their letters?

Correspondents are requested to make their letters as short as possible. Enquiries cannot be answered through the post.

Phillipus.—I fear I am not with you on the vivisection question. To the killing of animals I have no objection; the dissection of them under anæsthetics I would also permit. But I strongly doubt if our right over our fellow creatures ever extends to cruelty. I am not such a believer in the value of human life as to think its cause justifies the degradation of character that must ensue from cruelty. I see no particular object in prolonging lives beyond the time that Nature says they are to die. The high-fallutin' talk about the importance of human life savours to me of sentimentality. The great thing is to live, not to be always shirking death. If I thought my life was to be prolonged by ten years as the result of knowledge gained by the infliction of horrible tortures upon some animal, I would prefer to give up the ten years.

O. A.—I was not thinking of the nautical phrase, but of the colloquial phrase, "on his track." T. B. W. (Middlesboro') draws my attention to the following advertisement in a Darlington paper:—"Paradise Chapel Dorcas Entertainment. Wednesday, December 19th. Living Pictures, with Limelight Effect. Music at intervals. Miss Fry has kindly consented to be present and distribute the clothing. Admission, 1s. and 6d. Commence at seven o'clock." Would it not be better, having regard to the class of audience likely to be present, for Miss Fry to distribute the clothing a little while before seven o'clock? If Mrs. Chant sees those living pictures before the clothing is distributed, there will possibly be trouble. C. T. D. (Liverpool).—My art editor tells me that the sketches show a good deal of talent, but London is, as you know, exceedingly over-crowded. If you like to communicate with us, I might possibly be able to put some work in your way. H. C. draws my attention to the despicable, narrow minded, and cruel conduct of some among the Lewisham guardians, who wish to take from the poor old people at Christmas, both their beer and tobacco. J. D. K.—The law has no right to say what a man shall drink. The simile between man and furniture is hardly a dignified one. According to your argument the law might step in and prevent a man from eating indigestible food, which might result in a visit to the workhouse infirmary. W. H. B. (Dublin) sends me an amusing account of the anti-opiumist meeting at Dublin. Two lady anti-opiumists persisted in such unmannerly interruptions that no argument could be made at all. From their point of view they were quite right. Any genuine argument on the opium question would at once show up the folly of their fad. W. W. sends me a report of a sermon by a Mr. Baumer at Blackpool. Mr. Baumer seems anxious about Heaven. He wants to feel sure that no publicans shall be there. Heaven, according to the estimate of some of our new Christians, will be an exceedingly unpleasant place. It will be the home of no one but Pharisees, faddists, and prigs.

A. H. (Perth).—You have again wandered away from the original argument. Now, all I say is, that if a man does his work satisfactorily his employer has no other claim upon him. To take the whole time of a man is to make him a slave. You may call it by a pleasanter name if you like, but it does not alter facts. Your letter—if you will excuse my saying so—shows how utterly impossible it is for us little men to regulate God's world. In one part of your notes you are arguing for practical Socialism, in another part you are showing the evils of undue State interferences. We men are very clever, but I would rather live in a world regulated by God's laws, in spite of all the fault I may see in them, than be a citizen in a country governed by the wisest men that ever existed. The great consolation is that we can argue and re-argue, legislate and re-legislate as much as we like. We have been doing it for a good many thousand years as it is, but we have altered nothing essential, and never shall.

Board School Teacher writes me, telling me of the difficulties that he and his fellows have to encounter too often through the meddling of ignorant Boards. "Not long ago," he says, "I was giving a geography lesson. While speaking of Burton-on-Trent one of the managers came into the room, and when I had finished he proceeded to tell the boys (nine to eleven years of age) that Burton was one of the capitals of hell, and that the people of Burton were the devil's servants, etc., simply because they make ale there. Another Board member came to a class where a new teacher had just commenced work. He prides himself that he cannot write more than his own name, and that he has never worn a collar in his life. After giving the boys what was nearly a sermon, he said. 'Now, boys, them that is good this new teacher 'll like, an' them as isn't 'll have to suffer for it when they dies.' I never smoke during the day, yet I have been threatened by one of the members that he should do his best to get rid of teachers who set the example of smoking to the children. Another often used to come to me in school and tell me that I was breaking the Fourth Commandment because I didn't go to church on Sunday. He also wanted to know what I did in the evenings, and 'hoped I didn't have anything to do with theatres, and such like-places.' These are samples of what we get, not by any means seldom."

F. H. J. writes me from the New Hebrides. He tells me that oranges are eaten when they are green, and then goes on to more important matters:—

> "Seeing that your paper has apparently been established for the purpose of exposing humbug, I should very much like to pen an account of the doings of smug missionaries in this group, but will spare you the infliction. These beautiful homes of dusky maidens and cannibal warriors are very interesting. Life is dull on the whole, but lively at times, with savages, earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, fever, etc. Morals of both white and black are low, decidedly, slightly relieved by the white choker. Gin and parsons are the two powers. The especially blessed island on which it is my privilege to exist is wholly (?) Christian.
>
> "We have a sawmill here established by the ubiquitous Scotch, and if annexation took place it would boom. Would that the powers at home could be moved to annex. France will never let the group alone until the question is settled.
>
> "I am an admirer of your paper, which seems to be one of the most 'live' periodicals of the day, and in this dull hole, where good literature is scarce, it comes particularly welcome."

T. F. T.—All things in their place are good. Take broader views, and do not condemn everything that is not to your own individual taste. Agnostic.—The list has been sent you. The individual constable, on his 25s. a week, does, as a rule, all that can be expected from him. The fault lies with his superior officers. With reference to your other matter, I speak of what I believe. Subscriber suggests a cryptogram being set, and a small prize being offered for its solution, but I fancy the puzzle and the prize have been rather done to death of late. J. A. C.—One regrets the narrow-mindedness, but the matter itself is of slight importance. Verbum Sap.—I doubt if English readers take much interest in American politics.

E. S. (Nottingham).—I am glad to see that the *Umpire* is taking up the case of the cruelty on cattle boats. If the Liverpool papers take the matter up they might do great work, and insist upon prosecutions.

H. R. M.—Your kind and sympathetic words come quite as a help. F. G.—It would hardly be etiquette for me to express an opinion on the matter.

E. L. (Cheshire).—I am not an advocate for the Church mixing itself up with outside affairs, and though the Rev. Mr. Reed appears lamentably narrow-minded and strangely un-Christlike in fancying that joy is harmful, there is much in his sermon with which I agree.

T. C. G. B. (Swansea).—I thank you for sending me cutting of the Rev. Mr. Shipley's letter from the *Cambrian Daily Leader*, in which that gentleman is at some effort to explain what he really did mean. But the matter is really not worth any more printers' ink. To argue with such a man would be undignified. I notice his allusions to myself, because they appear to me to be amusing, not because they call for any answer.

C. C. C.—I am with you that much may be done by individual influence. I have always advocated the employment of individual influence; it is the only practical way of combating vice. I receive numerous letters from young men, and I find that, in the majority of cases, they quite understand the position I take up. The moment you bring forward force as an argument you weaken the cause. A man must be left free to judge for himself, or there is no value in his conduct.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—Christmas comes but once a year, and I am exceedingly glad of it, for it generally means that the candid playgoer is trotted about from pillar to post in the vain endeavour to see everything out of its turn, and nothing well. Well, to deal with the pantomime at Drury Lane—and that is, after all, what we always look for at Christmas first—I think that this year it is about as good as it has ever been; sometimes I think it is better. The big scene is the marriage of the Prince and Princess of China, but what is going to take all our breaths away is the scene where the Japanese blow an ironclad belonging to the many-syllabled nation out of the water. The scene that will appeal most to the children will be the camp of the cats, the termination of the truce with the cat-king, and the start for the campaign. In its way, the wedding of Dick to his beloved lass at Highgate Church is almost as pretty as the historic scene on Highgate Hill, when the bells ring to him the "thrice Lord Mayor of London." Of the glories of the Lord Mayor's procession I need not speak; you will have to come to London to see them yourself. And really I cannot suggest a better evening's amusement for the holidays than at the Lane.

Another pantomime that is becoming an annual institution is Mr. Oscar Barrett's at the Lyceum. This year it's *Santa Claus*, and if the youngsters aren't properly pleased with it they ought to be. Charles Lauri is immense as a pet collie dog. The great spectacular scene at the end of Part I. is simply magnificent. There are some beautiful sets by Henry Emden and Hawes Craven, and the ballets have the advantage of Madame Katti Lanner's supervision. When I add that the book is by Horace Lennard, and the music by Oscar Barrett himself, I have given you an assurance that the whole is a capital show.

Of the other pantomimes there are a variety, but, as I never go out of Europe for my amusements, I am not able to tell you what is happening in Whitechapel or Wapping. Speaking of something nearer home, the Tyne Theatre, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, is, if possible, more successful than last year. Then there was *Cinderella*, now it is *Robinson Crusoe*, Alma Stanley and William Morgan playing the leading parts in the most admirable manner.

The Tyne is, as you know, one of the theatres under Sir Augustus Harris. One of his latest and newest ideas is the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden on New Year's Day. The little ones, I am told, are going to have no end of a time, and the prizes for the best dresses will tempt every married man with a family. If you or any of your friends want tickets, you can get them from the theatre or any of the leading libraries.

Forecasting the future, Grundy's new play, *Slaves of the Ring*, is to come on at the Garrick on the 29th. It deals with a certain phase of the social question, and is written in his most brilliant fashion. It will be followed by Henry James's *Guy Domville* at the St. James's, and then we shall get Oscar Wilde's *Ideal Husband*. Tree will conclude his brilliantly successful season by a final performance of *Hamlet*, and possibly after it with a speech to the audience, prior to his going to America.

I generally find that if you expect a good deal, you are disappointed if you do not get a little more than you expected. Possibly this is why, after watching the rehearsal of the new show at Olympia, I was slightly disheartened. We had an excellent lunch, excellent company, and witty speeches. Willy Wilde was smart, Horner would have been passable if he had forgotten that he was contesting a Southwark constituency, Byron Webber worked in a joke that he did not know what to do with, and Clement Scott, Lyons, Spencer Edwards, Kiralfy—who would persist in rising when we drank his health—all accepted a free and easy entertainment in a fitting spirit. But what I could not understand was the persistence of the directors in using the expression "Ladies and gentlemen" whenever they addressed the Press. I don't think there was a lady journalist present, and, as a certain representative of a well-known comic journal remarked to me, "If there is, I think a man of honour might respect her grief."

But to return to my disappointment. I have always regarded the Addison Road show as a place where you could go to see something different to anything you had seen before. We got this in *Venice*, and again in *Constantinople*. Now we get the *rechauffé*—the water of *Venice*, and the Turkish decorations of *Constantinople*. The colour of the arches may have varied—they have called "The Harem" the "Temple of Venus" and the "Garden of the Seraglio," but still it seems very largely like a second edition. As to the grand ballet itself, nobody could wish for a more brilliant blending of colour, or a more masterly arrangement of grouping. But again you tire. Last year the ballet reached its full glory when the stage was shot out across the water in a V pattern; this year it comes out in a circle. The water pageant also only differs in nationality, and we get something nearer home than the Rialto and the Bosphorus. But the moderate charges, the liberal spirit of the directors, and, above all, the open air festival they intend to provide for the summer, should ensure a long and successful career for *The Orient*.

By the way, I must congratulate Mr. Lyons on the excellent restaurant he has added. But if I were the directors I would go still one further, and fix up one in the centre of the building to overlook the central stage. All London would be attracted by the novelty, I am sure. Just one final suggestion. If the directors think we want music to eat to, let us have something new. The band played the intermezzo from the *Cavalleria Rusticana* the other day. Now, everyone who does not live in foreign parts knows that this is served up by barrel-organs for breakfast, by German bands for lunch, and chanted by the maimed, the halt, and the blind at irregular, but certain intervals. I can see a fortune for the man who would give us special music for meals, instead of everlastingly going to the halls and the opera for old numbers untouched by the Berne Convention.

Your affectionate cousin,

Randolph.

THE GENII OF DRURY LANE.

A CHAT WITH SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

It seems but yesterday that the great Drury Lane stage was filled with the whirl of the Wagnerian drama; but where Tristram and Isolde met, loved, and parted, *The Derby Winner* has been nightly running for great stakes, and his last race on these classic boards was scarce over before Drury Lane once more became synonymous with the Christmas joys and wonderment of pantomime.

"I found Sir Augustus Harris," writes a representative of To-Day, "in the cosy-looking apartment where all the famous impressario's multitudinous business is conducted. Sir Augustus presses every great actor and singer into his service by turn, and all and each of them, from Melba to Ristori, are familiar with his sanctum.

"The Christmas season is the busiest in the year to my host and the army of which he is general. Every detail is referred to him, and each moment spent by him in the

theatre brings at least one or two interruptions, and questions which brook of no delay in the answering; but every matter is dealt with in turn, and at last Sir Augustus, with a smile, declares himself ready to answer every query regarding the past, present, or future of any one of his many enterprises."

"How is a pantomime produced? Heavens! what a question. A man who is prepared to offer a recipe for producing a pantomine knows nothing of the subject. Begin a long time beforehand, and go on working, working, working, and then if you are not satisfied begin all over again, that would be *my* advice. Those engaged in producing a pantomine should know, not a little, but a good deal, about everything; you can't know too much, and you can't know too little," went on Sir Augustus, pacing up and down the room like a caged lion. "I will tell you one thing—a good deal depends on one's co-workers. If the people who are helping you are loyal and true the battle is half won. I consider that I have been in this respect exceptionally fortunate this year; you see, so much depends on whether an actor or actress will do the thing in a way you wish it done. Sometimes they can't see it, or don't want to see it, or they have an idea themselves of how the things should be carried out. Again, a comedian may not be satisfied with his part, and then he throws no heart into what he his doing."

"And do you attach great importance to the songs in your pantomime?"

"Who was it," he observed, ingenuously, "who said, 'Let me write the songs of my country; I care not who makes her laws'? A song is all-important. Why, before now, a popular ditty has made and unmade the fate of nations. Remember the effect of 'We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo, if we do!' and, again, 'Here stands a post!' I think I can make no better answer to your question."

"What is the special feature of *Dick Whittington*, Sir Augustus?"

"Special feature!" he cried "Why, there are endless special features! No one great scene, but ten great scenes, all embodying different ideas worked up to their utmost capacity."

"What do you expect will especially appeal to the children among your audience?"

"How can I tell?" asked Sir Augustus, laughing. "It may be the great Cat scene, or the great Highgate Hill scene, or the great Chinese tableau; and the splendid Transformation Scene!" He stopped to draw a long breath.

"Now, about this Transformation Scene?"

"Well, it will embody a child's dream of Christmas. I think it will strike you as very charming, especially coming as it does after the more gorgeous and showy side of the performance. Probably the young people among our audience will be delighted with the introduction of a real hansom cab bringing home the father laden with Christmas gifts for the little ones. We have tried, and, I think, succeeded, in giving a reflection of what would be a happy child's dream of Christmas. We have forgotten nothing; there is the carol, the stockings hung up overnight, and, finally, the appearance of good old Santa Claus himself. Yes," added Sir Augustus, "I really think the Transformation Scene will be exceptionally pleasing to the minds of the more youthful, as well as to the older portion of our audience."

"Just one word, now, about the Chinese tableau."

"Well, perhaps you remember in the original old story, Dick Whittington went to Morocco; this time he goes to China. Still, you must not think by this that I have abandoned the familiar lines of the story. I believe in keeping to the main facts of whatever tale I select to form the base of my Christmas pantomime, but the final result not only embodies a story, but has a great deal added to it, and, like Topsy of immortal memory, it grows."

"The growing seems to be an expensive process."

"So, so," he replied coolly, "some £20,000 were spent on what may be called the preliminary expenses of my last pantomime, and when once the performances are in full swing my weekly salary list comes to over £3,000."

"Then the clown does not have so bad a time of it after all," I observed.

"There are clowns and clowns," answered Sir Augustus diplomatically, "perhaps you might get one for £2 or £3, I am paying mine over £60 a week; it is the same with everything. Doubtless some singers would be glad to go out at 5s. per evening. Special people are paid special prices, and a good comedian is specially valuable in pantomime work."

"And the rank and file; say, the ballet girls?"

"Including the morning performance they are paid two or three pounds a week, with extra for rehearsals," replied Sir Augustus, promptly, "but there are, of course, a whole army of people employed about a theatre of whose existence the public scarcely know; you will hardly believe it when I tell you that a stage carpenter can sometimes make twenty-four working days in one week, yet the explanation is easy; he is paid double for every hour overtime, and should we require him and he be willing to work on Christmas day, he is given six ordinary working days' wages."

"I just want to ask you, Sir Augustus, what impression was produced on you by America?"

"America struck me," he answered quickly, "much as it must strike all those who visit it for the first time, as being essentially a *big* country. From a theatrical manager's point of view there are many things to be observed; take, for instance, the six shilling parterre, I only wish we could imitate the Americans in that particular, but such an innovation would never be popular on this side of the Atlantic. In America every playgoer considers himself as good as his fellow; you might find a certain number of New York men ready to give a guinea for a stall, but you would not find many content to occupy an excellent place in a 2s. 6d. pit. Oh, yes," he continued, thoughtfully, "I got a good many useful hints from my tour in America, and am even now lighting Covent Garden Theatre according to the system in use at the Chicago Opera Theatre.

"And how about the fee question?"

"They have never had a fee system there at all, so there is nothing to say about it. By the way, I myself was one of the first people to abolish fees in England, but after giving the thing a three years' trial, I had to take them on again," he added, "and why? because I found that it made no difference—none at all—excepting to the receipts of the theatre. People went on tipping the attendants just the same in spite of the placards and notices about the building. One evening I saw an *employé* accepting a gratuity; I stepped forward, remonstrated, and was received by the too generous donor with 'Mind your own business.' 'So I will,' said I, and the next day the fee system was once more in full force. I did not see why the theatre should lose a large income over a question of sentiment," concluded Sir Augustus, grimly.

"I suppose the vexed question of music hall versus theatre hardly touches you at all?"

"I can only repeat what I have often remarked before, when all is said and done, there is very little difference between a music hall *artiste* and any other actor, provided that they both are actors in the truest sense of the word. For instance, I engaged Mr. Dan Leno to take a part in my pantomime, not because he was a music hall singer, but owing to the fact that I consider him one of the most admirable comedians. The public always come to see a thoroughly good performance, whether it be at the theatre or music hall," and with this decided utterance Sir Augustus turned his attention to the patient crowd of business visitors and co-workers requiring his assistance and advice.

CLUB CHATTER.

What I told you in regard to the Albert Club case has turned out to be quite correct. All the sporting papers and most of the dailies said that this prosecution was to finally settle the question of the legality of betting. I suggested that the whole thing would be fought out on a side issue, and if the newspaper reports are correct I am right, and the point that will be raised is as to whether the members of a club can bet with men outside. The case is *sub judice*, and so I cannot fully deal with it, but I am fairly certain that the Lord Mayor will give a learned decision on what no one is peculiarly doubtful about.

Meanwhile, we seem to be getting at some sort of an understanding as to the aims of the Anti-Gambling League and the Sporting League. Mr. Hawke apparently thinks they are at one, so long as you keep betting out of the question. Mr. Lowther disagrees—and rightly, to my thinking—though he should never have talked, as he did, of the day when all sport would be attacked by Mr. Hawke. This is really nonsense, and it would have been fairer if he had admitted that his well-meaning, but misguided, enemies were only wrong in their methods—not in their intentions.

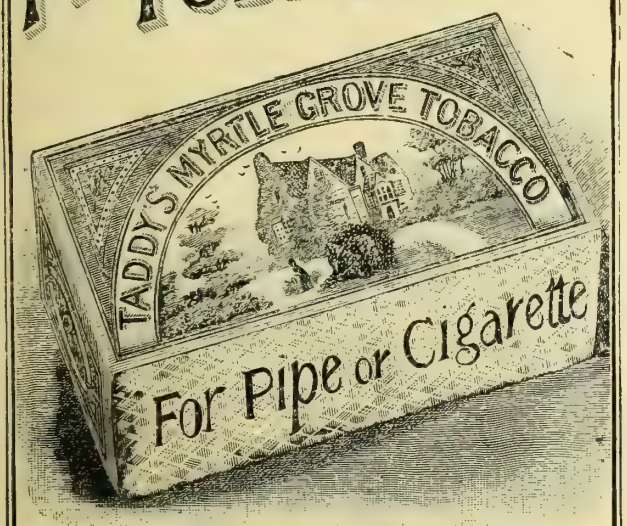
The fact is, race committees derive their income from the money that is brought them by betting, and it would be impossible for them to exist otherwise. It is illogical to suppose that all betting is carried on at race-courses; the opportunities for gambling are made far too easy for that. I am glad to see that Mr. Lowther agrees with me that it would be a great pity if the Sporting League were made political, for it would certainly be to its advantage if politics were kept out of the question. I cannot help thinking, though, that the League might find a better mouthpiece than Mr. Lowther. Local authorities may safely be trusted to have a voice in their own legislation. A sportsman's love of fair play demands it.

Lord Coventry, who presided at the meeting of the Sporting League, was, some years ago, Master of the Buckhounds, and he did a lot to improve the Asco Meeting. The big two-year-old race, the Coventry Stakes, was instituted out of compliment to his lordship. Lord Coventry will be remembered as a witness in the famous Baccarat case of a few years back.

We have been told on numerous occasions that boxing has no hold on the public. Judging, however, from the huge crowd present at the Craig-Pritchard contest, the game has taken a new lease of life. It was agreed that such an attendance had never before been seen at a boxing carnival. Even the five pound seats sold well. But what value for the money! The fight lasted 1 min. 36 secs., which pans out at a little over 1s. a second. Craig is a very clever black; not only does he box, but as a dancer and player on the mouth-organ he probably has few equals. He does not drink, and rarely smokes.

So far the billiard season in London has been rather quiet, but no doubt matters will become more lively when the holidays are over. The tour to South Africa did not do Roberts any good, and possibly he will think twice ere he consents to give exhibitions the whole year round. The interest taken in Diggle's play increases day by day. Not so very long ago Diggle was a marker at a well-known Manchester resort. He now owns the place, and, in my opinion, has no equal, barring Roberts.

MYRTLE GROVE TOBACCO



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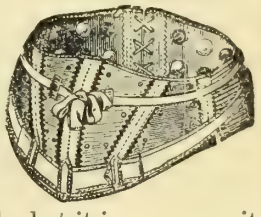

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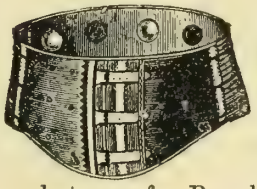

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(CORNER OF RATHBONE PLACE.)

As I foretold in this column, not a single amateur club in the South has survived the qualifying rounds of the English Cup competition. The three clubs, Southampton St. Mary's, Luton and Millwall, who have fought their way into the competition proper, are all professional teams. Fate has been very unkind to the South in the draw for the first round to be played on February 2nd. Woolwich Arsenal have to travel to Bolton to probably receive their quietus from the Wanderers of that ilk. Millwall Athletic are drawn to go to Sheffield, where the United will certainly put them out of further misery. Luton have better luck in having the right to play at home, but as their opponents are the redoubtable Preston North End, I would not give a pinch of snuff for their chances. Southampton St. Mary's are in a similar plight, as they will receive a visit from Notts Forest.

League clubs and sound finance are not synonymous terms, spite of the large "gates" of which we hear so much in connection with League matches. Stoke and Wolverhampton Wanderers are both said to be on their last legs. The Stoke club is £1,200 in debt to its secretary, and unless something is done to keep the wolf from the door the "Wolves" look like starving. Meanwhile Everton and Aston Villa are rolling in money.

Was there ever so sensational a match as the first of the test games between Mr. Stoddart's team and Australia! Against the large total of 586 compiled by the Cornstalks, the Englishmen battled pluckily, leaving the home team 177 runs to get to win. On the fifth day 113 were knocked up for the loss of two wickets, leaving sixty-four runs to be compiled, an easy enough task one would think. What a rot must have set in for the Englishmen to have won by ten runs. The match is a record one in several points. The 586 score of the Australians in their first innings is the largest made in these test matches at home and abroad, the previous best being the 551 made by Scott's Australian team at the Oval in 1884. The aggregate of the scores is also the largest ever totalled in a first-class match.

I have been glancing through the list of nominations for the big races of 1895. As usual the names of several well-known theatrical people figure in the list. Last year we had Henry Irving and Maggie Duggan, now I find Loie Fuller and Mrs. Langtry.

The Major.

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STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new story, **"THE RED COCKADE,"** a Story of the French Revolution, will be commenced **in the next number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY."**

CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

PART III.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Brant returned to his hotel there was an augmented respect in the voice of the clerk as he handed him a note with the remark that it had been left by Senator Boompointer's coachman. He had no difficulty in recognising Susy's peculiarly Brobdingnagian school-girl hand.

"Kla'uns, I call it real mean! I believe you just *hoped* I wouldn't know you. If you're a bit like your old self you'll come right off here—this very night! I've got a big party on—but we can talk somewhere between the acts! Haven't I growed? Tell me! And my! what a gloomy swell the young Brigadier is! The carriage will come for you—so you have no excuse."

The effect of this childish note upon Brant was strangely out of proportion to its triviality. But then it was Susy's very triviality—so expressive of her characteristic irresponsibility—which had always affected him at such moments. Again, as at Robles, he felt it react against his own ethics. Was she not right in her delightful materialism? Was she not happier than if she had been consistently true to Mrs. Peyton, to the convent, to the episode of her theatrical career, to Jim Hooker—even to himself? And did he conscientiously believe that Hooker or himself had suffered from her inconsistency? No! From all that he had heard, she was a suitable helpmate to the Senator, in her social attractiveness, her charming ostentations, her engaging vanity that disarmed suspicion, and her lack of responsibility even in her partisanship. Nobody ever dared to hold the Senator responsible for her promises, even while enjoying the fellowship of both, and it is said that the worthy man singularly profited by it. Looking upon the invitation as a possible distraction to his gloomy thoughts, Brant resolved to go.

The moon was high as the carriage whirled him out of the still stifling avenues towards the Soldiers' Home—a sylvan suburb frequented by Cabinet Ministers and the President—where the good Senator had "decreed," like Kubla Khan, "a stately pleasure dome" to entertain his friends and partisans. As they approached the house, the trembling light like fireflies through the leaves, the warm silence broken only by a military band playing a drowsy waltz on the verandah, and the heavy odours of jessamine in the air, thrilled Brant with a sense of shame as he thought of his old comrades in the field. But this was presently dissipated by the uniforms that met him in the hall, with the presence of some of his distinguished superiors. At the head of the stairs, with a circling background of the shining crosses and ribbons of the Diplomatic Corps, stood Susy—her bare arms and neck glittering with diamonds, her face radiant with childlike vivacity. A significant pressure of her little glove as he made his bow seemed to be his only welcome, but a moment later she caught his arm. "You've yet to know *him*," she said in a half whisper; "he thinks a good deal of himself—just like Jim. But he makes others believe it, and that's where poor Jim slipped up." She paused before the man thus characteristically disposed of, and presented Brant. It was the man he had seen before—material, capable, dogmatic. A glance from his shrewd eyes—accustomed to the weighing of men's weaknesses and ambitions—and a few hurried phrases, apparently satisfied him that Brant was not just then important or available to him, and the two men, a moment later, drifted easily apart. Brant sauntered listlessly through the crowded rooms, half remorsefully conscious that he had taken some irrevocable step, and none the less assured by the presence of two or three reporters and correspondents, who were dogging his steps, or the glance of two or three pretty women whose curiosity had evidently been aroused by the singular abstraction of this handsome, distinguished, but sardonic-looking officer. But the next moment he was genuinely moved.

A tall young woman had just glided into the centre of the room with an indolent yet supple gracefulness that seemed familiar to him. A change in her position suddenly revealed her face. It was Miss Faulkner. Previously he had known her only in the riding habit of Confederate grey which she had at first affected, or in the light muslin morning dress she had worn at Grey Oaks. It seemed to him, to-night, that the studied elegance of her full dress became her still more; that the pretty wilfulness of her chin and shoulders was chastened and modified by the pearls round her fair throat. Suddenly their eyes met; her face paled visibly; he fancied that she almost leaned against her companion for support; then she met his glance again with a face into which the colour had as suddenly rushed, but with eyes that seemed to be appealing to him even to the point of pain and fright. Brant was not conceited; he could see that the girl's agitation was not the effect of any mere personal influence in his recognition, but of something else. He turned hastily away; when he looked around again she was gone.

Nevertheless he felt filled with a vague irritation. Did she think him such a fool as to imperil her safety by openly recognising her without her consent? Did she think that he would dare to presume upon the service she had done him? Or, more outrageous thought—had she heard of his disgrace, known its cause, and feared that he would drag her into a disclosure to save himself? No—no—she could not think that! She had perhaps regretted what she had done in a freak of girlish chivalry; she had returned to her old feelings and partisanship; she was only startled at meeting the single witness of her folly. Well, she need not fear! He would as studiously avoid her hereafter, and she should know it. And yet—yes, there was a "*yet*." For he could not forget—indeed, in the past three weeks it had been more often before him than he cared to think—that *she* was the one human being who had been capable of a great act of self-sacrifice for *him*—her enemy, her accuser, the man who had scarcely treated her civilly. He was ashamed to remember now that this thought had occurred to him at the bedside of his wife—at the hour of her escape—even on the fatal slope on which he had been struck down. And now this fond illusion must go with the rest—the girl who had served him so loyally was *ashamed* of it! A bitter smile crossed his face.

"Well, I don't wonder! Here are all the women asking me who is that good-looking Mephistopheles, with the burning eyes, who is prowling around my rooms as if searching for a victim. Why you're smiling for all the world like poor Jim when he used to do the Red Avenger."

Susy's voice—and illustration—recalled him to himself.

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"Furious I may be," he said with a gentler smile, although his eyes still glittered, "furious that I have to wait until the one woman I came to see—the one woman I have not seen for so long, while these puppets have been nightly dancing before her—can give me a few moments from them, to talk of the old days."

In his reaction he was quite sincere, although he felt a slight sense of remorse as he saw the quick, faint colour rise, as in those old days, even through the to-night's powder of her cheek.

"That's like the old Kla'uns," she said, with a slight pressure of his arm, "but we will not have a chance to speak until later. When they are nearly all gone, you'll take me to get a little refreshment, and we'll have a chat in the conservatory. But you must drop that awfully wicked look and make yourself generally agreeable to those women until then."

It was, perhaps, part of this reaction which enabled him to obey his hostess' commands with a certain recklessness that, however, seemed to be in keeping with the previous Satanic reputation he had all unconsciously achieved. The women listened to the cynical flippancy of this good-looking soldier with an undisguised admiration which in turn excited curiosity and envy from his own sex. He saw the whispered questioning, the lifted eyebrows, scornful shrugging of shoulders—and knew that the story of his disgrace was in the air. But I fear this only excited him to further recklessness and triumph. Once he thought he recognised Miss Faulkner's figure at a distance, and even fancied that she had been watching him—but he only redoubled his attentions to the fair woman beside him, and looked no more.

AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS STOOD SUSY.

Yet he was glad when the guests began to drop off, the great rooms thinned, and Susy, appearing on the arm of her husband, coquettishly reminded him of his promise.

"For I want to talk to you of old times. General Brant," she went on, turning explanatorily to Boom-pointer, "married my adopted mother in California—at Robles, a dear old place where I spent my earliest years. So, you see, we are sort of relations by marriage," she added, with delightful naiveté.

Hooker's own vainglorious allusion to his relations to the man before him flashed across Brant's mind, but it left now only a smile on his lips. He felt he had already become a part of the irresponsible Comedy played around him. Why should *he* resist or examine its ethics too closely? He offered his arm to Susy as they descended the stairs, but, instead of pausing in the supper room, she simply passed through it with a significant pressure on his arm, and, drawing aside a muslin curtain, stepped into the moonlit conservatory. Behind the curtain there was a small rustic settee; without releasing his arm she sat down, so that when he dropped beside her, their hands met, and mutually clasped.

"Now, Kla'uns," she said, with a slight, comfortable shiver as she nestled beside him, "it's a little like your chair down at old Robles, isn't it—tell me? And to think it's five years ago! But Kla'uns, what's the matter? You are changed," she said, looking at his dark face in the moonlight, "or you have something to tell me."

"I have."

"And it's something dreadful, I know!" she said, wrinkling her brows with a pretty terror. "Couldn't you pretend you *had* told it to me, and let us go on just the same? Couldn't you, Kla'uns? Tell me!"

"I am afraid I couldn't," he said, with a sad smile.

"Is it about yourself, Kla'uns? You know," she went on with cheerful rapidity, "I know *everything* about you—I always did, you know—and I don't care, and never *did* care, and it don't, and never *did*, make the slightest difference to me. So don't tell it, and waste time, Kla'uns."

"It's not about me, but about my wife!" he said, slowly.

Her expression changed slightly.

"Oh, *her!*" she said, after a pause. Then, half-resignedly, "Go on, Kla'uns."

He began. He had a dozen times rehearsed to himself his miserable story, always feeling it keenly, and even fearing that he might be carried away by emotion or morbid sentiment in telling it to another. But, to his astonishment, he found himself telling it practically, calmly, almost cynically, to his old playmate, repressing the half devotion and even tenderness that had governed him, from the time that his wife, disguised as the mulatto woman, had secretly watched him at his office, to the hour that he had passed through the lines. He withheld only the incident of Miss Faulkner's complicity and sacrifice.

"And she got away, after having kicked you out of your place, Kla'uns?" said Susy, when he had ended.

Clarence stiffened beside her. But he felt he had gone too far to quarrel with his confidante.

"She went away. I honestly believe we shall never meet again, or I should not be telling you this!"

"Kla'uns," she said, lightly, taking his hand again, "don't you believe it! She won't let you go. You're one of those men that a woman, when she's once hooked on to.

won't let go of, even when she believes she no longer loves him, or meets bigger and better men. I reckon it's because you're so different from other men; maybe, there are so many different things about you to hook on to, and you don't slip off as easily as the others. Now, if you were like old Peyton, her first husband, or like poor Jim, or even my Boompointer, you'd be all right! No, my boy, all we can do is try to keep her from getting at you *here*. I reckon she won't trust herself in Washington again in a hurry."

"But I cannot stay here; my career is in the field."

"Your career is alongside o' me, honey—and Boompointer. But nearer *me*. We'll fix all that. I heard something about your being in disgrace, but the story was that you were sweet on some Secesh girl down there, and neglected your business, Kla'uns. But, Lordy! to think it was only your own wife! Never mind; we'll straighten that out. We've had worse jobs than that on. Why, there was that commissary who was buying up dead horses at one end of the field, and selling them to the Government for mess beef at the other; and there was that General who wouldn't make an attack when it rained; and the other General—you know who I mean, Kla'uns—who wouldn't invade the State where his sister lived; but we straightened them out, somehow, and they were a heap worse than you. We'll get you a position in the War Department here, one of the bureau offices, where you keep your rank and your uniform—you don't look bad in it, Kla'uns—on better pay. And you'll come and see me, and we'll talk over old times."

Brant felt his heart turn sick within him. But he was at her mercy now! He said, with an effort—

"But I've told you that my career—nay, my *life*—now is in the field."

"Don't you be a fool, Kla'uns, and leave it there! you have done your work of fighting—mighty good fighting, too—and everybody knows it. You've earned a change. Let others take your place."

He shuddered, as he remembered that his wife had made the same appeal. Was he a fool, then, and these two women—so totally unlike in everything—right in this!

"Come, Kla'uns," said Susy, relapsing again against his shoulder. "Now talk to *me!* You don't say what you think of me, of my home, of my furniture, of my position—even of *him! Tell* me!"

"I find you well, prosperous, and happy," he said, with a faint smile.

"Is that all? And how do I *look?*"

She turned her still youthful, mischievous face towards him in the moonlight. The witchery of her blue eyes was still there as of old, the same frank irresponsibility beamed from them; her parted lips seemed to give him back the breath of his youth. He *started*, but she did not.

THE WITCHERY OF HER BLUE EYES WAS STILL THERE AS OF OLD.

"Susy, dear!"

It was her husband's voice.

"I quite forgot," the Senator went on, as he drew the curtain aside, "that you are engaged with a friend; but Miss Faulkner is waiting to say 'Good-night!' and I volunteered to find you."

"Tell her to wait a moment," said Susy, with an impatience that was as undisguised as it was without embarrassment or confusion.

But Miss Faulkner, unconsciously following Mr. Boompointer, was already upon them. For a moment the whole four were silent, although perfectly composed. Senator Boompointer, unconscious of any infelicity in his interruption, was calmly waiting. Clarence, opposed suddenly to the young girl, whom, he believed, was avoiding his recognition, rose, coldly imperturbable. Miss Faulkner, looking taller and more erect in the long folds of her satin cloak, neither paled nor blushed, as she regarded Susy and Brant with a smile of well-bred apology.

"I expect to leave Washington to-morrow, and may not be able to call again," she said, "or I would not have so particularly pressed a leave-taking upon you."

"I was talking with my old friend, General Brant," said Susy, more by way of introduction than apology.

Brant bowed. For an instant the clear eyes of Miss Faulkner slipped icily across his as she made him an old-fashioned Southern curtesy, and, taking Susy's arm, she left the room. Brant did not linger, but took leave of his host almost in the same breath. At the front door a well-appointed carriage of one of the Legations had just rolled into waiting. He looked back; he saw Miss Faulkner, erect and looking like a bride in her gauzy draperies, descending the stairs before the waiting servants. He felt his heart beat strangely. He hesitated, recalled himself with an effort, hurriedly stepped from the porch into the path, as he heard the carriage door close behind him in the distance, and then felt the dust from her horse's hoofs rise around him as she drove past him and away.

CHAPTER III.

Although Brant was convinced as soon as he left the house that he could not accept anything from the Boompointer influence, and that his interview with Susy was fruitless, he knew that he must temporise. While he did not believe that his old playmate would willingly betray him, he was uneasy when he thought of the vanity and impulsiveness which might compromise him—or of a possible jealousy that might seek revenge. Yet he had no reason to believe that Susy's nature was jealous, or that she was likely to have any cause; but the fact remained that Miss Faulkner's innocent intrusion upon their *tête-à-tête* affected him more strongly than anything else in his interview with Susy. Once out of the atmosphere of that house, it struck him, too, that Miss Faulkner was almost as much of an alien in it as himself. He wondered what she had been doing there. Could it be possible that she was obtaining information for the South? But he rejected the idea as quickly as it had occurred to him. Perhaps there could be no stronger proof of the unconscious influence the young girl already had over him.

He remembered the liveries of the Diplomatic carriage that had borne her away, and ascertained without difficulty that her sister had married one of the foreign Ministers, and that she was a guest in his house. But he was the more astonished to hear that she and her sister were considered to be Southern *Unionists*—and were greatly petted in Governmental circles for their sacrificing fidelity to the flag. His informant, an official in the State Department, added that Miss Matilda might have been a good deal of a madcap at the outbreak of the war—for the sisters had a brother in the Confederate Service—but that she had changed greatly, and indeed within a month. "For," he added, "she was at the White House for the first time last week, and they say the President talked more to her than any other woman."

The indescribable sensation with which this simple information filled Brant, startled him more than the news itself. Hope, joy, fear, distrust and despair alternately distracted him. He recalled Miss Faulkner's almost agonising glance of appeal to him in the drawing-room at Susy's, and it seemed to be equally consistent with the truth of what he had just heard—or some monstrous treachery and deceit of which she might be capable. Even now she might be a secret emissary of some spy within the President's family; she might have been in correspondence with some traitor in the Boompointer clique, and her imploring glance only the result of a fear of exposure. Or, again, she might have truly recanted after her escapade at Grey Oaks, and feared only his recollection of her as go-between of spies. And yet both of these presumptions were inconsistent with her conduct in the conservatory. It seemed impossible that this impulsive woman, capable of doing what he had himself known her to do, and equally sensitive to the shame or joy of such impulses, should be the same conventional woman of society, who had so coldly recognised and parted from him.

But this interval of doubt was transitory. The next day he received a despatch from the War Department, ordering him to report himself for duty at once. With a beating heart he hurried to the Secretary. But that official had merely left a memorandum with his assistant directing General Brant to accompany some fresh levies to a camp of occupation near the Front for "organisation." Brant felt a chill of disappointment. Duties of this kind had been left to dubious regular army veterans, hurriedly displaced general officers, and favoured detrimentals. But if it was not restoration, it was no longer inaction, and it was at least a release from Washington.

It was also evidently the result of some influence—but hardly that of the Boompointers, for he knew that Susy wished to keep him at the Capital. Was there another power at work to send him *away* from Washington? His previous doubts returned. Nor were they dissipated when the Chief of the Bureau placed a letter before him with the remark that it had been entrusted to him by a lady with the request that it should be delivered only into his own hands.

"She did not know your hotel address, but ascertained you were to call here. She said it was of some importance. There is no mystery about it, General," continued the official with a mischievous glance at Brant's handsome, perplexed face, "although it's from a very pretty woman—whom we all know."

"Mrs. Boompointer?" suggested Brant with affected lightness.

It was a maladroit speech. The official's face darkened.

"We have not yet become a Postal Department for the Boompointers, General," he said drily, "however great their influence elsewhere. It was from rather a different style of woman—Miss Faulkner. You will receive your papers later at your hotel, and leave to-night."

Brant's unlucky slip was still potent enough to divert the official attention, or he would have noticed the change in his visitor's face, and the abruptness of his departure.

Once in the street, Brant tore off the envelope. But beneath it was another, on which was written in a delicate, refined hand: "Please do not open this until you reach your destination."

Then she knew he was going! And perhaps this was *her* influence? All his suspicions again returned. She knew he was going near the lines, and his very appointment, through her power, might be a plot to serve her and the enemy! Was this letter, which she was entrusting to him, the cover of some missive to her Southern friends which she expected him to carry—perhaps as a return for her own act of self-sacrifice? Was this the appeal she had been making to his chivalry, his gratitude, his honour? The perspiration stood in beads on

his forehead. What defect lay hidden in his nature that seemed to make him an easy victim of these intriguing women? He had not even the excuse of gallantry; less susceptible to the potencies of the sex than most men, he was still compelled to bear that reputation. He remembered his coldness to Miss Faulkner in the first days of their meeting, and her effect upon his subalterns. Why had she selected *him* from among them—when she could have modelled the others like wax to her purposes? Why? And yet with the question came a possible answer that he hardly dared to think of—that in its very vagueness seemed to fill him with a stimulating thrill and hopefulness. He quickened his pace. He would take the letter, and yet be master of himself when the time came to open it.

That time came three days later, in his tent at Three Pines Crossing. As he broke open the envelope, he was relieved to find that it contained no other enclosure, and seemed intended only for himself. It began abruptly:—

"When you read this, you will understand why I did not speak to you when we met last night; why I even *dreaded* that you might speak to me, knowing, as I did, what I ought to tell you at that place and moment—something you could only know from *me*. I did not know you were in Washington, although I knew you were relieved; I had no way of seeing you or sending to you before, and I only came to Mrs. Boompointer's party in the hope of hearing news of you.

"You know that my brother was captured by your pickets in company with another officer. He thinks you suspected the truth—that he and his friend were hovering near your lines to effect the escape of the spy. But he says that, although they failed to help her, she *did* escape, or was passed through the lines by *your* connivance. He says that you seemed to *know* her, that from what Rose—the mulatto woman—told him, you and she were evidently *old friends*. I would not speak of this, nor intrude upon your private affairs, only that I think you ought to know that *I* had no knowledge of it when I was in your house, but believed her to be a stranger to you. You gave me no intimation that you knew her, and I believed that you were frank with me. But I should not speak of this at all—for I believe that it would have made no difference to me in repairing the wrong that I thought I had done you—only that, as I am forced by circumstances to tell you the terrible ending of this story, you ought to know it *all*.

"My brother wrote to me that the evening after you left, the burying party picked up the body of what they believed to be a mulatto woman lying on the slope. It was *not* Rose, but the body of the very woman—the real and only spy—whom you had passed through the lines. She was accidently killed by the Confederates in the first attack upon you, at daybreak. But only my brother and his friend recognised her through her blackened face and disguise, and on the plea that she was a servant of one of their friends, they got permission from the Division Commander to take her away, and she was buried by her friends and among her people in the little cemetery of Three Pines Crossing, not far from where you have gone. My brother thought that *I* ought to tell you this: it seems that he and his friend had a strange *sympathy* for you in what they appear to know or guess of your relations with that woman, and I think he was touched by what he thought was your kindness and chivalry to him on account of his sister. But I do not think he ever knew, or will know, how great is the task that he has imposed upon me.

"You know now, do you not, *why* I did not speak to you when we first met; it seemed so impossible to do it in an atmosphere and a festivity that was so incongruous with the dreadful message I was charged with. And when I had to meet you later—perhaps I may have wronged you—but it seemed to me that you were *so pre-occupied and interested with other things*, that I might perhaps only be wearying you with something you *cared little for*, or perhaps already knew and had quickly *forgotten*.

"I had been wanting to say something else to you when I had got rid of my dreadful message. I do not know if you still care to hear it. But you were once generous enough to think that I had done you a service in bringing a letter to your Commander. Although *I* know better than anyone else the genuine devotion to your *duty* that made you accept my poor service, from all that I can hear, you have never had the credit of it. Will you not try me again? I am more in favour here, and I might yet be more successful in showing your superiors how true you have been to your trust, even if you have little faith in your friend, Matilda Faulkner."

For a long time he remained motionless, with the letter in his hand. Then he arose, ordered his horse, and galloped away.

There was little difficulty in finding the cemetery of Three Pines Crossing—a hillside slope, hearsed with pine and cypress, and starred with white crosses, that in the distance looked like flowers. Still less was there in finding the newer marble shaft among the older lichen-spotted slabs, which bore the simple words: "Alice Benham, Martyr." A few Confederate soldiers, under still plainer and newer wooden headstones, carved only with initials, lay at her feet. Brant sank on his knees beside the grave, but he was shocked to see that the base of the marble was stained with the red pollen of the fateful lily, whose blossoms had been heaped upon her mound, but whose fallen petals lay dark and sodden in decay.

How long he remained there he did not know. And then a solitary bugle from the camp seemed to summon him, as it had once before summoned him, and he went away—as he had gone before—to a separation that he now knew was for all time.

(To be concluded.)

COLOURED DOCTORS IN AMERICA.

At the last examination for the post of house-physician to the Indianopolis Hospital, the candidate who defeated all his competitors and gained the appointment was a negro, *pur sang;* but so deeply rooted are the prejudices against his race in the United States that the unfortunate man's position is well-nigh untenable. All the paying patients at once left the establishment, and the non-payers, who are obliged to remain, are loud in their protests against the insult they are subjected to in being placed under a black doctor. The general feeling in the district is well expressed in the following extract from a letter to a local paper:—

"The worst of it is that, according to the standing regulations, in four months' time this young man will be charged with the management of the obstetrical department of the hospital; and white women, for no other crime than poverty, will be subjected to the unspeakable degradation of having to bring innocent children into the world through the instrumentality of this descendant of Ham."

A generation since the Northerners poured forth their blood like water in internecine war on behalf of the cause of the negro; was he not a man and a brother? And yet here we have their sons boycotting the coloured race with unexampled virulence.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new story, "THE RED COCKADE," a Story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in the next number (January 5, 1895) of "TO-DAY."

THE CITY AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

Tea rooms in City, four p.m. Every chair at every marble table occupied; figures of occupants multiplied by mirrors to a total that cannot be counted. White pinafored waitresses flush with exertion; superior person at counter cuts scones and takes the cake. Young men who are in hurry to become Lord Mayors drink tea swiftly and silently; those who are not, talk.

Joyous Youth. Cup of tea and a roll, dearest. (*Turns to companion*). Regular swell of a dance I tell you. Good people there, too. Why, there was me and——

Second Youth (*languidly*). Nice girls?

Joyous Youth (*with ecstacy*). My boy! Were there any nice girls? Why, I never saw such a lot of rattlers in all my born days. There was one girl there who was simply—well, A1.

Second Youth (*with blasé air*). Good-looking Tottie?

Joyous Youth. Ab-solutely lovely, my boy. I tell you she even knocked *me* silly. I haven't felt such a fool for years and years. She said she liked my dress tie very much.

Second Youth. Oh, only your dress tie.

Joyous Youth. One thing made me awfully mad, though. I had her name on my card for the barn dance, and so I went up to her, and I tapped her on the shoulder, and said, "This is *our* little trot round, I think." And she looked up and she said, "Oh, I am *so* sorry."

Second Youth. Rough on you, old chap.

Joyous Youth. Not at all; not at all. Nothing of the kind. She was sorry because she had promised to go down to supper just then with her cousin, Legal Johnny. What annoyed me was that she stuck to him all the rest of the evening. I *was* mad.

Second Youth (*pensively*). Girls are a rum lot.

Joyous Youth. Never know how to take them, do you? How are *you* getting on with your little affair?

Second Youth (*crossly*). Oh, I don't know. (*Confidentially*) To tell the truth, I'm getting the hump of it. What d'you think the latest is?

Joyous Youth. Heaven knows!

Second Youth (*bitterly*). So do I! She wants me to look out for a house.

Joyous Youth. Well, I'm hanged!

Second Youth. Says I ought to save, too.

Joyous Youth. Cheek!

Second Youth. Why, you can't take your girl out without it costing money, can you? Look at me. We went the other night to the South Kensington Museum. That sounds like a cheap outing, doesn't it? Very well, then. We go into the refreshment-room; *she* has a cup of coffee—I have a drink and a cigar to smoke outside. (*Gesture of despair.*) One and three! I tell you, when you're engaged it's pay out—pay out—pay out all the blessed time.

* * * * *

(Senior Clerk, *of much importance, seats himself at next table, beside a junior.* Junior *anxiously bows.*)

Senior (*with elephantine buoyancy*). Ah, Mr. Wakeley! (Junior *bows again.*) Taking a cup of the beverage that—er—cheers but does not inebriate? Eh?

Junior. Yes, sir. (*With diffidence.*) Extraordinary weather this afternoon?

Senior. Er—yes. Yes.

Junior (*with increasing courage*). I see the papers say——

Senior (*impressively*). I pay *no* attention to what the papers say; I know too much of the world.

Junior. But I suppose, sir, one ought not to disbelieve everything one sees in print.

Senior (*mysteriously*). I'm not so sure about that. If you only knew the kind of men who write these things, you—well, it's a queer business altogether. I should be ve-ry sorry to see a son of mine get mixed up with authors and writers and (*vaguely*) what not. I like to see a man work for his living. Why, I often take up a book at home—my girls belong to Mudie's—take it up in the evening just to pass the time. Very well. What do I find? (*Stirs tea and pauses.* Junior, *fearful of being caught, does not venture to reply.*) I find there, sir (*sips tea*)—I find there a lot of nonsense about a lot of people, who in all probability never existed. The leaves of a book are of no more interest to me (*looks round as though for illustration*) than—er—the leaves of a tree. (*Chuckles.* Junior *smiles generously.*) Now that's not half a bad way of putting it, is it? (*Drinks his own health.*)

"OH, I AM SO SORRY!"

Junior (*with enthusiasm*). *I* think it's capital, sir. Capital! I've never heard it put that way before. Leaves of a book and leaves of a tree. That's good enough for one of the comics.

Senior (*modestly*). Oh, I often find myself putting things rather aptly.

Junior (*persistently*). You ought to put them down in black and white, sir. I've seen worse than that in *Punch*

(*Repeats phrase softly to himself, and laughs again.*)

Senior. Not married, are you, Mr. Wakeley?

Junior. Not yet, sir. Thinking about it.

Senior (*benevolently*). Let me see, what is your screw?

(Junior *mentions a sum that is really not a screw, but only a tin tack.*)

Senior. Ah, well. We must see if the firm will do something for you, Mr. Wakeley. I must be off now. Get back sharp to your work.

Junior. Yes, sir, thank you. And I shan't forget that capital joke of yours about the leaves.

Senior (*delighted*). Oh, nonsense, nonsense.

(*Goes.* Junior *looks at mirror and winks at himself twice congratulatingly.* Two Youthful Blades *enter.*)

First Blade. The biggest old beano—two coffees, sweetest—biggest old beano *I* was ever mixed up in, in

all my born days. Banks was there, and Banks can shift the liquor, mind you.

Second Blade (*approvingly*). Banks is a treat.

First Blade. Well, the manager comes to the door of the box, and he says, "I hope you gentlemen won't make too much noise," and Banks—you know his style——

Second Blade. Ra-*ther*.

First Blade. Banks says, "It's a'right, old chap. *We're* not gen'lemen, we're only just or'nary chaps like—hic—yourself. What goin-tave?" And then the manager got raw. "What am I going to have?" he says. "Why, I'm going to have you turned out." And I'm blessed if he didn't, too. And Banks lost his hat, and—oh, it was great, my boy, great. Warm member, Banks.

Second Blade. Warm as they make 'em. (*Hesitatingly*) He's a bit too handy with his walking-stick sometimes, when he's a trifle on.

First Blade. Oh, it's only his way. We're none of us perfect.

(*They finish and rise.*)

First Blade (*to* Superior Damsel *behind counter*). Sophonisba; Sophonisba, dear.

Superior Damsel (*with hauteur*). I beg your pardon.

"TWO COFFEES, SWEETEST."

First Blade. Shan't give it to you. Where did that flower come from?

Superior Damsel (*coldly*). I assume that it came from a garden.

Second Blade. She had you there, old man; she had you. (Superior Damsel *relents at tidings of victory.* Second Blade *takes the attack in hand.*) We've been having an argument about you, Miss.

Superior Damsel. Indeed!

Second Blade. *I* say that I think you belong to the Montmorency family of Yorkshire. There used to be two or three rather fine daughters at the old manor, and— —

Superior Damsel. Well, most of my people come from——

Second Blade. And he says that *he* thinks you belong to the family of Smith in the Walworth Road.

Superior Damsel (*very annoyed*). Oh, go along with your impudence.

(*They go along with their impudence. Others go too.*)

Superior Damsel (*to bare-armed menial washing cups*). Mary, get on with your work there.

Mary. Ain't I a'getting on with me work 'ere?

Superior Damsel (*unsatisfied*). Well, then leave off and come here this minute and clean the counter.

Mary (*sotto voce*). It's a mystery to me why some people was ever born.

FRANK L. STANTON: THE AMERICAN POET.

Of Frank L. Stanton, whose work has been reprinted in our pages for the past twelve months, the *Philadelphia Press* gives this biographical sketch:—Having lost his father at a very early age, Frank Stanton spent the three years of his life from nine to twelve in sawing wood for a living. From then on for a number of years he worked in the fields under the hot Southern sun, gaining his knowledge of books from his voracious application to them after the sun had gone down on his field of daily labour. It is to this period of his life that the poet has recourse for the materials of his "Songs of the Soil," but it is to the mellowing, idealising intervention of years that the inspiration is due. As he himself says, a man who is in daily contact with a plough doesn't wax poetical on the subject. When about nine years old the poet was for a little while office "imp" on the Savannah *Morning News*, and while there it was part of his duty to sweep the office of a slim young news reporter, by the name of Joel Chandler Harris. Uncle Remus had not then been born into the world of stories, and Mr. Harris was employing his spare moments in writing verses. From the *News* office their paths led apart, and each passed out of the other's memory till very recent years brought them together again.

From farm labour Mr. Stanton went into the newspaper office, drifting about through South Carolina and Georgia as a typesetter and printer, all the time scattering his verses like flowers along the way. A good Providence kept the youth in the fields till his heart was bound to Nature, and thence led him into circumstances where he might pour out on the hearts of men the sunshine that had been garnered in his own. From printer and contributor, he became an editor. And while at the head of a little paper called the *Smithville News* he received a letter from Joel Chandler Harris asking for poetical contributions to the *Constitution*. Little did Mr. Harris suspect that the verses which were charming people far and near were from the pen of the little black-eyed chap who had played the "devil" in his office in Savannah.

In a short time came the offer of a reportorial position on the *Constitution*, from Henry W. Grady. This Mr. Stanton declined, and it was not until the death of Mr. Grady that he accepted, through the influence of Mr. Harris, an editorial position on that paper. From then on his popularity has been on the increase, till he is known and read in two hemispheres. Though our poet is by no means without honour in his own country, it is from distant places that the most flattering testimonials come. In Paris his genius has been recognised and complimented, while in England he has made a place for himself in the hearts of the people. At a recent meeting of London authors, Mr. Stanton's little ballad, "Clarisse," was read. Those who know the gem can appreciate the reception it received. When, in reply to a question, the name of the author was given, one of the number exclaimed enthusiastically: "Well, he has beaten Dobson on his own grounds!"

During the Columbian Fair, Mr. Stanton was once the honoured guest at the Forty Club in Chicago, and received quite an ovation from its members. So far, Mr. Stanton has only published two small volumes of poems—"Songs of a Day" and "Songs of the Soil." Though the former work passed through several editions, and won a success unhoped for by its modest author, he has allowed three years to pass before coming before the public again, except through periodicals.

HOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

BY

FRANK L. STANTON.

HOW shall I love you? I dream all day,
Dear, of a tenderer, sweeter way:
Songs that I sing to you, words that I say,
Prayers that are voiceless on lips that would pray;
These may not tell of the love of my life:
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

How shall I love you? Love is the bread
Of life to a woman—the white and the red
Of all the world's roses, the light that is shed
On all the world's pathways, till life shall be dead!
The star in the storm and the strength in the strife:
How shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a burden your heart must bear?
I shall kneel lowly and lift it, dear!
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossom there!
For grief or for glory—for death or for life,
So shall I love you, my sweetheart, my wife!

From *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S NEW STORY, "THE RED COCKADE," A Story of the French Revolution, will be commenced in next week's number of "TO-DAY."

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A SOLDIER OF THE RED COCKADE.

Drawn for TO-DAY by Dudley Hardy.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 61. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARQUIS DE ST. ALAIS.

WHEN we reached the terraced walk, which my father made a little before his death, and which, running under the windows at the rear of the Château, separates the house from the new lawn, St. Alais looked round him with eyes of scarcely-veiled contempt.

"What have you done with the garden?" he asked, his lip curling.

"My father removed it to the other side of the house," I answered.

"Out of sight?"

"Yes," I said; "it is beyond the rose garden."

"English fashion!" he answered, with a polite sneer. "And you prefer to see all this grass from your windows?"

"Yes," I said; "I do."

"And that plantation?" he continued. "It hides the village, I suppose, from the house?"

"Yes."

He laughed.

"Yes," he said. "I notice that that is the way of your friends, who prate of the people, and freedom, and fraternity. They love the people; but they love them at a distance, on the farther side of a park or a high yew hedge. Now, at St. Alais I like to have my folks under my eye, and then, if they do not behave, there is the *carcan*. By the way, what have you done with yours, Vicomte? It used to stand opposite the entrance."

"I have burned it," I said, feeling the blood mount to my temples.

"Your father did?" he answered, with a glance of surprise.

"No," I said, stubbornly, hating myself for being ashamed of that before St. Alais of which I had been proud enough when alone. "I did. I burned it last winter. I think the day of such things is past."

The Marquis was not my senior by more than five years; but those five years, spent in Paris and Versailles, gave him a wondrous advantage, and I felt his look of contemptuous surprise as if it had been a blow. However, he did not say anything in answer, but after a momentary pause he changed the subject and began to speak of my father; recalling him and things in connection with him in a tone of respect and affection that in a moment disarmed my resentment.

"The first time that I shot a bird on the wing, it was with him!" he said, with that wonderful charm of manner that had been St. Alais' even in boyhood.

"Twelve years ago," I said.

"Even so, monsieur," he replied, with a laughing bow. "There was a small boy with bare legs, who ran after me in those days, and called me Victor, and thought me the greatest of men. I little dreamed that he would ever live to expound the rights of man to me. And, Dieu! I must keep Louis from you, or you will make him as great a reformer as yourself. However," he continued, with a smile and an easy gesture, "I did not come here to talk of him, but of someone, M. le Vicomte, in whom you should feel greater interest."

I felt the blood mount to my temples again, but for a different reason.

"Mademoiselle has come home?" I said.

"Yesterday," he answered. "She will go with my mother to Cahors to-morrow, and have her first peep at the world. I do not doubt that among the many new things she will see, none will interest her more than the Vicomte de Saux."

"Mademoiselle is well?" I said, clumsily.

"Perfectly," he answered, with grave politeness.

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"But you will see for yourself to-morrow evening, if we do not meet on the road. I daresay that you will like a week or so to commend yourself to her, M. le Vicomte. After that, whenever Madame la Marquise and you can settle the date, and so forth, the match had better come off—while I am here."

I bowed. I had been expecting to hear this for a week past; but from Louis, who was like a brother to me, not from Victor. The latter had indeed been my boyish idol; but that was years ago, before Court life and a long stay at Versailles and St. Cloud had changed him into the splendid-looking man I saw before me, the raillery of whose eye I found it as difficult to meet as I found it impossible to match the aplomb of his manner. Still, I strove to make such acknowledgments as became me; with that nice mixture of self-respect, politeness, and devotion which I knew that the occasion, formally treated, required. But my tongue stumbled, and in a moment he relieved me.

"Well, you must tell that to Denise," he said, pleasantly; "doubtless you will find her a patient listener. At first, of course," he continued, pulling on his gauntlets, "she will be a little shy. I have no doubt that the good sisters have brought her up to regard a man in much the same light as a wolf; but, eh bien, mon ami! women are women, after all, and in a week or two you will commend yourself. We may hope, then, to see you to-morrow evening—if not before?"

"Most certainly, M. le Marquis."

"Why not Victor?" he answered, laying his hand on my arm, with a touch of the old bonhomie. "We shall soon be brothers, and then, doubtless, shall hate one another. In the meantime, give me your company to the gates. There was one other thing I wanted to name to you. Let me see—what was it?"

But either he could not immediately remember, or he found a difficulty in introducing the subject, for we were nearly half-way down the avenue of walnut-trees that leads to the village when he spoke again. Then he plunged into the matter abruptly.

"You have heard of this protest?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, reluctantly, and with a foresight of trouble.

"You will sign it, of course?"

I hesitated before I answered the question, as he had hesitated before he asked it. The protest in question—how formal the phrase still sounds, though we know now that under it lay the beginning of trouble and a new world—was one which it was proposed to move in the coming meeting of the noblesse at Cahors; its aim, to condemn the conduct of our representatives at Versailles, in consenting to sit with the Third Estate.

Now, whatever had been my original views on this question—and, as a fact, I should have preferred to see reform following the English model, the nobles' house remaining separate—I regarded the step, now it was taken, and legalised by the King, as irrevocable; protest as useless. Moreover, I could not help knowing that those who were moving this protest desired also to refuse all reform, to cling to all privileges, to balk all hopes of better government; those hopes, which had been rising higher, day by day, since the elections, and which it might not now be so safe or so easy to balk. Without swallowing convictions, therefore, which were pretty well known, I could not see my way to supporting it.

"Well?" he said, at last, finding me still silent.

"I do not think that I can," I answered, flushing

"Can support it?"

"No," I said.

He laughed genially.

"Pooh!" he said. "I think that you will. I want your promise, Vicomte. It is a small matter; but we must be unanimous. That is the one thing necessary."

I shook my head. We had both come to a halt under the trees, just within the gates. His servant was leading the horses up and down the road.

"Come," he persisted, pleasantly; "you do not think that anything is going to come of this chaotic States General, which His Majesty was mad enough to let Neckar summon? They met on the 4th of May; this is the 17th of July; and they have done nothing to the point yet except wrangle! Nothing! Presently they will be dismissed, and there will be an end of it!"

"Why protest, then?" I said, rather feebly.

"I will tell you, my friend," he answered, smiling indulgently, and tapping his boot with his whip. "Have you heard the latest news?"

"What is it?" I replied, frankly. "Then I will tell you if I have heard it."

"The King has dismissed Neckar!"

"No!" I cried. I had never felt greater surprise.

"Yes," he answered; "the banker is dismissed. In a week his States General or National Assembly, or whatever you please to call it, will go too, and we shall be where we were before. Only, in the meantime, and to strengthen the King in the wise course he is at last pursuing, we must show that we are alive. We must show our sympathy with him. We must protest."

"But, M. le Marquis," I said, a little heated, perhaps, by the news, "are you sure that the people will quietly endure this? Never was so bitter a winter as last winter: never a worse harvest. On the top of these, their hopes have been raised, and their minds excited by the elections, and——"

"Who is to be thanked for that?" he said, with a whimsical glance at me. "But, never fear, Vicomte; they will endure it. I know Paris; and I can assure you that it is not the Paris of the Fronde, though M. de Mirabeau would play the Retz. It is a peaceable, sensible Paris, and it will not rise. Except a bread riot or two, it has seen no rising to speak of, remember, for a century and a half: nothing that two companies of Swiss could not deal with as easily as d'Argenson cleared the Cour des Miracles. No; believe me, there is no danger of that kind: with management, all will go well!"

But his news had roused my antagonism, and I found it more easy to resist him now.

"I do not know," I said, coldly; "I do not think that the matter is so simple. The King must have money, or be bankrupt; the people have no money to pay him. I do not see how things can go back into the old state."

M. de St. Alais looked at me, his lip curling.

"You mean, Vicomte," he said, "that you do not wish them to go back?"

"I mean that the old state was impossible," I said, stiffly. "It could not last. It cannot return."

For a moment he did not answer, and we stood con-

fronting one another—he just without, I just within, the gateway—the cool foliage stretching over us, the dust and July sunshine in the road beyond him; and if my face reflected his, it was flushed, and set, and determined. But in a twinkling his changed; he broke into an easy, polite laugh, and shrugged his shoulders with a touch of contempt.

"Well," he said, "we will not argue; but I hope that you will sign. Think it over, M. le Vicomte, think it over. Because"—he paused on the word, and looked at me gaily—"we do not know what may be depending upon it."

"That is a reason," I answered, quickly, "for thinking more before I——"

"It is a reason for thinking more before you refuse," he said, bowing very low, and this time without smiling. Then he turned to his horse; his servant held the stirrup while he mounted. When he was in the saddle, and had gathered up the reins, he turned to me again.

"Of course, M. le Vicomte," he said, speaking in a low voice, and with a searching look at me, "a contract is a contract; and the Montagues and Capulets, like your *carcan*, are out of date. But, all the same, we must go one way—comprenez vous—we must go one way—or separate! At least, I think so."

And, nodding pleasantly, as if he had uttered in these words a compliment instead of a threat, he rode off, leaving me to stand and fret and fume; and finally to stride back under the trees with my thoughts in a whirl, and all my plans and hopes jarring one another in a petty copy of the confusion that that day had prevailed, though I guessed it but dimly, from one end of France to the other.

ST. ALAIS LOOKED ROUND WITH SCARCELY-VEILED CONTEMPT.

For I could not be blind to his meaning; nor ignorant that he had, no matter how politely, bidden me choose between the alliance with his family, which my father had arranged for me, and the political views in which my father had brought me up, and which a year's residence in England had not failed to strengthen. Alone in the Château since my father's death, I had lived a good deal in the future—in day-dreams of Denise de St. Alais, the fair girl who was to be my wife, and whom I had not seen since she went to her convent school; in day-dreams of work to be done in spreading round me the prosperity I had seen in England. Now, St. Alais' words menaced one or other of these prospects, and that was bad enough. But, really, it was not that so much as his presumption that annoyed me; that made me swear one moment and laugh the next, in a kind of irritation not difficult to understand. I was twenty-two, he was twenty-seven; and he dictated to me! We were country bumpkins, he of the haute politique; and he had come from Versailles or from Paris to drill us! If I went his way I might marry his sister; if not, I might not! That was the position.

No wonder that before he had left me half-an-hour I had made up my mind, and spent the rest of the day composing sound and unanswerable reasons for the course I intended to take; now conning over a letter in which M. de Liancourt set forth his plan of reform, now summarising the opinions with which M. de Rochefoucauld had favoured me on his last journey to Luchon. In half-an-hour and the heat of temper! thinking no more than ten thousand others, who that week chose one of two courses, what I was doing. Gargouf, the St. Alais' steward, who doubtless heard that day the news of Neckar's fall, and rejoiced, had no foresight of what it meant to him. Father Benoît, the Curé, who supped with me that evening, and heard the tidings with sorrow—he, too, had no special vision. And the innkeeper's son at La Bastide, by Cahors—probably he heard the news; but no shadow of a sceptre fell across his path, nor any of a bâton on that of the Notary at the other La Bastide. A notary, a bâton! An inn-

keeper, a sceptre! Mon Dieu! what conjunctions they would have seemed in those days! We should have been wiser than Daniel, and more prudent than Joseph, if we had foreseen such things under the old régime—in the old France, in the old world, that died in that month of July, 1789!

And yet there were signs, even then, to be read by those with eyes, that foretold something, if but a tithe of the incon ivable future; of which signs I myself remarked enough by the way next day to fill my mind with other thoughts than private resentment; with some nobler aims than self-assertion. Riding to Cahors, with Gil and André at my back, I saw not only the havoc caused by the great frosts of the winter and spring, not only walnut-trees blackened and withered, vines stricken, rye killed, a huge proportion of the land fallow, desert, and unsown: not only those common signs of poverty to which use had accustomed me—though on my first return from England I had viewed them with horror—mud cabins, I mean, and unglazed windows, starved cattle, and women bent double, gathering weeds. But I saw other things more ominous; a strange herding of men at cross-roads and bridges, where they waited for they knew not what; a something gloomy in these men's silence, a something expectant in their faces; worst of all, a something dangerous in their scowling eyes and sunken cheeks. Hunger had pinched them; the elections had roused them. I trembled to think of the issue, and that in the hint of danger I had given St. Alais I had been only too near the mark.

A league farther on, where the woodlands skirt Cahors, I lost sight of these things, but for a time only. They reappeared presently in another form. The first view of the town, as girt by the shining Lot, and protected by ramparts and towers, it nestles under the steep hills, is apt to take the eye; its matchless bridge, and time-worn Cathedral, and great palace seldom failing to rouse the admiration even of those who know them well. But that day I saw none of these things, for as I passed down towards the market-place they were selling grain under a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets; and the starved faces of the waiting crowd that filled all that side of the square, their shrunken, half-naked figures, and lowering looks, and the sullen muttering, which seemed so much at odds with the sunshine, occupied me, to the exclusion of everything else.

Or not quite. I had eyes for one other thing, and that was the astonishing indifference with which those whom curiosity, or business, or habit had brought to the spot, viewed this spectacle. The inns were full of the gentry of the province, come to the Assembly; they looked on from the windows, as at a show, and talked and jested as if at home in their châteaux. Before the doors of the Cathedral a group of ladies and clergymen walked to and fro, and now and then they turned a listless eye on what was passing; but for the most part they seemed to be unconscious of it, or, at the best, to have no concern with it. I have heard it said since, that in those days we had two worlds in France, as far apart as hell and heaven; and what I saw that day went far to prove it.

In the square a shop at which pamphlets and journals were sold was full of customers, though other shops in the neighbourhood were closed, their owners fearing mischief. On the skirts of the crowd, and a little aloof from it, I saw Gargouf, the St. Alais' steward. He was talking to a countryman; and, as I passed, he said, gibingly, to the fellow—"Well, has your National Assembly fed you yet?"

"Not yet," the clown answered, stupidly, "but I am told that in a few days they will satisfy everybody."

"Not they!" the agent answered brutally. "Why, do you think that they will feed you?"

"Oh, yes, by your leave; it is certain," the man said. "And, besides, everyone is agreed——"

But then Gargouf saw me, saluted me, and I heard no more. A moment later, however, I came on one of my people, Buton, the blacksmith, in the middle of a muttering group. He looked at me sheepishly, finding himself caught; and I stopped, and rated him soundly, and saw him start for home before I went to my quarters.

These were at the Trois Rois, where I always lay when in town; Doury, the innkeeper, providing a supper ordinary for the gentry at eight o'clock, at which it was the custom to dress and powder.

The St. Alais had a house in Cahors, and, as the Marquis had intimated to me, entertained that evening. The greater part of the company, therefore, repaired thither after the meal. Going, myself, a little late, that I might have no more private talk with the Marquis, I found the rooms already full and brilliantly lighted, the staircase crowded with valets, and the strains of a harpsichord trickling melodiously from the windows. Madame de St. Alais was in the habit of entertaining the best company in the province; with less splendour, perhaps, than some, but with so much ease, and taste, and good breeding, that I look in vain for such a house in these days.

Ordinarily, she preferred to people her rooms with pleasant groups, that, gracefully disposed, gave to a salon an air elegant and pleasing, and in character with the costume of those days, the silks and laces, powder and diamonds, the full hoops and red-heeled shoes. But on this occasion the crowd and the splendour of the entertainment apprised me, as soon as I crossed the threshold, that I was assisting at a party of more than ordinary importance; nor had I advanced far before I guessed that it was a political rather than a social gathering. All, or almost all, who would attend the Assembly next day were here; and though, as I wound my way through the crowd, I heard very little serious talk—so little, that I marvelled to think that people could discuss the respective merits of French and Italian opera, of Grétry and Bianchi, and the like, while so much hung in the balance—of the effect intended I had no doubt; nor that Madame, in assembling all the wit and beauty of the province, was aiming at things higher than amusement.

With, I am bound to confess, a degree of success: so much so, at least, that it was difficult to mix with the throng which filled the rooms, to run the gauntlet of bright eyes and witty tongues, to breathe that atmosphere laden with perfume and music, without falling under the spell, without forgetting. Inside the door M. de Gontaut, one of my father's oldest friends, was talking with the two Harincourts. He greeted me with a sly smile, and pointed politely inwards.

"Pass on, Monsieur," he said. "The farthest room. Ah! I wish I were young again!"

"Your gain would be my loss, M. le Baron," I said, and slid by him. Next, I had to speak to two or three ladies, who detained me with wicked congratulations of the same kind; and then I came on Louis. He clasped my hand, and we stood a moment together. The crowd elbowed us; a simpering fool at his shoulder was prating of the social contract. But as I felt the pressure of Louis' hand, and looked into his honest eyes, it seemed to me that a breath of air from the woods penetrated the room, and swept aside the heavy perfumes.

Yet there was trouble in his look. He asked me if I had seen Victor.

"Yesterday," I said, understanding him perfectly, and what was amiss. "Not to-day."

"Nor Denise?"

"No. I have not had the honour of seeing Mademoiselle."

"Then, come," he answered. "My mother expected you earlier. What did you think of Victor?"

"That he went Victor, and has returned a great personage!" I said, smiling.

Louis laughed faintly, and lifted his eyebrows with a comical air of sufferance.

"I was afraid so," he said. "He did not seem to be very well pleased with you. But we must all do his bidding—eh, Monsieur? And, in the meantime, come. My mother and Denise are in the farthest room."

I SAW THE HAVOC CAUSED BY THE GREAT FROSTS.

He led the way thither as he spoke; but we had first to go through the card-room, and then the crowd about the doorway was so dense that we could not immediately enter, so that I had time—while outwardly smiling and bowing—to feel a little suspense. Finally we slipped through and entered a smaller room, where were only Madame la Marquise, who was standing in the middle of the floor talking with the Abbé Mesnil, two or three ladies, and Denise de St. Alais.

Mademoiselle was seated on a couch by one of the ladies; and naturally my eyes went first to her. She was dressed in white, and it struck me with the force of a blow how small, how infantine, she was! Very fair, of the purest complexion, and perfectly formed, she seemed to derive a childish, an absurd, air of dignity from the formality of her dress, from the height of the powdered hair that was strained upwards from her forehead, from the stiffness of her brocaded petticoat. But she was very small. I had time to note this, to feel a little disappointment, and to fancy that, cast in a larger mould, she would have been supremely handsome; and then the lady beside her, seeing me, spoke to her, and the child—she was little more—looked up, her face grown crimson. Our eyes met—thank God! she had Louis' eyes—and she looked down again, blushing painfully.

I advanced to pay my respects to Madame, and kissed the hand, which, without at once breaking off her conversation, she extended to me.

"But such powers!" the Abbé, who had something of the reputation of a *philosophe* was saying. "Without limit! Without check! Misused, Madame ——"

"But the King is too good!" Madame la Marquise answered smiling.

"When well advised, I agree. But then the deficit?"

The Marquise shrugged her shoulders. "His Majesty must have money," she said.

"Yes—but how?" the Abbé asked, with an answering shrug.

"The King was too good at the beginning," Madame replied, with a touch of severity. "He should have made them register the edicts. However, the Parliament has always given way, and it will again."

"The Parliament—yes," the Abbé retorted, smiling indulgently. "But it is no longer a question of the Parliament; and the States General——"

"States General pass," Madame responded, grandly. "The King remains!"

"Yet if trouble comes?"

"It will not," Madame answered. "His Majesty will prevent it." And then with a word or two more she dismissed the Abbé and turned to me. She tapped me on the shoulder with her fan. "Ah! truant," she said, with a glance in which kindness and a little austerity were mingled. "I do not know what I am to say to you! Indeed, from the account Victor gave me yesterday, M. le Vicomte, I hardly knew whether to expect you this evening or not. Are you sure that it is you who are here?"

"I will answer for my heart, Madame," I answered, laying my hand upon it.

Her eyes twinkled kindly.

"Then," she said, "bring it where it is due, Monsieur." And she turned with a fine air of ceremony, and led me to her daughter. "Denise," she said, "this is M. le Vicomte de Saux, the son of my old, my good friend. M. le Vicomte—my daughter. Perhaps you will amuse her while I go back to the Abbé."

Probably Mademoiselle had spent the evening in an agony of shyness, expecting this moment, for she curtesied to the floor, and then stood dumb and confused, forgetting even to sit down, until I covered her with fresh blushes by begging her to do so. When she had complied, I took my stand before her, with my hat in my hand; but between seeking for the right compliment, and trying to trace a likeness between her and the wild, brown-faced child of thirteen, whom I had known four years before—and from the dignified height of nineteen immeasurably despised—I grew shy myself.

"You came home last week, Mademoiselle?" I said at last.

"Yes, Monsieur," she answered, in a whisper, and with downcast eyes.

"It must be a great change for you!"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Doubtless the Sisters were good to you?" I suggested.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Yet, you were not sorry to leave?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

But then, I suppose, the meaning of what she had last said came home to her, or she felt the banality of her answers; for, on a sudden, she looked swiftly up at me, her face scarlet, and if I was not mistaken, she was within a little of bursting into tears. The thought appalled me. I stooped lower.

"Mademoiselle!" I said hurriedly, "pray do not be afraid of me. Whatever happens, you shall never have need to fear me. I beg of you to look on me as a friend—as your brother's friend. Louis is my——"

Crash! While the very name hung on my lips, something struck me in the back, and I staggered forward, almost into her arms; amid a shiver of broken glass, a flickering of lights, a sudden chorus of screams and cries. For a moment I could not think what was happening, or had happened; the blow had taken, away my breath. I was conscious only of Mademoiselle clinging terrified to my arm, of her face, wild with fright looking up to me, of the sudden cessation of the music. Then, as people pressed in on us, and I began to recover, I turned and saw that the window behind me had been driven in, and the lead and panes shattered; and that among the débris on the floor lay a great stone. It was that which had struck me.

(*To be continued.*)

MARY, AFTER CALVARY.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

In the night when they scourged Him and crowned Him
With thorns that were sharp as their spears,
They struck my white arms from around Him,
And fast fell my tears.

But weeping and following slowly—
They, mocking my love and my loss,
Knew not that my lips leaning lowly
Kissed His steps to the cross!

They knew not my down-streaming tresses,
With myrrh and with spikenard made sweet,
Had covered with golden caresses
His beautiful feet!

So, weeping, I followed my Master,
Till the cross on the hill was laid down,
And the night in the heavens gloomed faster
On Calvary's crown

And there, as He rested Him weary,
My love knew its sweetest reward;
For His lips seemed to speak to me: "Mary!"
My name from my Lord!

No crown of sharp thorns did I weave Him,
To crimson His forehead of white;
The last in the darkness to leave Him—
The first in the light!

For there, at the gates of His prison,
Faith, freed from its darkened control,
I knew that my Master had risen,
And joy filled my soul!

He liveth! No more am I weeping;
But still, where God's angels are fair,
My love to His footstool is creeping,
And He smiles on me there!

MODERN DOGS.*

The vanity of every self-respecting dog will most assuredly be increased when he catches sight of the three massive volumes compiled by Mr. Rawdon B. Lee. Of whatever breed the dog may be he will find in one of these books a description of himself, and an account of his early history—if he has one—dating from the earliest recollection of man, and continued right up to the present day. He will also find a portrait of himself as he should be, not a mere likeness of the nearest thing to perfection that Nature and enthusiastic dog-breeders have produced in his particular line, but an idealised portrait, a standard to live up to, a model to be copied. Surely such books as these must be invaluable, not only to dogs themselves, but to the thousands of men who would be as unhappy without their favourite dog as a wife without a child.

The first of these three volumes is devoted to sporting dogs, the opening chapter dealing very exhaustively with the bloodhound. Now, it is a sad thing to think about, and must be a thorn in the flesh of every aristocratic dog, but the origin of even this stately animal must not be inquired into. "The origin of the bloodhound cannot be traced with any degree of satisfaction," says Mr. Lee, "but we believe that no modern breed of dog is so like that progenitor of his that may have lived three or four hundred years ago as is this well-favoured variety." To anyone who knows a bloodhound when he sees one such a remark must seem almost a heresy, and, whatever a dog may do, there are probably few ladies who, if you told them they resembled their ancestors in face and figure, would regard the statement as a compliment. To make up for this sad state of things, however, the bloodhound has one unique feature in his character. Nearly all other dogs first find their noses when trying to discover their master's whereabouts. With a bloodhound it is different; his chief delight is to hunt strangers—which is consolatory news to anyone who intends going in for bloodhounds.

It would be difficult to tell from the succeeding chapters which hound is Mr. Lee's favourite, for like every true lover of dogs he seems to have a warm corner in his heart for all of them, and something nice to say about each. Perhaps the general public will feel especially interested in the chapter dealing with the whippet, as it is only quite lately that that breed has come into prominent notice. The whippet is a small dog, and should resemble a miniature greyhound in appearance. Originally the breed was probably founded by a cross between an Italian greyhound and some terrier or other. In 1892 the breed was recognised by the Kennel Club, and a class is now provided for it at some of the leading shows. The whippet is very well known in the North, where he is used by the miners for rabbit coursing and dog racing. Mr. Lee gives a very interesting description of how these dogs are trained to race each other.

> All preliminaries being arranged, the dog makes an appearance at one of the many running grounds. Here a course is laid out on the cinder path, the distance usually being two hundred yards. At one end the various handicaps are marked out, three start in a heat, and each dog, as in ordinary pedestrianism, has a side allotted to it by draw or otherwise. The starter is behind the dogs, pistol in hand. A friend of the owner holds his dog on the mark; the owners or trainers run in front of their dogs up the course, calling to them, and dangling something attractive—a chicken's or a pigeon's wing, perhaps, or a piece of rag; rabbits or live stock are not allowed. These owners or trainers, having reached the limit of the course, the pistol is fired, the dogs are slipped, and, at their full pace, urged on to the goal where their trainer awaits them. Near there the judge is placed, who quickly and promptly pronounces which dog wins, and so the fun goes on. . . . I need scarcely say that the training of these dogs is made a profession, a skilled man obtaining good pay for his work.

The second volume is devoted entirely to terriers, and will probably be the most popular of the three. Judging from the numbers one sees about, the fox-terrier must be considered the public's favourite, but the Irish terrier is rapidly coming to the front, and Mr. Lee is loud in his praises of the breed. A very good idea of what an Irish terrier should look like may be gathered from the illustration by Mr. Arthur Wardle. In fact, the illustrations throughout the three books are unusually true to life, and are beautifully produced. With regard to the Welsh terrier—a breed that has only lately come before the notice of the public at shows—we learn that there has been considerable controversy as to his native country. The breed has only been recognised by the Kennel Club under the name of Welsh terrier for the last eight years, though, as Mr. Lee says, it has been clearly proved that this identical dog has long flourished in the North of England under a different name. I doubt if many people not in the know could have distinguished the Old English wire-haired terriers from the Welsh terriers at the last Crystal Palace Show, where they were benched side by side. Mr. Lee has been successful in getting three or four diverse opinions on the subject, and so the matter must be left unsettled. The writer met with the same experience this summer when in Wales. The natives themselves are apparently uncertain whether their dogs are Welsh terriers or not, though I heard of one that changed hands for the respectable sum of £150. After all, it is a case of "a rose by any other name," for there can be no denying that these black-and-tan rough terriers make game and handsome companions.

The third of these volumes contains histories and descriptions of non-sporting dogs. Mr. Lee has a very good word to say for the bulldog:—

> He is very faithful to his master, and his appearance is certainly worse than his disposition. When he has the chance he is quite as sociable as most dogs, his temper is reliable, and, on the show-bench, he may be petted and caressed by the stranger with far less likelihood of being bitten than would be the case with the terriers and collies. Then he is not addicted to barking too much; is not liable to run away, when kept in the country, on hunting excursions; but he is not built on the proper lines to follow a dog-cart or run after a bicycle. In modern days the bulldog is valued for amusement and for show purposes; and when making his living on the benches he is, in nine cases out of ten, kept in a kennel along with other dogs of the same breed, and seldom given the social advantages which fall to the more fortunate St. Bernard, terrier, or collie.

Mr. Lee has not been content with giving us his own opinions on dogs, but in many cases has collected information from the principal breeders in the world. The result of his work is seen in the completeness with which every breed of dog is dealt with. These three volumes deserve to rank as the standard work on dogs, for though fashions may change, yet no breed can alter to any great extent from the type that is generally accepted as correct. I think the author has done wisely in omitting from the book the usual chapters on the feeding and rearing and general management of dogs. In such matters a very little experience is worth a book-ful of hints, and besides, these books were not written for men unacquainted with the ways of dogs, but rather for those who have already learned something of

> The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
> The only creature faithful to the end.

W. P.

* "Modern Dogs." By Rawdon B. Lee. (Horace Cox. 3 Vols. 15s., 10s. 6d., 10s. 6d.)

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—VI.

GREAT GATE AT SHIBA, TOKIO.

BELL TOWER, NIKKO.

DAIBUTSU.—BRONZE IMAGE AT KAMAKURA.

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

'ANKIN come ter me the other dye with some cock-and-bull story abart the real Titchbung 'avin' bin farnd at lawst. "Stow it!" I says to 'im. "Tike it 'ome! I ain't yousin' any on it." An' no more I ham. Why, bless my soul, I kin remember thet Titchbung business years ago, long afore I were merried, an' I don't wornt it cooked up agin. "It's in all the pipers," says 'Ankin. "Then the pipers ought to be ashimed o' theirselves," says I. So they ought. 'Ere we is a stawtin' a noo year, and I don't keer ter stawt it with a ole second-'and story with the bottom knocked art of it. Give us sutthink noo, if we is ter 'ave a sensishun. Why, a sea-serpint's fresh compeered ter that Titchbung. I shawn't read nutthink abart it. Give me a good Sunday piper, with a proper long list o' sooicides, mudders, an' fatelities o' the week. I'd sooner 'ave it. Theer's no pretensions abart thet. It jest let's yer 'ave a good pline mudder an' a ole-fashioned sooicide or so, an' lyes no clime ter be anythink art of the ornery. Titchbung? I've furgot 'im. I've done with 'im. I ain't tikin' any of 'im. I'd as soon eat a veal-and-'am as were mide six months beck as 'ear any more on the subjic of thet Titchbung. 'E's plyed art. 'Im and 'is pals mye tike the office from me ter keep their 'eads shut. Theer ain't no enthoosiasm on the pint and no money in it.

* * * *

Me and 'Ankin put in sixpennorth at the Egriculshral—the World's Feer, they calls it. Tark abart a crard—theer was sutthink like a crard, I can tell yer; aye, and a bloomin' big menawgery stuck right in the middle on it, with elefunks an' monkeys an' all manner. Whort with the menawgery, an' the crard, an' the lights a-fleerin', yer might 'ave took the hatmousphere awye in cawts an' cut it up inter slabs ter pive the road with. So yer might. Has fur the show, hall I says is that it jest 'its my tiste. Theer yer 'as the different caryvans all round the plice, an' if yer don't like one thing yer can try another. That's whort I calls liberty and freedom. I don't sye as theer were many o' your fancy sort theer; I didn't see but one top 'at in the ole plice, but in spite o' that we gort along pretty comfortable. In course, theer were a foo as sim'd ter be on the reg'ler ole hi-ti-hi, but I didn't see no one as could feerly be said to be any the wus fur whort he'd took. You mawk my wuds, theer ain't enough sixpenny shows in this metropolis. 'Ankin says the sime. As he puts it, give us the dimycritic price, and the grite dimocricy will pye ter go in. We chaunces the tanner, but we tikes some time ter think afore we busts a shillin' without being jolly sure that theer's a bob's worth on the other side o' the turnstile.

* * * *

Ignerunce ain't a thing as I've ever been specially dawn on myself, though theer's plenty of them 'ighly-eddicited lot as sims to look on it as a crime. Still ignerunce is like polertics an' most other things—it mye be kerried tew faw. I seed a bit in the pipers lawst Monday abart a boy as was a witness in a coroner's ingkwes. This 'ere boy couldn't spell pertiter well. I don't know as I mikes much o' thet, pertiter bein' one o' them ketchy words. But that worn't all. This 'ere boy didn't eving know whort is own bloomin' nime was. 'E said 'is pals called 'im Jack and 'is fawther an' mother called 'im Willy. At fust sight thet do sim a bit thick. But, 'arrever, 'ow many on us remembers theer own chrisnin'? Oh, and the nimes we get christened by ain't always the nimes we get called by. Look at the men called Ike, as worn't properly called Ike at all. Pursonally, I think as a man should choose 'is own nime when 'e's growed up. Ther's 'Ankin says, if 'e'd 'ad any vice in 'is own nimin', 'e'd 'ave 'ad 'isself called Algynun, which 'e ain't.

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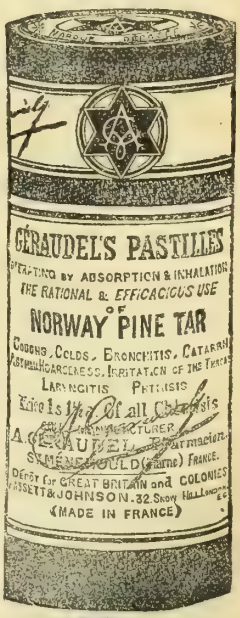

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HISTORIAN OR NOVELIST?

R. L. STEVENSON AND THE SCOTTISH BAR.

Every reminiscence of the late Mr. Stevenson that can be gathered up just now is full of a melancholy interest. Therefore (writes a correspondent) I seized gladly upon the opportunity of having a brief talk on this subject with Professor Kirkpatrick, of Edinburgh University, who coached Mr. Stevenson when he was reading up for the Scottish Bar just twenty years ago. "I necessarily saw a great deal of him, and had many a delightful chat about literature with him," remarked Mr. Kirkpatrick. "I suppose his interest in law was never very strong?" I said.—"No, I don't think it ever was. Even in those days Stevenson's great desire was to collect literary capital. He used to amuse me with his attachment to the note-book that he always carried about with him, as he has since told the world."

"The notes he took in it were not like those of the average student, I suppose?"—"No; the human interest in things solely attracted him. I remember, for instance, how keenly interested he would be if in the course of our work I had occasion to recall any romance of an irregular Scottish marriage. Out would come the note-book instantly. 'Oh, I must take that down!' he would cry. 'That is a first-rate story, which I may use one of these days.' And down it went as part of the equipment of the future novelist."

"What did you think of him in those days?"—"Like all who knew him, I felt sure that if he lived he would make his mark in life pretty deeply. He was a brilliant talker, and a delightful companion. When I was coaching him, our talk often roamed far away from the matters in hand."

"But you never expected him to make his mark in the law, I suppose?"—"Well, he did not expect to do so himself. I remember very well talking once about the advantage of being a good speaker, when he sprang up and began to pace the room, laughingly affecting horror at the impossibility of his doing anything of the kind. 'I am certain I never could face a solemn judge, nor a jury, nor an audience of any kind,' he said. 'I should abhor the thing, I should never have the face to do it.' And then we agreed that the men who had the face to do it were not always the cleverest."

"Did Stevenson ever hold a brief, then? That he got into the Faculty of Advocates, of course, I know. How did he pass his examination?"—"Oh, he passed quite creditably. He had any amount of talent, though he was not exactly a diligent student of law. As to his holding a brief, I am not sure, but I doubt if he ever had one. He may have earned what we call a complimentary guinea now and then by making some formal motion, but I do not think he ever attempted any contentious business. I suppose he went to the Bar chiefly to please his father; but from the first he was devoted heart and soul to literature."

"By the way," I asked, "was not Stevenson one of your competitors for the Chair of History here?"—"He was. That was in 1881; he was one of several candidates."

"Was he a serious candidate?"—"Certainly; at least, he went to the poll. But he did not get a great many votes. At any rate, I know that I was preferred to all the other candidates by a large majority of my brethren of the Bar. But, of course, I had some thirteen years more experience of the world than Stevenson, and besides, he could hardly claim to have had an adequate training for the post."

"Do you think he would have been a success if he had been elected?"—"Unquestionably he might have been. He had one of the most important qualities of a well-equipped historian in his admirable literary style; and he had another in his brilliant imagination. And, moreover, he had an undoubted taste for historical studies. In order to be something more than a mere archæologist, you know, the historian needs a great deal of what Thière's calls the *divination historique*. Perhaps Stevenson might never have had strength for a *magnum opus*, but I am sure that he would have done admirable and conscientious work if he had been elected to the chair. I fancy it would have been something of the nature of historical essays, perhaps some delightful mixture of Macaulay, Charles Lamb, and Montaigne."

"So, instead of Stevenson the novelist, we might have been mourning the loss of Stevenson the historian! Still, do you think the world would have gained or lost by the exchange?" But Professor Kirkpatrick wisely declined to commit himself to an opinion on this matter, and the interview came here to a sudden and regretted end.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER

I have recently had a great disappointment. Dr. Conan Doyle spent a day or two in London, for almost the first time in his life, without coming into my shop, and I was so anxious to hear from his own lips all about his American successes, and how he had overcome the terrible fatigues of a lecturing tour in America. As he is a doctor by profession, the latter would have been particularly interesting, for poor Professor Matthew Arnold used to tell me that they nearly killed him. However, I have the satisfaction of knowing that about the only people in London that he did see were his brother-in-law, Mr. E. W. Hornung, with whom he was staying, and Mr. A. P. Watt, who manages all Dr. Doyle's immense literary interests.

* * * *

It was by Mr. Watt's advice that Miss Schreiner, when Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. took over "The Story of an African Farm" from Chapman and Hall, raised its selling price from 1s. to 3s. 6d. The result has justified the change, for the book sells quite as fast at the higher price as it did at the lower. About 80,000 copies in all have been sold of this remarkable book.

* * * *

Another popular authoress who has migrated to Hutchinson and Co. is "Rita," whose "Peg the Rake" is very popular with my library subscribers. In point of workmanship it is one of "Rita's" best, and the story has rather an original motive, in that its heroine is a *passé* belle when it begins. Fast, poor-genteel Irish society is depicted with great spirit and, I should say, fidelity; but, of course, this a bookseller cannot be expected to know. There are some tragic little touches here and there. In fact, the only fault my subscribers find with it is that people whose lives are in pinched and not particularly happy surroundings, as so many of theirs are, enjoy reading about young heroes and heroines full of vitality, who finally force their way out of the valley of the shadow.

* * * *

Mr. Eric Mackay, the poet, who charmed all the world with his "Love Letters of a Violinist," dropped into my shop again yesterday, as he does from time to time. He told me rather an interesting thing about the way in which he managed to do his writing when he was threatened with the loss of his sight. He took long strips of proof paper, and folded them in a kind of flattened cylinder of folds about half an inch wide. He wrote a line in the first fold, moving the forefinger and thumb of his left hand along immediately behind his writing, and when he came to the end of one fold simply gave a turn of the paper, and went on with the next. The result was almost as clear as if he had used his sight in writing it.

* * * *

Surely the critic, who in "Literature of the Year"—

wrote that the principal literary successes of the year were Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby," and Mr. Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" had overlooked "The Manxman." Off that single book Mr. Hall Caine, in four months, not counting dramatic rights, cleared almost as much as Mr. Stanley J. Weyman made in the whole of 1893, and Mr. Weyman is generally credited with having made more money out of books than any other English writer in 1893. And when we take into consideration the literary quality, there has been a sort of general consensus among the critics that not only was "The Manxman" the book of the year, but that it would go down to posterity like one of Hawthorne's or George Eliot's masterpieces.

* * * *

Lucas Malet, Charles Kingsley's favourite daughter, the customer whose departure for India I was regretting a few weeks ago, has reached Bombay.

* * * *

The same gentleman tells me that Mr. J. M. Barrie is devoting all his time, at present, to finishing the story which is to follow George Meredith's story in *Scribner's*, and that Mr. Thomas Hardy has just completed the story which he has been writing for *Harper's*, the story whose name he had so unexpectedly to change.

* * * *

Have added "Une Culotte"[2] by Tivoli to my library. It is written brightly enough; I daresay plenty of my subscribers will like it. But an Oxford patron, now the editor of one of our leading dailies, says that "it is awful rot, and must have been written by a woman," by which I suppose he means that the scenes of university life are the work of an outsider. The story, of course, deals with the adventures of two girls who disguise themselves as men, and enter at an Oxford college.

* * * *

All the same "Verdant Green" was written by an outsider, and no one can say that that is not as good as if it had been written by an Oxford man.

* * * *

I am doing very well with Miss Jane Barlow's "Kerrigan's Quality."[3] It is not equal to her particularly good "Irish Idylls" brought out by the same publishers, but it is written with a great deal of delicacy and finish. It is, of course, much above the average.

* * * *

I have glanced at "Baron Verdigris,"[4] which I have recently added to my library. The fun is made out of a twelfth century baron's being acquainted with the latest inventions and knowledge of to-day, but only at liberty to use what comes into his own era. He constantly forgets that he is committing anachronisms, and has to pull up sharp. I can imagine the story sounding very funny if it was told by Mr. Frederick Upton with his inimitable dryness of delivery, but when read in cold blood it has a decided want of smack.

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D. G.—I know of no such publication.

KEDAH.—You are right. I have since heard from a reliable authority that "The Silver Domino" is by the lady you name.

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FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My Dear Helen,—What pretty costumes one occasionally sees in Bond Street and Piccadilly! You are cut out of all that sort of thing now, in your far-away Indian station, so I must tell you of a few we have noticed quite lately. The first was a tall girl with grey eyes and fair hair, whose graceful figure was garbed in grey cloth, the skirt very full, and the bodice made with a basque at the back, and with a deep fold of ermine down the front, hanging slightly over a silver belt in the fashion of the hour. An ermine collar, not too pronounced in size or shape, relieved the grey of the dress at the back, and a flat ermine muff, lined with grey satin, gave a finishing touch to this most covetable gown. Another charming dress was in green satin cloth opened up for nearly half a yard at each seam to show a scarlet silk lining braided across with dark green frogs. The bodice was slashed on the chest to show the underlying scarlet, and the sleeves, in the same way, displayed glimpses of it high on the arms, and again at the elbows. The back of the skirt was fastened upon the bodice by means of an emerald and diamond safety pin. A sable boa and a green cloth muff, edged with sable, formed the accompaniments, and a boat hat of dark green velvet with trimmings of black feathers and knots of scarlet velvet.

I should not have sufficient confidence in the honesty of the world at large to wear a valuable safety pin at the back of my gown. Should you?

Then, emerging from a well-appointed carriage, and crossing the pavement to a shop in Bond Street, we saw a tall woman of fine carriage and stately presence, wearing a black broché silk, most beautifully made, and worn with that undulating grace that only the owner of a good figure can command. The bodice was in the brightest possible pink silk bengaline, but the sleeves were made of the broché. The back of the bodice was perfectly plain, all glowing pink, but the front was partly covered with a sort of breast-plate of sparkling jet, from which hung a fringe much deeper at the sides than in the centre. This fringe was continued under the arms, the strands reaching to the waist. The black hat worn with this dress was almost entirely covered with a mass of bright pink ribbon arranged in upright loops, probably wired to a permanent erectness. It was a conspicuous costume for the street, but then it was worn in a carriage, which made all the difference. A pedestrian in such a dress would be in execrable taste.

We noticed a crowd one day assembled at the side door of a large draper's establishment, and soon found that the cause of it was a lovely girl seated in a victoria with her mother, and dressed in Mephistopheles red from head to foot. She seemed for a moment unwilling to alight and face the staring spectators, but as the situation was becoming oppressive, her mother said a few words to her, and she got out and crossed the pavement through a lane of human beings, all intent upon her. She must surely have wished that she had worn a less conspicuous costume.

One more striking instance we saw last week, and that was a white cloth skirt and coat, both bordered with sable, and both trimmed with straight lines of jet narrowing as they rose from the hem. The front of the coat was made without revers, being merely turned back with a band of fur in a way that suggested a complete lining of this costly trimming; but probably this appearance was delusive, as the coat fitted so perfectly to a slim waist, and it could not have looked so small had there been fur beneath.

Now, what do you think of all these "pretties"? I hope they may give you some ideas, for your trousseau gowns will soon need some reorganising. These

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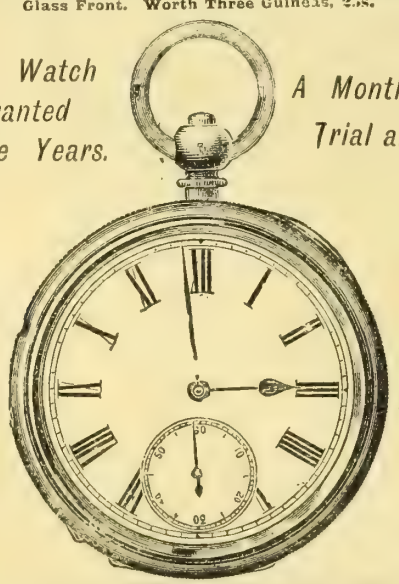

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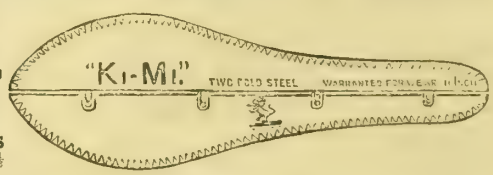

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"... and some violets."—Shakespeare.

CRÊME DE VIOLET

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LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

pointed bands of jet appear to be in favour for evening dresses, as well as for those for afternoon wear. At a dinner party, last week, we saw a "chemical" blonde in a turquoise satin, trimmed with these bands, only in this case they went downwards from the waist, ending irregularly on the skirt, long at the sides, and shorter in front. The folds at the back were almost covered with jet.

Bodices for both day and evening wear are as elaborate as ever, all the trimming being still piled on these, while the skirts are left quite plain. I saw an electric-blue silk bodice the other day, with a square of lovely old Indian embroidery trimming the yoke, and let into the tops of the sleeves on the shoulders. A bit of the same embroidery was let in, vest fashion, in the front, and everywhere at the junction of the embroidery with the silk a band of narrow gimp in scarlet and jet was laid on to hide the seam. The waist was defined by black satin ribbons, with two rosettes back and front—one at either side of the points. Similar rosettes finished the embroidery on the chest and shoulders.

It is a good plan to have always a dozen yards of black satin ribbon at hand, for it turns up so usefully for bands and rosettes, being used by the furlong just now on every kind of dress. I shall send you some in the next parcel.
—Your affectionate SUZETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MINCING MEEKNESS.—If your pug is thoroughbred, he will have a sort of dark wart on each cheek, a black muzzle, and black ears, and a thumb mark on his forehead. His tail will have a triple curl. I will inquire about the other signs and tokens, and let you know further next week. He must have but one meal a day, with a bone now and then entirely denuded of meat. Never give him poultry bones, as they are likely to break up in splinters and damage him more or less. Be careful about his eyes, as draughts affect them and cause them to become too prominent and liable to injury. If he is really thoroughbred you will find him very easy to teach, and a very lively and amusing companion, full of fun, with no vice.

MIRETTE.—Don't rush your fences like that! Give the affair time to develop, and at the same time keep your eyes open. Much harm is done by the endeavour to become a special providence. If your daughter is going to fall in love with him, you must hope that he will reciprocate, but you cannot meddle in the matter at this stage without risk of disjointing the whole business.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

A COMMONPLACE PERSON.—Here are the recipes for boiled puddings for which you asked :—

CHERRY PUDDING.—Butter a quart mould, and stick it all over with preserved cherries, from which the kernels have been taken in the process of preserving. Spread some thin slices of bread with butter, and arrange them in layers alternately with more dried cherries. Beat two eggs for ten minutes, add a pint of milk, quarter of a pound of sugar, and the peel of half a lemon grated. Beat all together for five minutes more. Pour it over the pudding, and cover the mould tightly with a clean cloth tied firmly down. Set the mould in boiling water to come within half an inch of the top. Cover the saucepan containing the mould and the water, and let all boil for an hour and a half. Then turn it out, and serve with the following sauce :—

Take one tablespoonful of cornflour, three ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of moist sugar, a tumbler and a half of boiling water, and a wineglassful of Liquid Sunshine rum. Work the cornflour and the butter together with the back of a spoon, then add the hot water by degrees, let all simmer together for ten minutes, stirring the sauce occasionally, and add the Liquid Sunshine just before serving it.

N.B.—This pudding can be made with carefully-stoned raisins if there are no preserved cherries at hand.

FRIZZLED BEEF.—If you have an underdone joint, whether salt or fresh beef, you will find this an excellent way to cook it for table :—Shave the beef as thin as paper, melt in a frying-pan a piece of butter the size of a large egg ; when hot stir in the beef, and toss it about for a minute ; have ready a teacup of cream or rich milk, with the yolk of an egg beaten in it and a saltspoonful of mixed mustard ; dust the beef with flour, stir it about, then pour in the cream, shake it through the meat, boil up and serve.

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CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"MORE THAN PLEASED WITH IT."

H. P. Simpson, Esq., 5, High St., Bedford, July 12th, 1894, writes :—"Enlargements to hand, with thanks. I must say that I am more than pleased with them. The people I have shown them to think them good, and have asked me for your address with the intention of having some done."

"PERFECTLY SATISFIED."

Mr. J. W. Mitchell, 4, Railway Terrace, East Ardsley, June 25th, 1894, writes :—"I received the Enlargement, and I am perfectly satisfied with it. I shall send another one soon."

"VERY PLEASED WITH IT."

Mr. John Hird, Ellergreen, Kendal, June, 1894, writes :—"I received the Photographic Enlargement all right this morning, and I am very pleased with it."

"I THINK IT SPLENDID."

Miss F. Emerson, 64, Inderwick Road, Stroud Green, N., writes :—"The Enlargement to hand, I think it splendid. Thanking you very much for your kindness in sending it so soon."

"A MOST FAITHFUL LIKENESS."

A. Robertson, Esq., High Court, Madras, May 10th, 1894, writes :—"I have received the two Enlargements of the Photograph. It is very well done indeed, and is a most faithful likeness, and I have to tender you my thanks for the manner in which you have executed the work."

"EXCEEDINGLY GOOD."

Mrs. M. E. McIntosh, 3, Mall Road, Hammersmith, July 23rd, 1894, writes :—"I have received Photos, also Enlargement safely, and am very pleased with them. The Enlargement I think exceedingly good."

IN THE CITY.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN COMPANY "BOOM."

The *Financial Times* of December 29th publishes an extract from a private letter which so accurately describes what we believe to be the truth about Coolgardie, and most of the companies now being floated on this side to buy and work claims in that district, that we make no excuse for quoting from it. As we have repeatedly insisted, even when a company has a fairly promising claim, it is, as a rule, enormously over-capitalised. Upon this point the writer to whom we refer says :—

> The fact is that the mines, with the exception of a few which were purchased at the commencement of the boom, have been floated for altogether too large an amount, and in *many cases the values of the properties are purely hypothetical.* They may turn out right, but the *probability is that they won't*, and to pay dividends on the immense capital will require not only a reef bearing gold, but the gold must be in abnormal quantities.

The *modus operandi* of the vendor and promoter cannot be better described than in the following passage :—

> It has been quite enough if one man makes a good find for the next one to come along and peg out so many acres and do no work, but to idle away the time while the holders of the original mines are developing their property. Then presently the holders of No. 2 go on to the London market and say, "Our claim joins so and so, and the rich reef runs right through our property." That, in plain words, is all that is done. For this they get so many thousands of pounds and so many shares. In too many cases it will be found that the reef does indeed run through the property, but without carrying gold.

Of course there is gold at Coolgardie. It may turn out to be a veritable El Dorado, but the public should remember that up to the present only about a dozen claims have been *proved* to be valuable. But the price asked for these unproved claims would be large if they had been proved to be valuable mining properties. A company is brought out with a capital, say, of £100,000, and the sum proposed to be set aside for working capital is about an eighth. Could anything be more preposterous? The claims have been got for a song, there has been little or no development work, as likely as not there is not enough gold upon the claim to pay for working, but the British investor is asked to pay a price that makes it imperative that the mine shall be rich in gold if he is ever to get anything in the way of substantial dividend. Vendor, mining engineer, promoter rake in the dollars which fools jostle each other in their haste to subscribe.

We do not know that most of these fools are much to be pitied. They cannot plead that they have been misled by big names, for, with a few exceptions, the directors of these several companies are not men of any note ; they cannot plead that they have been misled by the reports of mining engineers of reputation, for, truth to say, they know nothing about the men who most frequently figure as sponsors for the value of the claim ; they ought not to be misled by the fact that now and again a local politician is upon the Local Board, for these men, mostly impecunious, are generally "in the swim." We will undertake to say that if these subscribers gave a tithe of the time and trouble to the examination of a mining prospectus they, or their agents, would give to the examination of a London property upon which they were asked to take a mortgage, three-fourths of the mining companies recently floated would never have gone to allotment.

THE MOROCCO JOINT PROPRIETARY FUND.

In a previous issue we directed attention to the prospectus of this concern, whose object is to induce foolish persons to entrust money to the promoters of a so-called Proprietary Fund for gambling purposes. These persons have not thought it desirable to answer the questions we put to them. We must, therefore, dispense with their assistance.

The prospectus parades "General W. Bryce Rawlings, of Tollington Park, Middlesex," as president of the fund. Who is General Bryce Rawlings? We can see no mention of him in the "Army List." And where does he live in Tollington Park? The local post-master knows nothing of him. His address is refused at the office, and though the prospectus says all the preliminary expenses of starting the Fund will be defrayed by General Rawlings, as a matter of fact the bits of furniture in the room where the Association does its business were taken there by Mr. Tarrant.

After "General W. Bryce Rawlings" we have Mr. W. Tarrant as secretary. Who is Mr. Tarrant? In taking offices at 22, Budge Row, he gave as his references Messrs. H. Lee and Co., of 30, Haymarket, Messrs. W. T. Chester and Co., of South Place, Finsbury, and Mr. Fowler, of 20, Bucklersbury. But the last-named gentleman says Mr. Tarrant had only rooms at 20, Bucklersbury, for three weeks, and he knows nothing further of him; whilst the statements of the other sponsors are so vague that we are surprised that Messrs. Alder and Co., the agents of the landlord, should have thought them sufficient.

This Morocco Joint Proprietary Fund is an impudent swindle, and we commend it to the attention of that excellent officer, the Chief of the City Detective Department, Mr. McWilliam. If we are not mistaken it was exposed by him some fifteen years ago.

SAPPHIRE AND RUBY COMPANY OF MONTANA, LIMITED.

At the general meeting of this company, held a day or two ago, Lord Chelmsford, who has been chairman since its formation, said that "Should it be necessary for the company to go into liquidation, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had been working in the interests of shareholders, and had never put himself first."

It is but humble consolation. It is no merit to the chairman of a company that he does not "put himself first." He is *primus inter pares*, and he ought to "put himself first." Lord Chelmsford's name was used by more cunning men than himself to induce the public to subscribe to one of the most impudent flotations of recent years, and that is saying much. It was the same with the other founders, dukes, and earls, and smaller folk, who were used as decoys. Lord Chelmsford is as little fit to be chairman of a joint stock company as to be in command in the field. He is a brave and honourable man, but he cannot evade responsibility for the gross imposture represented by the Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana, Limited, any more than he could rid himself of responsibility for Isandula.

"THE WEST AUSTRALIAN MINING INVESTORS' HANDBOOK."*

Between January and November of the past year, sixty West Australian gold mining companies were put upon the London market. These companies represent an aggregate capital of £5,056,100, and it is safe to say that three-fourths of them will pass by short stages to bankruptcy. Much has been said of the fraudulent companies floated in the beginning of 1889, and for a time the public, disgusted with the disclosures of liquidators, fought shy of the shady promoter. But the discovery of gold in Western Australia has brought him to the front again. Company after company is being brought out which is nothing better than a swindle. The ingenuity of Baron Grant in his prime is equalled by the men who are engineering the West Australian "boom," and no prospectus that he ever drew was more cunningly worded, more cynically misleading, more crafty in its array of worthless evidence than the prospectuses that are being brought out week by week by the promoters of these West Australian companies. Claims for which a hundred or two, sometimes, rarely, a thousand or two, have been given on the spot are brought to London, and often, as in a recent notable case, hawked about for months until some promoter, more venturesome or more contemptuous of the public intelligence than others, makes terms with the owner, finds the money necessary for prospectuses and advertisements, and asks the public to subscribe £75,000, £100,000, £150,000, £300,000, or more for land that may be utterly worthless for mining ventures. If the public are fools enough to bite, four-fifths of the capital goes to the vendors, and the sum left for working capital would be utterly inadequate even if the property were as valuable as it is said to be.

In this state of things anyone who sets himself to give the public true information as to the properties they have been and are being asked to buy, does a public service, and for this reason we are glad to welcome the handbook just issued by Mr. A. F. Calvert, the title of which is at the head of this article. Mr. Calvert tells us that he wishes, if possible, to direct the investments of his readers in a safe and profitable direction, and though the book before us does not give very much information as to the value of the lands owned by the companies already formed, there is much in it that is useful, and we hope that by-and-bye Mr. Calvert will see his way to giving some of what we may call his inside information as to these companies. The book, useful as it is, would

* "The West Australian Mining Investors' Handbook." By Albert F. Calvert.

be of much greater value if Mr. Calvert had included in his notice of each company the names of the people who sold the claims to the company, the price they got, the names of the promoters, and the record of the engineers whose reports are found in the prospectuses. We hope that by-and-bye he will see his way to supplying this information. It is only whilst they work in the dark that it is possible for the promoters of the majority of these mining companies to succeed in bamboozling the public. An examination of Mr. Calvert's "Directory of Directors" should be in itself sufficient to convince the public of the highly speculative character of these mining ventures. We find in this list five directors who have directed between them eighty-nine companies not one of which has ever paid a dividend! Surely the Government of Western Australia could do something, if it had the will, to checkmate the men who are doing so much to discredit their colony? Unfortunately leading members of that Government have been put upon their feet, in one way or another, by this gold-mining boom, and about this aspect of the matter we may have more to say on another occasion.

WE have had put before us certain papers which show that a Birmingham tradesman, well known in that town, not only in his own particular business but in Sunday School and such like work, has instituted and carried on outside Birmingham, under the cover of other persons and names, a system of business that can only properly be described as fraudulent. In our next issue we shall give particulars.

A COMPANY, the North London Cycling and Athletic Grounds Company, has been formed, with a capital of £16,000, for the purpose of providing for North London a first-class cycling and athletic ground. The South and the West of London are fully supplied with such grounds, but they are wanting in the North. The suppression of road racing upon the great north road intensifies this want. The new cycling track is—so say the promoters—to be the finest and fastest in Great Britain. A meeting of representatives of metropolitan cycling clubs has expressed its cordial approval of the scheme, and we hope it may be carried through. The capital is offered for private subscription to persons interested in the undertaking and their friends.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

The North Crœsus Gold Mine, Limited. Capital, £40,000.—The West Australia Mining Company, Limited, ask the public to give them £30,000, of which £19,000 is to be in cash, for a twelve acre claim. There are two reports from persons designated as mining engineers, and if any of our readers give them careful study we have no fear that they will apply for shares. There are some assays, too, which, it seems, "have yielded fabulously large results," but the directors—good folk—"do not base their calculations on these assays." Why, then, say anything about them?

The White Feather United Gold Mines, Limited. Capital. £75,000.—Here we have just double the ground, two claims, twenty-four acres, for which the Britisher is asked to pay the modest sum of £57,500, £20,000 of it being in cash. There are two reports, one from "William Clarke, mining engineer of the White Feather district," the other from "J. Besford, mining engineer, of Coolgardie," dated May and June respectively. Clarke thinks that with "a moderate amount of capital" the property "is certain to prove a dividend paying mine," and Besford "substantially confirms" Clarke. And then we have Mr. John Grant Birch, consulting engineer to the company, saying that he is satisfied these reports "represent the opinion of competent men." Well, let us hope so, and let us hope, too, that the British public will leave it to these competent gentlemen and their friends to find the £57,500 asked for this twenty-four acre lot.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Syrian-Ottoman Railway. Sov. (Manchester).—We cannot advise without fuller information as to the nature of the offer and your own position than is to be found in your letter. **Brooke, Bond and Company.** Veritas (Manchester).—The Company is doing a large and increasing business, and has just declared a handsome dividend; but if you can get £12 10s. for your £5 share, we think you would do well to take it. **Western Australian Mining Company.** Canadian (Kingston).—We answer your question respecting Mr. E—— B—— under cover. **Woolwich Equitable Building Society.** R. H. T. (Enfield).—We are disposed to agree with the opinion of your friend. **Sundry Shares.** W. G. E. (Chesterfield).—1. We should hold the Canadian Pacifics. 2. Gordon Hotel Preferred represent a sound investment. 3. Better have nothing to do with them. **Cheque Bank, Limited.** STAR (Darlington).—We write you under cover. **Oxygen.** CRAFTY (Nottingham).—If you refer to our issue of December 29th, you will find a lengthy reference to this matter. We advise you to do without the Oxygen and keep your 10s. 6d. **Lancashire, Derbyshire and East Coast Railway Company.** Mug. (Whitby-by-Sea)—1. Yes, there are works. Write to the Secretary about the interest, and let us have his reply. 2. We do not see how you can resist payment. **Investment of £150.** J. N. (Bradford). The railway stock you mention would hardly be suitable; and we think the shares you name are at too high a quotation for your purpose. **Ottoman Bonds.** F. D. (Woodbridge).—If you refer to our issue of December 22nd you will find your questions answered. There has been no material change since then. **Bayley's West Gold Mining Company Limited.** Bayley's West (Streatham).—Sell for what you can get. **Pecos Irrigation and Improvement Company.** J. W. B. (Wolverhampton).—Do not move until you hear from us. **The Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited.** DURHAM (Durham).—You can do nothing except in concert with other shareholders. **Sydney Pneumatic Cycle Tyre Company, Limited.**—We thank you for the papers sent. It is a miserable business. **Santa Elena Nitrate Company, Limited.** H. E. (Dewsbury).—We do not see much likelihood of improvement in the quotation. **Chartered.** MAC (Glasgow).—1. They will probably go higher, but it is well to be content with a good profit. 2. Yes. 3. We expect to see them better, but we should prefer Uruguays. **Kempincot Gold Field, Limited.** W. C. (Glasgow).—They are again at 3s. 6d. We do not advise you to increase your holding. **Barrett and Elers.** EXPECTANT.—We have no information. **Metropolitan Ice, Limited.** F. R. (Coldfield).—Owing to the holidays we went to press earlier last week, and your letter reached us too late to be acted upon. We are glad to know that Mr. Digby's circular letter satisfies you. **Cash for Brains.**—We have to thank the numerous correspondents who have sent us advertisements, prospectuses, and circulars of all sorts with respect to this business, but we do not want any more. Our advice to all may be summed up in a sentence—"Have nothing to do with Mr. G. Webber and his oxygen." **Universal Stock Exchange.** D. C. (Leeds).—We do not consider ourselves at liberty to give you the address of Mr. —— without his sanction, which could only be got by a direct application we do not think it necessary to make, but if you will send us full particulars we will look into the matter. At the same time we must remind you that men who speculate must expect to pay when they lose. Having on several occasions communicated with the company on behalf of readers of TO-DAY, we are justified in saying that the managing-director is ready, and even anxious, to rectify anything in the nature of "grievance," properly so described. **Safe Investment.** C. N. (Ramsgate).—Everything depends upon the rate of interest that will satisfy you. **Palace Theatre Shares.** E. T. S. (Tulse Hill).—They are fully paid. We think these shares will be worth a good deal more by-and-bye, but we cannot take the responsibility of advising you to put so large a sum as you name into them.

INSURANCE.

Life Assurance Companies. J. D. W. (Kilmarnock).—All the companies you mention have ample reserves for the fulfilment of their engagements, and if you had policies in each of the four you would be well assured. **Endowment Assurance.** PALETTE (Belfast).—Try the Liverpool and London and Globe, National Provident, Royal Exchange, and Sun of Canada. **Liability of Life Policy Holders.** J. S. (Plymouth).—The writer of the letter to which you refer has mixed together circumstances which have no relation to each other. Possibly he was a shareholder. We have no hesitation in confirming the denial of the company you are assured with. **British Natural Premium Company.** G. S. (Birmingham).—The accounts were issued in the summer. They prove that the debenture-holders have a proferential charge on the deposit of £20,000, and that the policy-holders are unprotected.

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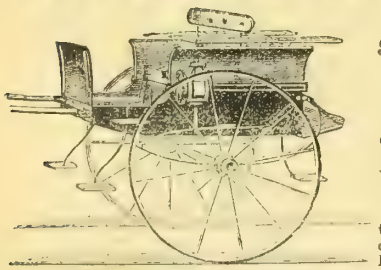
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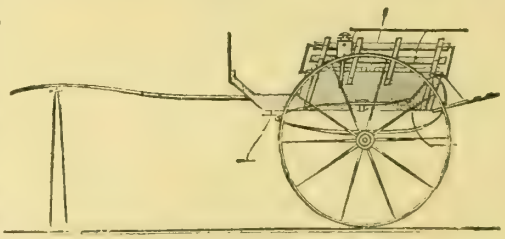
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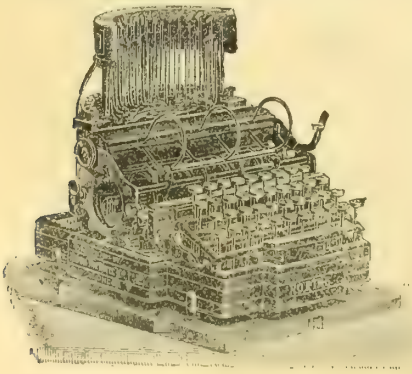

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

One must congratulate our less bigoted religious friends upon their discovery that healthy amusements are not harmful; that a pleasant game of cards or billiards, a visit to the theatre, and a glass of good wine are likely to make a man a better Christian; but it would have been better for the cause of religion had they learned these simple truths a little earlier. Nothing has damaged the cause of religion among the Anglo-Saxon races more than the savage narrow-mindedness of these true descendants of the bitter-minded Pharisees who crucified Christ nineteen hundred years ago. Puritanism is the enemy of God, the handmaiden of the Devil. It practically says to the world, "Look what religion makes of men. To be religious you must be narrow-minded and stupid, full of evil thinking and evil speaking. You must stifle all kindly and generous instincts. You must enjoy none of the glorious gifts that God has planned for man. You must not enjoy life yourself. You must take care that no living being, as far as you can help it, shall enjoy his. You must pass through seventy years of weary existence, ever frowning, scolding, and abusing. You must be for ever seeking to injure and ruin your neighbour. You must hunt down the weakling and the sinner with your pack of police and judges. You must persecute and enchain all men, and forbid them free thought or free action. You must endeavour to turn this pleasant world of God into a hell."

What wonder that men of thought and character have been driven to regard religion, as taught by the Puritans, as the curse of humanity. Religion was never intended to be man's tyrant. It was meant to work in unison with the laws of Nature; not in perpetual opposition to them. It was meant to give to life a completeness; not to drain it of its joys. It was meant to elevate a man's thought; not to deny him the right to think. It was intended to bring comfort and peace; not to be for ever threatening the prison cell and the magistrate's frown. It was meant to enlarge the inner life of a man; not to contract his work and his enjoyments. The Creator planned the world to give enjoyment to man. All natural functions of our nature are enjoyments. Mere eating and drinking is a joy, sleep is a joy; the love of wife and child and friend is a delight. Had God thought with the wretched bigots who blaspheme His name, He would have made these necessities a misery instead of a happiness. His whole spirit breathes joy; the smell of the flowers, the sweep of the hills, the sunlight and the moonlight, all things are meant to give pleasure, to make men and women happy. Joy is of God, and sourness of the Devil.

I am informed that *The Chameleon* has been withdrawn from publication, and that no further issue will appear, or that at all events it will be circulated in strict privacy, and will not be allowed to fall into the hands of any people outside the precious côterie that is likely to enjoy its peculiar class of literature. The attention I called to the matter is therefore justified by results. According to first intentions it was to be sold, for by a no means extravagant price, to any young Oxford undergraduate or others who might care to purchase it. To talk, as some correspondents have done, about the inadvisability of drawing attention to the matter at all, is extremely foolish. It is this walking about with our eyes shut, and pretending not to see evil, which we know exists all around us, that makes us the nation of hypocrites that we are, and gives the Devil an opportunity for doing his work unmolested. It is necessary sometimes to tell the unthinking in plain language, not what the prudes think on those matters, but what is the opinion concerning them of those, whom John Burns would call, tolerably healthy decent animals, one of which I also claim to be.

Many a young man into whose hands this publication may have fallen would have gone upon his way with the impression merely that he was reading broad-minded literature, free from the narrowing trammels of conventional prudery. It is the duty of those who know to see that poison is labelled poison, so that those alone may touch it who are determined on moral suicide. Silence is only useful where a thing of this sort is likely to die if unnoticed. Here was a filthy, soul-destroying publication, offered for sale throughout England, thrust under the nose of every young man studying at Oxford and Cambridge, advertised as an organ of the intellectual and the advanced, and bearing world-wide names in its contents list. The only way to stop it was to make these people ashamed of their connection with such a thing.

During the next two or three days it is certain that many people, beginning to write letters, will put at the top of the paper the date 1894, in mistake for 1895, and it is probable that, if they discover the mistake at all, they will consider it a defect of memory. It is, on the contrary, an instance of memory acting in a normal way. Memory is at its best when it ceases to be called memory; perfect memory is unconscious. You would not say that you remembered that the name of the animal between the shafts of your hansom was horse; but, if you were just beginning to learn French, you would say that you remembered the name was *cheval*. As a matter of fact, in both cases

there has been memory. "Memory is the recurrence of a mental state that has occurred before." But in the first case the memory has been perfect and unconscious, in the second case less perfect and conscious.

It is quite possible that one may make a mistake about the name of the month or the day of the month in dating a letter, but this is a mistake of quite a different kind; it is not due to the unconsciousness, the absence of thought, which comes from frequent repetition. In the case of the date of the year, memory has time to become automatic and unconscious, and its correction becomes correspondingly difficult. But though this tendency of the memory may prove inconvenient in dating a letter in the early days of January, it is obviously in most cases a great advantage. For instance, it would be something worse than an inconvenience if we always had to make a special mental effort to recall the names of objects with which we are really familiar. What happens in the case of memory happens also in the case of action of nervous processes—repetition tends to unconsciousness. For instance, the action of walking is automatic, it can be controlled by the higher nerve centres, but it is habitually left to the lower centres.

In the same way the pianist, by dint of practice, places the action of his hands under the control of the lower centres; if it were not so the mechanical part of his performance would never have the requisite facility. The beginner, on the other hand, has to do consciously what the practised pianist does automatically. Suppose, for instance, that a student to whom it has become automatic to play in the same time with both hands has to deal with a passage in which the left hand is playing triplets and his right hand in common time. He is invariably told, even by teachers who know nothing about nerve centres, to make one hand work automatically while he fixes his attention on the other hand. In fact, in this case one hand is controlled by the higher centres and the other by the lower.

To return to our wrongly-dated letter, the association of the two ideas, the dating of a letter and the writing of 1894, has been so frequently repeated that the former suggests the latter at once. That is always the case when an association is frequently repeated. There is a very old story of a City man who frequently slept in the train as he went to and from business, and on one occasion fell asleep in church. The offertory collector came round and touched him on the shoulder. "Season ticket," murmured the City man. We can, most of us, remember the time when, if anybody happened to say, "What, never?" somebody else was pretty certain to remark, "Well, hardly ever." This went on not only long after the remark had ceased to be funny, but even long after the very people who used it had ceased to think it funny. The association of the two phrases had been so frequently repeated that it really seemed to be inevitable.

All this may be perfectly well known, but it is certain that it is very often forgotten. The fact that two things have been frequently associated is still quite enough to make many people accept them as if inevitably connected. Many of the illusions of conjurers depend on this fact. Much of the success of the professional medium—of whom I spoke last week—depends upon it. Many of the frauds that are most commonly perpetrated are based upon nothing else. A woman, for instance, may repeatedly receive telegrams purporting to come from her husband, and invariably find that he really sent them. One day she receives the following telegram:—"Man will call for account marked 'Private.' Pay guinea cash." The man calls, and the money is paid. In the evening she finds that the whole thing is a fraud, and her husband never sent the telegram. This case was in the papers last week. The reception of a telegram, and the sending of it by the person from whom it purports to come, are frequently associated, but not inevitably connected. From the frequency of the association, one accepts it unconsciously, without inquiry.

The professional medium is asked to show a mother the spirit of her dead daughter, who had long black hair. The medium procures the necessary wig, and, in a darkened room, shows the mother something more or less like a human figure with long black hair. The mother goes away, and says, in all sincerity, that she saw her daughter, and recognised her as being, even in the minutest details, exactly as she had been in life. Of course, she has been shown one of her daughter's characteristics, and her imagination has immediately supplied the other characteristics with which in life it was always associated. In a word, she has been the victim of much the same mistake as the man with the normal memory who, at the beginning of a year, puts a wrong date on his letter.

Mr. William Archer, the dramatic critic, talking about Dr. Doyle's beautiful play, *A Waterloo Veteran*, asks, "Why does not Dr. Doyle write more for the stage?" And he goes on to regret that our clever authors turn all their attention to novel writing, while our dramatists can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Does my friend, Mr. Archer, know anything of the condition under which dramatic literature has to be produced? Is he not aware that were Dr. Doyle to go round to the theatres with a play in his pocket he would find his name utterly unknown at two-thirds of the stage-doors in England, and at most of the others he would receive a message to the effect that they did not want amateur dramatists, and would he kindly get outside? While editors and publishers are eagerly on the look-out for new blood, the theatrical manager regards any man who has written a play as a cross between a fool and a criminal.

A Nottingham correspondent sends me an account of gross cruelty inflicted upon a young horse by a hunting farmer named Wilson, of Hoveringham. The Bench, composed of hunting men, stigmatised Mr. Wilson's conduct as atrocious cruelty, inflicted for no other purpose than to vent his own villainous temper; and one regrets that they did not follow up this vigorous condemnation by imprisoning the fellow instead of merely fining him. Last season a stigma was cast upon the whole body of hunting men, by a case of fiendish brutality committed by a Scarborough man. It is a pity that hunting men do not take more practical steps to rid themselves of the company of such characters. They must know the disposition of the men; for when a man is convicted of cruelty, it may be taken for granted that he has indulged his brutal passions many a time previously. Hunting men, as a rule, are kindly and con-

siderate to their beasts, and it is a reproach to them that such as Wilson are not driven out of the field with the dog whips.

I have to acknowledge the following subscriptions to the Gallantry Fund since last week :—R. G. Richards, 2s. 6d. ; R. H. Tookey, 5s. ; A. H. Montgomery, £1 1s. ; R. C. Sudlow, £1 1s. I am sure, if readers were aware of the surprised and gratified pleasure with which their gifts have been received by the brave men who have risked life and limb, and suffered loss that their scanty means could ill afford, in doing their duty, cheques would pour into this Office in shoals. With the limited means at my disposal I have been able to assist in only about half of those cases which deserved recognition. It is not only the money, useful as that must be, that gives delight ; it is the proof that their simple heroism has won them the honour of their fellow-men. The medals, I know, will be treasured and handed down with honest pride ; the brave story centering around them will be remembered by the sons and daughters, and the memory of noble actions kept green. I hope in the coming year that Englishmen who love pluck and devotion to duty will help me, by subscribing to this fund, to spread abroad the spirit of modern knighthood.

Especially would I appeal to our colonial friends. They know better than we, who sit at home in peace and security, what British pluck has done for the human race—the great value of courage. It is the heroism of the English soldier and sailor that has opened up these lands to their enterprise. It is the English mechanic, shop-boy, and peasant of the past who have rescued for them swamp and jungle, who have battled for them against a million foes, who have made the land fertile with their sweat and blood. It is this same spirit that stirs these humble workmen of to-day to fling aside all thought of personal danger and personal loss, and fly, in the face of all risks, to the succour of a brother in distress. Let them at least feel that, if they die doing their duty, there is some fund which will hold out help, however small, to the near and dear ones that they will leave to fight the world alone ; that if sickness and loss arise, their fellow-citizens will not pass them by with merely a pat on the back.

The dozens of letters that come in every day from subscribers give me great pleasure, for they show the close sympathy between To-Day and its readers. Indeed, I sometimes flatter myself by thinking that there can be few journals that have established so close and intimate a relationship with their readers. Having evidently pleased and satisfied them, I am emboldened to beg of them a personal favour that would result to the benefit of all of us. If every man or woman who reads and likes this paper would obtain for us one other subscriber we could make To-Day even better than it is. I want To-Day to have the very best literature and the very best art that can possibly be obtained and the very best journalism. If my readers will help me, as they easily could do, to an enormously increased circulation, they would soon see that To-Day would not be the only one to benefit. We have no fear of losing readers that we once attract. If every friend would draw the attention of one stranger to our subscription list, and induce him to join, that is all the assistance I would ask. Some of our friends have obtained us dozens of subscribers, and have apparently found no difficulty whatever in doing so. If each one only obtained one other, that alone would now be sufficient to give to To-Day an enormous power and position. Will those who approve of us help ?

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

With reference to our paragraph in last week's paper on the subject of coloured doctors in America, a correspondent writes me as follows :—"Pall Mall Club, 6, Waterloo Place, December 28th, 1894. Dear Sir,—I was much interested by your remarks on coloured doctors in America, for I am interested in the whole matter of the relations between the races. I understand your point of view very well ; it was my own, before I had four years' experience of the negro. Now, my sympathy is entirely with the men who are boycotting the Indianapolis doctor. I began my association with the negro, believing that he was a man and a brother ; I was indignant at the dislike with which he was said to be regarded by the whites. Now, though I would not assert that he is not a man, I am convinced that he is not a brother. It is a conviction founded on experience, and I have yet to find the white man who knows the negro, and does not share it. With regard to dislike, the negro is not disliked, as long as he does not attempt any of the more intimate relations of life. The white man will employ him, or will do business with him in a fair and friendly fashion. But let him attempt any of the more intimate relations, and he excites the race repulsion to fury. It is a feeling that is impossible of analysis, resting on the very bed-rock of human nature ; but it will drive men to more violent actions than any other passion. The idea of a negro doctor attending his wife is beyond words loathsome to any white man who has lived amongst them. It is simply unbearable. Surely, then, a man has a right to say, 'the coloured doctor to the coloured folk,' and insist on having a doctor of her own race for his wife. There will be no injustice to the negroes in it ; for, if the fee be the same, they will always employ a white doctor rather than a negro. At any rate, it is time that men should begin to realise that there is far more in the matter than mere irrational prejudice.—I am, yours faithfully, E. A. Jepson."

Nan Higgs.—Copies of pictures, even though the originals are of great value, seldom fetch any price to speak of. Your only chance is to dispose of them privately, or by arrangement with some shopkeeper or framer, who may show them for you. I cannot recommend this class in London, as they are nearly all frauds. If you will send me full descriptions of your coins I will tell you whether they are worth selling. Very common coins are sold merely as old metal.

H. W.—It is purely a matter of personal taste, and not a subject for public comment.

Alpha.—Nearly every colony is over-crowded with emigrants, though skilled artizans could always find openings. You would get your query answered fully at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

E. F. H.—The religious Press are notoriously the greatest sweaters of authors throughout the world. You have only been served the same as many another unfortunate writer. Salop sends me a stirring account of the Tay Bridge disaster, cut from the *Glasgow Herald* for Boxing Day. From this account it would appear that the Tay Bridge was blown by the force of the wind into the Forth —a hurricane truly marvellous, unless the effect of Christmas upon the writer of the article accounts for the occurrence. W. A. L. B.—I quite agree with your remarks, but the subject is a terribly difficult one to deal with. In the case of *The Chameleon* it was necessary to speak publicly, but as a general rule more good could be done by the direct influence of parents, friends, and guardians. Rivers tells me that the New Brighton syrens were only inviting men to tea. It may be so, but even in that case I can imagine a pleasanter way. G. L. S. —I confess to not understanding much about the matter myself. I will bear in mind what you say, and think it over. H. H. K. —Most compilers find it difficult to quite sever their brains from the words and phrases made use of by their authorities. The only thing to do is to acknowledge as much as one can.

E. C. N. (Sheffield).—I should certainly send the lad abroad to finish his education. English education is not worth calling by the name. For all practical purposes a man wastes his time at Oxford or Cambridge, cramming his head with "loads of learned lumber," which results in making him a prig. German education is undoubtedly the best, and in the better class German schools the boys are carefully looked after. A boy runs the risk of having his mind tainted in any public school, but much can be done by plain sensible talk. Parents should tell boys plainly the dangers before them, and impress upon them the necessity of self-respect. Great harm is wrought by the criminal silence of parents on these matters. A boy is launched into a world full of evil without a word of warning or counsel being given him, and sin finds him so unprepared that he does not even know that it is sin.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick.—The last words spoken in Grundy's new play are, so far as I can remember, these :

Mr. Egerton. How will this end ?

Douglas. It will never end !

If I had been Douglas I should have replied, "Under fifty nights."

Mind, there is some admirable acting in *Slaves of the Ring*, but there is not enough of it to save the play from failure. A more gloomy, fitful, and unsatisfactory piece I have rarely seen. Two sisters, Ruth and Helen, are about to be married. On their wedding day Harold, the affianced of Helen, realises that he loves Ruth, and she discovers that she loves him also. They wrestle with their bosoms and confide in various friends, but they have not got the pluck to do anything else, so when the chimes ring out, they go to church.

They must have been a cheerful party at the breakfast afterwards.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising to find, when the second act commences, that everybody is in deep mourning, that Harold has gone away to Africa and has got killed, that Ruth has had a baby, which has died, that she herself is at death's door and in delirium, that her ravings about Harold have nearly broken Helen's heart, and that Helen is so fearful lest the painful secret should be revealed, that she nearly kills herself in nursing Ruth night and day. To this very serious family there enters Captain Douglas. He has loved Ruth all along, but has never mentioned it. Helen tells him what she has just discovered, whereupon he fills up her cup by saying that Harold is not dead after all, but is waiting downstairs on the hall mat.

Helen is left to sob her heart out, but during the process Ruth appears in a becoming nightgown. She raves a little, and then goes for a walk round the conservatory. Helen, recovering, misses her, and also goes into the conservatory. Then Harold enters. Ruth comes back, and more raving ; they embrace just as Helen enters and turns up the lamp. She then and there makes arrangements for the future. Harold is to be as a stranger, at home ; as a husband, to the world. He does not reply "Chestnuts," as well he might. He hangs his head and waits for the next act, in which, his spirits having recovered, be spoons Ruth for all he is worth. Ruth does not seem to dislike it. Helen is furiously jealous, and amiably remarks that though there is nothing between the lovers at present, there soon will be, and if she can only find it out she will denounce them.

Then everybody proceeds to walk round and round a very superior Rowland-Ward-like jungle that occupies the centre of the stage, and nothing in particular happens until Ruth's husband takes her into a room apart, and gives her some of his mind. She returns and tells Harold that they must part for ever, and he is humbly preparing to hang his head and slink as usual when Ruth suddenly exclaims that she can't help it, she loves him—oh ! she loves him ! At this juncture Helen, who has apparently got tired of walking round and round the jungle, varies the monotony by plunging straight through it. She pours out a cataract of scathing denunciation on Harold and Ruth, and then everybody enters. Ruth's husband, George, with great promptitude hits the unoffending Douglas in the eye, and Douglas, being a hero, does not retaliate. Harold, however, suddenly breaks his own head hanging record, and exclaims, "Stay, *I* am the man !" George, making it a rule never to hit more than one man in one evening, sits down heavily in a small wicker chair. Helen flings herself at the feet of Ruth, and asks, "What have I done ?" But Ruth does not know the answer, or has forgotten it, so her father, Mr. Egerton, lets go the other conundrum with which I commenced this letter, and down comes the curtain.

The play has been written, so far as I can make out, to prove that the present condition of the marriage laws is unsatisfactory. If two people are married, and cannot get on, one of them must sin before either can get free, which is absurd. But then lots of things under the marriage laws are imperfect. The art of playwriting is one of them. The cast at the Garrick is another. Gilbert Hare does wonderfully well, considering that he is definitely a character actor, and has to play an invertebrate and rather contemptible walking gentleman. Bouchier looks well, dresses well, speaks well, but also is condemned to play a comparatively pulseless part. How far he would succeed with anything better I don't know. I have a recollection of his playing a sort of villain at the St. James's that impressed me favourably. I don't think that he has quite the method for heroic leads, and I shall curiously await his appearance in a good character part. I believe he will succeed. Brandon Thomas as Douglas did not appeal to me. The part wanted a Forbes Robertson, a George Alexander, or a Lewis Waller, though it was not big enough for either of them. Brandon Thomas evidently felt his responsibility, and he tried his very best, but his little peculiarities of expression and gesture are against him. It's odd how unimportant things sometimes fascinate your attention on a big occasion. All Saturday night I kept on wondering why Brandon Thomas wore such very voluminous trousers. They had nothing to do with the play, of course, but they worried me. Dennis, as Mr. Egerton, I liked immensely, and John Hare, as the Earl of Ravenscroft, was absolutely admirable. It was a vivid, rather lurid study, but from his boots to his eyebrows it was perfect. Miss Calhoun was good and pathetic as Ruth, and Miss Kate Rorke simply excelled herself. She looked lovely, and never before displayed so much passion and power. She divided the honours of the acting with Hare himself.

As I told you some weeks ago, I expect you will see that the *School for Scandal* will be revived at the Garrick *before* Pinero's piece is produced. I hope young Gilbert Hare will be cast for Joseph.

From the Garrick I hurried to the Haymarket, but was too late for Tree's speech. I hear that he merely delivered himself of the regulation farewell, and made no allusion to the "Modern Society Play" controversy. He will be home from America at Easter, when the run of *John-a-Dreams* will be resumed.

I told you something about the pantomimes last week. *Santa Claus* at the Lyceum I sat out again this week, and I am constrained to confess that at the conclusion it bored me. The death of Tatters, the collie dog, is a mistake for two reasons. Lauri has done the same thing before very often—he does it as a monkey best—and, also, as *Santa Claus* is designed specially as an afternoon entertainment for children you don't want to make them cry. When Tatters lay dead with a nasty looking red wound in his chest, when the Babes lay down to die on top of Tatters, and when the first scene in the Transformation revealed a gloomy snow-clad mountain, I was really prepared for the introduction of an artistic funeral, and a dirge for the souls of the departed by the entire strength of the chorus.

At Drury Lane everything makes for light and brightness, and the great Chinese Feast of Lanterns has, as I predicted, turned out a veritable triumph of stage illusion. The show has now been cut down to reasonable limits, the comic scenes go with shouts, and the success of the pantomime eclipses any previous record.

You will see another version of *Dick Whittington* at the Avenue in six or eight weeks time. The book, which is by G. R. Sims, will be completed this week. Ivan Caryll will compose the music, and a powerful

company is being selected. May Yohé will, of course, play *Dick*, and a very delightful *Dick* she is pretty sure to be.

A new drama is also being got ready for the Adelphi. The authors are Haddon Chambers and Ralph Lumley, who wrote *Aunt Jack*, and married Mrs. John Woods' charming daughter Florrie.

At the Court I do not think you will see anything before the new play by Godfrey, which is practically finished. When he wants a little relaxation from his serious labours Pinero will write a farcical play for the Court, but at least a year will have to elapse before its production need be anticipated.

Other new plays will blossom out in the spring, for in April I have every reason to believe that Charles Cartwright will go into management for himself. In his company you may expect to find Julia Neilson and Fred Terry.

Claude-du-Val is, I fancy, coming to the end of its run at the Prince of Wales', when, pending a new production, Arthur Roberts will go for a short season to the Newson-Smith syndicate halls.

That is about all I have to tell you for the minute. Happily the festive season, or perhaps the rush of work, has distracted controversialists, and a general peace and a holy calm reigns between the most hostile of theatrical disputants. I trust it may so continue, and that they —and you, too—may enjoy a thoroughly happy and prosperous New Year.

Your affectionate cousin,

RANDOLPH.

A PRINCIPAL BOY.

TEN MINUTES WITH MISS ADA BLANCHE.

In *Dick Whittington*, the audience called together by Sir Augustus Harris, at Drury Lane, will recognise an old favourite—not old in years, but in length of popularity. Miss Ada Blanche has a splendid record, both on the burlesque and music-hall stage, where her latest success, "Oh! Marguerite," is probably present to most of us.

Dick Whittington, in every-day life, is a vivacious-looking young lady, full of interest and delight in her work, and who welcomed a representative of To-Day with flattering kindliness.

"We are working morning, noon, and night," she declared; "but ask me anything you like, and I will do my best to answer your questions during my present short rest?"

"Well, to begin with, how do you like your new part?"

"I am simply delighted with it!" she cried, enthusiastically. "Dick Whittington is such a dear fellow; and, of course, it is not everyone who has a chance of being Lord Mayor of London! You know, I wear robes exactly copied from those in use at the Mansion House; they have been embroidered in Paris, and are too lovely for anything!"

"I notice that you have quite a feminine love for clothes, Miss Blanche, although you are Principal Boy!"

"But, you know," seriously, "the clothes of a Principal Boy are tremendously important, and those of Dick Whittington especially so. Sir Augustus Harris has taken an immense lot of trouble about the costuming of this pantomime. My suits are delightfully picturesque, and really reproduce those worn by the London apprentice of the Middle Ages. I think," she added, pensively, "that it will be the first time that a woman has worn parti-coloured knickerbockers—you know, in these days they had a mania for wearing, say, *sleeves* of a different colour; pairs were quite out of fashion. You understand?" concluded Miss Blanche, with a slightly embarrassed air.

"You doubtless feel very charming in these 'odd' nether garments," I replied, discreetly. "Have you done much pantomime work?"

"Well, I was Robinson Crusoe in last year's show; and my first appearance on any stage was at a children's pantomime produced at the Adelphi. I was a tiny little thing, scarcely taller than a table, and yet I sang—I am told with considerable success—'The Bay of Biscay.' But you must not think," continued Miss Blanche, briskly, "that I have spent the whole of my professional life in music-hall work and burlesque opera. I was for a long time in Mr. Dion Boucicault's company; and, as Eily, in *The Colleen Bawn*, I scored a great success, in the provinces, and notably in Dublin. Another very favourite part of mine has been Little Jack Sheppard, I don't believe in getting rusty. Any work is better than none. I delight in my profession, and feel quite strange when my name is out of the bill."

"I need hardly ask you if you believe in the magic potency of a good song?"

"No, indeed. Why, look at 'Marguerite'; people are still never tired of hearing it. I don't mind telling you, however, that I like a song with a little pathos in it. When a pathetic song does catch on, it becomes a permanent favourite with the public. Of course, audiences differ enormously; verses set to a touching air, which may draw tears east of Temple Bar, will be listened to with indifference at the Oxford or the Tivoli. Still, 'one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,' and I have no doubt that Dick Whittington's sad lines to his faithful cat will prove one of the most successful numbers in the new pantomime. I may add that I am delighted with the music composed by Mr. Glover for this pantomime; it is very tuneful, and full of exquisite harmony."

"Do you find that children take any interest in the musical side of a play or pantomime?"

"Yes, indeed; they make a most delightful audience, and thoroughly enter into the spirit of everything said or sung. I think all those engaged in a pantomime will tell you how pleasant it is to see before you rows of little folks, all enjoying themselves, and having a thoroughly good time."

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CLUB CHATTER.

One of the most striking features with regard to men's dress during 1894 was the abandonment of the struggle to get back to 1845. Up till the close of 1893, and right into the early months of last year, everything tended towards a revival of the fashions of our grandfathers, or fathers, as the case may be. Prints of the days of "Tom and Jerry" were at a premium; old-fashioned seals were displayed in the best shops; and medallions of ladies, whose history and character were a blank to us, were purchased for scarf-pins.

Suddenly there was a general shamefaced scuttle. The flowing skirts of the frock-coat began to decrease, the waist lost its narrowness, peg-top trousers gave place to those cut on the "drain-pipe" principle, and the crowning glory of half a century ago—the bell-shaped hat—shrunk back to very mild curves. So that, except for minor details, we are standing pretty much where we did a couple of years ago. Possibly some explanation for the collapse is to be found in the fact that a number of men, who are in the van of fashion leaders, went to such extraordinary lengths that the average well-dressed man fell back appalled. I can recall the appearance of two young bloods in the Row, in exact reproductions of their grandfathers' clothes, and the pained expression of the crowd was equal to that of Regent Street when an enterprising lady journalist walked about there in a crinoline.

If I were to indulge in a forecast, I should say that the present year will see the finish of the frock-coat for general wear. During its long career of popularity it has practically ousted all others; but now the morning-coat seems destined more than ever for favour. The tails will be very full, and cut away sharp from the body; while the collar will be fashioned fairly deep, to allow of the wearing of the never-to-leave-us four-in-hand scarf.

Another noticeable feature in connection with last year was the remarkable variety of brilliant colours introduced for all kinds of men's clothing—pyjamas, socks, pants, ties, and handkerchiefs appearing in all the colours of the rainbow. They were not a success, and hosiers quickly fell back to more delicate patterns.

The soft felt hats are as much in demand as ever, and they have lived down a certain prejudice that at one time existed against them for general wear in town. To my thinking there is no hat that looks better with an overcoat. The favourite colour is still a lightish brown, with a somewhat broad brim.

Few sportsmen will regret that the Anti-Gambling League have decided to drop guerilla warfare, and go in for a pitched battle with the Jockey Club. We shall now get the whole law on the subject, and a final decision as to whether or not race meetings shall in the future be opened with singing and prayer. For my own part—and in this view I am supported by a well-known solicitor who has studied the question—I have no doubt that the League will win, unless the Club escape on some technical point. The Law reports bristle with convictions against owners of land, whose position seems exactly relative to that which the Jockey Club will hold when they appear as defendants. Large umbrellas, boxes, and bookmaking paraphernalia generally have been held to be "betting places" within the meaning of the Act, and I believe that it was necessary to go to the Court of Appeal in order to quash a conviction for allowing a man to wander here and there in the crowd, and make surreptitious ready-money bets.

Supposing, then, that the Club—which, as you all know, includes as members the Prince of Wales, the Premier, and the Lord Chief Justice—is convicted, what is to become of racing and the thousands who live by it? You are never going to get the crowds, whose money provides the bulk of the prizes, to go miles simply to mentally speculate on what coloured jacket is going to be first past the post. No, no; stamp out betting on the race-course, and you will, so far as the average man is concerned, stamp out horse-racing. If the League had an alternative scheme, one might discuss the question amicably. In France, when the bookmaker was assailed the *pari mutuel* was suggested, and although, as every one knows, this conflict broke down after a while, the mechanical penciller was accepted more or less for the time being.

But the League are optimistic about their campaign, and an optimist is generally an impracticable being in serious matters. They say that England is being ruined by gambling, and issue pamphlets showing the awful fate that befel A B and C through betting. From their point of view it would seem that every man who ever made a bet finished up in gaol, and left a wife and four to lament him. I fancy there is something fateful in having four children, for it is invariably at this stage that the husband is sent to penal servitude through gambling (according to Mr. Hawke), dies from drink (according to Sir Wilfrid Lawson), or falls into the water while boating on the Sabbath (according to the Lord's Day Observance Society).

To close the subject, though. If the League do win then they will go one better, and try to get a law passed suppressing betting "on the nod." Up to that time they would have only scored half a victory, for all the race-goer would have to do would be to deposit so much with a bookmaker before racing started, and eke it out as his fancy might choose till the last race. We shall all watch with a great deal of interest the progress of what will be one of the hardest fought cases of the century, and there will, no doubt, be many interesting developments in the world of sport before the saddling-bell rings on the Carholme.

I think that the last race meeting I saw Lord Randolph Churchill at was Epsom. On the Derby afternoon his lordship met Lord Rosebery near the weighing-room, and congratulated him upon the glorious victory of Ladas; then, ascending the steps of the stand, Lord Randolph made his way to the side of the Prince of Wales, and remained conversing with our future king for some considerable time. As the horses wended their way to the starting-post, Lord Randolph crossed to the betting-ring to execute a little commission for the Prince—a task his lordship always undertook when His Royal Highness graced a race-meeting with his presence.

Lord Randolph Churchill's connection with the Turf commenced some years ago. His lordship started rather quietly, but about the time Colonel North became a patron of the Sport of Kings, the leader of the Fourth Party launched out and got together a stud of respectable dimensions. He met with a fair amount of success, and his horses were trained by the late R. Sherwood.

Colonel North also placed his horses under the care of Sherwood, and it was generally understood that Lord Randolph Churchill had something to do with the management of them. When his lordship's health began to cause him trouble, he quickly got rid of most of his racehorses, only retaining a half share in a few, which ran in the name of Lord Dunraven.

It was in 1889 that Lord Randolph won the Oaks with L'Abbesse de Jouarre. The filly, if I remember rightly, made her début in a race at Croydon, won by Amphion. Her two-year-old form was far from excellent; but, like so many of her sex—to wit, Mrs. Butterwick, Memoir, and Amiable—she improved wonderfully during the interval, and on the Oaks day she was, with-

out a doubt, the best filly of her year, although many have found fault with the manner in which Minthe was ridden.

Amongst other races won by L'Abbesse de Jouarre—who, by-the-bye, is a daughter of Trappist—Festivity—may be mentioned the Hardwicke Stakes, Portland Plate, and Manchester Cup; and Lord Randolph Churchill's name does not appear in the list of winning owners in 1893 or 1894; but I take it that half of the sums credited to Lord Dunraven in 1891 and 1892 were taken by Lord Randolph.

When there has been a lull in the proceedings at Sandown Park, I have frequently examined the stands, and wondered why the executive do not erect new ones. The present structures are almost entirely composed of wood, and they have certainly far from an elegant appearance. Sandown is regarded as one of the most fashionable racing resorts in England, but there are several racecourses which are provided with better stands, and one of these is Sandown's rival, Kempton Park—to say nothing of Hurst Park, if only a favourite would occasionally win.

The Rugby crisis is at an end. Absolute and complete collapse is the only term applicable to the attitude taken up by the Yorkshiremen, and the action of the Union Committee was vindicated by what was practically an unanimous vote of confidence. The meeting did not pass over quite smoothly owing to the ill-judged proposal of Messrs. Maud and Carpmael to offer a £20 reward to "informers," but the sense of the meeting was shown by the decisive rejection of the proposition. All's well that ends well—and although some people are very much afraid that veiled professionalism is not yet ended, and that there will be trouble in the near future—yet the strength of amateurism has been so plainly shown that when the fight does come there will be little doubt as to the result.

When the South defeated the North in so decisive a fashion, I suggested that the Selection Committee might do worse than choose the Southern team *en bloc* for the first of the Internationals, viz., against Wales to-day (Saturday, January 5th). In spite of the criticism of some superior individuals. the committee have done exactly what I suggested, with the single exception that they have substituted E. W. Taylor for C. M. Wells as half-back. I do not see the necessity for such a change, unless it be to throw a sop to the northern contingent. Wells's play last year against the Welshmen was all that could be desired, and in the North v. South match he showed not the least sign of any falling off. While I fail to see any reason for putting him out of the team, I quite agree that the Northumbrian is worthy of a place, and will, doubtless, justify his selection in to-day's struggle at Swansea.

Sunderland are having a run of bad luck just now in the League championship. The strain of holiday engagements, the postponement of the Preston fixture, and the fact that they have had to play three League matches within a week has proved too much even for so well trained a lot as the Wearsiders, and they have accordingly had twice to acknowledge defeat by a single goal in each instance, viz., from Notts Forest and Preston North End. This gives Everton a lead, but as only about half of the League games have been completed, there is still every prospect of an exciting finish, and I

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shall still pin my faith to Sunderland as the better players. Meanwhile, Blackburn Rovers and Aston Villa are both exhibiting excellent form.

The Southern League clubs are exhibiting extraordinary form just at present, and the explanation must be, I suppose, the festive season. It is difficult to explain otherwise the defeat of Swindon by Chatham (the latter's first victory), and the subsequent victory of Swindon over Royal Ordnance. Then, again, there was the draw made by Reading with Millwall Athletic. Southampton St. Mary's, beaten by Luton on their own ground, were yet able to visit Ilford and administer a defeat to the Essex club. These are some of the vagaries of form for which Christmas is always responsible.

The Major.

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CLARENCE.

BY

BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

PART III.

CHAPTER III. (*Continued*).

THEN followed a month of superintendence and drill, and the infusing into the little camp under his instruction the spirit which seemed to be passing out of his own life for ever. Shut in by alien hills on the borderland of the great struggle, from time to time reports reached him of the bitter fighting, and almost disastrous successes of his old Division Commander. Orders came from Washington to hurry the preparation of his raw levies to the field, and the faint hope sprang up in his mind. But following it came another despatch ordering his return to the Capital.

He reached it with neither hope nor fear—so benumbed had become his spirit under this last trial, and what seemed to be now the mockery of his last sacrifice to his wife. Though it was no longer a question of her life and safety, he knew that he could still preserve her memory from stain by keeping her secret, even though its divulgings might clear his own. For that reason, he had even hesitated to inform Susy of her death, in the fear that, in her thoughtless irresponsibility and impulsiveness, she might be tempted to use it in his favour. He had made his late appointment a plea for her withholding any present efforts to assist him. He even avoided the Boompointers' house, in what he believed was partly a duty to the memory of his wife. But he saw no inconsistency in occasionally extending his lonely walks to the vicinity of a foreign Legation, or in being lifted with a certain expectation at the sight of its liveries on the Avenue. There was a craving for sympathy in his heart, which Miss Faulkner's letter had awakened.

Meantime, he had reported himself for duty at the War Department—with little hope, however, in that formality. But he was surprised the next day when the Chief of the Bureau informed him that his claim was before the President.

"I was not aware that I had presented any claim," he said, a little haughtily.

The Bureau Chief looked up with some surprise. This quiet, patient, reserved man had puzzled him once or twice before.

"Perhaps I should say 'case,' General," he said, drily. "But the personal interest of the highest executive in the land strikes me as being desirable in *anything*."

"I only mean that I have obeyed the orders of the Department in reporting myself here, as I have done," said Brant, with less feeling, but none the less firmness; "and I should imagine it was not the duty of a soldier to question them. Which I fancy a 'claim' or a 'case' would imply."

He had no idea of taking this attitude before, but the disappointments of the past month, added to this first official notice of his disgrace, had brought forward that dogged, reckless, yet half-scornful obstinacy that was part of his nature.

The official smiled.

"I suppose, then, you are waiting to hear from the President," he said drily.

"I am awaiting orders from the Department," returned Brant quietly, "but whether they originate in the President as Commander-in-Chief, or not—it is not for me to inquire."

Even when he reached his hotel this half-savage indifference which had taken the place of his former incertitude had not changed. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life where he was no longer a free agent, and could wait, superior alike to effort or expectation. And it was with a merely dispassionate curiosity that he found a note the next morning from the President's private Secretary, informing him that the President would see him early that day.

A few hours later he was ushered through the public rooms of the White House to a more secluded part of the household. The messenger stopped before a modest door and knocked. It was opened by a tall figure—the President himself. He reached out a long arm to Brant, who stood hesitatingly on the threshold, grasped his hand and led him into the room. It had a single, large, elaborately draped window and a handsome medallioned carpet, which contrasted with the otherwise almost appalling simplicity of the furniture. A single plain angular desk, with a blotting pad and a few sheets of large foolscap upon it, a waste-paper basket and four plain arm chairs, completed the interior, with a contrast as simple and homely as its long-limbed, black-coated occupant. Releasing the hand of the General to shut a door, which opened into another apartment, the President shoved an armchair towards him and sank somewhat wearily into another before the desk. But only for a moment; the long shambling limbs did not seem to adjust themselves easily to the chair; the high narrow shoulders drooped to find a more comfortable lounging attitude, shifted from side to side, and the long legs moved dispersedly. Yet the face that was turned towards Brant was humorous and tranquil.

"I was told I should have to send for you if I wished to see you," he said smilingly.

Already mollified, and perhaps again falling under the previous influence of this singular man, Brant began somewhat hesitatingly to explain.

But the President checked him gently—

"You don't understand. It was something new to my experience here to find an able-bodied American citizen with a genuine healthy grievance who had to have it drawn from him like a decayed tooth. But you have been here before. I seem to remember your face."

Brant's reserve had gone. He admitted that he had twice sought an audience—but——

"You dodged the dentist! That was wrong." As Brant made a slight movement of deprecation the President continued: "I understand! Not from fear of giving pain to yourself but to others. I don't know that *that* is right, either. A certain amount of pain must be suffered in this world—even by one's enemies. Well, I have looked into your case, General Brant." He took up a piece of paper from his desk, scrawled with two or three notes in pencil. "I think this is the way it stands. You were commanding a position at Grey Oaks, when information was received by the Department that either through neglect or complicity, spies were passing through your lines. There was no attempt to prove your *neglect*; your orders, the facts of your personal care and precaution, were all before the Department. But it was also shown that your *wife*, from whom you were only temporarily separated, was a notorious Secessionist; that before the war, you yourself were suspected, and that, therefore, you were quite capable of evading your own orders, which you may have only given as a blind. On this information you were relieved by the Department of your command. Later on it was discovered that the spy was none other than your own wife, disguised as a mulatto; that after her arrest by your own soldiers, you connived at her escape—and

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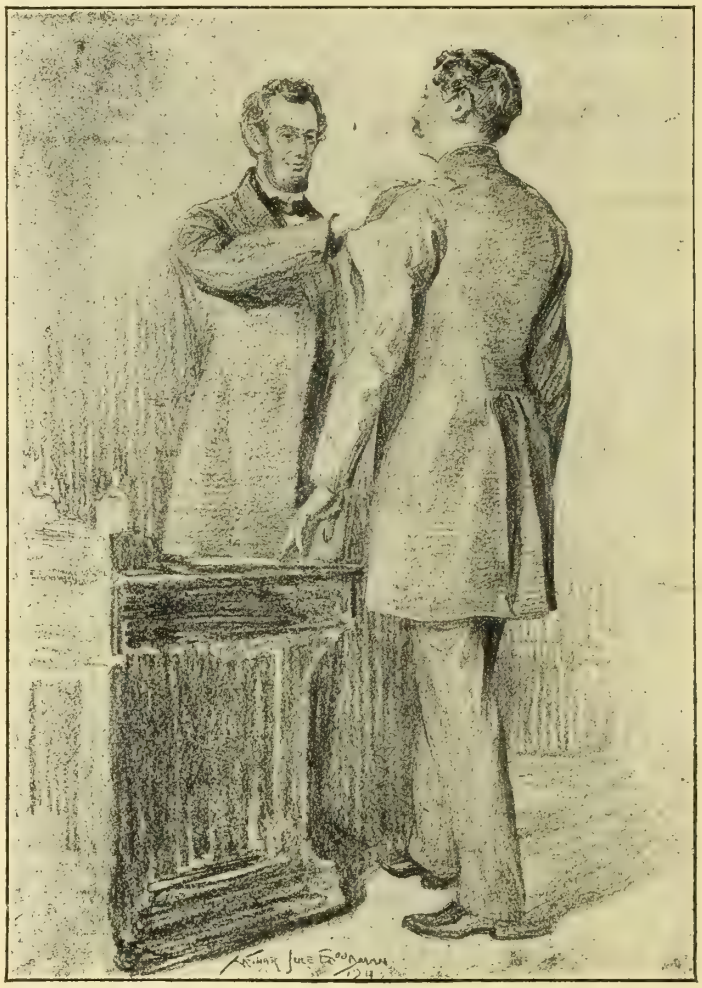
this was considered conclusive proof of—well, let us say—your *treachery*."

"But I did not know it was my wife until she was arrested," said Brant impulsively.

The President knitted his eyebrows humorously.

"Don't let us travel out of the record, General. You're as bad as the Department. The question was one of your personal treachery, but you need not accept the fact that you were justly removed because your *wife* was a spy. Now, General, I am an old lawyer, and I don't mind telling you that in Illinois we wouldn't hang a yellow dog on that evidence before the Department. But when I was asked to look into the matter by your friends, I discovered something of more importance to you. I had been trying to find a scrap of evidence that would justify the presumption that you had sent information to the enemy. I found that it was based upon the fact of the enemy being in possession of knowledge at the first battle at Grey Oaks, which could only have been obtained from our side, and which led to a Federal disaster, —that *you*, however, retrieved by your gallantry. I then asked the Secretary if he was prepared to show that you had sent the information with *that* view, or that you had been overtaken by a tardy sense of repentance. He preferred to consider my suggestion as humorous. But the inquiry led to my further discovery that the only treasonable correspondence actually in evidence was found upon the body of a trusted Federal officer, and had been forwarded to the Division Commander. But there was no written record of it in the case."



"YOUR WISH FOR ACTIVE SERVICE IS GRANTED."

"Why, I forwarded it myself," said Brant eagerly.

"So the Division Commander writes," said the President, smiling, "and he forwarded it to the Department. But it was suppressed in some way. Have you any enemies, General Brant?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then you probably have. You are young and successful. Think of the hundred other officers who naturally believe themselves better than you are, and haven't a traitorous wife. Still, the Department may have made an example of you for the benefit of the only man who couldn't profit by it."

"Might it not have been, Sir, that this suppression was for the good report of the service—as the chief offender was dead?"

"I am glad to hear you say so, General, for it is the argument I have used successfully in behalf of your wife."

"Then you know it all, Sir?" said Brant, after a gloomy pause.

"All, I think. Come, General, you seemed just now to be uncertain about your enemies. Let me assure you you need not be so in regard to your friends."

"I dare to hope I have found one, Sir," said Brant with almost boyish timidity.

"Oh, not me!" said the President, with a laugh of deprecation. "Someone much more potent."

"May I know his name, Mr. President?"

"No, for it is a woman. You were nearly ruined by one, General. I suppose it's quite right that you should be saved by one. And, of course, irregularly."

"A woman!" echoed Brant.

"Yes! one who was willing to confess herself a worse spy than your wife—a *double* traitor—to save you! Upon my word, General, I don't know if the Department was far wrong; a man with such an alternately unsettling and convincing effect upon a woman's highest political convictions should be under some restraint. Luckily the Department knows nothing of it."

"Nor would anyone else have known from me," said Brant, eagerly. "I trust that *she* did not think—that *you*, sir, did not for an instant believe that I——"

"Oh dear, no! Nobody would have believed you! It was her free confidence to me. That was what made the affair so difficult to handle. For even her bringing your despatch to the Division Commander looked bad for you; and you know he even doubted its authenticity."

"Does *she*—does Miss Faulkner know the spy was my wife?" hesitated Brant.

The President twisted himself in his chair, so as to regard Brant more gravely with his deep-set eyes, and then thoughtfully rubbed his leg.

"Don't let us travel out of the record, General," he said, after a pause. But as the colour surged into Brant's cheek, he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and said, in half-humorous recollection—

"No, I think *that* fact was first gathered from your other friend—Mr. Hooker."

"Hooker!" said Brant, indignantly; "did *he* come here?"

"Pray don't destroy my faith in Mr. Hooker, General," said the President, in half-weary, half-humorous deprecation. "Don't tell me that any of his inventions are *true!* Leave me at least that magnificent liar—the one perfectly intelligible witness you have. For from the time that he first appeared here with a grievance and a claim for a commission, he has been an unspeakable joy to me and a convincing testimony to you. Other witnesses have been partisans and prejudiced; Mr. Hooker was frankly true to himself. How else should I have known of the care you took to disguise yourself, save the honour of your uniform, and run the risk of being shot as an unknown spy at your wife's side, except from his magnificent version of *his* part in it? How else should

I have known the story of your discovery of the Californian conspiracy, except from his supreme portrayal of it, with himself as the hero? No, you must not forget to thank Mr. Hooker when you meet him. Miss Faulkner is at present more accessible; she is calling on some members of my family in the next room. Shall I leave you with her?"

Brant rose with a pale face and a quickly throbbing heart as the President, glancing at the clock, untwisted himself from the chair, and shook himself out full length, and rose gradually to his feet.

"Your wish for active service is granted, General Brant," he said, slowly, "and you will at once rejoin your old Division Commander, who is now at the head of the Tenth Army Corps. But," he said, after a deliberate pause, "there are certain rules and regulations of your service that even *I* cannot, with decent respect to your Department, override. You will, therefore, understand that you cannot rejoin the army in your former position."

The slight flush that came to Brant's cheek quickly passed. And there was only the unmistakable sparkle of renewed youth in his frank eyes as he said—

"Let me go to the front again, Mr. President, and I care not *how*."

The President smiled, and, laying his heavy hand on Brant's shoulder, pushed him gently towards the door of the inner room.

"I was only about to say," he added, as he opened the door, "that it would be necessary for you to rejoin your promoted commander as a Major-General. And," he continued, lifting his voice, as he gently pushed his guest into the room, "he hasn't even thanked me for it, Miss Faulkner!"

The door closed behind him, and he stood for a moment dazed, and still hearing the distant voice of the President, in the room he had just quitted, now welcoming a new visitor. But the room before him, opening into a conservatory, was empty, save for a single figure, that turned, half timidly, half mischievously, towards him. The same quick, sympathetic glance was in both their faces; the same timid, happy look in both their eyes. He moved quickly to her side.

"Then you knew that—that woman was my wife?" he said, hurriedly, as he grasped her hand.

She cast a half-appealing look at his face—a half-frightened one around the room and at the open door beyond.

"Let us," she said, faintly, "go into the conservatory."

* * *

It is but a few years ago that the veracious chronicler of these pages moved with a wondering crowd of sightseers in the gardens of the White House. The war cloud had long since lifted and vanished; the Potomac flowed peacefully by and on to where once lay the broad plantation of a great Confederate leader—now a national cemetery that had gathered the soldier dead of both sections side by side in equal rest and honour, and the great goddess once more looked down serenely from the dome of the white Capitol. The chronicler's attention was attracted by an erect, handsome, soldierly-looking man, with a beard and moustache slightly streaked with grey, pointing out the various objects of interest to a boy of twelve or fourteen at their side.

POINTING OUT THE VARIOUS OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

"Yes; although, as I told you, this house belongs only to the President of the United States and his family," said the gentleman, smilingly, "in that little conservatory I proposed to your mother."

"Oh! Clarence, how can you!" said the lady, reprovingly, "you know it was *long* after that!"

THE END.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

A PROGRESSIVE wife has had a cruel truth told her by a heartless doctor. He said her husband would not live long unless he got some rest. Last night, as she sat in an easy-chair and watched him take off his coat on coming from the office, put on a gingham apron and go to work cheerfully washing potatoes for supper and pounding steak, occasionally stopping to rock the baby, her heart smote her.

She noticed that he looked thin and careworn and that he brought the bucket only half full of water from the well. She spoke to him kindly, and her heart smote her a second time when he looked up surprised. Was it true that in the rush and worry of stirring the country up to political truths she had forgotten to be kind to him? She kissed him tenderly when he handed her a cup of tea at the table, and his eyes filled with tears; it was so long since he had heard a tender word. She praised his biscuits; then he broke down and cried.

The result of this tender little scene was that this morning the woman cancelled all lecture engagements and resigned from all committees. She realised that since it would not do to hire a strong girl to assist him with the heavy housework, it would be better for her to stay at home and aid him by tender sympathy and loving words. Oh, wives, take warning from this little tale. Speak gently to your husbands ere the cold sod closes over them. Praise their coffee and biscuits. A kind word costs so little and goes such a long way.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

VI.

'In the Goods of John Casement."

I NEVER fully realised the true significance of this mysterious business until after Mr. Summers' death, when in the course of my melancholy task of dismantling his office and winding up pending matters I came across the papers connected with it. It happened before my time, but I recollect Mr. Summers telling me the story one day as illustrating the danger of acting for strangers, for he always believed that it was nothing more than an impudent attempt at fraud and robbery, whereas I discovered, as hereafter described, that the affair was a cunning and ingenious conspiracy, the motive of which was very different from what my late employer had imagined.

Twenty years before the date I am speaking of, a country client of Mr. Summers', who happened to be staying at an hotel in Fleet Street, made the acquaintance of a gentleman, a fellow guest, who remarked, in the course of conversation, that he wished to consult a London solicitor, but did not know who to go to. As the stranger seemed respectable, the client gave him Mr. Summers' name and address, but prudently warned the lawyer by a private note that he knew absolutely nothing of the gentleman or his business.

The consequence was that when the latter presented himself, Mr. Summers was on his guard, and was inclined to look upon him with suspicion. The new client, who gave the name of Mr. Charles Lethbridge, appeared to be about five-and-thirty years of age, well-dressed, apparently well educated, and of prepossessing appearance. His manner seemed perfectly frank and honest, and though he manifested considerable nervousness, Mr. Summers was favourably impressed by him.

"Well, what can I do for you?" inquired Mr. Summers, after a short preliminary conversation.

"I am left executor to the will of a friend," replied Mr. Lethbridge, carelessly producing a document from his pocket. "I don't know what I have to do, but I suppose there are some formalities to be gone through?"

"Most certainly. The will must be proved in solemn form," said Mr. Summers, gravely.

"All right, I want you to do whatever is necessary," said Mr. Lethbridge, as he handed the document to the lawyer, together with another paper. "Here is the will and here is a list of my friend's property so far as I am aware of it."

Mr. Summers took the papers and glanced through them. The first purported to be the last will and testament of John Casement, who was described as of 90, Sydney Place, Bath, Gentleman; it appeared to have been duly executed and attested in the presence of a well-known local solicitor and his clerk: and on the face of it, seemed perfectly genuine. The second paper was apparently in the handwriting of Mr. Lethbridge himself, and contained a list of shares and securities representing a total value of about £5,000.

"Mr. Casement was a married man, I see," observed Mr. Summers, as he read the will.

"Yes, he has left a widow; unfortunately my poor friend and his wife were separated. He made a settlement upon her by deed; she has money of her own, and has lived for some years down at Dawlish," said Mr. Lethbridge readily.

"He only leaves her £1,000," commented Mr. Summers, watching his client closely.

"It is more than she has any right to expect," remarked Mr. Lethbridge, with a nervous laugh. "He made a handsome settlement upon her."

"Have you communicated with her?"

"No, I will ask you to do that. She knows I was a great friend of her husband's and naturally she and I are not particularly well disposed to one another."

"I can imagine that when she knows of this will she will be less friendly to you than ever. I see that you are residuary legatee," said Mr. Summers, looking straight at his client.

"She will hardly be surprised," replied Mr. Lethbridge, a trifle embarrassed by the lawyer's direct gaze. "It was quite understood that her husband was free to dispose of his property as he chose. She, no doubt, has done the same with her own."

"I suppose you and the deceased were very intimate?" said Mr. Summers, his vague suspicions struggling with a sort of conviction that his client was an honest man.

"We were boys together. I am a bachelor, and after his separation from his wife, we lived together."

"Where?" inquired Mr. Summers.

"Well, nowhere in particular; we have travelled round the world. Poor John died at Malta on the way home," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"Abroad!" ejaculated Mr. Summers.

"Yes, I have the necessary certificates, and can prove the death, if required. Though he died at Malta, he died practically on board the Royal Indian mail steamer *Darjeeling*, but he was taken on shore, and actually breathed his last there."

"Mr. Lethbridge," said Mr. Summers, after a pause, during which he was turning over the facts in his mind, "I had better say outright that before I can act for you I must make some inquiries. You and I are complete strangers."

"I quite understand," interrupted Mr. Lethbridge, a little sharply but without resentment. "Make what inquiries you please, only don't be long about it, for I want to get the business finished."

"I wonder you did not take the will to the solicitor at Bath, who prepared it," said Mr. Summers, cautiously. "Do you know him?"

"No, he was poor John's lawyer, not mine. In fact, I have never before had occasion to indulge in the luxury of a lawyer," replied Mr. Lethbridge. "I would sooner get the business done in London if I can."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Summers.

"Because I'm in love, and the young lady is in London," said Mr. Lethbridge, colouring. "What is more, I hope to accompany her back to Australia, where she comes from, in a month's time, and that is why I wish to get this business settled as soon possible."

Though he laughed good-naturedly as he spoke, there was an undercurrent of impatience in Mr. Lethbridge's tone and manner which warned the lawyer that he was not to be trifled with any longer. Inwardly resolving, therefore, to make private inquiries about his new client, Mr. Summers expressed his readiness to undertake the proving of the late Mr. Casement's will, and proceeded to ascertain necessary details, and to take instructions in a matter-of-fact way. The result of their further conversation was that Mr. Summers felt more than ever convinced of his client's good faith, and arranged an appointment for that day week for Mr. Lethbridge to call

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to make the necessary affidavits for a grant of probate of the will.

I am speaking from recollection of the story as Mr. Summers related it to me many years ago, and I cannot remember precisely what precautions he told me that he took to verify Mr. Lethbridge's account of himself. He apparently made inquiries at the British India Company's office, for I found among the papers a list of passengers of the s.s. *Darjeeling* on her voyage from Bombay to England in the autumn of 18—, containing the names of Mr. John Casement and Mr. Charles Lethbridge. There was also a letter from the widow, curtly acknowledging his information respecting the contents of her late husband's will. But the most important piece of evidence was a letter from the solicitor at Bath, which ran as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—The late Mr. John Casement was a clerk in the Monarchy Insurance Office in this town, and the will you mention was made for him by me after his separation from his wife. The event upset him a good deal, and having inherited some £10,000 (about half of which he settled on his wife) he threw up his appointment and went abroad with the gentleman you mention Mr. Charles Lethbridge. The latter was a clerk in the Manchester branch of the same Insurance Office, but was personally unknown to me. I have no reason to doubt, however, that your client is the person he represents himself to be. If I can give you any further information I shall be pleased.—Yours faithfully,

"Ephraim Knight."

Mr. Summers evidently caused inquiries to be made at Manchester or elsewhere about Mr. Lethbridge, for the above letter is endorsed in Mr. Summers' handwriting, with the following memo: — "L. went abroad with deceased at the latter's expense. Respectable, but unsteady. Nothing against his character."

Without going into further details, Mr. Summers, at all events, satisfied himself of the genuineness of the will and of his client's good faith, and he was not the man to act incautiously. The affidavits headed "In the Goods of John Casement" were duly prepared and engrossed, and with the will annexed, were all ready to be sworn to by the executor. At this point I will resume the story as Mr. Summers related it to me.

Mr. Lethbridge failed to keep the appointment which had been made, and, after waiting a day or two, Mr. Summers sent a note to him at his hotel in Fleet Street. This produced no result, and Mr. Summers wrote a second time, and sent the letter by hand. The clerk returned with the rather surprising news that Mr. Lethbridge had abruptly left the hotel a few days back, and that Mr. Summers' first letter remained unopened on the rack in the vestibule of the hotel.

Naturally, the lawyer was a little puzzled at this, for Mr. Lethbridge's conduct was not only discourteous, but extraordinary, in view of the fact that a matter of £5,000 was at stake. He walked across to the hotel, but could learn nothing except that Mr. Lethbridge had departed somewhat abruptly with his luggage, leaving no address. He had mentioned something about returning shortly, and in consequence of this Mr. Summers waited patiently for nearly a month.

By that time he had naturally began to feel uneasy, and to suspect that some accident or foul play had happened to his client. He at first thought of communicating with the police; but, remembering that Mr. Lethbridge had admitted that he was in love, which might possibly account for his eccentric disappearance, he decided instead to insert an advertisement in the *Times*, which I also found among the papers.

"Mr. Charles Lethbridge is requested to communicate at once with his solicitor respecting the business on hand."

The day after this notice appeared, Mr. Summers was seated in his office, when a clerk brought in word that a lady wished to see him on important business, and handed him in a card, inscribed, "Mrs. John Casement."

Mr. Summers ordered the visitor to be ushered in, guessing, of course, that she was the widow of the testator. Mrs. Casement was tall and slim, still young, apparently, and rather handsome, but the expression of her face was unpleasantly determined, her demeanour cold and formal. She was dressed in widow's weeds, and seemed to be a person of refinement and good taste.

"What was the meaning of the advertisement in yesterday's *Times?*" she inquired, barely acknowledging the lawyer's salutation.

"You have travelled up from Dawlish, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Summers, rather taken aback by the abruptness of the question.

"I should like to see the will."

"Yes. Of course, I guessed the advertisement was inserted by you," said Mrs. Casement, sitting very upright on the chair which the lawyer politely brought forward.

"Well, the fact is that Mr. Lethbridge, after instructing me to prove your late husband's will, has mysteriously disappeared," replied Mr. Summers, rather resentfully.

"When was that?" inquired the widow.

"Shortly after the date of my letter to you."

"You have had no reply to the advertisement?"

"None at present; but there has hardly been time."

Mr. Summers proceeded to describe the course of events, to which Mrs. Casement listened silently, with compressed lips. The lawyer, struck by her manner, ended by asking her if she could suggest any explanation.

"I should like to see the will," she said, without answering.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Summers, beginning to feel vaguely uneasy, and turning to the safe behind his chair.

When he had found it, he handed it to the lady, and watched her as she deliberately read it through.

"Well?" he asked, anxiously, as she returned the document.

"It is undoubtedly genuine," remarked the widow, quietly.

"I am quite aware of that, ma'am," replied Mr. Summers, nettled by her manner. "The question is, what has become of Mr. Lethbridge?"

"What was he like?" inquired the lady, abruptly.

"He is a tall, dark, clean-shaven young man about thirty-five. You have seen him, of course?" said Mr. Summers.

"Yes, I have seen Mr. Lethbridge," replied Mrs. Casement, with deliberation; "but you have described him wrongly. Mr. Lethbridge is rather stout, with reddish hair and blue eyes."

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Summers, starting from his chair.

"You have been imposed upon," said the lady, with a sort of cool contempt which maddened the lawyer. "It was this impostor, then, who informed you of my husband's death?" she added, with sudden animation.

"Yes, it was he; but the fact can be verified at the British India Shipping Office," said Mr. Summers, greatly annoyed and confused.

"Is that near here?" inquired Mrs. Casement.

"It is in the City."

"Would you mind coming there with me?" said the lady, with more civility, evidently startled by the possibility which her first question had suggested.

"Certainly," said Mr. Summers, reaching down his hat, and hailing a passing cab from the window.

A few moments later the lady and Mr. Summers were seated in a hansom, on their way to the City. Mr. Summers was naturally a good deal agitated by the suspicion that he had been imposed upon, but he was more especially annoyed by his companion's attitude towards him. She maintained an odd sort of reserve, which was very galling to the lawyer's self-esteem, and he could not help thinking that she knew more about the matter than she chose to impart to him. She did not address a word to him during the journey, but sat grimly staring resolutely in front of her. Only once did Mr. Summers venture to interrupt the lady's meditations, and that was to inquire whether she was quite certain that her description of Mr. Lethbridge's personal appearance was correct.

"Absolutely certain," replied the widow, without turning her head.

"Have you any idea, then, who the person was who personated him?" asked Mr. Summers, casting sidelong glances at her pale, impassive face.

"None whatever."

"How could he have got possession of your husband's will?" queried the lawyer irritably.

"I cannot possibly tell," answered Mrs. Casement, resting her keen, dark eyes for an instant on Mr. Summers' puzzled face.

Mr. Summers did not attempt to pursue the conversation, and not another word was spoken till the shipping office was reached. Here Mr. Summers assisted the widow to alight, and when they had entered the building he addressed one of the clerks.

"This lady," he explained, "is the widow of a gentleman, who was a passenger by one of your steamers—the *Darjeeling*, and who died at Malta on the voyage home."

"Yes," said the clerk, looking, as Mr. Summers remembered afterwards, rather startled.

"The gentleman's name was Mr. John Casement, and we wish to verify—"

"I beg your pardon—what name did you say?" interrupted the clerk.

"Mr. John Casement," repeated Mr. Summers. "This lady is Mrs. Casement, and we wished to know——"

"Excuse me a moment," interposed the clerk again.

The lad hastily withdrew as he spoke, and went behind a glass partition, whence the sound of whispered conversation became audible. Mr. Summers, beginning to perceive that his question had caused some commotion, looked at his companion in bewilderment. The widow was still perfectly calm, but there was a flush on her cheeks, and her hand, with which she was pulling down her veil, trembled slightly.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Summers.

Before the lady could reply—if, indeed, she had any intention of doing so—the clerk again came forward, followed by an elderly, bald-headed gentleman, who was evidently one of the superior officials.

"There has been an unfortunate misunderstanding," said the latter, addressing Mr. Summers, but glancing apprehensively at his companion. "It seems that the gentleman who died at Malta was a Mr. Charles Lethbridge, and not Mr. Casement."

"How do you know that?" inquired the lady, placing her hand on the desk in front of her, apparently for support, but not otherwise betrayng emotion.

"Well, Mr. Casement came here himself about it only yesterday," said the clerk, hesitatingly. "Do I understand that you are Mrs. Casement?" he added, in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes. I—I am naturally confused," said the lady, with a catch in her breath. "I was told my husband was dead."

"It is very strange," said the clerk, with a warning glance at Mr. Summers to prepare himself for some ebullition of emotion on the part of his client; "but there appears to have been a mistake. The death of Mr. Casement is duly entered in the captain's log; but a gentleman called yesterday who claimed to be Mr. Casement, and said it was his friend Mr. Lethbridge who died."

"My client knows nothing of all this," murmured Mr. Summers, placing a chair for the lady, whose fortitude appeared at length to be giving way.

"Has not Mr. Casement—the—the gentleman, communicated with—with your client?" inquired the clerk, looking puzzled.

"Not a word. How came such an extraordinary mistake to have happened?" exclaimed Mr. Summers, growing irritable in his bewilderment.

"We cannot possibly tell till the *Darjeeling* returns from her present voyage. We only have the captain's log to go by. Mr. Casement had heard somehow that a mistake had occurred. He was most indignant and annoyed. I—I suppose the gentleman who called really was Mr. Casement?" added the clerk, suspiciously.

"What was he like?" inquired Mr. Summers quickly.

"A tall, dark gentleman," interposed the junior clerk, who had been standing by listening open-mouthed. "I noticed, when he wrote his address on his card, that his little finger of his right hand had a sort of double nail."

"That is certainly my husband," said Mrs. Casement, rising hurriedly to her feet; "you say he left his address?"

"Yes, he wished us to write in case we could throw any light upon the matter after further inquiries," said the senior clerk, hastily disappearing behind the glass partition. "Here is the card," he added the next instant, as he laid it on the desk.

The slip of pasteboard bore the name of "Mr. John Casement," and beneath it was scrawled in pencil, "Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond."

"My husband's writing," murmured the lady.

"Thank you," said Mr. Summers, as his companion turned abruptly from the desk and made a move towards the door. "There seems, as you say, to have been a mistake."

"H'm, the first time such a mistake has happened in my experience," said the elderly clerk, who seemed as much puzzled by the lady's calmness as by the incident itself. "I suppose you will satisfy yourself that the gentleman who called yesterday is the real man?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Mr. Summers, hurrying after his companion, who was already passing through the glass entrance doors. "Well, ma'am, what is to be done?" he inquired, when he reached the lady's side.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Casement, coolly.

"Nothing!" repeated Mr. Summers, with a start.

"I am quite satisfied that my husband is alive, and I

shall go down at once to Richmond," said Mrs. Casement, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Do you not wish me to accompany you?" inquired Mr. Summers.

"No, thank you, there is no occasion," replied the lady, preparing to re-enter the hansom. "Can your horse take me to Richmond?" she inquired of the driver.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man with alacrity as he lifted the reins.

"I—I shall no doubt hear from you or your husband, madam," said Mr. Summers sharply, standing on the pavement while the lady settled herself in the cab.

"My husband will write, no doubt," replied Mrs. Casement.

"Tell him that I have his will."

"Yes."

"He will, of course, prosecute the rascal who personated him?" said Mr. Summers, boiling over with suppressed indignation.

"Possibly, he must decide that. Good day, Mr. Summers. Thank you so very much. My husband will, of course, pay your bill. Go on, driver!"

"I never in my life felt such a fool," laughed Mr. Summers, in telling me the story, "as when the cab drove off, leaving me gaping on the kerb. Of course, the lady was no client of mine, but at the same time her behaviour was most discourteous."

"Did you ever see her again?" I inquired.

"Never."

"And her husband?"

"Not a line from that day to this. I wrote to him after about a week, reminding him that his will was in my possession, but the letter was returned from the hotel 'Gone away, no address.' After the way I had been treated I did not trouble myself any more about the matter, and the will is in the strong room to this day."

"You didn't communicate with the police or anybody?"

"Why should I?" said Mr. Summers, shrugging his shoulders. "Evidently some swindler had got hold of the will, and if his plans had succeeded, might have perpetrated a clever fraud and realised £5,000 by an impudent robbery. But I suppose that Mr. Casement returned from abroad or got wind somehow of what was happening, and frustrated the scheme."

"Very strange that Mr. Casement should never have communicated with you," I remarked.

"H'm! It is my belief that that woman was at the bottom of the whole conspiracy, and that the person who called himself Lethbridge was her accomplice," said Mr. Summers slily. "Her husband unexpectedly returned from abroad or somewhere, and the lady's call upon me and subsequent proceedings were all a piece of play-acting to put her husband off the scent in case he should suspect her. She, no doubt, took very good care not to mention my name to her husband, and that is the reason I have never heard from him. I have often thought of discovering his address and writing, but, after all, what would be the good? I have other things to think of than to gratify a private grudge. Only if Mr. Casement ever does turn up, I won't spare the lady."

* * * * *

I saw no reason to doubt that Mr. Summers' theory of the solution of the mystery was correct, and I did not feel sufficiently interested about a bygone incident to waste thought on the subject. But the discovery of Mr. Casement's will while going through the contents of the strong-room after Mr. Summers' death reminded me of the story, and I then refreshed my memory by referring to the contemporary papers. I felt little doubt that Mr. Casement had long ago made a fresh will revoking the one which had remained so long in Mr. Summers' possession, but I had nevertheless considered it my duty to insert a notice in the *Times* headed with Mr. Casement's name, and requesting him or his representatives to apply for the documents.

"WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

I hardly expected to receive any application for them, but one day a young gentleman called and asked to see Mr. Summers. Upon being requested to state his business he said that he was a nephew of the late Mr. Casement, and had looked in respecting the notice. He was a dissipated-looking, over-dressed youth of the "masher" type, quite untroubled by bashfulness, and the least bit in the world "on"—to adopt his own expressive phraseology—although it was only midday. He came into my room with his hat tilted on one side, and addressed me with free-and-easy familiarity.

"My name is Tomlinson," he said, gracefully subsiding into the armchair, and stretching out his legs. "I'm Casement's nephew, and he left me his heir."

"He is dead, then?" I remarked.

"Oh! yes. Died three years ago. Jumps! He had 'em bad at the end. It's been a warnin' to me," he added, cheerfully, with a slight hiccough.

"The papers are of no value," I replied. "I suppose your uncle left a will?"

"Of course he did. Didn't I tell you I'm his heir. It

was close on fifty thou., but I've nearly blued the lot, and if there is a bit more it will come in handy."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed," I said; "all I have is an old will which came into Mr. Summers' possession years ago under rather peculiar circumstances."

"What circumstances?" inquired my visitor, with some show of interest.

I related briefly the story as Mr. Summers had told it to me. When I had finished, Mr. Tomlinson slapped his knee, and burst into a laugh.

"Ha! ha! it was true then! I thought the old woman was gassing."

"What old woman?" I inquired, with curiosity.

"My old aunt," Mrs. Casement."

"Is she alive still?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; lives down at Dawlish. She told me once that my uncle fell in love with an Australian girl, and wanted to marry her. Being already married, he passed himself off as a dead friend, and tried to prove his own will. Understand, eh?"

"Perfectly," I replied, recalling to mind that he had doubtless hoped by this means to prevent his wife making inquiries about him.

"Hanged if I do! But I know this much—that when he was just on the point of getting himself legally buried, so to speak, he heard that he had come into a fortune."

"John Casement had!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Well, of course it wasn't good enough to put himself out of the way just then, so he dropped his friend's name, and claimed his fortune, and got it. Somehow my aunt discovered his little game."

"She came here," I explained.

"She kicked up a deuce of a row, and threatened to expose him, and got ten thou. out of him for hush-money, though you bet the old cat didn't tell me that. I found it out from his papers. I say, do you think I could recover it from her? I'm his heir, you know," he said, with tipsy solemnity.

"I'm afraid you can't," I replied, laughing. "What about the Australian young lady?"

"My aunt paid her a morning call."

"Oh!"

"Yes; so, of course, there was an end of that. Consequently my uncle went on the bend."

"On the what?"

"Well, took to drink. That is what it came to. Shocking, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"Lucky for me, though, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Wish he had lived a few years longer, though. I wasn't so steady a man when he died as I am now. If I had that money to-day I'd be a better sort of man."

HE WAS A DISSIPATED-LOOKING YOUTH.

"What about the papers?"

"Bother the papers! You can hang 'em round your neck. They are no good to me. I say! Is there anywhere near here where I can get a B. and S.?"

"Fifty places."

"It's been rather a dry picnic, and I ain't used to business. Come 'long."

"No, thanks."

"Mornin'."

"Good morning!"

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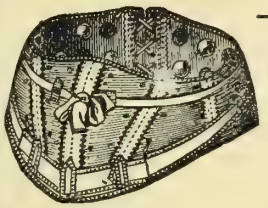

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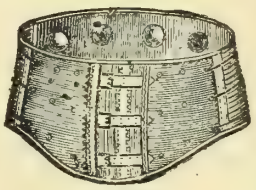

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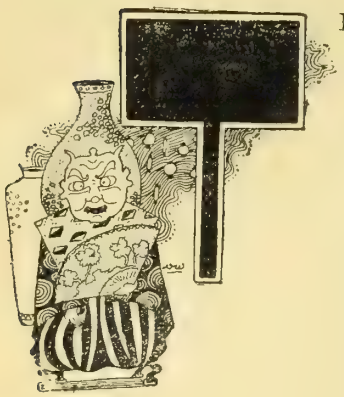
A SUICIDE.



THE Court of Assizes of Bouches-du-Rhône lately sentenced a young villain, sixteen years old, named François Berthollier, to the House of Correction for having, at the earnest request of the victim himself, assassinated an old man named Blanchard, whose dead body was found in October, 1893, by a woodcutter of the Nerthe, in a culvert under the road leading from l'Estaque to Rove.

Here are a few passages from the interrogation which Berthollier underwent:—

Prisoner.—On Friday, 13th October, the day before the arrival of the Russians, Blanchard and I took a trip to Toulon. That day was the first occasion on which he spoke to me about his desire to be done with life. He was most persistent; and during several hours kept on bewailing his melancholy state, begging me most earnestly to deliver him from his sufferings.

Judge.—Did you ask him why he hesitated to commit suicide?

P.—He told me he hadn't the courage to do so; and that, moreover, he had religious scruples on the point.

J.—When did he next broach the subject?

P.—Two days afterwards. In the early morning he came into my room and awoke me. "François," said he, "I count upon you for to-day. I want to be done with it before the evening." I was dumfounded. Then he added, "I will sign you an order for 1,800 francs, which you can get from any notary at Carpentras."

J.—This sum of 1,800 francs decided you?

P.—It did. I went out and bought a sixty-centime sheet of stamped paper, on which to draw up the order, and Blanchard immediately signed it. After that we went down towards La Joliette to take the steam tramway; and, while we were waiting, we went into a neighbouring café, where my friend made me drink several glasses of peppermint. Then he gave me twelve sous to go and buy a knife in the bazaar.

Next we took the tramway, and Blanchard said, "Smoke a lot. Keep on smoking; it will make you giddy." When we arrived at the station of l'Estaque, we again entered a café, where I had to drink four or five absinthes.

We then set out to walk, and, after a while, Blanchard suddenly stopped, and said to me, "This seems a good spot: we shall do well here."

Upon this we went down under the bridge which crosses the road, where my companion undressed himself and bandaged his eyes.

J.—Did Blanchard lie down on the stone of his own accord?

P.—Yes, Monsieur.

J.—How many blows did you give?

P.—Four. While we were walking along he enjoined me to strike him frequently. "Hit me several times," he kept on repeating, "so that I may not suffer much. Hit me, for choice, on the temples, or on the cartoid artery: it will make death easier."

J.—You did not fail to follow his advice. Your hand struck with a dexterity that a professional assassin might envy. Did Blanchard die quickly?

P.—Yes; he merely raised himself up a little, and gave a sigh, that was all!

J.—What did you do next?

P.—There was a little blood on the tips of my fingers. I went to wash myself in the sea, which was about 300 metres off.

J.—Did you return at once to l'Estaque?

P.—Of course I did. I went to a gallery, and had a few shots—to amuse myself.

J.—And have you felt no remorse—no terror?

P.—Yes; just a little!

The jury having declared that Berthollier "acted without discernment" he was acquitted; but the Court, nevertheless, decided that he should be shut up in a house of correction till the age of twenty years.

Further particulars regarding the two actors in this lugubrious drama would be of great interest from a scientific point of view. Suicide under these conditions must be extremely rare. We can scarcely conceive it possible that a man should be able to take steps in cold blood for putting an end to himself, and yet lack the courage to do the deed with his own hand. In this case there is no similarity whatever with the comparatively frequent double suicides, where a man kills himself after having first taken the life of a woman who was a willing victim.

We once heard a story of a woman who, in the hopes of strangulation, persuaded another to push with all her might against a door behind which she, the persuader, had carefully fitted her own neck; but here both the *dramatis personæ* were inmates of a lunatic asylum, and the pusher was a hopeless idiot.

What is to be said regarding the moral condition of the youth of sixteen who became a suicider in such a light-hearted manner, without seeming to realise the nature of the crime he committed? Had he done the act out of complaisance, he might plead kind-heartedness and a desire to render service to a fellow-creature; but the sum of 1,800 francs, which so easily turned the scale, puts an entirely different complexion on the matter. We doubt very much whether, under an English jury, this boy murderer would have escaped so easily.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 62. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

SHOOTING TO KILL.

BY

"VOLUSIA."

Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

SOME years ago I crossed the ocean from New York to Liverpool, and, as is usual after a few days out, we in the saloon got pretty friendly with each other.

I made the particular acquaintance of a man of about thirty-five years of age, whose name was Compton. Tall, thin, deeply bronzed, he looked like one who had seen some knocking about; but anyone could see, with half an eye, the unmistakable imprint of a gentleman.

He was returning home to England after twelve years absence, during which he had made his "pile" in silver mine prospecting.

Looking into his berth one morning just after breakfast, I found him busy cleaning a Winchester magazine rifle. Always fond of firearms, I examined the weapon with care, and we fell to talking about various shooting episodes.

"By-the-bye," said he, "there is a story connected with that rifle which I think will interest you, and, if you care to hear it, we will go on deck, and smoke a cigar while I tell it to you."

Of course, I was only too glad, and I will give the story in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them.

"About four years ago, having lent some money on the security of a cattle ranch in Wyoming—far out West, you know—circumstances arose which compelled me to go to the property and remain there some months. My visit was of a character calculated to rather prejudice me in the eyes of the little colony of cowboys and farmers in the neighbourhood, inasmuch as it was connected with money difficulties concerning my mortgage.

"I found the proprietor by no means a prepossessing sort of a man, but he did his best to be civil to me, seeing, no doubt, that it was policy to be so, and as, also, I had so far been very lenient with him.

"Amongst the hands, and more or less in the position of an under boss, was a fellow called Crockford, a tall, heavy man, who from the very first showed me marked incivility, and whom I instinctively felt would do me harm if he could. His record was decidedly bad, and not long before that time, in another neighbourhood, he had only escaped lynching for horse-thieving by flight; in fact, he was notoriously a 'tough' all round.

"Every man about the neighbourhood carried a heavy revolver, and mostly a Winchester as well. I deemed it best, as a matter of policy, not to carry any firearms at all. Even amongst those men a rough code of honour prevailed, and it was deemed 'bad form' to draw on a man who hadn't a gun. Again, I was a very bad shot with the revolver—a fault which I have since then rectified. I may say, however, that I was a rather good rifle shot, but, up to that time, oddly enough, I had never used a Winchester. All these men shoot well, some of them marvellously well, and this fellow Crockford, although not reckoned anything wonderful, could riddle a powder canister with all six barrels of his revolver at thirty yards, and, of course, do much better with the rifle. At two hundred yards he could put almost every bullet into the crown of your hat.

"Well, I had been at the place about a month when I slipped down to the store one Saturday afternoon, partly to buy some things I wanted and partly to have a chat with Dalziel, a very intelligent Scotchman, who kept the establishment. Out West, as you may know, the store is a place for the sale of everything, and also a sort of rendezvous for the 'boys' around the neighhood when they have any spare time. I had made my purchases, and had been chatting with Dalziel a few minutes, when in came seven or eight of the cowboys, with Crockford amongst them.

"The man was in a ferocious humour, that was perfectly evident from his countenance, and we soon learnt, from the boisterous chaff of which he was the victim,

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that he had, for a wager of drinks round, backed himself to ride a particularly ugly-tempered colt over an awkward jump, and had got a 'cropper' for his pains.

"Calling for the liquors, he rudely brushed past me to the counter, and contrived to upset my drink in doing so. I said nothing at all to him, but called for another glass. The banter, which had been loud up to the moment, died away, as everyone saw that Crockford had tried to insult me.

"After an awkward silence, he turned to old Mottram, the veteran of the party, and said—

"'Some people's mighty meek and forgivin'-like; ought to be angels, I guess—yes! and may be, sooner than they reckon on, too. Say, mister,' he continued, turning to me, 'how long do you intend staying round these here parts? Take my advice, and git, and git quick; 'tain't healthy fur you!'

"'I am going to stay about four months,' I replied, quietly; 'but, if necessary, I will stay four years. When I *am* ready to go, however, do you think you could sell me a horse to ride away on?'

"A burst of laughter greeted this allusion to Crockford's former horse-stealing exploits, and, without an instant's pause he flung his tumbler of whisky full in my face. Expecting something of the kind, I flew from my chair, and, being within a yard of him, I struck him a heavy blow on the mouth. He reeled back, and, catching a seat with his leg, he fell to the floor. He was on his feet in a second, revolver in hand, and I was sure that my last minute had come, and so it would have had not Dalziel seized his arm, and, by a wrench, tore the weapon from his grasp. Only just in time, too, as a bullet flew past me and buried itself in the woodwork.

"'For shame, Crockey,' said Mottram; 'you know that the stranger don't carry no gun. Would have been murder; yes, an' me an' the rest of the boys would hev let you know of it, too.' A murmur of assent warned Crockford that he had transgressed the unwritten laws of frontier life. The man was deadly pale with passion, and, save where some blood-stains on the lips showed the severity of the blow, all traces of colour had left his usually ruddy face.

"'Boys,' he said, with an effort, 'I did wrong to draw my gun, and I acknowledge it; but,' turning to me, 'the earth ain't big enough for us two, by G——. You must fight me, or I will shoot you dead on sight!'

"I suppose I ought to have declined, but I didn't. I was fighting mad, and longed to punish the ruffian, even at the imminent risk of my own life; so I said—

"'I will fight you, and fight you now; but, mark you, we will fight on something like equal terms. With revolvers I should be nothing but a victim to your skill; so, as I am entitled to the choice of weapons, we will use Winchesters, for, although I never fired one in my life, I can use the rifle better than the revolver.'

"A dead quiet fell on the group as Crockford nodded his head in token of assent. I had, as I knew, chosen the deadliest style of duelling in force out there.

"Old Mottram broke the silen e by saying 'It seems, boys, that this affair must go on. Crockey, hev ye yer weapon here?'

"'No, but I will soon bring it,' was the response, as he turned and walked out of the store.

"I had now about an hour at my disposal, and, taking Dalziel aside, I asked him to be my second, which he acceded to. I gave him all the money I had on me, some six hundred dollars, and told him that, if I should be killed, he was to bury me decently, and that he might keep any balance left over. Then, on a sheet of note-paper, I wrote a brief will, disposing of my interests in certain concerns.

"I did not waste any time in thinking of my poor mother, my sisters, or any dearer one than all. The fact was that I hadn't any sweetheart or relations of any kind, save and except my dear old dad, and well I knew that he, a major under the flag of old England, would have rather helped to bury me with his own hands than that his son should turn tail in such a case. Neither was I disturbed in my mind about what respectable old ladies (of both sexes) would call the awful responsibility which must rest on me if I killed this man. No, sir! I just meant to drill as many and as deadly holes in his rascally carcass as good fortune and my skill could together effect. Brutal, no doubt, you will say! Perhaps it was; but I was going to shoot to kill, for all that, for if ever a man meant bloodshed in this world, Bill Crockford meant it when he went out of that store.

"What I *did* think of, however, was how to increase my chances of success, as I certainly did not want to be killed, or even wounded; so I mentally laid down a plan of campaign, or method of operation, as it were.

"There was still about half an hour before my adversary could get back, so Dalziel proposed my having a few shots, to get used to the Winchester which I was to use. About two hundred yards away stood an old shanty, empty and tumble-down. On this Dalziel stuck the white lid of a box, offering a plain mark of, perhaps, twelve inches square. I took the rifle, and, after firing two shots for direction and elevation, I walked over to see how I had got on, then came back and resumed firing. When I had got through three-and-twenty cartridges, we all—that is, the rest of the men in the store, with Dalziel and myself—walked over to the target.

"'Great Scott!' exclaimed old Mottram. 'Why, there ain't a single bullet within five feet of that box-lid. You ain't got no show at all agin Crocky, Mr. Compton, an', if I was you, I'd up and apologise.'

"'I thank you for your advice,' I replied; 'I believe I have more chance than you fancy; but, if I had none, this affair would have to go on; unless, indeed, your man should beg my pardon for throwing his glass in my face.'

"'There ain't much chance of that, I fear. He's dead set on shooting yer, sir; but I wish there was some way of stoppin' this affair. It seems onreasonable that you should meet a man sich a tremenjous lot better ner yourself, when your life will most likely hev to pay the stake.'

"Crockford soon arrived at the store, bringing his rifle with him; and, of course, a whisper or two from his friends made him acquainted with the results of my target practice. Dalziel made a last attempt to prevent a meeting, and addressed Crockford upon the evil of carrying this affair to a termination, which must almost inevitably result fatally for one if not for both of us.

"'There ain't no particular reason for fi'tin', if he will appolergise fer strikin' that blow; but he's got ter do it, and got ter do it humble, too, or else let him git hold of his rifle. I won't say no more.'

"I impatiently waved to Dalziel to desist, and signed to Mottram to proceed with the necessary preliminaries. Taking the two rifles from our hands, he pressed, one by one, into the magazines of each of them, seven cartridges.

"'Now,' said he, when this was done, 'you, Crockford, are well posted as to how these affairs are managed here; but, for fear that you' (turning to me) 'may not be so well acquainted with them, I will tell yer the conditions. These two rifles will be laid down on the middle of the road where it goes over the plain in a straight line; they will be placed about two hundred yards apart, and you will stand each beside his gun. We—that is, Dalziel and myself—will stand on the little hillock about half-way between you, and to one side. When I throw my hat up, you are each at liberty to get your gun and make the best use of it again one another. You may stand and fire, kneel and fire, or lay down and fire, as you please. You kin run in on one another, or, if either of you chooses, he kin run back—ther's plenty of road, too. Each of you has about fifty miles of straight travellin' behind him, ef he don't like the look of things in front; but neither of you must leave the road, and the seven shots in each of your guns must decide the affair, hit or miss. Mind, if these conditions are broken by either men, me and Dalziel are here to see fair play, and we have guns, and will use them too.' Without another word we all left the store, and the two seconds, placing the rifles on the road, beside Crockford and myself, retired to the little hillock to give the signal.

HE WAS ON HIS FEET IN A SECOND.

"I, perhaps, ought to give you a description of my feelings at that moment; but, really, I can hardly do so, nor do I remember any very predominant emotion, save that I felt a sort of stony calm, mixed with a strong desire to draw bead on that figure standing quietly beside his weapon some two hundred yards away.

"As I before told you, I had laid down my method of proceeding, and the basis of it was to remain on the defensive, for I felt sure that Crockford, despising my abilities with the Winchester, would advance upon me, nor was I at all mistaken. Directly the signal was given, he seized his rifle, and, almost instantly discharging a shot, which passed within a foot of me, he started on a zigzag run towards me. Meanwhile, I had gone down flat on the road, bringing my rifle to bear upon him, and, getting sight after he had run in perhaps fifty yards, I fired my first shot.

"I shot primarily to stop him, of course, if I could, but also with the intention of throwing a thin cloud of smoke immediately in front of me, beneath which I could again take sight. The day was still, bright, and warm, and, far along the road behind Crockford, a little white puff of dust told me that I had missed my man. Jerking the lever of the rifle forward and back to its place again, I had my second shot ready for delivery. This time I waited, judging that, when he came to a stop, either to lie down or stand, I should have the best chance I was likely to get; but still my rifle muzzle followed his every movement. On he came, till less than one hundred yards separated us. Dropping on to his hands and knees, he was just reaching the prone position, when, once more, my rifle rang out. This time I did not see the puff of dust betokening a miss; but I had no time to speculate about results. Hugging the ground closely, I jerked the empty cartridge out, and got another into its place. Zip came a bullet not three inches from my cheek, and again, as I brought my gun up, another struck the road almost straight in front of me, and tore its way through the cloth of my coat on the arm. This shot nearly blinded me, and rendered it impossible for me to return the fire effectively for the dust, and so, I might say, for the next two, as, both being in front, and, fortunately, a little to one side, I absolutely could not see even the end of my own rifle. In a few seconds the dust was cleared sufficiently to allow me to dimly sight my opponent; my finger had almost pressed the trigger when, somehow or another, I seemed to feel that I need not shoot. There was no motion about my adversary, nor was his face visible, and, even at that distance, I could see that his rifle was not in position, but was grasped in his right hand, wide out from his body. I kept my rifle on him, hesitating what to do. He still had two shots in his magazine, and I had a right to fire on him, and make certain; but still, as I say, I hesitated. As I did so, Mottram waved to me to hold my fire, and, leaving their position on the hill, the two seconds ran hastily to the silent figure in front of me. A wave of the hand released me from

suspense, and informed me that the duel was over. On reaching Crockford I found him insensible from pain and loss of blood. My second shot had struck him fair on the left shoulder, shattering the bone at the joint in a terrible manner, and flooding the road with blood. Even then the man had, before insensibility set in, managed, goodness knows how, to send those four bullets in rapid succession, any one of which, had it been three inches truer, would have either killed or badly wounded me. We got him to the store, and Dalziel, who possessed some surgical skill, managed to stanch the flowing blood, and, in a day or two, he was pronounced out of any absolute danger of his life. Recover he did, although it was three months before he could leave his berth. As the Ranch had passed into my hands during that time, I saw that he was properly attended to; but, when he was able to travel, I directed that he be paid up all wages, and given an extra fifty dollars, but discharged from the employ. You see, my life felt very unsafe while he was within forty miles. I heard that he ultimately recovered the use of his arm, but it was a long time before it was anything like sound.

THE DUEL WAS OVER.

"Little more remains to be told, excepting that I gave Dalziel a hundred dollars for that Winchester, as a souvenir of the affair."

"But, Mr. Compton," said I, "how on earth did you manage to make such a good shot at your man on your second attempt, when, as you pointed out, you shot so badly at the box-lid? Was it simply a fluke?"

Compton looked at me rather curiously, and said—

"I notice that you sometimes play at whist, but I don't perceive that you let the adversaries see your hand. It is true that I was never within five feet of the box-lid; but then, you see, I never shot *at* that lid at all. I aimed at a dozen different parts of the shanty—knots, blotches on the wood, etc., but never at the lid. Knowing what I was shooting at I was satisfied, because all my shots were within six to ten inches of where I aimed them, and of course the others thought I was blazing away at the lid all the time; though, mind, I never said so, and Crockford naturally got the impression that I was a very bad shot from what the others had told him. I rather expected the result would be that way, and it was unlucky for Crockford.

"Supposing we have a drink now. I can never think of those infernal bullets whizzing past me without feeling a certain dryness in the throat and mouth. Upon my soul, the remembrance makes my flesh creep more now than it did at the time; but, you know, I was fighting mad then, and was 'shooting to kill.'"

THE MARRIAGE LOTTERY.

First Voice. I hear you hold some wondrous views on the marriage question; will you kindly enlighten me?

Second Voice. With pleasure. My idea is this: to give every man and woman two chances of happiness in married life. Two I consider ample, as, if after one unfortunate experience people were so foolish as to choose badly again, it would really be their own fault. Even then, I think, I would give them the alternative of living alone.

As the law now stands, a young girl, with no experience of men, and ignorant of what is before her, has to choose a mate for life! Now, the man who would fascinate a young girl is perhaps the last one whom she would accept when older and wiser. While fresh from the schoolroom she thinks it would be "*so* unromantic" to be engaged to a man who did not resemble a hero of a three-volume novel—so chooses a handsome face with no brains behind it, and suffers for her mistake lifelong. The middle-aged woman knows that the steady little man, all good heart and no good looks, would be the one "for wear."

In the same way, a man marries a girl for her looks, to find, too late, that these soon disappear, leaving only selfishness and bad temper behind them.

First Voice. But what about the children?

Second Voice. This is really a simpler question than might at first appear. I should certainly let the mother keep the children, unless she could be proved unfit for their charge, for she it is who has the pain and trouble of them. A divorced father should be obliged to pay so much per head to the mother for his children's maintenance.

First Voice. What, then, do you consider the special advantages of your system over that now in vogue?

Second Voice. In every way I consider mine the best. Marriage would then be more like an engagement, and the couples, instead of growing careless of each other's feelings, would remain lovers, knowing they were only on probation, as it were, and married people would not be forced to seek for romance outside their own homes.

Owing to this constant practice of being on best behaviour, character would improve, and most of the first marriages remain permanent and happy. People would be proud of keeping true to their first choice, instead of chafing against the fetters which bind them for life to someone who, feeling quite sure of them, does not trouble to treat them with any consideration or courtesy.

AT THE THEATRE.

By Forain.

The Banker (*to susceptible young friend, about to make warm advances to Miss X.*): Hold yourself in, my dear fellow. I've just had private intelligence that her father's in Queer Street.

THE FAUNTLEROY BOY.

Allegiance to The Unquestionable may be as good as it is popular; and I maintain that much depends upon what is included in The Unquestionable. It has always included Political Economy, Shakespeare, Bradshaw's Time-Table, Medical Advice, *The Times*, and All the Royal Family. I am not angry with that; on the contrary, I like it, although I have sometimes wondered what they used for the purposes of unthinking assent, before these things arrived. But I see that The Unquestionable is daily enlarging its borders; we are putting things into that category about which at one time we used to reason. Before it is too late—before he is finally enshrined—I wish to protest against the admission of the Fauntleroy Boy into the category of The Unquestionable. Before we say definitely that this is the final nicest, highest, holiest type of Boy, and that none other is genuine, I feel sure that we ought to stop and think. It is a real, imminent danger. Ever since we became acquainted with the character of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the type has been repeated and repeated over and over again. I would not presume to condemn that type; I would only question it. Our ideals should be improbable, but not impossible. I would ask the fathers of sons if they are able to keep their boys up to the Fauntleroy level, or anywhere near it.

Take the case of my nephew, Richard. He is in a preparatory school and this is the way he writes home:—

"I was put on but only two overs, Phelps no-balled me I was not shying but I have had several quarrils with him and so he did it afterwards I hit him in his stumuck

he has more pocket-money than me and the subs come to more than usual this term it is one and six more—if you would rather I did not lose by it because I do not settle how much it will be and you are looked down on here if you do not go in for it."

What is to be done in a case like that? Did the original Fauntleroy hit an umpire in the stomach? No. Did he find himself perpetually in want of money? No, certainly not. He wore—when I saw him on the stage—yellow curls, very long, a pale blue silk sash, and a black velvet suit. I dare not dress Richard like that; I dare not even introduce to him another boy who was dressed like that. It is a very pretty dress, but I do not want to be censured by the jury at a coroner's inquest. Public life has no attractions for me. Then again Richard has a mother; he has for her a blind unconscious natural affection; it is not ostentatious but you can depend upon it. As his mother happens to be his mother Richard *calls* her his mother—there is nothing subtle about Richard. He does not say "Dearest," or "Darlingest," or "Light of my Soul," or allow himself to be indebted in any way to the vocabulary of a romantic grocer's apprentice addressing his *inamorata*. And it would be exceedingly difficult to persuade Richard to exchange natural affection (which he does not know that he has) for an inexpensive, treacly, Demarara sentimentality; and if the exchange were effected the only person who would loathe it more than Richard would be Richard's mother. Again, Richard has no turn for affairs; he could not tidy up a family quarrel. His grandfather is not—and never has been—an earl; but if that grandfather were an earl until he was tired, he would not use an infant to support his weight, when he could get a servant, and he would not allow Richard a chance to play the fool with uncertain-tempered dogs, and he would not allow Richard to say two words on certain subjects. Consequently, the boy has no chance. He did once interfere in a question of affairs; he gave definite orders to the gardener for the construction of a canal through the centre of the lawn, to be supplied from the tap in the scullery. "Did your paw saye you were to tell me that?" asked the gardener. "No," said Richard, but explained that his father did not have time to think about everything. The gardener did not think that it was worth while to risk twenty-four shillings a week and his dinner by obeying these instructions. But—supposing that Richard had had his own way—would it have smoothed over a family difference? On the contrary, it would have created a family difference, and Richard would have been one of the persons differing. At least, so I should judge. Personally, I am a plain hard man, and if a boy of mine dug a canal through my lawn, I would whip him to a froth, as they say in the cookery-books. One does not whip the Fauntleroy type; if you are feeling very harsh, you may forgive them, and even then it takes slow music, and you feel a beast for your presumption. That is my argument; if you are going to make your boy into a Fauntleroy-Boy, you must place him with a set of people who will treat him according to the books. I could not do that; I believe in the justice, utility and necessity of the common spank. It would be no good to turn the Fauntleroy-Boy loose in a crowd of ordinary ratepayers. He would only hurt himself.

It is the type that I call in question; the original Little Lord Fauntleroy was a splendid variation, not beyond criticism, but as a variation desirable. There is room for one Fauntleroy-Boy; there are enough extraordinary people to make up for him a suitable environment. But a perpetuation of the type would be deplorable. All Fauntleroy-Boys win all races; and consequently if all boys were Fauntleroy-Boys athletics would become uninteresting. Inactivity would set in everywhere, because each generation would be lost in the ecstacy inspired by the promise of the next. It is just possible, however, that the ecstacy would die out. For time tones down and mellows; the ordinary human boy is a common amusing pig with a taste for ginger beer and the high seas; toned down, he becomes a man and a good fellow. But the silk-sashed boy, however closely he was watched, would probably in after-life publish minor poems.

B. E. O. P.

HONEYMOON SOUVENIRS.

"I suppose," said a society woman to a writer, "that you have heard of the newest fad for brides? No, I don't mean bouquets of purple flowers, which I should hate to have anyone I cared for carry; they must be so unlucky, purple being emblematic of mourning, you know. I mean the bridal albums, which so many of this summer's fashionable brides are getting up to celebrate their honeymoons. I think the notion is charming, and a friend of mine has one that is lovely. She made every bit of it herself, including the cover. She paints very well in water colours, and that made it much easier to have the book pretty. For the cover she took two pieces of rough cardboard about nine inches square, and then she had quite a lot of heavy linen paper cut to the same size, with two holes through one side of it to put the pink ribbons through to tie it together. The bridegroom had a bunch of white carnations in his buttonhole during the ceremony, and these she painted in the centre of the upper cover, while over the rest she scattered the Catherine Mermet roses which composed her bouquet. The effect was simply lovely—very dainty.

"What did she have inside all this gorgeousness? Why, all sorts of souvenirs of the trip, of course. First there was a picture of the first hotel they stopped at, which she cut from the bill of fare, and a sketch of the picturesque old darkey who waited on them at the first meal they ate together as husband and wife. They took a country drive, and while out chanced upon a wandering photographer, who took a picture of them and their conveyance, and this was pasted in and framed with the blossoms of the wild hydrangea which they bought from a barefooted urchin on the road. The boy, as he stood with the great bunch of flowers in his hand, makes a cunning little sketch in the corner. Another page shows a sketch of a couple strolling, arm in arm, through a field of daisies, and a chain of these modest flowers frames the little picture. One page is given up to violets, some being pressed and tied up with little bows of the light-blue ribbon she wore on her dress when her husband brought them to her, and others were painted in. Photographs of all the pretty or interesting places they visited are used, with an occasional bill of fare or theatrical programme, each being accompanied by some memento of the occasion, either a flower, a ribbon, or a sketch depicting some little incident. Stems of raspberries, with their leaves, served as a reminder of an afternoon they had spent in an old-fashioned garden, and as the goldenrod was just out last week when they went home, they are to appear on the back of the cover. Just think what a delightful souvenir it makes to keep all your life."

—*Current Literature*.

Time is no doubt a great teacher; the pity is that he should have to kill his pupils.

Man is always proud to have cut his name somewhere or other—were it only on the bark of a tree. He is always astonished when he finds it no longer there.

If mind and intellect serve to distinguish men from each other, the human heart levels them. They weep in the fields the same as in the town, and they are the same tears. We are equal only in our griefs.

IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.*

READERS of Mr. Gissing's previous books know well the kind of people he likes best to write about. The dreary, commonplace lives of the lower middle class afford the novelist all the material he requires. His characters are unmistakably real, and, for the most part, painfully vulgar. But from the first few lines of the first volume the author forces us to take an interest in their doings, their petty meannesses, their everyday troubles. The plot seems of small importance in the book. We hardly get an inkling of it until the last few pages of the first volume—which, however, is certainly the most interesting of the three. It is because the scenes and characters have life in them that they are so interesting.

The following description of an evening in a Camberwell drawing-room is artistically exact in its details without being exaggerated :—

MR. GEORGE GISSING.

One of the guests, Mrs. Middlemist, was a stout, coarse, high-coloured woman, with fingers much bejewelled. Until a year or two ago she had adorned the private bar of a public-house kept by her husband; retired from this honourable post, she now devoted herself to society and the domestic virtues. The other guest, Mrs. Murch by name, proclaimed herself at a glance. Of less prosperous condition, though no less sumptuously arrayed, her face had a hungry, spiteful, leering expression, she spoke in a shrill, peevish tone, and wriggled nervously on her chair. In eleven years of married life, Mrs. Murch had borne six children, all of whom died before they were six months old. She lived apart from her husband, who had something to do with the manufacture of an infants' food.

Fanny was requested to sing. She sat down at the piano, rattled a prelude, and gave forth an echo of the music-halls—

"It's all up with poor Tommy now,
I shall never more be happy, I vow,
It's just a week ago
Since my Sairey went away,
And it's all up with poor Tommy now."

Mrs. Middlemist, who prided herself upon serious vocal powers, remarked that comic singing should be confined to men.

"You haven't a bad voice, my dear, if you would only take pains with it. Now sing us 'For Ever and For Ever.'"

This song being the speaker's peculiar glory, she was, of course, requested to sing it herself, and after entreaty, consented. Her eyes turned upwards, her fat figure rolling from side to side, her mouth wide open, Mrs. Middlemist did full justice to the erotic passion of this great lyric—

"Perchawnce, if we 'ad never met,
We 'ad been spared this mad regret,
This hendless striving to forget—
For hever—hand—for he-e-e-ver!"

There are only two people in the story who really gain the reader's sympathy at all, and even they are not particularly loveable. One is a hen-pecked husband, Arthur Peachey by name, who comes home one night and finds his house in an uproar. His wife has detected a servant in a petty theft, and is giving her in charge. Peachey is indignant, and much to his wife's astonishment, asserts his authority in the house. His two sisters-in-law, Beatrice and Fanny French, are enjoying the scene.

Peachey looked at his sisters-in-law, and in neither face perceived compassionate softening. . . . . Ada (his wife) reappeared hurriedly, clad for going forth ; but no one had fetched a cab. Incensed, she ordered her husband to do so.

"Who are you speaking to?" he replied wrathfully. "I am not your servant."

Fanny laughed. The policeman, professionally calm, averted a smiling face.

"It's nothing to me," said Mrs. Peachey. "I'm quite willing to walk. Come along, constable."

Her husband interposed.

"The girl doesn't go from my home until she's properly dressed."

They wait down in the hall, while the wretched girl goes upstairs to put on her things—and cut her throat. A baby boy is sleeping in the room.

"It'll be attempted suicide, now, as well as stealing," cried Ada.

Terrified by the crowd of noisy people, the child began to cry loudly. Peachey lifted him out of the cot, wrapped a blanket about him, and carried him down to his own bedroom.

He is soothing the child when his wife enters.

"I should think you'd better go and look after your dear Emma. As if I didn't know what's been going on! It's all come out, so you needn't tell me any lies. You've been giving her money. The other servants knew of it ; she confessed it herself. Oh, you're a nice sort of man, you are! Men of your sort are always good at preaching to other people. You've given her money—what does that mean? I suspected it all along. You wouldn't have her sent away ; oh, no! She was so good to the child—and so good to somebody else! A dirty servant! I'd choose some one better than that, if I was a man. How much has she cost you? As much, no doubt, as one of the swell women in Piccadilly Circus——"

Peachey turned upon her, the sweat beading on his ghastly face.

"Go!—out of this room—or by God I shall do something fearful! Out!"

She backed before him. He seized her by the shoulders, and flung her forth, then locked the door. From without she railed at him in the language of the gutter and the brothel. Presently her shouts were mingled with piercing shrieks; they came from the would-be suicide, who, restored to consciousness, was being carried down for removal in the cab. Peachey, looking and feeling like a man whom passion had brought within sight of murder, stopped his ears and huddled himself against the bedside. The child screamed in terror.

In the character of the heroine, Nancy Lord, there is a strange combination of love and selfishness, vulgarity and superficial refinement. One can hardly be sorry for her when she is in lifelong trouble ; it is all so much of her own making.

"In the Year of Jubilee" is very easy reading. The sequence of events is so natural, and the effects are so fairly gained that we almost forget the work is fiction. It is a book that requires a careful perusal, for the minutest details—the details that stamp the scenes as real—do not escape Mr. Gissing's observant eye. He never tries to produce an effective contrast by dragging in a comedy scene into the middle of his drama ; there is no light and shade in this book—it is all shade. And at the end, however much we may deplore the fact that such people are in our midst, for Mr. Gissing's art there can only be the warmest praise and admiration.

W. P.

IN one of the finely-laid-out city cemeteries in the West, a rich citizen, who was a notorious sceptic and scoffer, had erected a massive mausoleum on what he was pleased grandiloquently to call "his ancestral plot," with a view to perpetuate his somewhat worthless memory. One day he met a worthy douce elder of the kirk—a devout, simple-minded man—coming away from the vicinity of the imposing mass of masonry ; and the infidel said :—

"Weel, Dauvit, ye've been up seein' that graund erection o' mine?"

"'Deed have I, sir."

"Gey strong place that, isn't it? It'll tak' a man a' his time to rise out o' yon at the Day o' Jeedgement."

"Hech, ma mon," said the elder, "ye can gie yersel' little fash aboot risin' fin that day comes. They'll tak' the boddom oot o't tae lat ye doon!"—*From* "The Humour of the Scot," *by J. Inglis.*

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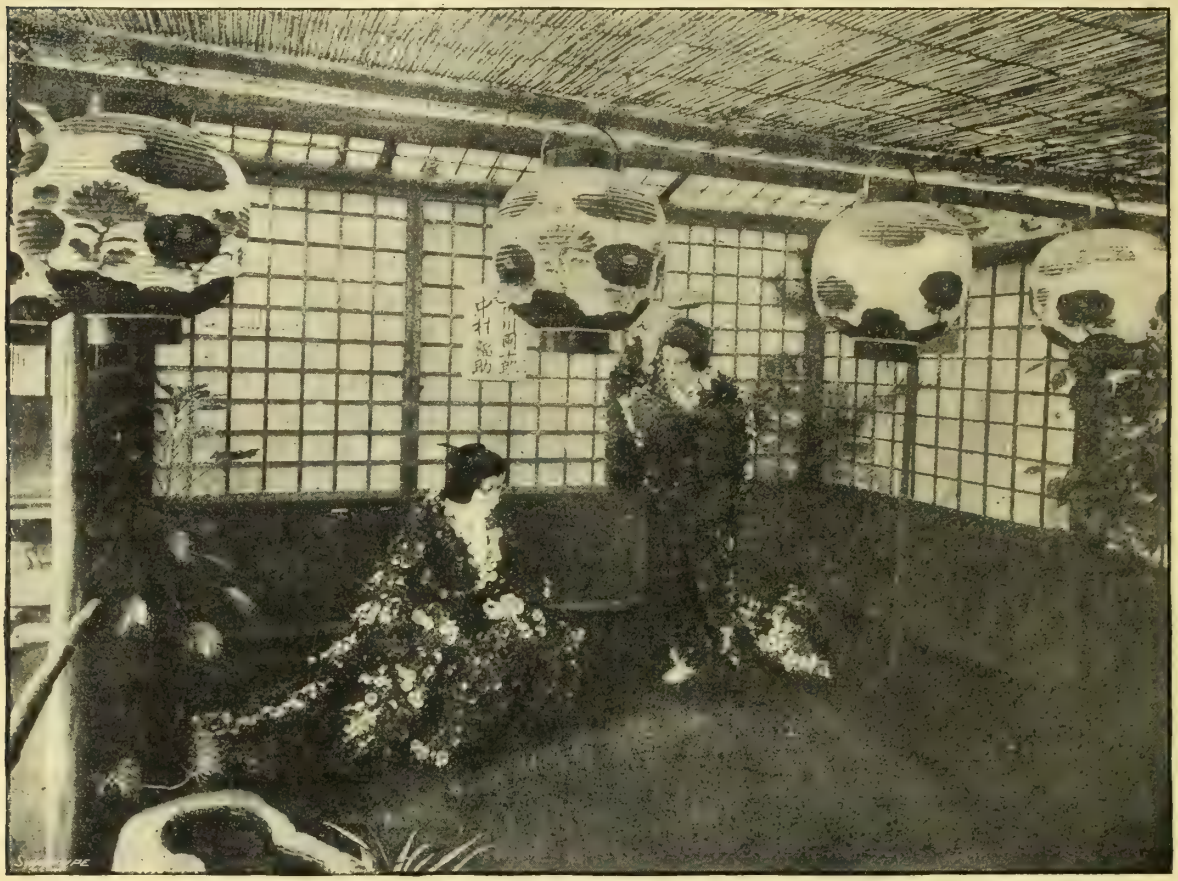
* "In the Year of Jubilee," by George Gissing. (Lawrence and Bullen. 3 vols., 31s. 6d.)

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—VII.



WAX MODELS, REPRESENTING A SCENE FROM A JAPANESE PLAY. THE FIGURES ARE ROBED IN LIVING CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WALKING-OUT COSTUME.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

(To be continued.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

CORNTENTMUNT is a wunnerful thing. 'Ankin ain't gort it, and I've 'eard 'im remawk frequent as 'e don't want it, seein' as 'e ain't gort nutthink ter he corntentid abart. But 'e 's mistook. As a rool, I'm thenkful ter sye I'm corntentid. Mind yer, I don't sye as I olwise goes abart my wuk with a Crischun smile o' resignition on my fice. I've 'ad my troubles, with the bloomin' jumpers, with the coppers, with artrijus femiles, and on'y laust week with a gent as were intoxercited shimeful an' worntid ter ride the 'ole threepennuth fur one French penny and a 'ipeny stamp. Ho, yus, it ain't all 'oney. But on the 'ole it might be a deal wuss. Tike the kise of a siler, fur eqsaumple. Nar, I worntid ter be a siler when I were a lad; I'd 'eard some song abart the foamin' billers, and I might 'a run awye ter sea, if my fawther 'adn't took an' strapped it art o'me. And I'm gled 'e did. Lawst week I read a bit in the pipers about the giles as they've 'ad in the Chennel. Theer were one steamer as were tryin' to git inter Calayse 'awbur, and along 'o the gile she missed 'er tip an' went ashore. Thinks I to myself, you're a bloomin' sight better horf on a 'bus nor you would be on any bloomin' ship. Giles don't hurt us; leastwise I've never 'eard of a 'bus as were trying tu mike Cherrin' Crorse, and gort druv into the Neshnul Gellery awscidentul. It's an astonishin' thing tu me whort little diff'runce the weather mikes to us. In course, theer is the undergrarnd rilewye; when it's fine the rats come art 'o the sewers, and when it's wet they goes beck agin, but it ain't nutthink perticler. It's my belief as the traffic o' the foochur will be pretty nigh all 'buses an' trams. Yer gits in wheer yer like, and yer gits art when yer like. Theer aint no bloomin' styshuns, and instead of yer 'avin' ter go ter the bookin'-orfus, the bookin'-orfus comes ter you. The jumpers is a noosance, and people 'ites 'em. A man wornts ter tike 'is tickut and 'ave done with it; 'e don't wornt ter be pullin' it art ev'ry five minutes ter show ter seme bloomin' jumper. But, 'arrever, I 'opes as one dye we shell see the end o' them jumpers. Whort I sye is, let the 'bus pye a fair price fer a fair dye's work. Put a figger on it. Then we gits a hinterest in whort we're doin', instead o' bein' a set o' jumper-reggylited machines, and a gent kin set comf'terbly withart bein' disturbed fur ter show 'is tickut.

* * * *

But if yer wornts anythink reverlooshnery, yer go ter 'Ankin. 'E's in fivur of the Stite ownin' the rilewyes, the trams, the 'buses, the gas-wuks, the water-wuks, and hall other sort o' wuks. "Gar'n!" I says tu 'im, "the more mawsters yur 'as the wus yer gits treated. If yer wuks fur one man, 'e mye think sutthink of yer; if yer wuks fur a comp'ny, the comp'ny thinks very little of yer; and, sim'lar, if yer wuk'd fur the Stite, the Stite wouldn't keer a—well, in the presunce o' lyedies—wouldn't keer a straw fur yer." Mind, I ain't stickin' up fur 'avin' gort the better of 'Ankin in a pint of awgyment; theer ain't no man livin' ken do thet; in fect I should like to see Lord Sorlsbry come darn ar wye an 'ave a bit of a turn up with 'Ankin. 'Ankin mikes yer corntradict yerself, and sye whort yer don't mean, and mean whort yer don't sye, an' wuks yer rarnd gradshal, till at lawst yer finds yerself ownin' up ter the very thing as yer'd stawted art ter disprove. But the unfortshnit thing abart 'Ankin is thet as soon as yer gits awye from 'im yer finds yerself thinkin' jest the sime as yer did afore 'e stawtid, and pyin' no more attenshing to 'is jaw nor as if 'e 'adn't ever spoke. Sime as a man I knowed, as were relidjus: 'e'd call 'isself a mis'ruble sinner when 'e were in church; but 'e'd knock any man over the kisser as called 'im the sime when 'e come art.

ISSUE OF £50,000 FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURES AGAINST UNCALLED CAPITAL AND OTHER ASSETS.

THE MACHINERY TRUST, Limited, will receive SUBSCRIPTIONS at par, for £50,000 (part of £220,000 authorised and ranking pari passu) of 5 per cent. Mortgage Debentures of £10 each, or any multiple of £10, payable as follows:—On Application £1, on Allotment £2, one month after allotment £3, two months after allotment £4. Per £10 Debenture.

Subscribers can prepay in full on allotment or at any subsequent date, and receive interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on all pre-payments. The interest is payable half-yearly on 30th June and 31st December in each year. These Debentures are repayable at par on the 30th day of June, 1901, or earlier at the option of the Directors, on giving three months' notice; but no Debenture can be redeemed earlier than the 30th of June, 1895.

The option of converting these Debentures into a like amount of Shares at par is given to every subscriber until 1st January, 1896.

A dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum was paid on 26th January, 1894 (to 31st December, 1893), and a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum on 29th September, 1894 (to 30th June, 1894), on the Share Capital called up; and at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on calls on Shares paid in advance.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

ERNEST T. JANSON, Esq., Banker, 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.
T. I. BIRKIN, Esq., J.P., D.L., Ruddington Grange, Nottingham.
HENRY J. NORMAN, Esq., 21, Cadogan-square, London, W.

DIRECTORS.

J. LAWRENCE (Dep. Chairman Linotype Co., Ltd.), Chairman.
A. MONTAGUE HAINES (Haines and Co.), 155, Fenchurch-street, E.C.
F. LEWES GOWER (Buckler, Norman and Gower), 11, Angel-court, E.C.
H. R. SCHMETTAU (Hays, Schmettau, and Ancrum), 31, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

BANKERS—BROWN, JANSON and Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, Lombard-street, E.C.

SOLICITORS—MINET, HARVIE, SMITH, and MAY, 4, King William-street, E.C.

AUDITORS—HERMAN LESCHER and Co., chartered accountants, 6, Clement's-lane, E.C.

SECRETARY—R. MILLMAN MACKAY.

OFFICES—16, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

THE MACHINERY TRUST, Limited.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The security to the holders of these Debentures consists of uncalled capital to the extent of £4 10s. per £5 Share (specially hypothecated for that purpose by the terms of a Deed of Trust dated 29th March, 1894), subject only to the amount of £5,010 received in advance of calls prior to the charge in favour of the Trustees as mentioned below. The Debentures are also charged as a floating security on the remaining property of the Trust.

Under the Trust Deed, the security for the present issue of £50,000 Debentures is uncalled capital, amounting to £65,158, of which £5,217 is now on deposit in the Trust's bank in the Trustees' names, having been paid in advance of calls, since the date of the execution of the Trust Deed.

The shares represented by this £65,158 of uncalled capital are held by 194 shareholders, a copy of whose names and addresses will be supplied to subscribers for Debentures on application.

The authorised capital of the Machinery Trust is £250,000, in 50,000 shares of £5 each, of which shares representing £77,965 have already been issued.

The Trust has already an annual income from rental of machines alone amounting to £8,800, which is constantly augmenting.

The Trust was formed for the purpose of enabling newspaper proprietors and printers generally to acquire machinery for their businesses on deferred terms, or on the rental system, commonly known as "hire-purchase." Operations have already assumed such important proportions as to call for the introduction of Debenture Capital to provide for an increasing and highly profitable business.

Under the sale contracts all machinery sold or hired remains the property of the Trust until payment has been received in full; consequently the floating capital of the Trust practically remains intact, and the risk of bad debts is reduced to a minimum.

The principal business of the Trust at present consists of the sale or hire to printers and newspaper-owners of Linotype Composing Machines.

THE MACHINERY TRUST, Limited.—To show the growing importance of this branch of business, the following statistics will be interesting—

The Gross Revenue of the Linotype Company (Limited)

For the year ending December 31st, 1892, was £11,135 14s. 11d.
" " " " 1893, " £29,361 11s. 8d.

And for the ten months of the year 1894 the number of printing establishments fitted with machines is already nearly double the same number at work on December 31st, 1893.

In the United States, where the Linotype Machine was first introduced, and had four years' start of Great Britain, the growth and volume of business can be gleaned from the following facts—

Year ending 30th Sept.	Revenue from Sales. £	Revenue from Rentals. £	Total Revenue. £
1892	9 800	24,200	34,000
1893	58,400	67,980	126,380
1894	122,000	105,940	227,940

It is noteworthy that the operations of this Trust are unlike those of Trusts which invest in the shares and other securities of undertakings beyond their own control. The Machinery Trust has tangible property (not liable to Stock Exchange fluctuations), which is readily saleable and is under the direct control and constant supervision of the Trust and its officers.

No promotion money was paid in the formation of the Trust. The original formation expenses, including furniture for offices, stamp duties, and fees and legal charges, only came to £350.

There are no founders' or preference shares.

A printed copy of the debenture trust deed and debenture form, printed reports of meetings of shareholders, and other information, will be furnished to subscribers for debentures on application to the Secretary.

Applications for Debentures, in the form enclosed with the Prospectus, and accompanied by the stipulated deposit, will be received by the Bankers to the Trust, Messrs. Brown, Janson, & Co., 32, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.

Copies of the full Prospectus can be obtained from the Trust's Bankers, or the Secretary.

Dated December 15th, 1894.

By order of the Board,
R. MILLMAN MACKAY, Secretary.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

It is very appropriate that the memorial evening for Robert Louis Stevenson, which constituted last Friday's "uncut leaves" in New York, should be under the presidency of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Sladen once called Mr. Stedman "the pivot of literary New York," and since the death of Lowell, the ex-millionaire poet is acknowledged by all Americans as their leading critic of *belles lettres*.

* * * *

St. John's Wood boasts a flourishing subscription library, conducted by a man who might be called the Quaritch of contemporary literature. A well-known critic catechised my rival the other day upon the subject of the vogue of our novelists among the readers of the garden suburb. Marie Corelli was first, and the rest nowhere. The success of "Barabbas" has been astonishing. As many as 30,000 copies have been sold in England, and Miss Corelli has made some thousand pounds by it.

* * * *

A Manchester paper has been finding fault with the "New Vagabonds" for not choosing a different name. As there are fifty out of the hundred "Old Vagabonds" in the reconstituted club they surely have an uncommonly good title to the name. It seems to me a mistake to say that the club is in the hands of the new humourists and others unfit to perpetuate the memory of its being founded by the friends of Philip Bourke Marston. Mr. Marston's two principal disciples in England at the present moment—Mr. Coulson Kernahan and Mr. William Sharp—are both members of the club, as are Mr. F. W. Robinson, Mr. H. Edwin Clarke, Dr. Todhunter, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Eric Mackay, and Mr. Moncure D. Conway; and one can hardly speak of Mr. Crockett or Mr. Stanley Weyman or Dr. Conan Doyle as "New Humourists."

* * * *

Talking of Dr. Doyle, a correspondent raises the question how many doctors there are writing *belles lettres* in England at the present. There is of course "Sherlock Holmes" himself, who never practises now, and never regarded his profession as anything but pot-boiling until he could live by what he felt to be his *metier*—literature; though there are plenty of people still left in Southsea who swear by him as a medico as well as the author of that great Hampshire epic "The White Company." Then there is Dr. J. Beattie Crozier, who received a literary pension last year, and who is now engaged in writing another important sociological work; and a Norwood doctor who collaborates with L. T. Meade, and is said to a fashionable physician with a large practise. As a bookseller, I do not know much about the matter, but perhaps some correspondent can favour me with a complete list.

* * * *

Several popular authoresses are wives of doctors. Helen Mathers is married to Dr. Reeves; Annie S. Swan is the wife of Dr. Burnett Smith; "Iota" is the wife of an Australian doctor named Caffyn; and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett of a doctor living in Washington, U.S.

* * * *

The name of the son-in-law of the late Professor Henry Morley, who will write his life, is the Rev. H. Shaen Solly.

* * * *

"The old order changeth, giving place to new." Last time Mr. Buckle came into my shop he told me that there was to be a serial in the *Times*—the weekly edition for the present. The first will be Mrs. M. E. Francis's new novel, "A Daughter of the Soil." How well I remember the greatest author of the day, who has been dead for a good many years now, bringing Mr. Buckle into my shop as a young New College man who had just won the prize poem at Oxford, and now he is the editor of "*The Thunderer.*"

* * * *

Why will people ride a fad to death? When Mr. Heinemann brought out his sumptuous "Life of Villiers de l'isle Adam," I thought the faint bronzing of its ribbed green cover charming; but since then there has been a murrain of tawdrier and tawdrier bronze-green covers, the last of which remind me of nothing but the bronze plaques sold in shops which have "everything in this window sixpence halfpenny."

* * * *

Am I to infer from the *Daily Chronicle* that Mr. Humphreys, of the famous Piccadilly bookselling house of Hatchard's, is going to publish the collection he has just made of writings in print and manuscript which bear on Napoleon's residence in St. Helena? If he contemplated doing so, I wonder if he knows that Mr. Douglas Sladen has three water-colour sketches of Napoleon, done in St. Helena in the year 1817, among the autographed portraits and sketches with which his little hall is packed to the ceiling?

* * * *

The Mr. Charles Lowe, whose "Alexander the III. of Russia" has been brought out with such wonderful promptness, was formerly the *Times'* correspondent in Berlin. His loss of that post led to the famous action of Lowe v. Walter a year or two back.

* * * *

When I was over in America I met Mr.—or does he call himself the Honourable?—P. F. Collier, who advertises in the leading literary papers that he can give our great authors more for their American rights than anyone else. It may be so, but over there Mr. Collier is principally known as the proprietor of *Once a Week*, a servant girl's newspaper which has achieved an immense circulation by the distribution of pirated English standard works among its annual subscribers. *Verbum sap.*

* * * *

I heard a capital *bon mot* the other day, credited to Alexandre Dumas. A friend asked him whom he considered the most happy of the Forty Immortals. "God bless me!" said Dumas, "there is no question about that. We 'Forty' are 'immortals,' but the secretary is permanent."

* * * *

If I am not very much mistaken, Miss Belloc, whose book on the De Goncourts is causing so much interest, is one of my most charming lady customers. As conversant with France as England, and speaking both languages with equal fluency, she is probably the best-known lady interviewer in the two countries. Among personal acquaintances she reckons Bernhardt, Cheret, Mounet-Sully, Zola, Rochefort, and in England her friends are legion. Her criticism on Zola's "Lourdes" was, to my thinking, the fairest and most scholarly on a much debated work.

* * * *

A correspondent has asked me to devote a small space at the foot of this column for private advertisements. Of course he means book advertisements. I am not much in favour of the idea myself. However, I should be glad to have other correspondents' opinions, and if the wish is general, I will accede to it.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tee See.—You might try "T-Leaves," and "More T. Leaves," by E. R. Turner.

W. G. M.—"Every Day Christian Life," by Archdeacon Farrar, would suit you.

C. R.—The price of the paper is one penny. It is published by W. H. Everett and Sons, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street.

R. C. C.—You have not been reading your To-Day properly. Your query was answered in No. 55.

J. M. (Dublin).—The edition you name is of no value.

Bonus.—If it contains all the plates, you might get ten shillings for it from a second-hand bookseller.

J. W. T.—They are worth about three shillings a year. Apply to Mr. J. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn.

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS will OPEN on THURSDAY, January 10th, and CLOSE on or before 4 o'clock, FRIDAY, January 11th, for LONDON, and Noon, SATURDAY, January 12th, for COUNTRY.

THE HOME AND COLONIAL STORES, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL . . . . . £1,000,000.

Divided into 100,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares and 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.

The Preference Shares rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares as to both capital and dividend.

The whole £500,000 of Ordinary Shares will be issued as fully paid up, and be taken by the Vendor Company in part payment of the purchase price.

Issue of the 100,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each (£500,000),

Of which 33,200 Shares (£166,000) have been subscribed by the Directors and their friends in cash at par, and will be allotted in full, and the balance of 66,800 Shares (£334,000) are now offered for subscription at par, payable as follows:—10s. on application, £2 10s. on allotment, and £2 on the 11th February, 1895.

The first Preference dividend for the half-year will be payable on the 1st July, 1895, and thereafter it is intended that the dividend shall be payable quarterly.

DIRECTORS.

W. CAPEL SLAUGHTER, *Chairman.*
SIR CHAS. E. G. PHILIPPS, BART.
G. G. FISHER, J.P.
A. C. WILLIAMS.
(The Directors of the Vendor Company.)

BANKERS.

PARR'S BANKING COMPANY & THE ALLIANCE BANK, LIMITED.
Bartholomew House, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

AUDITORS.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO.

BROKERS.

PANMURE GORDON, HILL & CO., Hatton Court, E.C.
PIM, VAUGHAN & CO., 1, Drapers' Gardens, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, E.C.

SECRETARY.

A. M. GILFILLAN.

OFFICES.

114, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Company has been formed for acquiring, carrying on, and extending the well-known business of The Home and Colonial Stores, which has experienced an uninterrupted and highly successful development since its establishment in 1888.

The business, which is carried on in Two hundred and thirty-seven (237) leasehold retail stores in London and various parts of the United Kingdom, consists in supplying the million with the necessaries of daily life of the best quality at the lowest prices.

The sales being entirely for cash, and no credit being given, the Company, while extending to its customers the advantages of the large discounts obtainable for cash, avoids all risks of bad debts.

The property to be acquired by the Company consists of:—

(A) The large and convenient leasehold premises at 114, Paul Street, Finsbury, consisting of the Central Offices and range of Warehouses where the business is conducted:

(B) Two hundred and thirty-seven Retail Stores (held on leases) in the best business centres of London and its suburbs and the principal towns in the United Kingdom. The fixtures and fittings alone in the above premises stand at cost in the Books of the Vendor Company at £94,638 2s. 3d., and have always been maintained equal to new out of revenue.

(C) The stock-in-trade at the Stores and Branches and in Warehouse, and which taken on the 29th December, 1894, at cost amounted to £212,762 3s. 7d.

(D) Cash at Stores, Branches, and in hands of Bankers at the same date £42,054 7s. 9d.

(E) The goodwill of the business and all property of every kind or description in connection therewith held by the Vendor Company on the 29th December, 1894.

The business will be taken over as from the 29th December, 1894. The Directors of the Vendor Company have agreed to act as Directors of this Company for five years, and the Heads of Departments and Managers will be retained by the New Company, thereby securing a continuity of the existing successful management.

The business is not a manufacturing one, but depends on the daily demands of an ever-increasing public, and is not liable to fall off with change of fashion. The stock is turned over many times a year, and the magnitude of the business and its recognised position enable its purchases to be made on the most favourable conditions and in the best and cheapest markets, while the annual increase of its turnover has been large and continuous.

Notwithstanding the general depression existing in all departments of trade during the past three years, the business has steadily grown and shown an interrupted and largely increased yearly profit.

Its capabilities of expansion in the future may be estimated by the growth of the profits realised during the last three years, as shown by the figures appearing in the following certificate of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co.:—

"To the Directors of the Home and Colonial Stores, Limited,

"GENTLEMEN,—We have, in accordance with your instructions, examined the books and accounts relating to the business carried on by The Home and Colonial Stores, Limited, at their Head Office, 114, Paul Street, Finsbury, and Branches, and find therefrom that, after deducting all the sums expended, for maintenance and repairs of premises, fixtures and fittings, but without making any allowance in respect of depreciation —for which, as certified by Mr. Willey, Architect, no provision, beyond the sums annually expended for maintenance, is, in his opinion, necessary— the net profits for the three years ended 31st December, 1892, 30th December, 1893, and 29th December, 1894, were as follows:—

"1892	£38,376	6	10
"1893	£58,217	5	0
"1894	£65,288	4	4

"LONDON, *5th January*, 1895." "(Signed) TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO.

As only £30,000 a year is required to provide the full dividend of 6 per cent. on the preference shares now issued, it is obvious that these shares constitute a safe home investment.

The certificate of Mr. Willey, referred to by Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co., is as follows:—

"33, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS,
"LONDON, E.C., *5th January*, 1895.

"I hereby certify that nearly the whole of the leasehold stores in the occupation of The Home and Colonial Stores, Limited, have been fitted up for the business of the Company under my supervision, and in a very excellent and careful manner.

"Many of them have again come under my care for renovation from time to time (especially where repairs of any magnitude were needed), and my instructions have been to maintain the business portions thereof in a thorough condition, both as to substantial and decorative repair, and this I accordingly did. From my experience thus acquired I consider that this is not a case which requires a provision for maintenance beyond an annual amount proportionate to that which has hitherto been expended for that purpose.

ROBERT WILLEY, F.R.I.B.A."

In addition to their general powers of creating a reserve fund, the directors have determined that before any dividend is paid upon the ordinary shares a sum equal to at least 10 per cent. of the net profits of each year shall be carried to reserve, and will be invested in first-class securities. Provision to this effect has been accordingly made in the Articles of Association of the Company.

The holders of preference shares will only be entitled to attend and vote at Extraordinary General Meetings of the Company in case their yearly dividend shall not have been paid, and in respect of any matter directly affecting their interest as against any other class of shares, or in respect of any proposed debenture issue; and it is provided by the Articles of Association that no debentures can be created to rank in front of this issue without the consent of three-fourths of the Preference Shareholders present in person or by proxy at a meeting of Preference Shareholders convened for the purpose.

All the Directors of the Company were the Directors of and are interested in the Vendor Company, and their remuneration has always been and will continue to be payable entirely out of and in proportion to profits.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendor Company at £775,000, payable as to £500,000 by the allotment of the ordinary shares of the Company, and as to £275,000 in cash.

The proceeds of the present issue will be applied as follows:—

£125,000 in paying off the whole debenture stock issue of the Vendor Company;

£275,000 in part payment of the purchase price as above, and the remaining

£100,000 will be left in the business of the New Company, and be invested in first-class securities until required from time to time for additional working capital and the further development of the business.

The current trade liabilities of the business existing on the 29th of December, 1894, and amounting to £157,428 6s. 11d., will be assumed and paid by the New Company in the ordinary course of business.

The business connections of the Company are extensive, and it is intended to make a liberal allotment of shares to applicants having trading relations with and to employes of the Company, thereby securing their direct interest in its increasing prosperity.

The favour with which preference shares of successful trading concerns are regarded by the investing public is shown by the present market quotations ruling for such investments, *e.g.*:—

Thomas Wallis 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each stand at 7¼, eq. £145 per £100.

Denny and Sons 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each stand at 13 5-8, eq. £136 5s. per £100.

Bucknall and Sons 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each stand at 7½, eq. £145 per £100.

Oakey and Sons 6 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each stand at 13¾, eq. £137 10s. per £100.

Waterlow and Sons 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each stand at 16, eq. £160 per £100.

The following Contract has been entered into, viz.: a Contract dated 7th January, 1895, and made between the Vendors, The Home and Colonial Stores, Limited (the Vendor Company), and James Toole, as Trustee for and on behalf of The Home and Colonial Stores, Limited (New Company), and this, together with copy of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors, 18, Austin Friars, E.C., by intending applicants for shares.

There are other Contracts relating to the preliminary expenses of the present Company and the subscription of its capital, but the obligation of these Contracts resting with the Vendors, applicants for shares shall be deemed to have notice of them, and to have waived further compliance with Section 38 of the Companies' Act, 1867, in respect thereof.

Application will be promptly made for a settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange for the Preference Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Company's Offices, 114, Paul Street, E.C., and of the Bankers and Brokers of the Company. Failure to pay on the due date any instalment in accordance herewith will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Applications for Shares should be made on the accompanying Form, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers.

LONDON, 114, PAUL STREET, FINSBURY,
January, 1895.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—Don't you think the costumes worn by Lady Edith Ward's bridesmaids were sweetly pretty? Pure white satin trimmed with Parma violets, and hats in velvet of the exact colour of the flowers, trimmed with feathers and violets, all in the same soft tint. Georgina Lady Dudley's excellent taste is apparent in these, as well as in the dress of the little pages, which were white satin, slashed with mauve, and trimmed with silver bullion. Their white satin cloaks were lined with violet velvet, and their white felt hats trimmed with ostrich plumes. Two of the bridesmaids were the nice-looking twin daughters of the Duchess of Manchester. Those children always seem to enjoy life very much, and to talk to one another as if they were only thinking aloud. The Prince of Wales's present to Lady Edith was a diamond and ruby brooch; and how lovely was Lord Wolverton's present to his bride of a pearl collar, consisting of eight rows, divided by three upright diamond clasps. It will look beautiful on her pretty neck. She is so tall, graceful, and poetic-looking, that pearls will suit her well.

The bride's lovely satin gown was in a beautiful tone of ivory-white, the skirt hemmed with orange-blossom and girdled with a long spray of the same, which hung down in long trails at the left side. A little costly point d'Alençon trimmed the neck, with large buttons made of orange-blossom. Her tulle veil was fastened on over a small diadem of orange-blossom.

The Prince of Wales gave the bridegroom a very uncommon pair of Russian claret-jugs, made of fluted glass, with a dolphin scaled with silver for handle, and lip on each. These were immensely admired as almost unique. With the Princess, he gave the bride a diamond and ruby brooch, also Russian.

The Duke and Duchess of York, together with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and the Princesses of Wales, gave a handsome diamond brooch on a bar, with birds' wings and large pearls at each end. A tiny watch, no bigger than a sixpence, set in pearls, was a present from the bride's uncle, Mr. Ronald Moncrieffe. Sir Horace Farquhar, who on the same day resigned celibacy after fifty years' trial of it, gave Lady Edith a handsome diamond and ruby bracelet. Lady Dudley's present to her only daughter, whom she will terribly miss, was a beautiful diamond tiara, which she can wear with a single-stone necklace of diamonds, worth £2,000 or so, given her by Lord Wolverton. He is not only very handsome, but looks thoroughly nice and kind; so they were an ideal couple on their wedding morn. Youth, beauty, birth, wealth, health, and happiness! What a glorious combination! May they enjoy them all for many a long year, before the glory fades into the light of common day.

The cheap sales are very absorbing. At Redfern's there were lovely things at prices so low that it is not to be wondered at that people came up from Brighton on purpose for this sale. Costumes, evening cloaks, smart capes, fur-trimmed coats, and some of the most useful and fascinating blouses and waistcoats, of which one can never have too many.

The newest muff is at this present moment sitting in Jay's window, and resembles nothing so much as a dumb-bell enlarged, and wearing silk accordeon-kilted frills over the raised portion at either end. These frills stand out very wide and broad, and are made of silk in a curious and uncommon shade of wood violet, the most fashionable colour of this season. The centre is in pansy velvet, a soft, deep purple like the evening sea under a sunset sky. The head of some furry animal is fastened upon the velvet, and looks out on the gazer with glittering, beady eyes.

One of the other novelties of the youthful year is a kind of horse-collar-shaped trimming for the neck. I

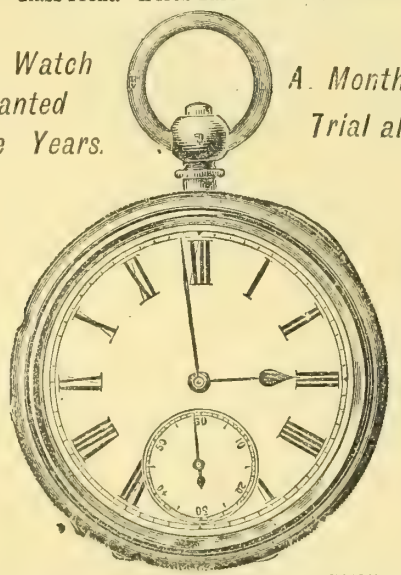
Successful Men

Of business will always be found punctual. We cannot undertake to endow every one with this admirable quality, but we do what is just as good, we help to its attainment by supplying a **really reliable** and serviceable Timekeeper, in a handsome and well-finished case, for a merely nominal price. Such are all our Watches, one of which, our **Sterling Silver "ACME" WATCH**, is illustrated.

GENTLEMAN'S WATCH.—Solid Sterling Silver Case. Three-quarter Plate Extra Jewelled Movement, Most Accurate Timekeepers, Crystal Glass Front. Worth Three Guineas, 25s.

Every Watch warranted for Five Years.

A Month's Free Trial allowed.



25/- For *Lady's or Gentleman's Size.*

H. SAMUEL'S PRICE: **25/-** *Worth 3 Guineas.*

FULL AMOUNT RETURNED IF DISSATISFIED.

The LADY'S "ACME" has richly engraved Sterling Silver Cases, and the Dial is elegantly tinted and ornamented, or plain white enamel, as preferred.

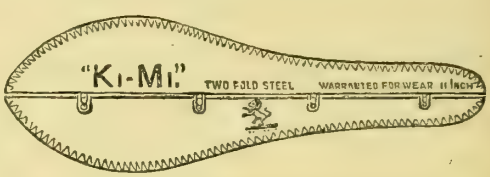
THESE WONDERFUL WATCHES are fully described and illustrated in our large Descriptive Catalogue, just published; containing hundreds of REMARKABLE LETTERS, and a thousand-and-one Wonderful Bargains in Gold and Silver Watches, from 12s. 6d.; Jewellery, Electro-Silver-Plate, Clocks, &c. Prices from 1s. All goods guaranteed and delivered free without extra charge. THIS INTERESTING BOOK will be sent to all intending purchasers gratis and post free. **Readers of "TO-DAY" effect a large saving by sending direct.**

H. SAMUEL, ENGLISH LEVER WATCH MANUFACTURER, AND DIAMOND MERCHANT,

97, 99, 101, 89, & 121, Market St., Manchester.

Also at ROCHDALE and BOLTON. *Telegrams*—"Accurate, Manchester."

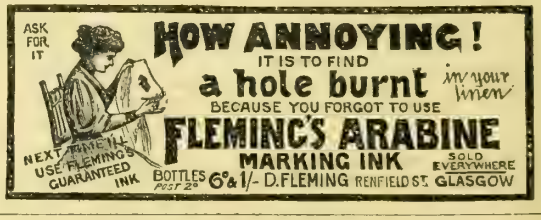
Every lady pleased WITH THE **"KI-MI" BUSK!** IN ALL SIZES From 11 to 13½ inches



Made of two-fold spring steel, **GUARANTEED UNBREAKABLE.** The edges are carefully bound so that steel cannot possibly cut through cloth. —To be had of all Drapers, price 6d. Ask for it. Sample Busk, post free seven stamps from Sole Makers, WALLACE and RITCHIE, Cochrane Street, Glasgow.

HEIGHT INCREASED

Three Inches without detection by PINET'S Boot and shoe Elevator (Patented).—Mons. PINET, L 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.



"I would give you some violets."—Shakespeare.

A CRÈME DE VIOLET

Is a pure and exquisite skin tonic, which cleanses the pores of all impurities, Nourishing and beautifying the skin. Preventing and removing all blemishes. Refreshing and soothing after the heat of the ball-room, or exposure to cold and biting winds. Suitable for the nursery and dressing room of both sexes. *It is absolutely pure and colourless.*

Of Chemists and Perfumers; price **1s.** and **2s. 6d.** see that the signature—LE FRERE ET CIE—is on the label; or sent direct, post free, in plain wrappers, 3d. extra from—

LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING. **MRS. GRABURN** 13, Bonchurch-road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

cannot think of any other way to describe it. The outline is exactly that of a horse-collar, and is defined with an irregularly pleated bias fold of serpent-green velvet, within which are similar folds of velvet in two shades of reddish mauve. The rest, with a space for the neck, was filled in with fine lace in a beautiful shade of deep cream colour. The large muff to match is composed of all these materials put together in the wonderful way that only Parisian fingers can command. The price of these two small articles is what Bob calls an "eye-opener." But, then, there is a style about such things that enables the wearer to feel that she is the observed of all, and the envied of many.

The new bonnets are mostly large in front, with high trimmings, and a sort of dishevelled air, like a turkey blown about by a strong wind. Do you like these wild-looking things? No, I know you don't. I love a neat head, like the dear Princess's. And apropos to neatness, I want to fall foul of some of the so-called "sable" boas, which look so fearfully frowsy where they touch the back hair. Some of them, though only a guinea, are real sables, but pulled out to the utmost stretching capacity of the skin, both as to length and width. Originally small and unimportant specimens, they are given imposing dimensions by this process, but lose all that close richness of furriness which is the best point in the skin of this precious little animal.

Hoping that the New Year may bring both you and me some pretty clothes,—I am, your affectionate sister,

SUZETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HUMBLE HOUSEWIFE.—I always recommend *good* tinned foods, but not cheap ones. How can anyone expect to buy for a few pence half a pound of reliable salmon when even at the cheapest this fish costs some fifteen pence a pound? Remember, there are all the expenses of cooking and tinning to be reckoned with in addition to the cost of the fish itself. Here is the menu of a dinner recently given in America at which all the dishes were tinned foods: Hare soup, salmon and green peas, curried fowl, asparagus, ox tongue, ham (whole and boneless, turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, beans, green corn, celery, plum-pudding and sauce, peeled apricots, figs, cheese, coffee.

ELLEN.—Dip your face in the water and then your hands, soap the hands well and pass them with gentle friction over the whole face. Having done this thoroughly dip the face in the water a second time and rinse it well. This is the right way to wash the face—there are several wrong ways—these are using the towel, the sponge, or the flannel as a means of conveying and applying the soap to the face, and also omitting the rinsing at the conclusion. As regards drying the face, a moderately soft and thick towel should be used; a very rough towel is not desirable, nor one of thin texture. With a very rough towel it is impossible to use friction, for its tenderest pressure may be enough to excoriate the skin; and a very soft towel is equally open to objection from its inadequacy to fulfil the obligation of friction during the process of drying. It must be borne in mind that in washing the face there are three objects to fulfil: to remove the dirt, to impart freshness, and to give tone and vigour to the skin.

MINCING MEEKNESS.—I have made inquiries about your pug, and find that as much as £30 has been given for a good specimen. According to Dr. Stables, the points of a pug are as follows: Mastiff colour; weight, about ten pounds; height, about fifteen inches; small, rounded, firm body; flat, round head; high forehead; short nose, not turned up; wrinkled brow; ears, thin, soft, small and black, lying close to the head; square jaw; eyes, full and protruding; straight legs; broad chest. In the male the tail generally curls to the right; female, left. The thumbmark on the forehead and the mole on each cheek are distinguishing traits.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

WALNUT CAKE.—Take a pint of carefully skinned walnuts and grind them in a nut-mill. Beat up the yolks of nine eggs, adding to them by degrees the ground nuts, and half a pound of Glebe sugar. This done, whisk the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, mix them in with the cake lightly, and bake it in one of the new perforated cake tins, well-buttered. Walnuts are now sold at 6d. per lb.

TYPE WRITERS, Second-hand, thoroughly perfect, at half makers' prices. Machines lent on hire, also bought or exchanged. Documents type-written.—N. TAYLOR, Manager, National Type-writer Exchange, 74, Chancery Lane, London. Telephone No. 6690.

The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS will be OPENED on TUESDAY, January 8th, and will be closed, both for TOWN and COUNTRY, at or before 4 p.m. on WEDNESDAY, January 9th, and for the Continent on THURSDAY MORNING, January 10th.

THE SOUTH-WEST AFRICA COMPANY, LIMITED.

—Incorporated under the Companies' Acts with Limited Liability.—Capital £500,000, in 500,000 Shares of £1 of which 215,184 are already issued.

200,000 SHARES are NOW OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION.

PAYABLE	2s. 6d.	on Application;
	7s. 6d.	on Allotment;
	5s.	on 1st April, 1895;
	5s.	on 1st July, 1895.
	£1 0s. 0d.	

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE CAWSTON, Esq., 19, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C. (Director of the British South Africa Co.), Chairman.
HIS EXCELLENCY M. VON BRANDT, Wiesbaden, late German Imperial Minister to China.
ADOLPH WOERMANN, Esq., Hamburg, DR. JULIUS SCHARLACH, Hamburg } Members of the Imperial Colonial Council of the German Empire, Berlin.
HENRY GALE, Esq., M.I.C.E., 44, Elvaston-place, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.
ADOLF GOERZ, Esq. (Managing Director of Messrs. Ad. Goerz and Co. (Limited) Berlin, London and Johannesburg).
EDMUND DAVIS, Esq., 27, Old Jewry, London, E.C.
C. WICHMANN, Esq. (Director of the Nobel-Dynamite Trust Co., Limited), London and Hamburg.
CAPTN. JAMES INMAN, Willoughby House, Sydenham.

BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK (Limited), 72, Lombard-street, London, E.C., and Branches.

CONSULTING CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MESSRS. SIR GEORGE B. BRUCE AND WHITE, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

CONSULTING MINING ENGINEER.

JOHN DARLINGTON, Esq., 25A, Old Broad-street, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

MESSRS. LINKLATER, HACKWOOD, ADDISON AND BROWN, 2, Bond-court, Walbrook, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

MESSRS. COOPER BROTHERS AND CO., 14, George-street, Mansion House, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

H. K. EVANS, Esq., 19, St. Swithin's-lane, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company was incorporated on the 18th August, 1892, to acquire the Damaraland Concession, by which important rights and privileges in the Protectorate of South-West Africa were granted by the Imperial German Government.

DAMARALAND CONCESSION.

Under the Concession the Company acquired—

1. The mineral rights over an area of about 14,000,000 acres, to be selected.
2. The right to select freehold land to the extent of about 3,000,000 acres.
3. The right to construct railways from the coast through the Northern portion of the Protectorate to the frontier of Bechuanaland, a distance of about 350 miles, and other extensive rights for the construction of railways. All these rights are coupled with eventual grants of a strip of land of about six miles in breadth on each side of the railways.

The concession contains other important privileges, and also specifies the conditions and qualifications subject to which the above rights are granted, and for the further information of intending shareholders a full copy of the concession, with protocol of 14th November, 1892, amending it, is enclosed.

TOTAL POSSESSIONS.

When the proposed arrangements are completed, the mineral and landed rights and interests of the Company should extend to about 30,000,000 acres and 20,000,000 acres respectively. Whilst the Company will thus enjoy valuable rights over this vast area, the civil and military administration of the country, and the expenditure entailed thereby, devolve upon the German Government.

The Directors consider that the Company has now passed through the initial stage of its career, and that the time has arrived for the active development of its territorial and mining rights and interests.

CAPITAL.

Cash capital of about £58,000 has been subscribed and paid up from time to time by the Directors and their friends. Further capital is now required for the attainment of the various objects of the Company, and the Directors have therefore resolved to make an issue of 200,000 shares, which, with the 16,900 shares to be issued under the contract of the 6th December, 1894, will bring up the total issued capital to the sum of £462,084.

Copies of Contracts, &c., can be seen by intending Subscribers at the offices of the Company.

Complete Prospectuses, containing copy of the Concession and of the Map, as well as the list of Contracts, may be had of the Bankers, &c., and at the Offices of the Company.

THE SOUTH WEST AFRICA COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL, £500,000, in Shares of £1 each.
ISSUE of 200,000 SHARES.

Payable	2s. 6d.	on Application;
	7s. 6d.	on Allotment;
	5s.	on April 1, 1895;
	5s.	on July 1, 1895.
	£1 0s. 0d.	

To the Directors.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being 2s. 6d. per Share upon.....Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I hereby request you to allot the same to me, and I agree to accept an allotment thereof (or of any less number) and to pay up the said Shares as above mentioned, and I authorise you to insert my name in the Register of Members in respect thereof, in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus.

Name (in full) .....
Address and description .....
.....
Dated ..... 1895.

IN THE CITY.

THE SOUTHERN AMALGAMATION.

In most of the comments upon the revision of fares consequent upon the working agreement between the London and Chatham, and South Eastern Railway Companies it is stated that the public anticipated as first fruit of this agreement a reduction of fares. We do not believe there was any such anticipation by the small section of the public who gave the matter consideration. One of the arguments against the working agreement was the probability that the public would be sufferers. If rancorous rivalry could not induce the two companies to give the public value for their money, what likelihood was there that with the Boards unchanged, save by the shelving of Sir Edward Watkin, the public would be better served when a working agreement came into operation? It is not as if it were an agreement between an enterprising, powerful and sagaciously managed company and a retrograde and less strong organisation. Then we might have reasonably expected that the policy of the more powerful would stamp itself upon the agreement. It is an agreement between two of the worst-managed lines in England agreed in this, if in nothing else—that the third-class passenger has no claim to comfort, speed, punctuality, and low fares.

The result is what should have been expected. The revision of fares means in the large majority of cases increase in fares. Upon the suburban lines controlled by these two companies the increase in third-class fares is very general and material, and first and second class travellers do not escape. For example, the first-class return ticket from Rochester has been raised from 6s. 9d. to 9s. 4d., the second-class from Catford from 10d. to 1s. As for any improvement in the service, it would be absurd to expect it whilst the present men control the policy of the two companies. The shareholders of the South Eastern may do something—a good deal—by electing Mr. Eddy to the chairmanship, but shareholders are indolent folk, and it is to Parliament we must look for redress. The House of Commons has not the power to fix passenger fares, but fortunately the indirect pressure it can exercise is sufficient. The South Eastern have a Bill in Parliament this year, and the Chatham Company's powers to run steamboats from Dover to Calais must also be renewed by Parliament if they are to continue after August. It will be for the House of Commons to refuse these new powers unless the companies concerned revise, in the interest of the travelling public, their recent revision of fares.

MR. BEGELHOLE.

We have received a letter from Mr. Begelhole answering our question, "By the way, why did Mr. Begelhole leave Bayley's Reward?" and criticising a statement made by Mr. A. F. Calvert, in the interview recently published by To-Day. The paragraphs of this letter which refer to Mr. Begelhole we give below. He writes:—

> In your issue of 29th December, in commenting on a report by me of a certain property, you wind up by asking, Why did I leave Bayley's Mine? If it is any interest to yourself or your readers I will tell you.
>
> First, it was in consequence of a personal quarrel with the local director.
>
> Secondly, because it was very much to my advantage financially to do so. In severing my connection with the Bayley Mine, so far as I am concerned, there is nothing that will not bear the broadest daylight, and the strictest scrutiny.

In this statement Mr. Begelhole implies, and in a personal interview with the present writer he stated, that the question put by To-Day was an improper one. Mr. Begelhole is mistaken. His modesty encourages him to forget that he is not a mere private individual. He is a man who has come to England claiming to be a great authority upon Coolgardie. In that capacity his reports upon numerous mining claims have been published, and upon his opinion of the value of such claims promoters have done their best to induce the British public to risk over a million of money. Upon every prospectus in which Mr. Begelhole's name appears the public are reminded that he was lately manager to Bayley's Reward Mine, until now the most prosperous of the Coolgardie mines. There can only be one object in making this statement, namely, to persuade the public either that it was Mr. Begelhole who discovered this valuable property, or that his mining capacity went far to make the yield what it has been. Under these circumstances, we opine that it is a proper and a pertinent question to ask Mr. Begelhole why he left the mine. That question does not imply that the reasons which led to his resignation are in any way a reflection upon his personal honour. He may have left because he differed from the managing director in the policy to be followed at the mine, and if that be so then the public, whose support and money he seeks to win on the ground of his exceptional and expert knowledge of Coolgardie, have the right to be made acquainted with the points at issue, that they may judge for themselves, if that be possible, how far time has justified Mr. Begelhole's views with respect to this particular property. It is for Mr. Begelhole to say whether he will give these particulars. Meantime, whilst we repeat that our question did not, and does not now, insinuate anything touching that gentleman's personal honour, we state as a fact that Mr. Sylvester Browne, the managing director of Bayley's Reward—the man who bought the claim and formed the company—telegraphed to the Board at Melbourne, requesting the Board to dispense with Mr. Begelhole's services, and, when the Board hesitated, forced it to this course by saying that under no circumstances would he consent to work longer with Mr. Begelhole.

Whilst we are upon the subject of Mr. Begelhole, it may be useful to give a few particulars of Coolgardie claims that in recent months have been sold to the British public upon Mr. Begelhole's recommendation. The list does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it is representative.

TWELVE PROPERTIES REPORTED UPON BY MR. BEGELHOLE.

Capital of Company.	Name of Company.	Present Market Prices.	Vendor's Price.		
			Cash.	Shares.	Total.
£			£	£	£
60,000	Cashman's ..	Partly paid shares ½ dis., fully paid share, no market.	25,000	20,000	45,000
90,000	Empress ..	Partly paid shares ¼ to ½ dis., fully paid shares no market.	15,000	60,000	75,000
50,000	Bayley's West	Partly paid shares ⅜ to ¼ dis., fully paid shares no market.	10,003	30,000	40,000
375,000	Associated, G. M.	Partly paid shares ¼ to ⅛ dis., fully paid shares no market.	135,000	190,000	325,000
40,000	Bayley's West Extended.	Not dealt in.	6,000	24,000	30,000
90,000	McCulloch ..	Not dealt in.	8,500	61,500	70,000
90,000	Golden Link	Not dealt in.	15,000	50,000	65,000
50,000	Mt. Charlotte	Not dealt in.	5,000	50,000	55,000
85,000	Great Coolgardie.	Not dealt in.	20,000	50,000	70,000
£930,000			£239,500	£535,500	£775,000
70,000	Kurnalpi ..	Issued, but no allotment.	32,000	32,000	55,000
55,000	Coolgardie (Aust.), G.M.	Issued, but no allotment.	10,000	30,000	40,000
25,000	Bayley's Extended.	Issued, but no allotment.	7,500	10,000	17,500
£150,000			£49,500	£63,000	£112,500

Here we have twelve properties issued with a total capital of £1,080,000, of which the vendors were to take £887,500, and £289,000 was to be in cash. All these properties were favourably reported upon by Mr. Begelhole. How do they stand to-day? The shares of four of them are at a big discount, the shares of five others are quite unsaleable, the remaining three were still-born. Of course, it does not necessarily follow that because shares are below par, or unsaleable, the property they represent is of no value. Mr. Begelhole may tell us that he had nothing to do with the capitalisation, but it is surely significant that the companies that availed themselves of Mr. Begelhole's reports are one and all of them thought badly of on the market.

We do not suggest that Mr. Begelhole's recommendation is ever a corrupt recommendation. We have read somewhere a statement of Mr. Begelhole's to the effect that he might have made much money by recommending claims he refused to recommend. We accept that statement, and we are content to assume that Mr. Begelhole has never written a line about a mining claim he did not believe to be true. Only if that be so his honour is saved at the expense of his head.

THE ORION (NEW) MINING COMPANY.

This company has just been reconstructed, and its capital has been increased to £160,000. This was done because the life of the mine was limited to three years, and now by taking in some

ground called "Mulder's Farm" its life is doubled. But a six years' life for a mine is a very short one indeed, and investors should be warned about it, as great efforts are being made to make a market for the scrip in Europe. In taking in Mulder's Farm a large piece of ground was overlooked. It consists of 150 claims on the extension and deep level. These are pegged off, and are in the hands of private parties. Before the Orion can be said to be in a satisfactory way for the future these claims will have to be taken in, and this will necessitate a fresh reconstruction, probably on the top of the reconstruction just effected. The ground of the Orion, as also that of the 150 claims, is unquestionably rich in gold, but like all the properties on what is called the Black Reef of Witwatersrand, it pays only when worked on a large scale.

MESSRS. NELSON AND CO.

In a recent issue we gave currency to the statement of a correspondent that the man who trades as Nelson and Co. opened a shop at Hull last year, and after keeping it open some months quietly closed it and left the town. We have since made inquiries at Hull, and we find that our correspondent misled us. Messrs. Nelson and Co. have changed their agent at Hull, but that is all. Under these circumstances, we withdraw our statement, and we regret that it appeared in our columns. We have done, and we intend to do, all in our power to put an end to this bond trick, which, if left alone, must utterly demoralise a great trade; but it is not our wish, or intention, to say anything that is unjust with respect to Messrs. Nelson and Co., or anybody else.

METROPOLITAN ICE, LIMITED.

IN our issue of December 29th, we asked Messrs. W. H. Pannell and Co., or Mr. Gamgee, to tell us what has become of the Metropolitan Ice, Limited. We have since received a letter from Mr. W. H. Pannell, in which he says:—

> As neither I, nor anyone connected with me, knew anything of the promotion, or were connected with the company, I must ask you to correct the impression which your paragraph clearly conveys, that I either participated in the money subscribed for preliminary expenses, or am responsible to some person or persons for expenditure. I was approached on the subject of the ice company in August, 1893, and I enclose you a copy of the letter which I wrote in reply to the invitation.

The letter to which Mr. Pannell refers is one in which he declines to have anything to do with the venture. We put the question to Messrs. Pannell and Co. because on the prospectus of the company sent to us they appear as auditors.

We have also received a letter from Mr. David Guillord, "manager to the late John Gamgee," in which he says that Professor Gamgee died on the 19th ult., after a long illness, and proceeds:—

> Professor Gamgee's illness, amongst other causes, prevented his seeing the completion of his work, but those who were connected with him in that work still hope to justify his claim to have invented the most economical and efficient ice machine known.

THE MONACO JOINT PROPRIETARY SWINDLE.

IT will be observed that we have substituted the word "swindle" for "fund," as used in previous references to this concern, and we have done so because we have now satisfied ourselves that the thing is a swindle pure and simple.

The president of the fund is said to be "General Bryce Rawlings, of Tollington Park, Middlesex." General Rawlings is a myth. A letter addressed to him at Tollington Park has been returned through the Dead Letter Office.

One of the references given by the secretary, Mr. W. Tarrant, to the landlord at 22, Budge Row, was Messrs. H. Lea and Co., of 30, Haymarket. Messrs. H. Lea and Co. is a swindling racing tout who has operated under the names of "Lea" and "Pierpoint," and who has now decamped owing the landlord a year's rent, and forgetting to pay the washerwoman.

Inasmuch as Mr. W. Tarrant, secretary of the fund, and founder of the new City Club in Budge Row, parades as president a person with a mythical address, and gives as a reference a swindler, it is pretty plain that he, too, is a rogue, and once more we commend him to Mr. McWilliam and his men.

As we go to press we hear that Messrs. Nelson and Co. have been convicted at Manchester—where their managers were arrested and their books seized—and fined £5 and costs, for selling tea by the methods we have exposed.

WE understand that Mr. Harmsworth, of *Answers* and the *Evening News*, offered £20,000 for the *Morning* as a going concern, an offer promptly refused—much to Mr. Harmsworth's surprise.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

The Exploring and Development Syndicate, Limited. Capital, £52,000.—"The essentials of success in a company of this description," says a paragraph in the prospectus, "are honest and capable management at home and trustworthy and experienced prospectors and engineers at the seat of operations." We agree. The present company claim to command these "essentials," and if they do the shareholders should make money. The promoters take payment in shares only.

The Golden Horse Shoe Gold Mining Company, Ltd. Capital £80,000.—Last week we had Mr. George P. Dorlette—Mr. Dorlette is an Adelaide draper—on the Board of the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited, now we have him on the Golden Horse Shoe, with his son, Mr. D. L. Dorlette—a young gentleman, whose mining experience cannot be great—reporting upon it. Notwithstanding the support of the Dorlette family, we cannot advise readers of TO-DAY to find any of the capital. There is nothing in the prospectus that proves the claim to be of value. The best that is said about it is that it is near a rich claim.

The South-West African Company, Limited. Capital, £500,000.—This company has a very considerable advantage over one it resembles in some respects—the British South African Company—namely, that the cost of administration, which weighs so heavily on that company, is defrayed in the case of the other by the German Government. The South-West African Company has a concession from the German Government of mineral rights over some 14,000,000 acres, and freehold land to the extent of 3,000,000 acres. Well managed the company should have a prosperous future before it.

The Machinery Trust, Limited.—Issue of £50,000 Five Per Cent. Mortgage Debentures of £10 each. Security uncalled capital amounting to £65,158 specially hypothecated, and the remaining property of the Trust. The Trust has an annual income from rentals by machines alone amounting to £8,800 per annum, and it steadily increases.

Home and Colonial Stores, Limited. Capital £1,000,000.—Divided into 100,000 Six Per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, and 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each. The present issue is of the Preference Shares, which rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares as to both capital and dividend. The Company takes over the business of the Company of the same name, and the purchase price has been fixed at £775,000, of which £275,000 is to be in cash, and the balance in the Ordinary Shares. Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co. certify that the net profits have improved from £38,376 in 1892 to £65,288 last year. The Directors of the Vendor Company will act as Directors of this Company for five years.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

London and Scottish Banking and Discount Corporation Limited.—It should be obvious to you that statements of the kind contained in your communication, dated December 31st, 1894, but only received on the 5th inst, ought to be accompanied—as they are not in your case—with the name and address of the writer. **Illinois Central.** J. W. M. (Didsbury).—We think you had better hold. **Broken Hill Proprietary.** Neanias (Uttoxeter).—We think you might make a better selection, although some recovery in the quotation is not unlikely. **Financial Position.** G. S. (Leeds).—We thank you for your kindly expressions, but TO-DAY does not seek or give information as to the financial position of individuals. **West Australia Mining Co-operation.** A. B. C. (Birmingham).—The profit is clearly a paper profit only. Whether it will become a real profit depends upon whether the shares allotted to you improve in value. The managers of the co-operation are confident that they will, and they ought to know. They tell you that "the list undoubtedly comprises shares which will almost immediately be saleable at various premiums," and that they "anticipate no difficulty in realising the whole of these shares between now and March 25th." These are very confident predictions, and if they come true you will not only get your 50 per cent. profit, but something handsome besides. Anyway, if, as we assume, the risk of a few pounds is not a matter of much moment to you, we think you should act upon the "strong advice" of the *Institute*, and "take up the certificates." **Preservation Syndicate, Limited.** G. A. J. (Rotherham).—If you have any papers, the last report, statement of accounts to 30th June last, etc., please let us have them. **Hydraulic Cycle Gear.** T. F. (Richmond).—We are unable to form any opinion upon the value of your invention on the "slender facts," to quote your own words, you send us. **Sundry Shares.** INVESTOR (London).—You will have seen the unexpectedly discouraging report from the first company you mention, which is largely over-capitalised. The shares of the others named by you represent very speculative investments, and Nos. 3 and 5 are, of course, exceptionally dependent upon good management. With the collapse of the amalgamation scheme, those of No. 2 would be worth buying at their present price. **Philadelphia and Reading.** E. J. H.—Next week. **Low-priced Shares.** A. Trent (Liverpool).—You cannot do better than buy Balkis-Esterlings if you want a low-priced South African mining share. Apart from the fact that this concern possesses 43,000 Lionsdales, and that it may come into possession of a portion of a valuable mining charter over certain Transvaal ground, a reef was lately discovered which is said to be very rich. Crushing is about to begin, and, if the results come *apparently* unsatisfatory, we shall not be surprised. Cyanide plant will have to be put up no doubt, and *then* you may look for great results. Meantime some cute people have obtained options to float portions of the property—itl being too big for one mine—and within a month or two the first portion will probably be floated for £80,000, of which £30,000 in cash is to be working capital. The flotation of other four pieces of the company's ground will then follow, and out of each the holders of Balkis-Esterlings will of course benefit. **Buffelsdorms.** E. C. (Brighton).—We entirely agree with the article in the *Financial Times* to which you refer. The price can be made anything, but it is all bunkum from start to finish in order to get the public in. **Sundry Shares.** E. E. D. (Buntingford).—1 and 2. We know nothing about the companies you mention under heads Nos. 1 and 2. 3. We do not advise purchase of Answers, Limited, or even the other shares you name. Gordon Hotels promise well. 4. Our opinion of the Tyre Company you name is not favourable. We do not think you will get anything from the Sala's Journal, Limited, liquidation. **Sundry Shares.** SOPHONISBA (Edinburgh).—1. Hampden Lands are worth holding. 2. As to the Edinburgh United Breweries and Prairie Cattle Company, you had better sell if you can. 3. We know nothing about the General Steam Fishery Company. **Printing, Telegraph, and Construction Company.** S. B. G. McK. (Nunhead).—It is not sufficient to release you from liability to show that a director, whose presence upon the Board induced you to apply for shares, retired almost immediately afterwards. You should employ a solicitor. We really cannot undertake to get all the information you ask us to get for you. **Chargola Tea Association.** ACNEAS (Witley).—Yes, we think the shares worth their present price. Most of the tea companies are doing better; but, at best, investment in tea shares is very speculative. **Great Dundas.** ANXIOUS (London).—Our information is to the effect that the company cannot pay with its present property, and has not money to buy another. **The Giles Syndicate.** INVESTOR (Kingston.)—Certainly not. Mr. Giles can know but little of Western Australia. **Jagersfontein.** H. L. (Leamington).—There has been improvement; but we expect to see further and substantial rise in the quotation. **The Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia.** A. M. (London).—It is a sound company.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30, Sir Augustus Harris's Grand New Pantomime,
DICK WHITTINGTON.
For full particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m. all day.

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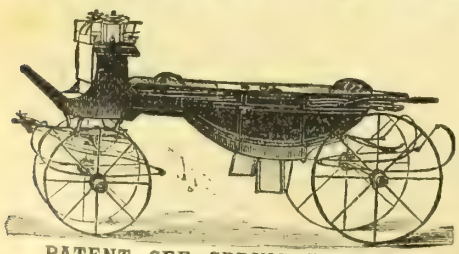
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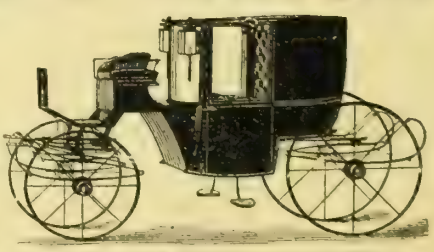
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Count Tolstoi's reply to his critics breathes the true spirit of Christianity as promulgated by Christ Himself—a very different thing to the political clap-trap into which it has been since degraded. Count Tolstoï takes his stand upon the text, "The Kingdom of God is within you." The modern preacher looks for it on the hustings, and thinks to promulgate it by aid of the police. Count Tolstoï points out that Christianity has nothing to do with government, with politics, with parties, or with vestries. It is of the nature of things eternal, not a party cry; it concerns itself neither about the House of Lords nor the House of Commons. Its work is neither to spy round public-house bars nor to hound the Magdalen from every shelter. Had Christ been a mere Jewish demagogue, stumping Palestine to denounce the State, or clamouring for Roman laws to bind men to do this, and for Roman spears to make men do that, Christianity would have died with its Founder.

One wishes that there were more professing Christians who could see with Count Tolstoï, that the Christianity that concerns itself only with the outer life of men, to the neglect of the inner, is at its best an error, and at its worst a blasphemy. Laws and police and politics deal with the little things of life, the passing temporalities that are nothing more than the furniture amid which each generation passes its existence. They have nothing to do with the soul of a man, and the soul of a man has nothing to do with them; the two things are utterly and distinctly apart. Yet it is only through these outer trivialities that your modern Christian ever dreams of speaking to his brother. Do they understand even what is meant by, "The Kingdom of God is within you?" Do they think that by their laws and their police they are ever helping a man's soul? Do they imagine that by dragooning a nation they are making a people of Christians? The modern Church would seem to have washed its hands of Christianity; it is growing into little less than a political caucus.

To those desirous of forming a just and true estimate of the great drink question, I would recommend the perusal of an admirable little pamphlet, "Temperance or Total Abstinence?" compiled by F. Baker, A.C.P., of the London University. The book is in its eleventh thousand, and, as it is sold for the modest price of one penny, it is within the reach of all. No teetotal bigot, with a grain of sense in his brain, could read it without seriously asking himself whether—if his true object be temperance, and not mere spitefulness to his fellow-men and self-seeking righteousness—he is sailing on the right tack. Mr. Baker, who is an advocate of real temperance, has proved his sincerity and earnestness, having lost the mastership of a school under the patronage of Lady Carlisle by refusing to sacrifice his principles. For having issued this present pamphlet he was at once discharged from his post by Lady Carlisle's agent, who would seem to be an ideal representative of the New Christianity. The pamphlet deals with the question in a moderate and common-sense tone, and forms a clear and logical argument on the subject.

I notice that the Democratic papers have been careful to keep the New York police scandals out of their columns. I suppose it would never do for their readers to see to what depths of infamy the representatives of the almighty Voter can sink. Tammany Hall, it must never be forgotten, is a Democratic institution. It is pregnant with the spirit of our new king, the Majority, who, we are told, can do no wrong. And the reports would also form unpleasant reading for those who are advocating the control of the police by the County Council. The present councillors may be excellent gentlemen, above reproach; but, with the mighty weapon of the police to their hands, the temptations would be certain to prove too strong; for your windy demagogue has ever been at heart a self-seeking humbug; while as to the class of men who get hoisted into office upon the shoulders of an easily deceived body of electors, it is sufficient simply to remember that, of the London County Councillors elected less than three years ago, two have already been convicted of dirty and contemptible theft.

Sir Edward Bradford seems to have introduced among the police a spirit of fussy and unnecessary interference, that will soon make the Force the laughing-stock of London. The other day an unfortunate 'bus-driver was hauled up before the Court for drinking a glass of ginger brandy. The case was dismissed with contempt. A day or two later a grave charge of bribery was brought against a publican for offering a policeman a glass of beer. I am glad to say that here also the magistrate took little pains to disguise his indignation at the trumperiness of the charge. Under Sir Edward Bradford the whole police force appears to be losing to a great extent its utility. The traffic question is growing important. Piccadily Circus is always one hopeless jam of vehicles, and there is never a policeman to regulate it; while the police carriage regulations for theatres and music-halls seem devised wholly and solely with the view of preventing the public from getting into their cabs and carriages. Coachmen, called up, are imperiously sent back, and their shivering owners left to trot about the muddy roads. Cabs, according to the police, are the last things that can be required by people leaving a theatre,

and the object of the officers is apparently to chase them away from the neighbourhood of every place of entertainment. If Sir Edward would spend less time in instructing his men in the art of useless irritation, and occasionally manage to find time to look into murders committed by daylight in the West-end of London, he would the better earn his salary.

A correspondent, present in the St. James's gallery on Saturday night, assures me that it was the very same men who called "Author!" who hissed Mr. Henry James when he appeared. If so, a strange element has crept in amongst first-nighters since my own pit and gallery days. I remember distinctly then that it was always a fight between the genuine public and the friends of the management as to whether the author should be called or not. The guests of the management would, on the fall of the curtain, immediately call for the author; the paying public would do their best to prevent his appearance. "No! No! We don't want the author. Don't let him come on; he will only be hooted," they would cry. And if, in spite of this advice, he did appear, their hooting was only intended as a protest against the cheers. To call a man on merely to insult him would be such a dirty trick that I cannot imagine my old first-night friends indulging in it; and I should be glad to hear from one or two who were present if this change has taken place.

The excellent-hearted juror who passed severe comment upon the neglect of the Salvation Army to provide eider-down quilts and Witney blankets for each sleeper in their shelters, at twopence a night, is a type of the "humane man," so very prominent at present, who is always full of indignation that "somebody" or other does not do "something" or other to make everybody else happy. The juror said it was disgraceful; that it was shocking. The coroner mildly asked to whom was the disgrace. The juror replied, "To some authority, I think." That authority never will do its duty. Generally it is the Government: it will not provide work at three pounds a week for every human being under the sun. Or it is the local vestry: that allows a woman to starve on Christmas Eve. Or the Church; or the publican; always "somebody." And so we go about passing severe censure on this wicked "somebody" who positively refuses to make this earth a happy dwelling-place for all its inhabitants. It is shocking to think that there is this misery and wretchedness around us, and all the while this "somebody" will not raise a hand to dismiss it.

Oh! this mysterious "somebody" that so neglects his plain duty; that lets his brother die by his side; that lets his sister freeze to death while he lies warm and comfortable. And how much good it does us to wax virtuous over the disgraceful shortcomings of this "somebody." What letters full of heartfelt indignation we can write to the papers about "somebody's" misdoings, and how worthy and charitable it makes us feel to be able to call this "somebody" to account in noble and becoming language, and to express our hatred and contempt at his passing, Levi-like, on the other side of the way, leaving the poor traveller to die in the ditch. I wonder who this "somebody" is, upon whom we are all so severe. It would be interesting to track him down and see him face to face. It is terrible to think that such a heartless, callous, duty-shirking "somebody" actually lives among us good people. He certainly ought to be sought and dragged forth. I suppose it would be no use glancing into the looking-glass to see if he lurked there?

A girl was charged at the North London Police-court a few days ago with being concerned in the stealing of a cash-box. She was nineteen years of age, well-educated, of good abilities, and respectably connected. Her previous career was sketched by Detective-Sergeant Nursey. He had first heard of her as a preacher in the Salvation Army, from which she was expelled. Then she turned up at a house in East London, where she was being very kindly treated, having procured this kind treatment by a cleverly-concocted story. She stole money and left, accounting for her sudden departure by a story, entirely unfounded, of assault. She then, by a misrepresentation, got a quantity of valuable books from a publisher, and sold them at private houses. She obtained half-a-sovereign from a domestic servant. She stole a baby, intending to use it to excite the pity of the charitable. There were many other instances of her deceptions. She stated that she was an artist, and certainly she seems to possess some of the characteristics of the artistic temperament. She has good looks, and can apparently use them. Now, at the age of nineteen, she has been sent to three months' hard labour. And it does not seem to me to be a wise method of dealing with her.

It had been urged in her defence that she was at times unaccountable for her actions. However, her counsel preferred to have the case settled at once, and a magistrate can only deal with law as he finds it. The law gives three definitions of insanity, but at present we are only concerned with the definition in criminal cases, and by that definition, and on the evidence given, the girl was sane. She knew the nature and quality of her acts, and that they were wrong. The legal definition is not good. The homicidal maniac frequently knows the nature and quality of his act, and that it is wrong; he struggles against it in agony and horror; he may even try to get himself placed under control. If he kills, he may have no delusion about the act, though the ungovernable impulse which drives him to it may be founded upon a delusion—as, for instance, that he hears a voice bidding him kill. And, although this girl's case hardly seems to come within the legal definition of insanity at present, it is not impossible that further evidence might cause one to change one's opinion.

The girl had been in the Salvation Army, had brought an unfounded charge of a certain kind against a man, and had stolen a child. From these three things, taken together, one would be inclined to conjecture hysteria. It must be remembered, however, that it was said that she brought that charge, and stole the child, for ulterior motives—in one case, to cover her escape from the detection of a theft, and in the other to help her in begging. That may be the correct explanation, and it may not. Certainly, both acts would not be unexpected in a woman suffering from the results of religious and other excitement; and with equal certainty it may be said, on the other hand, that both acts are consistent with the rest

of her career of fraudulence. Even then, when one considers the girl's position, attainments, and qualities, such a career seems so abnormal that one would not be surprised if a further examination detected insanity.

THERE are those who distrust the plea of moral insanity; they find it difficult to believe that where there is no illusion there can be insanity. Their comfortable optimism thinks that it is in the power of everyone to be good or bad. Well, Dr. Forbes Winslow quotes a case which had come within his experience. A youth of eighteen had fever; in his delirium he cut his ankle, and considerable hemorrhage followed. This was the result:—"From being a well-conditioned boy, kind and affectionate to his parents, steady in his habits, sober, and of unimpeachable veracity, he became a drunkard, liar, and thief, being lost to all sense of decency and decorum. He was clever, intelligent, and sharp-witted; but his every action was perfectly brutal." I preach no fatalism; most of us can choose between good and bad. But there are these extraordinary cases; and, in the name of common sense, do not let us deal with them as we should deal with the ordinary criminal. Three months' hard labour will do this girl no good, and will probably do her harm.

A CORRESPONDENT in Sydney writes to me with reference to the English cricketers in Australia. I gather from his letter that at the matches the crowd backs Australia to the point of unfairness, and that the newspapers, in their headlines, always do their best to make the Australian performance look well, while entirely neglecting an equally fine performance on the part of the English team. That, after all, is very much what one would have expected, though it does not seem very sportsmanlike. At public schools house matches are, perhaps, even more keenly and bitterly contested than matches with other schools. I am aware, of course, that among the working classes in Australia there is a distinct feeling of animosity towards England, and a great belief in a country that my correspondent says—not quite fairly—"exports nothing but wool and frozen mutton, and imports everything except frozen mutton and wool." But, powerful though the working classes are in Australia, there must be a more educated opinion as well, otherwise this paper would not circulate there as it does.

WHEN will the railway companies learn sufficient sense to see the advantage of reducing their first-class fares? These fares are fixed by men who never by any chance have to put their hands into their pockets to buy a railway ticket. They travel all over the world with passes, and they seem unable to conceive the feelings of a man who has to pay his fare. The result is that the first-class carriages on nearly all trains are comparatively empty. Every day from every railway terminus whole first-class coaches start on their journeys with an average of one man to each twelve seats, while the third-class carriages are crowded with people who could easily afford to pay a reasonable first-class fare. Every year these first-class passengers become fewer and fewer; no one but a fool cares to pay the extravagant difference in price demanded for the infinitesimal difference in comfort. Thousands of people who now travel third would be willing to pay twenty or twenty-five per cent. in addition for the advantage of a little more room; but when it comes to a hundred or a hundred and twenty per cent. added, a man naturally says to himself, "Oh! I will put up with third."

FROM London to Aberdeen the third-class fare is forty shillings; the first, seventy-eight shillings and sixpence. Now there are very few men to whom a matter of thirty-eight shillings and sixpence is immaterial. When travelling with one's family the difference would soon run into a five pound note. The result is that ninety-five per cent. of those who would be willing to pay a reasonable excess for first-class make up their minds to squeeze into the third. In cross-country routes the differences are even still more marked. Liverpool to Penzance, for instance, is thirty shillings and elevenpence-halfpenny third and sixty-nine shillings and a penny first. Liverpool to Hereford is nine shillings and sixpence-halfpenny third and twenty-one shillings and ninepence first. And the railway directors foolishly ask each other why the first-class traffic is yearly falling off. If they were made to pay their own railway fares for six months they would soon understand the reason.

WITH reference to my note the other week on the subject of the promenade at New Brighton, near Liverpool, a Manchester correspondent sends me an account of an experience which, if correct—and I can see no reason to doubt him, as the gentleman gives me his name and address, and is, I suppose, willing to substantiate his statements—should be sufficient to close every tea-house on the promenade, and place their proprietors in the Liverpool police-court. When Liverpool correspondents assured me that I was mistaken in my surmises as to the character of these houses, I accepted the correction meekly, feeling that if the language of these New Brighton touts was the voice of virtue, then the voice of virtue was somewhat unfamiliar to me.

MY correspondent's letter would stamp these houses as far worse than I had even imagined; and to his experience I have to add the evidence of another informant, dating from Preston, whose account more than confirms my suspicions. The matter, anyhow, must be easy of investigation. New Brighton is a pleasant suburb of Liverpool. It should be a place where Liverpudlians could take an afternoon outing in comfort and with pleasure. These touts would make its beach impossible, even if tea-drinking were their only object. The Liverpool police must know the real nature of the houses, and I shall be glad of some authoritative statement.

WILL the very many friends who have kindly sent me Christmas and New Year cards allow me to thank them through this column for their kindness and good wishes? The number is too great for me to reply to each individually, even in the cases where the name and address has accompanied the pleasant souvenir; but I am none the less delighted and grateful for the friendly feeling that has prompted the remembrance—a feeling that I reciprocate most heartily.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Anti-Opium League.—If readers who are not already tired of these silly people will refer to To-Day for November 3rd, they will see that I made some severe strictures on the anti-opium faddists. To these the secretary replied in a letter which I published on November 24th. I added comments on this letter which, having regard to the attitude taken up by the society, required an answer. A letter reached me from the secretary which I did not consider an answer, but merely as a further dodge by means of which the secretary of the society tried to obscure the plain issue by long rigmaroles as to what was a lie and what was not a lie, his opinion of a lie differing very widely from mine—the difference, indeed, being so great that further argument between us would be impossible. I am now informed that this letter was considered to be an answer to the grave strictures I made, and as I wish to do no one an injustice, I publish this letter *in extenso*. I would refer those interested to the facts stated in To-Day, and also, if they care to go further into the matter, to the evidence produced at the same time by the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Daily Chronicle*. This being the final answer of the society to the charge of conducting their case by means of lying evidence, the matter must be closed so far as To-Day is concerned.

> "Sir,—I am obliged for your courtesy in inserting my former letter. I assure you that I have no objection to your 'going minutely into the case' of the Bombay missionaries if you think fit. I am so fully convinced of their perfect good faith—I do not say as much about their discretion, but we are all sometimes indiscreet—that I shall be only too glad for the case to be reheard in your columns, of course on the understanding that you will allow both sides to be fairly represented.
>
> "Meanwhile, will you allow me to say that the extracts you have given from the magistrate's judgment appear to me entirely to confirm my statement, that he 'disbelieved the evidence which connected the prosecutor with the mismanagement,' that he had previously found to be proved. I understood your statement that the charges made by the missionaries 'were proved to be lies,' as meaning that they were themselves proved guilty of telling lies, and I submit that that is the fair meaning of your words. To 'tell a lie,' if I understand plain English, is either (*a*) to say something which you know to be untrue, or (*b*) to state that which is in fact untrue, and as to which you have no knowledge or belief as to its truth. To say that which is in fact untrue, but which you honestly believe to be true, however gullible and foolish you may prove yourself by entertaining the belief, is not lying, though it may be libellous. It is of this latter offence only that the magistrate found Mr. Praxtch guilty, as appears clearly from the following passage in the judgment (p. 72 of Mr. Rustone's reprint): 'I do not think it can be contended that the accused had good reason, after due care and attention, to believe the evidence of such a witness uncorroborated.'
>
> "For my own part, I place far more confidence in the opinion formed as to the value to be attached to the natives' statements by these missionaries—with all of whom I am personally acquainted, and know them to be honourable and upright men, who have resided long in India, are intimately acquainted with the language of the people, and in constant contact with them—than in that of an English magistrate, judging only from their statements made under examination in open court.—Yours, etc.,
>
> "Joseph G. Alexander,
>
> "*The Editor of* To-Day." "Hon. Sec.

R. M. (Glasgow) sends for my edification a little publication written by people who call themselves Christian Scotsmen. Here is a gem, showing the Christian spirit of these people. "The most equitable consideration for the publicans that could be given would be to string them all to the nearest lamp-post." These Christians are also very angry with God that He only made ten commandments, and said nothing against drinking. I also notice a long screech against the sin and wickedness of smoking! And yet people go about asking why the young and intellectual are turning aside from religion. Modern religion would seem to be intended only for fools.

W. B. S.—The exaggerated lies of these silly fanatics defeat their own end. They are too absurd to impose upon any but the utterly idiotic. G. P. O. tells me that the berths in the Post Office are always the result of merit. I am glad to hear it. It must be the only place in the world where such is the case. J. F.—See editorial notes in To-Day of the week before last. These things are hallucinations. A man can always see what he thinks he sees, just as an anti-opium faddist can always believe what he thinks it suits him to believe.

Opium.—Your two friends are prejudiced witnesses. You must remember that the great body of unprejudiced evidence is in favour of opium in these countries as a medicinal necessity. The *British Medical Journal* gave the opinions of all the leading doctors in India, and they were almost unanimous. Of course, excessive indulgence in opium is ruin, but so is excessive indulgence in tea. The New York hospitals just now contain many patients suffering from a horrible disease brought about merely by tea-drinking, but I suppose you would not prohibit tea-drinking, would you?

J. R. B.—This seems to be rather a weak case. Tilling's stables I know, and his average of horse flesh is exceedingly good. I shall be thankful to correspondents who draw to my attention cases of omnibus horses of poor condition. W. T. C. tells me that at a certain school in the North of London, the South Kensington Art certificates obtained by the pupils have been deprived of their border by the principal, who thought the design indelicate. I should like to know the name of this school, so as to avoid the risk, among one's friends, of a child ever going to it. E. S. M.—The fashion sketch will shortly be replaced. A. S. H. and Others.—Are you quite sure that you yourselves quite understand Socialism? The picture drawn by wild-headed enthusiasts, and the actual facts known by cool-headed men, are not always the same. Tell me how deeply you have studied the subject. Have you read the history of the Latin republics—the speeches of their demagogues, with their results? Are you quite familiar with the history of the Greek democracies? Have you devoted the necessary two or three years' study to the history of the French Revolution? Have you considered the aims and hopes of the enthusiasts who brought it about, and compared them with the actual resulting facts? When you have done this, you will, perhaps, not take for truth all the vague fancies placed before you by the shallow enthusiasts who think they know more about human nature and the management of this particular planet than does its Creator. I am quite aware that my views of what Socialism is are very different from those of the Socialists themselves. At nineteen years I was an ardent Socialist; at—well, never mind figures, I have come to the conclusion that it is a folly suitable only to the dreams of a boy.

Anatkh.—If your tale is not the result of a diseased or morbid brain, then truly your life is one of the grimest tragedies that it is possible to conceive. But, frankly, though I believe you are saying what you fully believe yourself, I cannot credit you. I think it is a hallucination on your part, and I wish, finding out some thoroughly capable scientific doctor, you would talk to him as frankly as you have in your letter to me. It is a generally held tenet of science that mind and body are, of necessity, one and the same; that the one being formed by the other, they cannot possibly differ. That they should would be like saying that a beech tree could produce acorns and ivy yield forth figs. The laws of Nature are fixed; they cannot make these errors. A long course of morbid and unhealthy literature, and early friendship with morbid and unhealthy minds, might have produced these ghastly fancies in your brain. It would serve a useful purpose if you would add to your exhaustive and intensely interesting account your age and the surrounding circumstances of your youth and early manhood. Believe me, I am not asking this with any motive of mere curiosity. Sympathy, even if your own account of yourself were true, I could not offer you, for such things are beyond an ordinary man's understanding; they are outside the limits of comprehension. That what you are speaking of is a disease, I am confident; it is a disease that perhaps science might hope to cure, and therefore anything throwing light on the mental side of it would be of immense value.

Lutetian.—Paris is as overcrowded with clerks as London, and they certainly would not give the preference to an Englishman. Unless you have influence it would be useless your attempting to obtain a situation there.

J. H. W. (Leeds).—You have not read the earlier numbers of To-Day, or you would not have written as you do. I have been arguing this child insurance question for months. If you will refer to old numbers you will find that former correspondents have advanced exactly the same arguments in favour of child insurance that you advance now, and I have already answered them—giving my reasons for coming to the conclusion after much study of the subject and much enquiry—that child insurance serves no legitimate end whatever, that it is entered into either thoughtlessly, or with a vague or definite wish that the child may die. I was speaking to a working-man only last week. He had insured his four children. I asked him what benefit could possibly accrue to him. He admitted he could see none himself, but told me that he had been "worried" into it by the persistency of the insurance agent.

Will the many correspondents who write me from week to week with sound and excellent advice as to how to edit this paper, how to manage it, what advertisements to put in and what advertisements to leave out, where to place the advertisements, etc., etc., kindly accept my grateful and sincere thanks? There are too many for me to answer each individually, so I am compelled to adopt this method of replying to them in bulk. They must forgive me if they do not see all their suggestions carried out, as, with the best intentions in the world, the matter becomes somewhat impracticable. Some want me to leave out serials and some short stories, some object to any humour in the paper, others want to see seriousness entirely eliminated. Many want to do away with "Feminine Affairs" and "In the City"; others demand that I should leave out "Bookseller" and "Club Chatter," and the great majority are most emphatic that from beginning to end there should be no advertisements. The only way I can see of pleasing all my advisers would be to issue thirty-two blank sheets, but even then there might be some I should not satisfy.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—Although everybody is supposed to be out of town, the audience at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday night was smart and representative. Amongst others I was very pleased to see the clever lady who writes as "Frank Danby" back with us, looking none the worse for her recent severe illness. But I must confess that I was not equally delighted to find myself compelled to breathe the same air with a number of pale-faced, feeble-looking, emaciated young fops who made themselves obnoxiously conspicuous and ridiculous in the foyer during the intervals between the acts.

Oscar Wilde's play was really a very good play. If the characters had talked dialogue remotely approaching ordinary conversation, it would have been better. Copy-book paradox and machine-made epigram palls upon the most indulgent after the first hour. It makes you yearn for Ollendorf, and words of one syllable. It also demonstrates that Oscar is not quite so observant as you might suppose. Surely he ought to know that everybody does not habitually converse in elaborately artificial phraseology; and besides, if they did, their gapes and gibes would lose force and value from lack of contrast. This is the cardinal fault of *An Ideal Husband*. The atmosphere of the play is that of a phrase-raising forcing-house. It is all so impertinently polite, and priggishly pedantic, that at times you literally gasp for a breath of fresh swear—just one homely, healthy, natural damn, to arrest the turgid tide of tawdry twaddle that trickles so tediously through every act. The rest is good sound Adelphi melodrama.

Sir Robert Chiltern, early in his political career, has sold a Cabinet secret, and has written a compromising letter about it to a cosmopolitan Baron, who has died, leaving his fortune and the letter to an English adventuress. Sir Robert has married an irreproachable wife. She looks upon him as the quintessence of all the virtues. The adventuress, Mrs. Cheveley, comes to England, and proceeds to blackmail Sir Robert. At his house she drops a diamond bracelet. Lord Goring picks it up and starts with surprise. Of course you will be astounded and astonished to learn that Mrs. Cheveley has stolen the bracelet, and that when she is alone with Lord Goring he has merely to mention the police in order to get the compromising letter away from her. And so on. This is the kind of plot poor Harry Pettitt could write in his sleep. And very excellent plot it is, too. The audience on Thursday appreciated the fact. They were interested and excited, and they applauded enthusiastically.

Lewis Waller played remarkably well as Sir Robert. His wife, Miss Florence West, was very good as the adventuress, though an actress of more inherent power and force would have made the character more dominant. The weight of the play fell on Charles Hawtrey. He was obviously nervous, and consequently a little stiff and restrained at times. But as a whole his acting was admirable, and in a few nights time it will be one of the very best things he has ever done. So thorough an artist was bound to attempt serious business sooner or later, and for one I heartily welcome his new departure. I only hope that his success will not tempt him too far. I don't want to see him play *Hamlet* at a matinée.

Miss Julia Neilson had not very much to do, but she did it most sweetly. Miss Fanny Brough did not amuse me. She spoke too rapidly and had not the pitch of the house, consequently she was not always quite audible. Alfred Bishop had the advantage of playing about the only ordinary natural human part, and very excellent he was. A small part was well and neatly played by Cosmo Stuart. Two years ago he was about the wickedest amateur I ever saw; but he has worked hard and thoroughly since, and he has undoubtedly the makings of an actor in him. His voice is a little husky, which spoils his delivery, but this is a fault easily cured. Also, if he will forgive the suggestion, I should earnestly recommend to him the use of a bicycle. For Cosmo waxes portly.

When the show was over, Waller made a short speech in capital taste. Oscar Wilde also made a short speech.

On Friday, I dropped in at the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, to see the new plantation operetta by Sims and Caryll, called the *Yaller Gal*. Some years ago Sims wrote a musical farce, which Tom Thorne put on at the Vaudeville when he was running *The Half-way House*, a three act play, also by Sims. The little one act piece was called, I think, *The Girl He Left Behind Him*, and from what I recollect of it, I rather fancy that in the *Yaller Gal*, Sims has given to the burnt cork minstrels *The Girl He Left Behind him*, blacked and polished. In any case it is a nice, neat, bright entertainment, and Caryll has provided some pretty music for it.

There was a tremendous crush at the St. James's on Saturday night to see *Guy Domville*, by Henry James, the well-known novelist. When the last curtain fell I recalled to mind a conversation that I had with George Alexander several months ago. I had been commenting on the excellent judgment he showed in the selection of his plays, and I remarked that he was very lucky in getting such a rare assortment of unusually good work to choose from. Alexander looked rather solemn for a minute or two, and gazed into space. Then he said, with curious intensity, "Yes—but still it's there. I do my very utmost to play only what will please the public, and be artistically creditable, but it's waiting for me all the same—*Failure*—not a half-and-half failure, but a real, regular, right down twenty pounds a night failure. I shan't like it, but I know it's coming, and I do my best to be ready for it."

The failure has come. It would be useless to mince words on *Guy Domville*. The play is beautifully mounted, and in some cases well acted, but it is doomed. Willie Elliot was hopelessly at sea as a wicked nobleman, and looked as if he belonged to a comic ballet, and had strayed into the St. James's by mistake. At a most critical moment in the second act poor Mrs. Saker appeared in a strictly correct, but hopelessly ridiculous, pannier crinoline, of vast proportions, which sent everybody into fits of laughter, unnerved the actress, and damned the end of the scene. Alexander wrestled like a veritable Samson with an idiotic drunken scene, which meant nothing, retarded the action, and tried the patience of the audience; but not more so than did the series of sermons that the author put into the mouth of the hero at the finish.

I did not like the last act set at all. It looked to me like three bare flats that the scenic artist had not time to finish, and so the stage manager, in a moment of inspiration, got out of the difficulty by saying, "Oh! never mind, sketch in a few panels with charcoal, and we'll call it the White Chamber." Some people liked it very much, however; but such a blare of strong light background is fit only for a shadow pantomime. In a real play it wearies the eyes of the audience.

Taking all things into consideration, Alexander was undoubtedly right in producing a play by Henry James. If a modern drama is to be made all the best men should help to make it. Moreover, there has been so much said about the sexual question lately, it was unquestionably wise to try something clean and idyllic. The present experiment failed because the treatment was faulty. Mr. Henry James has not yet learnt the trick of writing for the stage. I would remind you that Claude Carton *has*. We all of us remember his delightful *Liberty Hall*. I hope it will not be very long before Alexander gives us something of the same sort by the same author again. Indeed, a revival of *Liberty Hall* would very well serve to fill a gap until a new play is ready. What the new play will be I don't know for certain, but I am inclined to

believe that it will be a new and very strong play by Pinero.

I had spent so many jolly evenings in the *Palais de Glace*, in Paris, that I was delighted when I heard that Niagara, down Westminster way, was to be turned into a natural skating rink. I am sorry to say I was disappointed. I have nothing to say against the rink, which seemed as good as it could be, but whereas in Paris we, spectators, got a genial atmosphere, at Niagara we were simply frozen. The restaurant was cold, bitterly cold, and the proprietors evidently thought we were Americans, inasmuch as they iced the claret. Round the rink it was a question of either freezing or turning up your coat collar and wrapping a thick muffler round your throat. The fittings also seemed to me tawdry. For the background we had that beautiful old scenery of "Niagara in Winter"; in the front it was commonly upholstered, with chilly-looking mirrors, which are needless. Surely the Company, with the knowledge that they have at their disposal a novelty that would attract all London, will improve upon this. Nor do I think that diners, for whose comfort Niagara was in the old days famed, will appreciate the stove pipes that are among the main decorations of the dining hall.

Miss May Yohé was married to Lord Francis Clinton-Hope late in November. Lord Francis is a charming young fellow, without an atom of "side," and possessed of very considerable ability.

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Randolph.

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CLUB CHATTER.

I have an announcement to make that I am sure will give a very large body of my readers considerable satisfaction—namely, that I shall take up Solo Whist again immediately. When my notes on the game were started last year, I was congratulated on all sides, and this time I shall the better deserve support, as I have enlisted the good services of Mr. A. S. Wilks, whose book, "Solo Whist, and How to Play It" (Chatto and Windus), places his judgment beyond dispute. It will be our endeavour to place To-Day in the position of the recognised authority on the many disputed points that occur. Another game that I intend to devote some space to is Poker, which is yearly becoming more popular in England, and which has only to be more thoroughly understood to be a general favourite. I am also making arrangements to deal with Golf, and, in fact, all the games that are popular to-day. Under these circumstances, I should be deeply indebted to you if you will bring this under the notice of your clubs, where these games are played.

I am told that the regions of the North Pole are shortly to be turned into a hunting ground for big game. The guns have already been tested by the best-known experts, and a quantity of material has been despatched, to await the arrival of the expedition which leaves London in May. Meanwhile, a certain amount of time will be devoted to geographical research, the party having determined to reach two islands that are known to exist, but which have never been explored. I commend this paragraph to our French neighbours, who are still convinced that every English sportsman in search of novelty is going to Madagascar to shoot their soldiers.

France, by the way, has another grievance against us. This time it is because, when we go South, we like to go quickly. The Parisian hotel-keepers and tradesfolk protest against the through services of trains now run, contending that there should be a break of a day or so in Paris, in order that English travellers may be induced to spend a certain sum of money with them.

When February is out we shall get the first instalment of novelties in dress for the coming spring and summer, and among these I fancy that little space will be given to rough cloths. They have enjoyed a longer spell of popularity than they have probably ever had before. Diagonal cloths will almost certainly be revived for general wear. The diagonal has one great advantage, and a certain disadvantage. It will wear for years, but it will persist in wearing shiny. The first, and even the second, growth of this can be easily got rid of, but afterwards it becomes an impossibility, and a garment sound in every other respect has to be discarded.

Black spats are being worn everywhere, to the ousting of those in lighter shades, which earlier in the winter were in common use. Another revival is the worsted waistcoat, which is now just as popular as those in corduroy.

I saw a remarkably smart-looking overcoat that had been designed for a well-known man about town. It is cut exactly like a double-breasted frock coat, with fairly long skirts. To avoid the drawing at the legs, which is involved in most long coats, the cloth behind is allowed to underlap considerably. The seams are broad and raised, and the waist is narrow. Altogether, the coat is one of the dressiest in appearance I have seen for some time.

The use and otherwise of the dining jacket has puzzled a number of my correspondents. It may be generally taken that the dining jacket is only permissible where ladies are not present, or where the ladies belong to the

circle of personal friends. For card parties, it is preferable to the ordinary evening coat, and it is not out of place at music halls.

Brown felt hats are a safe investment for the coming spring. The coloured hat has always been a favourite with the Prince of Wales; and this year it seems destined for general popularity. The brims are fairly broad, and curled sharply at the sides, while the crown is higher than has been the case for several years past.

Smokers will thank the *British Medical Journal* for its timely warning as to the danger of carrying chlorate of potash lozenges loose in the pockets. A gentleman, it seems, who, like many of us, was forgetful of the laws of chemistry, had the lozenges in his waistcoat pocket, and thoughtlessly stowed away a box of safety matches among them. The result was that the lozenges ignited on the friction surface, and set the matches on fire. It was only the fact that a bucket of water was handy that saved his life, and, as it was, he was shockingly burned.

For ordinary morning wear, a well-fitting Chesterfield is the correct thing. The sack-back overcoat of last season is going out, as are also the wide trousers, which, however well they were cut, could never be made to look very smart. They are now being made narrower, with the slightest attempt to fit close to the boot. This change from "sloppy" clothes to garments that fit to the figure will be welcomed by every straight-limbed, well-built man.

I put it to my sporting friends whether the following does not over-reach the limits:—

"Dear Major,—Does the horse that wins the Waterloo Cup incur any penalty if entered for the Spring handicaps? I am told it does.

"Yours, &c."

Quite a small sensation has been caused by the publishing of the news that those smart animals, Stowmarket, Contract, and Beggars' Opera, are the property of Mr. Barney Barnato. People are wondering, too, how it is that Mr. Barnato came to place his horses in Marsh's stable, the same establishment which shelters the horses belonging to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Wolverton, and Baron de Hirsch. Readers of the City columns of To-Day during the last few months will quite readily understand the cause of the surprise.

A friend at Newmarket writes me to the effect that there is no more improved three-year-old at headquarters than Sir Visto. Matthew Dawson is not the sort of man to go into ecstasies over any animal, but he expresses himself as being very well satisfied with Sir Visto, and we may see Lord Rosebery win the Derby for the second year in succession. I know of several people who have accepted 6 to 1 about the chance of the son of Barcaldine—Vista.

The appearance of the entries for the Spring Handicaps has caused sporting men to think of Lincoln and that wonderful "saddling-bell on the Carholme." All things considered, the entries are excellent, and it is pleasing to note how staunchly the old patrons of the Turf have supported the various events which closed on January 1.

One can well imagine that Mr. Mainwaring is paying particular attention to the weights for the Grand National Steeplechase. His task is not an enviable one; and, no matter what weight he apportions Cloister, he is sure to be soundly rated by certain critics. If Cloister

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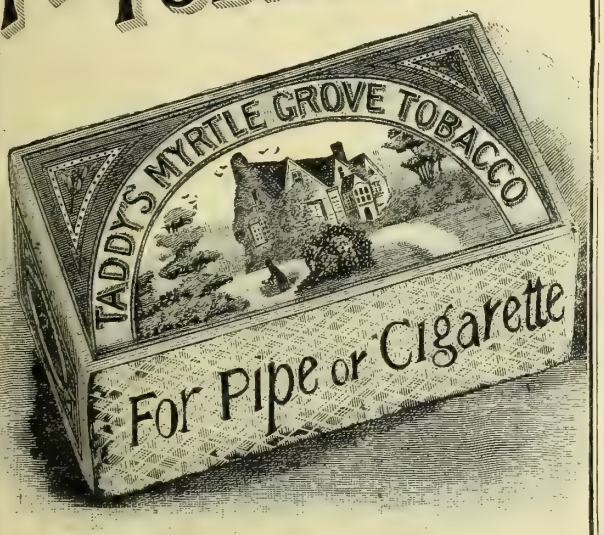

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gets more than 13st. 4lb., it is quite on the cards that Mr. Duff will decline to accept.

A great discussion is raging in steeplechase circles as to the weight Cloister should be apportioned. After his marvellous exhibition at Liverpool, and his success at Sandown Park, it is pretty clear that Mr. Duff's horse can concede a considerable amount of weight to any steeplechaser in training. But I hope Mr. Mainwaring will not crush the son of Ascetic out of the race. The limit now is 9st. 7lb., and if Cloister gets a few pounds over 13st. he will be set a hard task. Some people say the horse should have nearly 14st. Cloister could never win under such a weight.

I some time ago asserted that Diggle was, next to John Roberts, the finest billiard player we have. I think that after Diggle's marvellous performance the other day few will dare to dispute my assertion. Diggle greatly pleased those present by his style, which is devoid of all ostentation. One thing in his favour is his remarkably long reach. He can play a rattling game with his left hand.

Diggle is quite a young man, so far as professional billiard players go, having only just reached his thirtieth year. His early days were passed at Manchester, where he acted as marker at an establishment which is now his own property. He says that he learned to play from observation, backed by practice and perseverance. He had no lessons from any crack player.

The victory of England at Swansea, though ample enough, was not so easily obtained as most people thought it would be. The Welshmen, worn down by the strong work of our forwards, played through to the finish with a dogged determination which prevented an increase in the score, which at the end was a goal and three tries to two tries. The English majority should have been larger but for the singular failure of Mitchell in converting, one of the kicks missed being particularly easy. Fegan was responsible for one blunder, which gave the Welshmen a try, but he retrieved this later on by stopping an otherwise certain score. The other Blackheath three-quarter, Thomson, got one of the tries, and S. M. J. Woods justified his selection by scoring. It was hardly to be expected that England would repeat the ridiculously easy victory of last year at Birkenhead Park. The struggle was a tough one, but the better team won.

The League competition is assuming a very interesting phase owing to the failure of Sunderland and Everton to keep up their form. Following upon their defeat by Sheffield Wednesday, Everton came another cropper, this time from the despised Wolverhampton Wanderers, one of the candidates for the wooden spoon. Then Sunderland, after being beaten by Notts Forest at Nottingham, could only draw against them at Sunderland. Meanwhile Aston Villa go on their way rejoicing, and now enjoy the distinction of being at the top of the table, but as they have played two matches more than Sunderland, and four more than Everton, they are not likely to stop there long. The other League matches on Saturday were remarkable for the big scores of Blackburn Rovers (who put on nine goals to one against Small Heath), and of Sheffield Wednesday, who sent Liverpool home pointless with a thrashing of five goals. Preston North End won a good game by 5—4 at West Bromwich, and Burnley just beat Bolton by a single goal.

Southern League form is inexplicable. It seems impossible to explain the defeats of Luton by Ilford, and Southampton St. Mary's by Reading. Almost as surprising was the victory of Clapton over Royal Ordnance at Greenwich. With Millwall Athletic out this competition would be decidedly interesting, as with the exception of Chatham and Swindon, the clubs are on the same level, and there does not seem a pin to choose between them.

A scandal of some magnitude is likely to come to light soon in connection with the London Football Association, and if the allegations made prove true it is not at all unlikely that suspensions will be made which will create quite a sensation. I am not at liberty just yet to say anything more, as the matter is still *sub judice* at the time of writing.

Woolwich Arsenal supporters are very angry at the conduct of Boyd and another playing in deserting their club just when they were most needed, and the chances of the club getting into the top four of the second division of the League are growing "small by degrees and beautifully less." Boyd has been permanently suspended, and is said to have returned to his native land. His behaviour is all the more inexplicable as the directors of the club treated him handsomely when he was laid up through his injury.

I spoke some time ago of the danger to health caused by the sale of cigarettes with imitation gold mouthpieces. Under these circumstances it will be a satisfaction to everyone who appreciates the pleasant sensation to the lips of the metal foil, to hear that Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills have taken up the manufacture and guarantee that 22-carat gold only is used.

Travellers to the North will appreciate the news that the London and North-Western Railway Company are now running a dining saloon for Liverpool on the 5.30 p.m. train from Euston. This arrangement does away with the bother of Liverpool passengers having to travel, as formerly, in the Manchester dining car between London and Crewe. A new type of dining saloon, upwards of 60 feet in length, and capable of seating twenty passengers, will be run by the same train from London to Manchester. Dining saloons will still be run on the 4.10 p.m. train from Euston to Liverpool.

The Major.

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THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER II.

The Ordeal.

It was wonderful how quickly the room filled—filled with angry faces, so that almost before I knew myself what had happened, I found a crowd round me, asking what it was; M. de St. Alais foremost. As all spoke at once, and in the background where they could not see, ladies were screaming and chattering, I might have found it difficult to explain. But the shattered window and the great stone on the floor spoke for themselves, and told more quickly than I could what had taken place.

On the instant, with a speed which surprised me, the sight blew into a flame passions already smouldering in the breasts of many present. A dozen voices cried, "Out on the Canaille!" and in a moment someone in the background followed this up with "Swords, Messieurs, swords!" In a trice half the gentlemen were elbowing one another towards the door, St. Alais, who burned to avenge the insult offered to his guests, taking the lead. M. de Gontaut and one or two of the elders tried to restrain him, but in vain. In a moment the room was almost emptied of men. They poured out into the street in a body, and began to scour it with drawn blades looking for the offenders. A dozen valets, running out officiously with flambeaux, aided in the search; so that for a few minutes the street, as we who remained viewed it from the windows, seemed to be alive with moving lights and figures.

But the rascals who had flung the stone, whatever the motive which had inspired them, had fled in time; and presently our party returned, some a little ashamed of their violence, others laughing as they entered, and bewailing their silk stockings and spattered shoes; while a few, less fashionable or more impetuous, continued to denounce the insult, and threaten vengeance. At another time, the act might have seemed trivial, a childish insult; but in the strained state of public feeling it had an unpleasant and menacing air which was not lost on the more thoughtful. During the absence of the street party, the draught from the broken window had blown a curtain against some candles and set it alight; the stuff had been torn down with little damage, but it still smoked among the débris on the floor; and this, with the startled faces of the ladies, and the shattered glass, gave a look of disorder and ruin to the room, where a few minutes before all had worn so seemly and festive an air.

It did not surprise me, therefore, that St. Alais' face, stern enough at his entrance, grew darker as he looked round.

"Where is my sister?" he said, abruptly, almost rudely.

"Here," Madame la Marquise answered.

Denise had flown long before to her side, and was clinging to her.

"She is not hurt?"

"No," Madame answered, playfully tapping the girl's cheek. "M. de Saux had most reason to complain."

"Save me from my friends, eh Monsieur?" St. Alais said, with an unpleasant smile.

I started. The words were not much in themselves, but the sneer underlying them was plain. I could scarcely pass it by.

"If you think, M. le Marquis," I said, sharply, "that I knew anything of this outrage——"

"That you knew anything? Ma foi, no!" he replied lightly, and with a courtly gesture of deprecation. "We have not fallen to that yet. That any gentleman in this company should sink to play the fellow to those—is not possible! But I think we may draw a useful lesson from this, gentlemen," he continued, turning from me, and addressing the company, "a lesson to hold our own, or we shall lose all."

A hum of approbation ran round the room.

"To maintain privileges," he cried more loudly, "or we shall lose rights."

Twenty voices were raised in stern assent.

"To stand now," the Marquis continued, his colour high, his hand raised, "or never!"

"Then now! Now!" The cry rose not from one, but from a hundred throats—of men and women; and in a moment the room seemed to throb with enthusiasm, with the pulse of resolve. Men's eyes grew bright under the candles, they breathed quickly, and with heightened colour. Even the weakest felt the influence; the fool who had prated of the social contract and the rights of man was as loud as any. "Now! Now!" they cried.

What followed on that I have never thoroughly understood; nor whether it was a thing arranged, or merely an inspiration, born of the common enthusiasm. But while the windows still shook with that shout, and every eye was on him, M. de St. Alais stepped forward, the most gallant and noble of figures, and with a splendid gesture drew his sword.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, "we are of one mind, of one voice. Let us therefore be in the fashion. If while all the world is fighting to get and hold, we, we alone stand still and on the defensive, we court attack, and, what is worse, defeat! Let us unite then, while it is still time, and show that, in Quercy at least, our order will stand or fall together. You have heard of the oath of the Tennis Court and the 20th of June. Let us, too, take an oath—this 22nd of July; not with uplifted hands like a club of wordy debaters, promising all things to all men; but with uplifted swords. As nobles and gentlemen, let us swear to stand by the rights, the privileges, and the exemptions of our Order!"

A shout that made the candles flicker and jump, that filled the street, and was heard even in the distant market-place, greeted the proposal. Some drew their swords at once, and flourished them above their heads; while ladies waved their fans or kerchiefs. But the majority cried "To the larger room! To the larger room!" And on the instant, as if obeying an order, the company turned that way, and flushed, and eager, pressed through the narrow doorway into the next room.

There may have been some among them less enthusiastic than others; some more earnest in show than at heart; but none, I am sure, who, on this, followed so

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slowly, so reluctantly, with so heavy a heart, and sure a presage of evil as I did. Already I foresaw the dilemma before me; but angry, hot-faced, and uncertain, could discern no way out of it.

If I could have escaped, and slipped clear at this moment, I would have done so without scruple; but the stairs were on the farther side of the great room which we were entering, and a dense crowd cut me off from them; to crown all, I felt that St. Alais' eye was upon me, and that, if he had not framed this ordeal to meet my case, and extort my support, whether I would or no, he was at least determined, now his blood was fired, that I should not evade it.

Still I lingered near the inner door, hoping; but the Marquis, on reaching the middle of the room, mounted a chair, and turned round; and so contrived still to face me. The mob of gentlemen formed themselves round him, the younger and more tumultuous uttering cries of "Vive la Noblesse!" and a fringe of ladies encircled all. The lights, the brilliant dresses and jewels, the impassioned faces, the waving kerchiefs and bright eyes, rendered the scene one to be remembered, though at the moment I was conscious only of St. Alais' gaze.

"Messieurs," he cried, "draw your swords, if you please!"

They flashed out at the word, with a steely glitter, which the mirrors reflected; and M. de St. Alais passed his eye slowly round, while all waited for the word. He stopped; his eye was on me.

"M. de Saux," he said, politely, "we are waiting for you"

Naturally all turned. I strove to mutter something, and signed to him with my hand to go on. But I was too much confused to speak clearly; my hope was that he would comply, out of prudence.

But that was the last thing he thought of doing.

"Will you take your place, Monsieur?" he said, smoothly.

Then I could escape no longer. A hundred eyes, some impatient, some merely curious, rested on me. My face burned.

"I cannot do so," I answered.

There fell a great silence from one end of the room to the other.

"Why not, Monsieur, if I may ask?" St. Alais said, still smoothly.

"Because I am not—entirely at one with you," I stammered, meeting all eyes as bravely as I could. "My opinions are known, M. de St. Alais," I went on more steadfastly. "I cannot swear."

He stayed with his hand a dozen who would have cried out upon me.

"Gently, Messieurs," he said, with a gesture of dignity, "gently, if you please. This is no place for threats. M. de Saux is my guest; and I have too great a respect for him, not to respect his scruples. But I think that there is another way. I shall not venture to argue with him myself. But—Madame," he continued, smiling as he turned with an inimitable air to his mother, "I think that if you would permit Mademoiselle de St. Alais to play the recruiting-sergeant for this one time—she could not fail to heal the breach."

A murmur of laughter and subdued applause, a flutter of fans and women's eyes greeted the proposal. But, for a moment, Madame la Marquise, smiling and sphinx-like, stood still, and did not speak. Then she turned to her daughter, who, at the mention of her name, had cowered back, shrinking from sight.

"Go, Denise," she said, simply. "Ask M. de Saux to honour you by becoming your recruit."

The girl came forward slowly, and with a visible tremor; and never shall I forget the misery of that moment, or the shame and obstinacy that alternately surged through my brain as I awaited her. Thought, quicker than lightning, showed me the trap into which I had fallen, a trap far more horrible than the dilemma I had foreseen. But the poor girl herself, as she stood before me, tortured by shyness, and stammering her little petition in words barely intelligible, was not the least part of my pain.

For to refuse her, in face of all those people, seemed a thing impossible. It seemed a thing as brutal as to strike her; an act as cruel, as churlish, as unworthy of a gentleman as to trample any helpless sensitive thing under foot. And I felt that; I felt it to the utmost. But I felt also that to assent was to turn my back on consistency, and my life; to consent to be a dupe, the victim of a ruse; to be a coward, though everyone there might applaud me. I saw both these things, and for a moment I hesitated between rage and pity; while lights and fair faces, inquisitive or scornful, shifted mazily before my eyes. At last—

"Mademoiselle, I cannot," I muttered. "I cannot."

"Monsieur!"

It was not the girl's word, but Madame's, and it rang high and sharp through the room; so that I thanked God for the intervention. It cleared in a moment the confusion from my brain. I became myself. I turned to her; I bowed.

"No, Madame, I cannot." I said firmly, doubting no longer, but stubborn, defiant, resolute. "My opinions are known. And I will not even for Mademoiselle's sake, give the lie to them."

As the last word fell from my lips, a glove, flung by an unseen hand, struck me on the cheek; and then for a moment the room seemed to go mad. Amid a storm of hisses, of "Vaurien!" and "A bas le traitre!" a dozen blades were brandished in my face, a dozen challenges were flung at my head. I had not learned at that time how excitable is a crowd, how much less merciful than any member of it; and surprised and deafened by the tumult, which the shrieks of the ladies did not tend to diminish, I recoiled a pace.

M. de St. Alais took advantage of the moment. He sprang down, and thrusting aside the blades which threatened me, flung himself in front of me.

"Messieurs, listen!" he cried, above the uproar. "Listen, I beg! This gentleman is my guest. He is no longer of us, but he must go unharmed. A way! A way, if you please, for M. le Vicomte de Saux."

They obeyed him reluctantly, and falling back to one side or the other, presently opened a way across the room to the door. He turned to me, and bowed low, his courtliest bow.

"This way, Monsieur le Vicomte, if you please," he said. "Madame la Marquise will not trespass on your time any longer."

I followed him with a burning face, down the lane of shining parquet, under the chandelier, between the lines of mocking eyes, and not a man interposed. In dead silence I followed him to the door. There St. Alais stood aside, and bowed to me, and I to him, and I walked out mechanically.

I was in the lobby. The crowd of peeping, grinning lackeys that filled it stared at me, all eyes; but I was scarcely conscious of their impertinence or their presence. Until I reached the street, and the cold air revived me, I went like a man stunned, and unable to think. The blow had fallen on me so suddenly, so unexpectedly.

When I did come a little to myself, my first feeling was rage. I had gone into M. de St. Alais' house that evening, possessing everything; I came out, stripped of friends, reputation, betrothed! I had gone in, trusting to his friendship, the friendship that was a tradition in our families; and he had worsted me by a trick. I stood in the street, and groaned as I thought of it; as I pictured the sorry figure I had cut amongst them, and reflected on what was before me.

THEY POURED OUT INTO THE STREET IN A BODY.

For, presently, I began to think that I had been a fool — that I should have given way. I could not, as I stood in the street there, foresee the future; nor know for certain that the old France was passing, and that even now, in Paris, its death-knell had gone forth. I had to live by the opinions of the people round me; to think, as I paced the streets, how I should face the company to-morrow, and whether I should fly, or whether I should fight. For in the meeting on the morrow——

Ah! the Assembly. The word turned my thoughts into a new channel. I could have my revenge there. That I might not raise a jarring note *there*, they had cajoled me, and when cajolery failed, had insulted me. Well, I would show them that the new way would succeed no better than the old, and that where they had thought to suppress a Saux they had raised a Mirabeau. From this point I passed the night in a fever. Resentment spurred ambition; rage against my caste, a love of the people. Every sign of misery and famine that had passed before my eyes during the day recurred now, and was garnered for use. The early daylight found me still pacing my room, still thinking, composing, reciting; when André, my old body-servant, who had been also my father's, came at seven with a note in his hand, I was still in my clothes.

Doubtless he had heard downstairs a garbled account of what had occurred, and my cheek burned. I took no notice of his gloomy looks, however, but, without speaking, opened the note. It was not signed, but the handwriting was Louis'.

"Go home," it ran, "and do not show yourself at the Assembly. They will challenge you one by one; the event is certain. Leave Cahors at once, or you are a dead man."

That was all! I smiled bitterly at the weakness of the man who could do no more for his friend than this.

"Who gave it to you?" I asked André.

"A servant, Monsieur."

"Whose?"

But he muttered that he did not know; and I did not press him. He assisted me to change my dress; when I had done, he asked me at what hour I needed the horses.

"The horses! For what?" I said, turning and staring at him.

"To return, Monsieur."

"But I do not return to-day!" I said in cold displeasure. "Of what are you speaking? We came only yesterday."

"True, Monsieur," he muttered, continuing to potter over my dressing things, with his back to me. "Still, it is a good day for returning."

"You have been reading this note!" I cried, wrathfully. "Who told you that——"

"All the town knows!" he answered, shrugging his shoulders, coolly. "It is, 'André, take your master home!' and 'André, you have a hot-pate for a master', and André this, and André that, until I am fairly muddled! Gil has a bloody nose, fighting a Harincourt lad that called Monsieur a fool; but for me, I am too old for fighting. And there is one other thing I am too old for," he continued, sniffing—"and that is, to bury another master."

I waited a minute. Then I said—

"You think that I shall be killed?"

"It is the talk of the town!"

I thought a moment. Then—

"You served my father, André?" I said

"Ah! Monsieur."

"Yet you would have me run away?"

He turned to me, and flung up his hands in despair.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, "I don't know what I would have! We are ruined by these canaille. As if God made them to do anything but dig and work; or we could do without poor. If you had never taken up with them, Monsieur——"

"Silence, man!" I said, sternly. "You know nothing about it. Go down now, and another time be more careful. You talk of the canaille and the poor! What are you yourself?"

"I, Monsieur?" he cried.

"Yes—you!"

He looked at me with a stare of utter astonishment. Then he shook his head sorrowfully, and went out. He began to think me mad.

I thought it likely that if I showed myself in the streets before the Assembly met, I should be challenged, and forced to fight. I waited, therefore, until the hour of meeting was past; waited in the dull room, feeling the bitterness of isolation, and thinking, sometimes of Louis St. Alais, who had let me go, and spoken no word in my behalf, sometimes of men's unreasonableness; for in some of the provinces half of the nobility were of my way of thinking. I thought of Saux, too; and I will not say that I felt no temptation to adopt the course which André had suggested—to withdraw quietly thither, and then at some later time, when men's minds were calmer, to vindicate my courage. But a certain stubbornness, which my father had before me, and which I have heard people say comes of an English strain in the race, conspired with resentment to keep me in the way I had marked out. At a quarter-past ten, therefore, when I thought that the last of the Members would have preceded me to the Assembly, I went downstairs, with hot cheeks, but eyes that were stern enough; and finding André and Gil waiting at the door, bade them follow me to the Chapter House beside the Cathedral, where the meetings were held.

Afterwards I was told that, had I used my eyes, I must have noticed the excitement which prevailed in the streets; the crowd, dense, yet silent, that filled the Square and all the neighbouring ways; the air of expectancy, the closed shops, the cessation of business, the whispering groups in alleys and at doors. But I was wrapped up in myself, like one going on a forlorn hope; and of all remarked only one thing—that as I crossed the Square a man called out, "God bless you, Monsieur!" and another, "Vive Saux!" and that thereon a dozen or more took off their caps. This I did notice; but mechanically only. The next moment I was in the entry which leads alongside one wall of the Cathedral to the Chapter House, and a crowd of clerks and servants, who blocked it almost from wall to wall, were making way for me to pass; not without looks of astonishment and curiosity.

Making my way through them, I entered the empty vestibule, which two or three ushers kept clear. Here the change from sunshine to shadow, from the life and light and stir which prevailed outside, to the silence of this vaulted chamber was so great that it struck a chill to my heart. Here, in the greyness and stillness, the importance of the step I was about to take, the madness of the challenge I was about to fling down, in the teeth of a province, rose before me; and if my mind had not been braced to the utmost by resentment and obstinacy, I must have turned back. But already my feet rang noisily on the stone pavement, and forbade retreat. I could hear a monotonous voice speaking in the Chamber beyond the closed door; and I crossed to that door, setting my teeth hard, and preparing myself to play the man, whatever awaited me.

Another moment, and I should have been in. My hand was on the latch, when someone, who had been sitting on the stone bench in the shadow under the window, sprang up, and hurried to stop me. It was Louis de St. Alais. He reached me before I could open the door, and, thrusting himself in front of me, set his back against the panels.

"Stop! for God's sake, stop!" he cried, passionately, but keeping his voice low. "What can one do against two hundred? Go back, man, go back, and I will——"

"*You will!*" I answered with fierce contempt, yet the same low tone—the ushers were staring at us from the door by which I had entered. "You will? You will do, I suppose, as much as you did last night, Monsieur."

"Never mind that now!" he answered, earnestly; though he winced, and the colour rose to his brow. "Only go! Go to Saux, and——"

"Keep out of the way!"

"Yes," he said, "and keep out of the way. If you will do that——"

"Keep out of the way?" I said, savagely.

"Yes, yes; then everything will blow over."

"Thank you!" I said, trembling with rage. "And how much, may I ask, are you to have, M. le Comte, for ridding the Assembly of me?"

He stared at me. "Adrien!" he exclaimed.

But I was ruthless. "No, Monsieur le Comte—not Adrien!" I said; "I am that only to my friends."

"And I am no longer one?"

I raised my eyebrows contemptuously. "After last night?" I said. "Is it possible, Monsieur, that you fancy you played a friendly part? I came into your house, your guest, your friend; and you laid a trap for me, you held me up to ridicule and odium, you——"

"I did?" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps not. But you stood by and saw it done! You stood by and said no word for me! You stood by and raised no finger for me! If you call that friendship——"

He stopped me with a gesture full of dignity. "You forget one thing, M. le Vicomte," he said, in a tone of proud reticence.

"Name it!" I answered, disdainfully.

"That Mademoiselle de St. Alais is my sister!"

"Ah!"

"And that, whether the fault was yours or not, you last evening treated her lightly—before two hundred people! You forget that, M. le Vicomte."

"I treated her lightly?" I replied, in a fresh access of rage. We had moved, as if by common consent, a little

from the door, and by this time were glaring into one another's eyes. "And with whom lay the fault if I did? With whom lay the fault, Monsieur? You gave me the choice—nay, you forced me to make choice between slighting her and giving up opinions and convictions which I hold, in which I have been bred, in which——"

"*Opinions!*" he said, more harshly than he had yet spoken. "What are, after all, opinions? Pardon me, I see that I annoy you. But I am not philosophic; and I cannot understand a man——"

"Giving up anything for his opinions!" I retorted, with a savage sneer. "No, Monsieur, I daresay not. If a man will not stand by his friends, he will not stand by his opinions. To do either the one or the other, M. le Comte, a man must not be a coward."

He grew pale, and looked at me strangely. "Hush, Monsieur!" he said—involuntarily, it seemed. And a spasm crossed his face, as if a sharp pain shot through him.

But I was beside myself with passion. "A coward!" I repeated. "Do you understand me, M. le Comte? Or do you wish me to go inside and repeat the word before the Assembly?"

"There is no need," he said, growing as red as he had before been pale.

"There should be none," I answered, with a sneer. "May I conclude, therefore, that you will meet me after the Assembly rises?"

He bowed without speaking; and then, and not till then, something in his silence and his looks pierced the armour of my rage; and on a sudden I grew sick and cold. It was too late, however; I had said that which could never be unsaid. The memory of his patience, of his goodness, of his forbearance, came after the event. I saluted him formally; he replied; and I turned grimly to the door again.

But I was not to pass through it yet.

I had the latch in my grasp, and the door an inch open, when a hand plucked me back; so forcibly, that the latch rattled as it fell, and I turned in a rage. To my astonishment it was Louis again, but with a changed face—a face of strange excitement. He retained his hold on me.

"MESSIEURS," HE CRIED, "DRAW YOUR SWORDS, IF YOU PLEASE!"

"No," he said, between his teeth. "You have called me a coward, M. le Vicomte, and I will not wait! Not an hour. You shall fight me now. There is a garden at the back, and——"

But I had grown as cold as he hot.

"I shal do nothing of the kind," I said. "After the Assembly——"

He raised his hand and deliberately struck me with his glove across the face.

"Will that persuade you, then?" he said. "After that, Monsieur, if you are a gentleman, you will fight me. There is a garden at the back, and in ten minutes——"

"In ten minutes the Assembly may have risen," I said.

"I will not keep you ten minutes!" he answered, sternly. "Come, sir! Or must I strike you again?"

"I will come," I said, slowly. "After you, Monsieur."

(*To be continued.*)

HE who will be duped by nothing, ends by being the dupe of his own distrust.

In this world it is not enough to be logical. One must know how to live among people who are not logical.

There is the same passion equally in the greatest and the least; nor is she any better who wears away the black paving-stones with her feet, than she who was carried on the neck of Syrian slaves.

SKI-RUNNING IN RUSSIA.

BY

FRED WHISHAW.

Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

MOST readers of periodical literature have heard lately all about the Norwegian *Ski*-competitions, and of the delights of descending the slippery hill-sides upon snow-shoes, for it certainly is a delightful sensation to fly like a shooting star over the soft snow when you have arrived at the requisite degree of skill to enable you to do so without making a Catherine-wheel of yourself half-way down, or less; but before those readers attempt to emulate the doings of these doughty Norseman let them listen to my tale of woe, for it is a true tale, and what happened to Atkins and me will also happen to them if they are rash enough to aspire to be skilled snow-shoers.

Atkins and I were paying a visit to Russia, where there is also snow, as well as in Norway. Moreover, there are snow-shoes of the Norwegian type, though it is mostly the English who use them, and Atkins and I were recommended to take a couple of pairs of these, and drive down to a certain gully a few miles from town, and there practice by ourselves. Our friends gave us plenty of valuable valedictory advice, which we digested as we drove along, and which—when we had digested it—only proved one thing, and that was that if we had any sense we would go home again without putting on the snow-shoes. Here is some of it:—

"Choose a hill with nice soft snow on it to fall about in."

"If you feel yourself going sit down on your heels."

"If you feel yourself going throw yourself forward."

"If you feel yourself going lean to one side."

"If you feel yourself going chuck both heels into the air, and sit down on the middle of your back."

"Look out for 'drops.'"

"Don't attempt to steer your shoes at first; they'll cross if you do."

"Be sure to steer your shoes, and keep them straight, or they'll cross."

And so on—nice and contradictory, you see; but then there are so many systems in snow-shoeing. On one point, however, every adviser seemed agreed—namely, that we were pretty certain to "feel ourselves going"!

"I wonder what a 'drop' is," said Atkins, as we flew along in that most luxurious of all vehicles, a Russian *troika*-sledge.

I didn't know then; I do now; so does Atkins. We were both to learn all about it presently.

The shoes are long, narrow things—about seven feet long, I should think, and a few inches in width; they are fastened to the foot by a thong round the heel, and another over the instep.

Arrived at our destination Bobby Atkins and I sent the driver home, and watched him well out of sight—for we didn't want spectators—and then we put those shoes on.

First we practised walking on the level. I don't know what Atkins did, for whenever I glanced at him he was just getting up, or else still lying down where he had last fallen; but my proceedings were something like this:—

First I would boldly push out my right foot, making sure that the shoe would slide along the snow, which it didn't do; instead, it went up in the air, and the other followed it, and I was left behind, with the back of my head burrowing in the snow. If I succeeded in sliding one shoe forward, and tried to follow up this success with the other, the things crossed, and I went forward on my nose. Presently, however, I found myself improving. I took half-a-dozen steps successfully, but was brought up by a tree. Now, since I had nothing handy to fell the tree with, I rightly concluded that I must go round it; but the shoes each wanted to go round that tree on its own side—the right-foot shoe took to the right of it, and the left one to the other side. They both lost sight of the fact that we couldn't get by in that way, because, naturally, I was in the way. So the shoes took me, and plastered me tight against the tree before they remembered that this was a foolish thing to do, and could lead to no good results. Then I had to back out of the situation, and, if the shoes had crossed one another going forwards, they did so tenfold when I essayed travelling backwards. In a word, when I was not falling forward on my nose, I was sitting down violently backwards, until I got clear of that tree, and then I looked round to see what Bobby was about—Bobby was picking himself out of a snow-grave.

"How are you getting on?" I inquired.

"Grandly!" he said. "I walked ten yards then before I went over."

"You *are* doing well!" I said, bracingly. "Let's see you try the hill now. You won't mind going first; I'm not getting on a bit!"

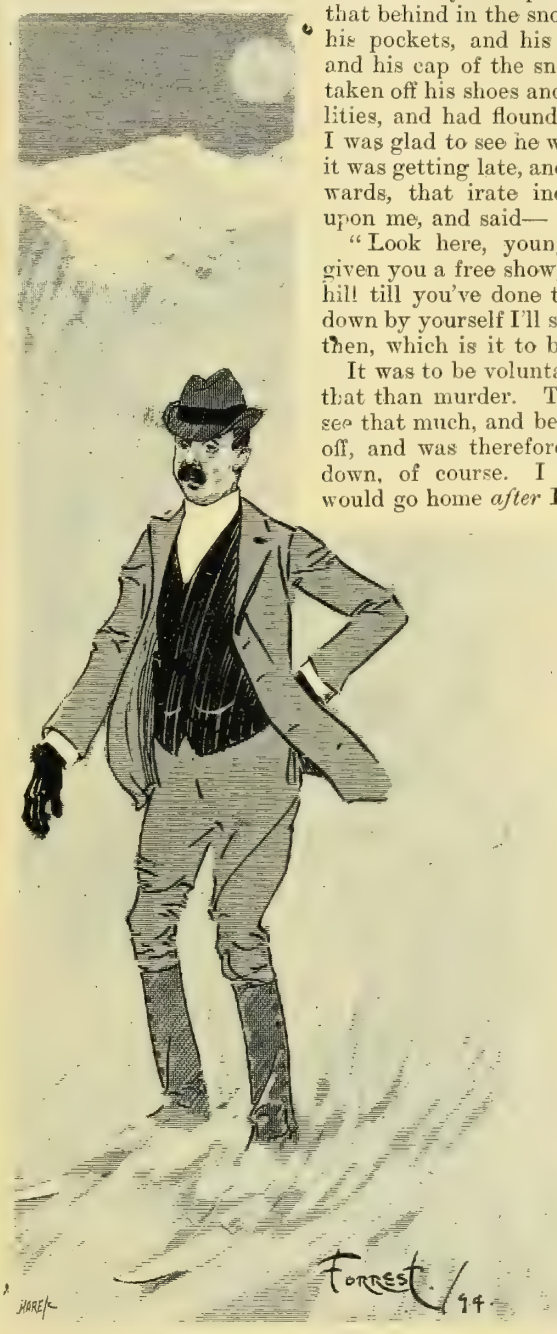
"Not me!" said Atkins, who is never grammatical if he can help it; "we'll toss!"

I am glad to think that Bobby lost a shilling by attempting to toss a coin on snow-shoes; when he flipped the shilling into the air he toppled over on his face, one shoe darting towards the south-west, and the other towards the north-east. As for the shilling, it plunged, like Bobby, into the snow, but, unlike Atkins, it remained

I FOUND MYSELF IMPROVING.

there while he struggled to his feet and said things which are, perhaps, more excusable when on snow-shoes than at almost any other time. Now, I felt capable of any perfidy rather than go down the hill first; therefore, I proposed to Atkins that he should guess the

date of the coin I held in my hand—whether an even or uneven number. If he had guessed right, I should certainly have basely swindled him; but he guessed wrong, and prepared himself for the sacrifice. I helped him as well as I could, but my good nature nearly launched us both into the Ewigkeit, locked in one another's arms; for, as I was straightening his shoes for him at the top of the hill, one of us suddenly threw his heels into the air—goodness only knows why, nor do I know which—and the next instant it was impossible to say where I began or Bobby ended, or which were whose shoes. We had already begun to glide slowly down hill, when one of the four shoes providentially caught its end in the snow, and arrested our progress. At last we unravelled ourselves, and I managed to get Bobby fairly straight, and started him off.



LIKE AN ARROW FROM THE BOW.

Like an arrow from a bow away went Atkins upon his mad career. For an instant he was a flying human form rushing wildly through space, the next he was a Catharine-wheel. Bits of him appeared to be shot forth in every direction, together with showers of spraying snow; now I caught a glimpse of an anguished countenance as it whirled around in its devil's delight, with here a leg and there a snow-shoe; now I thought I recognised what must be one of his arms revolving in its giddy dance, with no apparent shoulder to keep it company. I remember wondering, in helpless horror, whether there would be a piece of Bobby left big enough to take home to his poor mother in England.

Then suddenly there was a plunge; a tornado of snow rose, and whirled away into space, and all was still. "The boy—oh! where was he?"

I think I was going to do something very brave: I was going to throw myself down that hill in search of poor Bobbie Atkins' remains; I am sure I was, though I had not actually started upon that suicidal enterprise, when an extraordinary thing happened. Out, apparently, from the bowels of the earth there suddenly appeared first a snow-shoe, then a leg, then a second snow-shoe, and another leg.

These waved and kicked awhile, as though impelled by some uncontrollable passion, until presently a portion of a human trunk struggled into view.

How wonderful a thing muscular action is, I reflected; and what enormous vitality does a strong young Englishman possess; probably poor Bobby's head and arms are yards away from these other bits of his body, and yet just see how those legs kick and struggle! But, to my unbounded astonishment, in another moment that very head and those very arms appeared also, and, so far as I could see, they were still in company with the legs and trunk, though how that young man's limbs contrived to stand by one another throughout that firework performance of his has always been, and must always remain, a puzzle to me. Moreover, the vital spark was still alight. This I ascertained from the circumstance that language was proceeding from the scene of the tragedy of a kind which spirits would not think of using.

There was no doubt of the joyful fact; Bobby was alive—cohesive—he was all there; none of him was lost, that is, always excepting his gentlemanly feeling—he left that behind in the snow. For when Atkins had emptied his pockets, and his neck, and his boots, and his tie, and his cap of the snow which pervaded them, and had taken off his shoes and cast them from him with personalities, and had floundered up the hill; and when I said I was glad to see he was really all in one piece, and that it was getting late, and we had better be sauntering homewards, that irate individual turned a cold, grey eye upon me, and said—

"Look here, young fellow, no rotting, please; I've given you a free show, and I'm not going away from this hill till you've done the same by me. If you don't go down by yourself I'll shove you down. I swear it. Now then, which is it to be?"

It was to be voluntary self-sacrifice, of course—better that than murder. The fellow was determined, I could see that much, and besides, he had taken his snow-shoes off, and was therefore my master. I said I would go down, of course. I explained that I had meant we would go home *after* I had had my treat. Then Bobby fixed me up and sent me flying.

For twenty—thirty deliriously delightful yards I went as straight as a meteor, and as swiftly. Oh, the delight of it! I fancied myself a bullet whizzing through space—the air whistled past my ears—I saw nothing—knew nothing, but the joy of having wings. It was a wild, short, splendid frenzy of delight. My snow-shoes behaved magnificently—they kept a bee-line all the way, and never so much as looked at one another: it was business hours, and they felt that larking would be out of place.

Then suddenly my heart leapt into my mouth — my feet had lost touch of earth —I was whirling giddily in space — what was I now, a firework? A somersault, another — the first in air, the second apparently in a cloud, then a plunge, and lastly, silence as of the tomb, and the darkness thereof, and the chill.

This was death, of course, and burial too, so I concluded, but I was to giddy to think much about it.

And yet, they couldn't, surely, have buried a fellow in this absurd position. My two legs were bent back over my head, I now discovered, and my face was fixed between my two knees, and was staring into a white wall of snow. There was snow above me and around me—I was buried in it. I tried to move, but could not, for my snow-shoes had jammed themselves somehow

and prevented me. The position does not sound luxuriously comfortable when described, but it was not actually so very bad, and I felt no pain whatever. I was not hurt, as a matter of fact, though I was a trifle giddy.

So I just lay still and waited for Bobby to come and help me, which he presently did, tugging tentatively first at one shoe and then at the other. Then he did the only wise thing—he unfastened the straps of my shoes and freed my legs and enabled me to struggle out.

"I didn't like to tell you before you started, old chap," said Bobby, ladling snow out of my neck and pockets, while I disburdened my mouth and ears, for I was "full up," inside and out, like a London omnibus, "but I think it must be a 'drop' that floored both of us."

Then we inspected the hillside, and found that it was even as Bobby supposed; it was a drop—*i.e.*, a small precipice of ten feet or so, a mere nothing when you are used to the pretty art of snow-shoe running, a mere bagatelle to the Norwegian flyer—but, to us beginners, distinctly a drop too much.

Then Bobby Atkins and I sought out and found a little hill—a tiny slopeling, innocent of drops or of steepness or of any offence to the beginner, and there we practised ourselves into tolerable efficiency. It is wonderfully easy when you once learn the trick of it.

So is catching cannon-balls and descending from the clouds on a parachute—but you must mind the "drop" in all these things, and not object to being knocked about a bit while learning.

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 63. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

MATED.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by SCOTT RANKIN.

THE SCHOONER *Falcon* was ready for sea. The last bale of general cargo had just been shipped, and a few hairy, unkempt seamen were busy putting on the hatches under the able profanity of the mate.

"All clear?" inquired the master, a short, ruddy-faced man of about thirty-five. "Cast off there."

"Ain't you going to wait for the passengers, then?" inquired the mate.

"No, no," replied the skipper, whose features were working with excitement. "They won't come now, I'm sure they won't. We'll lose the tide if we don't look sharp."

He turned aside to give an order just as a buxom young woman, accompanied by a loutish boy, a bandbox, and several other bundles, came hurrying on to the jetty.

"Well, here we are, Cap'n Harris," said the girl, springing lightly on to the deck. "I thought we should never get here; the cabman didn't seem to know the way; but I knew you wouldn't go without us."

"Here you are," said the skipper, with attempted cheerfulness, as he gave the girl his right hand, while his left strayed vaguely in the direction of the boy's ear, which was coldly withheld from him. "Go down below, and the mate'll show you your cabin. Bill, this is Miss Cooper, a lady friend o' mine, and her brother."

The mate, acknowledging the introduction, led the way to the cabin, where they remained so long that by the time they came on deck again the schooner was off Limehouse, slipping along well under a light wind.

"How do you like the state-room?" inquired the skipper, who was at the wheel.

"Pretty fair," replied Miss Cooper. "It's a big name for it though, ain't it? Oh, what a large ship."

She ran to the side to gaze at a big liner, and as far as Gravesend besieged the skipper and mate with questions concerning the various craft. At the mate's suggestion they had tea on deck, at which meal William Henry Cooper became a source of much discomfort to his host by his remarkable discoveries anent the fauna of lettuce. Despite his efforts, however, and the cloud under which Harris seemed to be labouring, the meal was voted a big success, and after it was over they sat laughing and chatting until the air got chilly and the banks of the river were lost in the gathering darkness. At ten o'clock they retired for the night, leaving Harris and the mate on deck.

"Nice gal, that," said the mate, looking at the skipper, who was leaning moodily on the wheel.

"Ay, ay," replied he. "Bill," he continued, turning suddenly towards the mate. "I'm in a deuce of a mess. You've got a good, square head on your shoulders. Now, what on earth am I to do? Of course, you can see how the land lays?"

"Of course," said the mate, who was not going to lose his reputation by any display of ignorance. "Anyone could see it," he added.

"The question is what's to be done?" said the skipper.

"That's the question," said the mate, guardedly.

"I feel that worried," said Harris, "that I've actually thought of getting into collision or running the ship ashore. Fancy them two women meeting at Llandalock."

Such a sudden light broke in upon the square head of the mate that he nearly whistled with the brightness of it.

"But you ain't *engaged* to this one?" he cried.

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THEY HAD TEA ON DECK.

"We're to be married in August," said the skipper desperately. "That's my ring on her finger."

"But you're going to marry Mary Jones in September," expostulated the mate. "You can't marry both of 'em."

"That's what I say," replied Harris, "that's what I keep telling myself, but it don't seem to bring much comfort. I'm too soft-'earted where wimmen is concerned, Bill, an' that's the truth of it. D'reckly I get alongside of a nice gal my arm goes creeping round her before I know what it's doing."

"What on earth made you bring the girl on the ship?" inquired the mate. "The other one's sure to be on the quay to meet you as usual."

"I couldn't help it," groaned the skipper, "she would come, she can be very determined when she likes. She's awful gone on me, Bill."

"So's the other one, apparently," said the mate.

"I can't think what it is the gals see in me," said the other mournfully. "Can you?"

"No, I'm blamed if I can," replied the mate frankly.

"I don't take no credit for it, Bill," said the skipper, "not a bit. My father was like it before me. The worry's killing me."

"Well, which are you going to have?" inquired the mate. "Which do you like the best?"

"I don't know, an' that's a fact," said the skipper. "They've both got money coming to 'em; when I'm in Wales I like Mary Jones best, and when I'm in London it's Janey Cooper. It's dreadful to be like that, Bill."

"It is," said the mate drily. "I wouldn't be in your shoes when those two gals meet for a fortune. Then you'll have old Jones and her brothers to tackle, too. Seems to me things'll be a bit lively."

"I hev thought of being took sick and staying in my bunk, Bill," suggested Harris anxiously.

"An' having the two of 'em to nurse you," retorted Bill. "Nice quiet time for an invalid."

Harris made a gesture of despair.

"How would it be," said the mate after a long pause and speaking very slowly, "how would it be if I took this one off your hands."

"You couldn't do it, Bill," said the skipper decidedly "Not while she knew I was above ground."

"Well, I can try," returned the mate shortly. "I've took rather a fancy to the girl. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said the skipper, shaking hands upon it. "if you git me out of this hole, Bill, I'll remember it the longest day I live."

With these words he went below, and after cautiously undoing W. H. Cooper, who had slept himself into a knot that a professional contortionist would have envied, tumbled in beside him and went to sleep.

His heart almost failed him when he encountered the radiant Jane at breakfast in the morning, but he concealed his feelings by a strong effort, and after the meal was finished, and the passengers had gone on deck,

he laid hold of the mate, who was following, and drew him into the cabin.

"You haven't washed yourself this morning," he said, eyeing him closely. "How do you s'pose you are going to make an impression if you don't look smart?"

"Well, I look tidier than you do," growled the mate.

"Of course you do," said the wily Harris. "I'm going to give you all the chances I can. Now you go and shave yourself, and here—take it."

He passed the surprised mate a brilliant red silk tie embellished with green spots.

"No, no," said the mate deprecatingly.

"Take it," repeated Harris, "if anything'll fetch her it'll be that tie, and here's a couple of collars for you they're a new shape, quite the rage down Poplar way just now."

"It's robbing you," said the mate, "and it's no good either. I ain't got a decent suit of clothes to my back."

Harris looked up, and their eyes met, then with a catch in his breath he turned away, and after some hesitation went to his locker, and bringing out a new suit, bought for the edification of Miss Jones, handed it silently to the mate.

"I can't take all these things without giving you something for 'em," said the mate. "Here, wait a bit."

He dived into his cabin, and after a hasty search, brought out some garments which he placed on the table before his commander.

"I wouldn't wear 'em, no, not to drown myself in," declared Harris, after a brief glance, "they ain't even decent."

"So much the better," said the mate, "it'll be more of a contrast with me."

After a slight contest the skipper gave way, and the mate, after an elaborate toilette, went on deck and began to make himself agreeable, while his chief skulked below trying to muster up courage to put in an appearance.

"Where's the Captain?" inquired Miss Cooper, after his absence had been so prolonged as to become noticeable.

"He's below, dressin', I b'leeve," replied the mate simply.

Miss Cooper, glancing at his attire, smiled softly to herself, and prepared for something startling, and she got it; for a more forlorn, sulky-looking object than the skipper when he did appear had never been seen on the deck of the *Falcon*, and his London betrothed glanced at him hot with shame and indignation.

"Whatever have you got those things on for?" she whispered.

"Work, my dear—work," replied the skipper.

"Well, mind you don't lose any of the pieces," said the dear, suavely, "you mightn't be able to match that cloth."

"I'll look after that," said the skipper, reddening. "You must excuse me talkin' to you now. I'm busy."

Miss Cooper looked at him indignantly, and, biting her lip, turned away, and started a desperate flirtation with the mate, to punish him. Harris watched them with mingled feelings, as he busied himself with various small jobs on the deck, his wrath being raised to boiling point by the behaviour of the cook, who, being a poor hand at disguising his feelings, came out of the galley several times to look at him.

From this incident a coolness sprang up between the skipper and the girl, which increased hourly. At times the skipper weakened, but the watchful mate was always on hand to prevent mischief. Owing to his fostering care Harris was generally busy, and always gruff, and Miss Cooper, who was used to the most assiduous attentions from him, knew not whether to be most bewildered or most indignant. Four times in one day did he remark in her hearing that a sailor's ship was his sweetheart, while his treatment of his small prospective brother-in-law, when he expostulated with him on the state of his wardrobe, filled that hitherto pampered youth with amazement. At last, on the fourth night out, as the little schooner was passing the coast of Cornwall, the mate came up to him as he was steering, and patted him heavily on the back.

"It's all right, cap'n," said he. "You've lost the prettiest little girl in England."

"What?" said the skipper, in incredulous tones.

"Fact," replied the other. "Here's your ring back. I wouldn't let her wear it any longer."

"However did you do it?" inquired Harris, taking the ring in a dazed fashion.

"Oh, easy as possible," said the mate. "She liked me best, that's all."

"But what did you say to her?" persisted Harris.

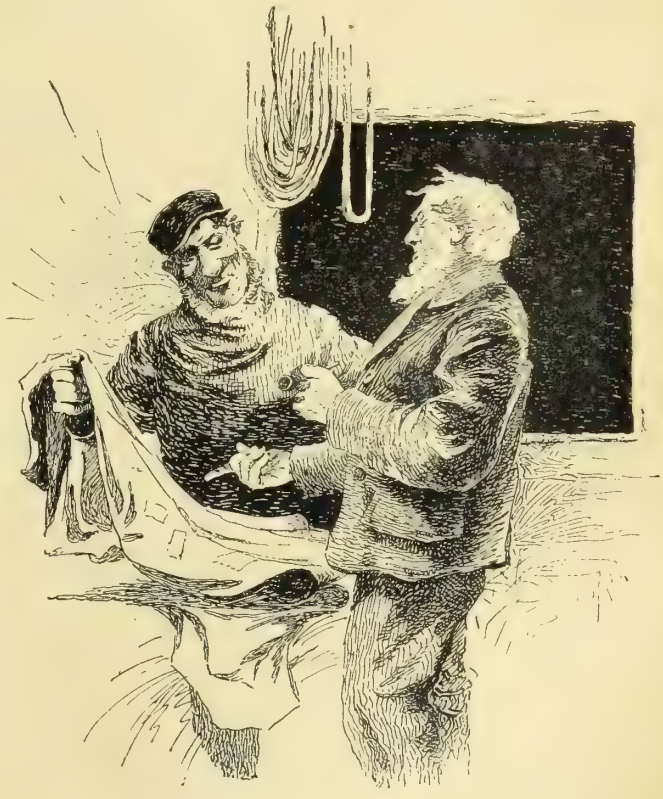
The other reflected.

"I can't call to mind exactly," he said, at length. "But, you may rely upon it, I said everything I could against you. But she never did care much for you. She told me so herself."

"I wish you joy of your bargain," said Harris, solemnly, after a long pause.

"What do you mean?" demanded the mate, sharply.

"A girl like that," said the skipper, with a lump in his throat, "who can carry on with two men at once



"I WOULDN'T WEAR 'EM—NO, NOT TO DROWN MYSELF IN."

ain't worth having. She's not my money, that's all."

The mate looked at him in honest bewilderment.

"Mark my words," continued the skipper, loftily, "you'll live to regret it. A girl like that's got no ballast. She'll always be running after fresh neckties."

"You put it down to the necktie, do you?" sneered the mate, wrathfully.

"That and the clothes, cert'nly," replied the skipper.

"Well, you're wrong," said the mate. "A lot you know about girls. It wasn't your old clothes, and it wasn't all your bad behaviour to her since she's been aboard. You may as well know first as last. She wouldn't have nothing to do with me at first, so I told her all about Mary Jones."

"You told her *that?*" cried the skipper, fiercely.

"I did," replied the other. "She was pretty wild at first; but then the comic side of it struck her — you wearing them old clothes, and going about as you did. She used to watch you until she couldn't stand it any longer, and then go down in the cabin and laugh. Wonderful spirits that girl's got. Hush! here she is!"

As he spoke the girl came on deck, and, seeing the two men talking together, remained at a short distance from them.

"It's all right, Jane," said the mate; "I've told him."

"Oh!" said Miss Cooper, with a little gasp.

"I can't bear deceit," said the mate; "and now it's off his mind, he's so happy he can't bear himself."

HE DEPOSITED HIM IN THE MATE'S BUNK.

The latter part of this assertion seemed to be more warranted by facts than the former, but Harris made a choking noise, which he intended as a sign of unbearable joy, and, relinquishing the wheel to the mate, walked forward. The clear sky was thick with stars, and a mind at ease might have found enjoyment in the quiet beauty of the night, but the skipper was too interested in the behaviour of the young couple at the wheel to give it a thought. Immersed in each other they forgot him entirely, and exchanged little playful slaps and pushes, which incensed him beyond description. Several times he was on the point of exercising his position as commander, and ordering the mate below, but in the circumstances interference was impossible, and with a low-voiced good-night he went below. Here his gaze fell on William Henry, who was slumbering peacefully, and, with a hazy idea of the eternal fitness of things, he raised the youth in his arms, and, despite his sleepy protests, deposited him in the mate's bunk. Then, with head and heart both aching, he retired for the night.

There was a little embarrassment next day, but it soon passed off, and the three adult inmates of the cabin got on quite easy terms with each other. The most worried person aft was the boy, who had not been taken into their confidence, and whose face, when his sister sat with the mate's arm around her waist, presented to the skipper a perfect study in emotions.

"I feel quite curious to see this Miss Jones," said Miss Cooper amiably, as they sat at dinner.

"She'll be on the quay, waving her handkerchief to him," said the mate. "We'll be in to-morrow afternoon, and then you'll see her."

As it happened the mate was a few hours out in his reckoning, for by the time the *Falcon's* bows were laid for the small harbour it was quite dark, and the little schooner glided in, guided by the two lights which marked the entrance. The quay, seen in the light of a few scattered lamps, looked dreary enough, and, except for two or three indistinct figures, appeared to be deserted. Beyond, the broken lights of the town stood out more clearly as the schooner crept slowly over the dark water towards her berth.

"Fine night, cap'n," said the watchman, as the schooner came gently alongside the quay.

The skipper grunted assent. He was peering anxiously at the quay.

"It's too late," said the mate. "You couldn't expect her this time o' night. It's ten o'clock."

"I'll go over in the morning," said Harris, who, now that things had been adjusted, was secretly disappointed that Miss Cooper had not witnessed the meeting. "If

you're not going ashore, we might have a hand o' cards as soon's we're made fast."

The mate assenting, they went below, and were soon deep in the mysteries of three-hand cribbage. Harris, who was a good player, surpassed himself, and had just won the first game, the others being nowhere, when a head was thrust down the companion-way, and a voice like a strained foghorn called the captain by name.

"Ay! ay!" yelled Harris, laying down his hand.

"I'll come down, cap'n," said the voice, and the mate just had time to whisper "Old Jones" to Miss Cooper, when a man of mighty bulk filled up the doorway of the little cabin, and extended a huge paw to Harris and the mate. He then looked at the lady, and, breathing hard, waited.

"Young lady o' the mate's," said Harris, breathlessly, —"Miss Cooper. Sit down, cap'n. Get the gin out, Bill."

"Not for me," said Captain Jones, firmly, but with an obvious effort.

The surprise of Harris and the mate admitted of no concealment, but it passed unnoticed by their visitor, who, fidgetting in his seat, appeared to be labouring with some mysterious problem. After a long pause, during which all watched him anxiously, he reached over the table, and shook hands with Harris again.

"Put it there, cap'n," said Harris, much affected by this token of esteem.

The old man rose, and stood looking at him, with his hand on his shoulder; he then shook hands for the third time, and patted him encouragingly on the back.

"Is anything the matter?" demanded the skipper of the *Falcon*, as he rose to his feet, alarmed by these manifestations of feeling. "Is Mary—is she ill?"

"Worse than that," said the other—"worse'n that, my poor boy: she's married a lobster."

The effect of this communication upon Harris was tremendous; but it may be doubted whether he was more surprised than Miss Cooper, who, utterly unversed in military terms, strove in vain to realise the possibility of such a *mésalliance*, as she gazed wildly at the speaker, and squeaked with astonishment.

"When was it?" asked Harris, at last, in a dull voice.

"Thursday fortnight, at ha' past eleven," said the old man. "He's a sergeant in the line. I would have written to you, but I thought it was best to come and break it to you gently. Cheer up, my boy; there's more than one Mary Jones in the world."

With this undeniable fact, Captain Jones waved a farewell to the party, and went off, leaving them to digest his news. For some time they sat still, the mate and Miss Cooper exchanging whispers, until at length, the stillness becoming oppressive, they withdrew to their respective berths, leaving the skipper sitting at the table, gazing hard at a knot in the opposite locker.

For long after their departure he sat thus, amid a deep silence, broken only by an occasional giggle from the state-room, or an idiotic sniggering from the direction of the mate's bunk, until, recalled to mundane affairs by the lamp burning itself out, he went, in befitting gloom, to bed.

SITTING GAZING AT A KNOT IN THE OPPOSITE LOCKER.

PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.*

In this book Mrs. Deland has set herself the task of solving the following problem:—"Is not marriage without love as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal?" There are several pairs of lovers from whose actions the reader can form his own opinions, though it can hardly be admitted that the author has furnished a definite answer to this question. Philip Shore, the hero of the story, finds that after nine years of married life the passion that prompted the union has died out, and affection is not there to take its place. His beautiful wife is unloved, but as a hindrance to their separation there is a baby-girl. He has made the common mistake of deceiving himself—the usual mistake that makes some men see their ideal in the first woman that chance—or a designing match-maker—throws in their way. One night, after a difference of opinion about nothing more serious than the child's bed-time, Philip takes a solitary ramble, in which to criticise his own life. His position is not an enviable one. Before his marriage he was an unsuccessful artist, but his wife brought him money and rendered any further struggles on his part unnecessary. His life was pathetic, as must necessarily be the lives of all men who have lofty ideals without the strength to realize them. The chapter dealing with the remembrance of his youth is one of the most beautiful in the book:

> His love was a form of art to him—it was a religion; it was life; it was his inmost self. It created in him the purity, the truth, the reverence which it revealed in her. That she should love him filled him with that fine humility which exalts instead of depresses. It was the mystery of the Divine coming down to earth for us men and for our salvation; it was not to be understood; it was to be accepted. Her potentiality did not trouble him; her sweet ignorance of human passion exhilarated him.
>
> Love such as this dwells less upon the beauty of the beloved, the touch of her hand, the ivory curve of her soft throat, the things on which a young lover writes lame verses, and of which he is as proud as though he were responsible for their perfection—such love thinks less, or not at all, of those things, and much of the God who is revealed in them. Of course, with the pathetic belief of youth that absolute confidence is possible between human souls, Philip used to write to her of all this spiritual significance of love; and she, with gentle and non-committal sympathy, would answer that what he said was true, or wonderful, or beautiful; and her lover's heart would glow at the "reserve," the "insight" which those words indicated.
>
> Philip Shore was a man capable of sustained ecstasy; a man who lived, not upon those occasional sunlit peaks of emotion which most of us touch now and then, but upon a high plateau of noble idealism, and the three years of waiting became almost the novitiate of a holy life, so complete was his idealisation of marriage, of love, and of the woman he loved.

That is a beautiful picture of a young man's love. Having read it, we are brought back to consider the reasons why that love has ceased:—

> He had thought to marry a beautiful soul, but had married instead a beautiful body. The woman whom he had loved had never existed. The woman who had for a time chained him to his senses, stifled his soul, insulted his heavenly vision—that woman he had never loved as he counted love. And that woman was his wife.

Turning to the heroine, Cecil Shore, we have a woman whose character simply repels all sympathy. Perhaps the author has exaggerated her weaknesses in order to bring out more strongly the contrast between this thoughtless woman of the world and her husband, with his earnest views of life. It is an unwelcome truth that some people find kindness to strangers much easier of accomplishment than the simplest acts of generosity to their own kin. So it is that Cecil Shore's generous act—a very small one—in giving work to a confirmed drunkard, only shows how false her real emotions are. We cannot even regard the act as adding in any way to the attractiveness of her character. Her nature contains no redeeming feature. Such women do exist, and sometimes they increase their sin of living by getting men to marry them.

It is a relief, therefore, to get away from Cecil Shore to another and a more lovable character. Alicia Drayton is her half-sister, several years younger than Cecil. She has been brought up in a quiet village by her invalid mother. The story of her simple love-making is charming—

> They did not go home at once, but wandered about in the churchyard and talked to each other. Once they grew so earnest that they stopped, and Lyssie sat down on an old tomb that stood like a low granite table under the shadow of a tulip tree. She wore a little grey-and-white-striped gingham, and she had a bunch of laburnum in her belt. She took off her hat, and sat leaning her open palm on the lichen-covered name, looking up at Roger Carey with candid eyes of that colour which lies on distant hills, and is neither blue nor violet. The sunshine touched her face and dress; a leaf shadow swung back and forth across her hand and over the assertion of endless love and grief on the old stone; and there they talked and listened, and looked, and lived.
>
> It was the usual talk; the girl's tentative expressions of opinion on great subjects; the man's instant acquiescence in them; the mutual astonishment at their unity of thought:
>
> "You think so, too? Why, how strange! I've always felt that."
>
> "You would rather see Egypt than any other country in the world? How odd that is! Do you know, I've always said that I'd rather go to Egypt than any place else."
>
> "You really feel that a lie is the only thing you couldn't forgive, Mr. Carey? Well, if I couldn't forgive everything—forgiveness isn't hard to me—why, I think I should draw the line at a lie!"
>
> Ah! well, well, it is the old beautiful story. We laugh at the two souls and the single thought; the conviction of the glorious and harmonious future, built up in a moment, because views of Shakespeare and the musical-glasses coincide; but all the same, it is a divine time and a true time, *and it does survive!*

The author has also bestowed much care upon the character of Mrs. Drayton, a querulous invalid, who makes herself and her companions as miserable as circumstances permit. The little child, too, is wonderfully life-like. I strongly suspect that the notion of a child praying to the devil instead of God because "If God isn't quite big enough to kill him, why, it's safer to say a prayer to him, too," is fact; but this child is not always so charmingly simple—which makes the picture even more true.

I do not think that Mrs. Deland's argument on the marriage question will lead to any fresh thought on the subject. Most men in the position of poor Philip Shore are quite willing to admit that "real divorce takes place without a decree." It simply depends upon circumstances and the wishes of the contracting parties whether that divorce shall be public or not.

The argument is as old as the world. If the characters in "Philip and His Wife" had been unskilfully treated the book would not engage our attention for a single chapter. As it is, we can see each man and woman clearly before us as we read of their doings and so the book is interesting. After finishing it the most natural thing to do is to comfort one's self with the thought that Cecil Shores are happily uncommon. It is an old-fashioned belief that woman was created for the express purpose of loving and being loved, and an intelligent public is still waiting to be convinced of the delusion.

W. P.

GEORGE II. AT DETTINGEN.

During the battle the king was several times in danger. At last his horse bolted with him, and carried him nearly into the enemy's lines, when an officer stopped him just in time, and helped his Majesty to dismount. "Now that I am on my own legs again," said George, "I am sure that I shall not run away."—*From "Her Majesty's Army."—Walter Richards.*

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* Philip and His Wife, by Margaret Deland. Longmans, Green and Co. 6s.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.—VIII.

ARISTOCRATIC BEAUTY OF TOKIO.

(CONCLUSION OF SERIES.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

My dear Helen,—This is the time of year for economists to get their wardrobe together for the next few months. There is so little doing, that all the best houses make dresses, and mantles, and bonnets at much lower rates than during the busy seasons, and it is a capital opportunity of securing good, skilled work at moderate prices. Madame Oliver Holmes even makes up ladies' own materials just now, and the dress lengths we bought at the cheap sales can in this way receive artistic treatment at the hands of her clever fitters. Do you remember that black serge of yours that they converted into one of the smartest possible of costumes? I saw a brown and blue tweed the other day that reminded me of it. The blue was very faint and vague, and there was not much of it, and the brown was a warm, full, and satisfying tone of rich colour. The skirt was lined with orange silk, and the front of the bodice was covered with a pointed plastron of orange velvet, barred across with bands of black satin ribbon, each of which ended under a rosette of the same. The rosettes on the left side had a hook hidden under each, and these fastened into small silk loops on the dress. Bows of black satin also finished the plastron on the shoulders. Simple enough, you know, yet very effective.

New Redfern Costume.

Another very new and pretty gown was in dark green satin cloth, the skirt being set out in three organ-pleats at the back, and in front with a box-pleat in brown fur, three large steel buttons ornamenting the centre of it. The skirt was bordered with brown fur, and a line of it finished the cuffs and collar. A very knowing little arrangement about this gown was that the fur pleat could be taken completely away, and replaced by one in prawn-pink bengaline, sewn over with black sequins, and finished with three immense jet buttons.

Fancy Paris setting the fashion of wearing cotton velvets! They are seen in bright colours, such as old rose, raspberry and cream, mauve, sapphire and turquoise-blue, emerald-green, ruby, orange, and yellow. You can't think how effective they are when well cut and well made, and trimmed with one of the new and very deep Vandyke lace collars.

Don't you like the pretty costume of Redfern's, sketched on this page? The material is heliotrope cloth in a lovely shade, the skirt being embroidered with sable. The bodice is trimmed with braiding in a novel and effective style, which the sketch illustrates better than I can describe. The whole thing explains the fashion in skirts, sleeves, and general outline more completely than twenty letters could manage it.

At a picture gallery, yesterday, I saw a very sweet gown; the skirt in serpent-green cloth cut out in stars and showing blue velvet through the spaces, while the blouse was in green velvet, with a blue check, the play of the two colours giving it a shot effect, like that on a peacock's neck.

I see that evening bodices are to be worn well off the shoulders this season. I saw one in magenta chiffon over white satin with quite small sleeves and straps of black velvet crossing the shoulders, and almost covered with diamond brooches and clasps. I thought it a good idea to pin them there instead of on the bodice, where they catch in lace and are only half seen.

We went to the Garrick the other night, and came away full of good ideas, inspired by the pretty gowns on the stage. Miss Eleanor Calhoun first appears in maize cloth, with a deep Charles II. collar of embroidered cambric, edged with lace and trimmed with a knot or two of bronze-green velvet. The two brides look charming in their wedding gowns, Miss Calhoun's being modern in style, and trimmed with very narrow satin tucks. Miss Kate Rorke's is an Empire dress with a long pleat from the shoulders, falling over the skirt. It is a very graceful dress, and will probably revive the rather drooping taste for dresses of the Empire period. The

same lady's modification of widow's weeds is of a highly becoming kind, the folds of cambric on the front of the bodice being arranged in vest-fashion, the crape falling in full folds over the top of it. I liked as well as anything Miss Kate Phillip's black serge, worn with a white silk bodice, big black sleeves, and an Eton coat turned back, with black and white striped silk. In the last act Miss Calhoun wears a beautiful ball dress made of white satin with a flight of glittering white butterflies ascending the skirt, and finishing with a very large one on the front of her bodice. The sleeves are airy puffs of chiffon. A lovely effect is gained by lining this snowy satin gown with rose-pink silk, which reminded me of Tennyson's "lily that the sun looks through, and a rose-bush leans upon." Miss Rorke's ball dress is Empire in period, and is made of maize satin all a glitter with gold sequins, and lined with pink. This combination was unheard of a twelvemonth ago, and has now become one of the successes of the day.

The sweet little ball gown of turquoise blue china crêpe, trimmed with ropes of roses, and thick trails of violets, and worn by Miss Vanbrugh in the first piece, is a most attractive bit of millinery.

I simply love an evening at a good theatre, and the intervals are never too long for me, for I find the audience are always as interesting as the play itself. You must miss all these things very much, far away in your little Indian station. SUZETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

META.—The black serge will be quite fashionable if you will take out the old sleeves and put in very large ones of black satin or velvet, with fresh satin ribbons defining the points at the waist, back, and front. If the bodice is a little tight across the chest have it let out down the hem of the fronts, and cover all alterations and defects with a coloured plastron of some tint that suits your complexion. Perhaps pink cloth or turquoise blue would do. This plastron is sewn on down the right side and hooks on the left, bretelles of satin ribbon hiding the edges.

PUZZLED PRUE.—Every bit of meat that is brought into the house should be wiped with a clean cloth dipped in clean cold water. Joints are often very much handled, and if you watch the butchers trimming the chops you will see that it is impossible for them to do so without fingering them a great deal. The meat should all be weighed and compared with the ticket sent with it by the butchers. If they do not send a ticket of the weight, insist upon having one. It is well, if possible, to do all your marketing yourself. You know much better than anyone else can what you want. Besides, the sight of the various things gives you fresh ideas. One is apt to get so groovy in matters of food, and be content to ring the changes on half-a-dozen different things, when there are scores from which to take one's choice and make a nice variety. Lettuces are now three-halfpence each, so that salads are expensive, for there is much waste with these lettuces. Try artichokes; most people like them. They make delicious Palestine soup. One gets sick of sea-kale, for everyone has it. Spinach is always nice when well cooked, but it has been very scarce all this season; it is now 4d. per lb. New potatoes are 1s. per lb., and a tiny bunch of English asparagus costs fifteenpence, foreign about two-thirds of that sum. These are London prices. Green peas are 1s. 6d. a basket with about three dozen pods in it. Celeriac is a root, not a foliage vegetable. Some people like it very much.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES.—Greens should be soaked head downwards in salted water, to improve the flavour and drive the insects out; they should then be placed in a wire basket, and thoroughly rinsed; frequently the reasons for ordinary boiled greens not being half as palatable as they ought to be are that they have been more or less squeezed into too small a saucepan, with about one-third of the quantity of water that there should have been; that an abundance of salt has not been used, and that the vegetables have not been rapidly boiled with the lid off the saucepan. In boiling potatoes (steaming is better with a careless cook) very little water, but rather a considerable amount of salt, is required. When they are tender (as proved by the insertion of a fork) the water should be run off, and the saucepan with the lid partly off placed beside the fire. A cover should not be put over the dish in which potatoes are served, as they rapidly absorb moisture, which is often the distinguishing characteristic of a badly cooked potato. Choux-fleurs au Gratin.—Squeeze with a cloth the water from a boiled cauliflower after removing the outside leaves; mix half ounce of flour and half ounce of butter in a stewpan; add one gill of cold water, and let these ingredients be stirred and boiled till they thicken; then add one tablespoonful of cream, a little cayenne and salt; grate two ounces of Parmesan cheese, and stir rather more than half of it into the sauce; pour this sauce over the cauliflower, adding the rest of the cheese, sprinkled evenly, and brown it with a salamander Serve very hot.

CREAM OYSTER PIE.—Line a pie-plate with good puff paste; fill it with slices of stale bread laid evenly within it, butter that part of the crust lining the rim of the dish, and cover with a top crust. Bake it quickly in a brisk oven, and while still hot, the upper crust must be dexterously and carefully lifted. The buttered rim will cause it to separate easily from the lower. Have ready a mixture of minced oysters and thickened cream seasoned with pepper, and having taken out the stale bread (put there to keep the top crust in shape), fill the pie with the oyster cream. Replace the cover, set in the oven for two minutes, or until hot, and serve.

SUZETTE.

"*I would give you some violets.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

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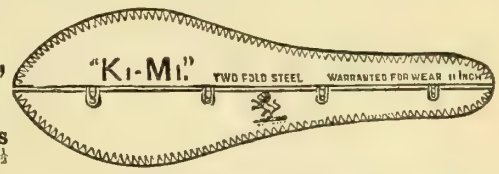

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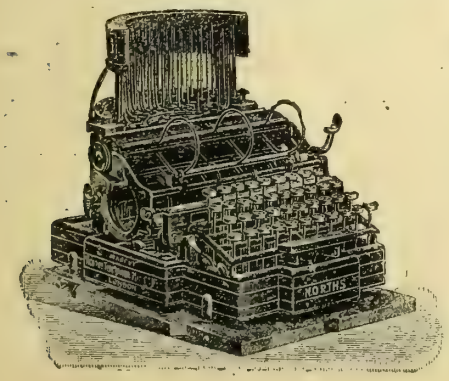

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THE CONDUCTOR.

The other dye I 'appened ter pick up a extry 'alf-thick-un throo puttin' money on my opinyun of them Horstrylyun cricketers. Well, nar, the fancy tikin' me, I drops in on a plice as were a cut above whort I patterinizes as a ushal thing. As I sye, I were a goin' ter enjy myself, so I orders my steak, cut thick, under-dun, and a bit o' fat to it, an' my pint o' Burton, sime as if I'd bin the Lord Meer 'isself. Then I tikes a look rarnd. Theer were two femiles, as 'ed jest done. They were settin' doin' nutthink. Theer were a witer oppersite ter them, close enuf ter 'ave bit 'em, and 'e weren't doin' nutthink neither. Pressintly a gint calls 'im an' orf 'e goes. The momint 'e stawts ter wite on summun else they both of 'em 'ollers art "Witer!" as if they 'adn't a secund ter speer. Pressintly 'e comes. One of 'em says, "Give me the bill, witer," 'E pulls 'is shoulders up ter wheer an Hinglishmun would weer 'is 'at, and begins ter mike art theer bill. "Tew breads an' tew butters," 'e says. "Nutthink o' the sort," says the femile, "It 's tew butters an' one bread." 'E orlters it an' 'ands 'er the bill. "Oh, you silly man," she syes, "I wants tew bills. My lyedy-friend 'ere pyes fur 'er own." So 'e shrugs up 'is shoulders agin till 'e pretty nigh fetches the roof orf the restyrornt, an' mikes art tew bills instead. "Look 'ere," syes one o' the femiles "yur've chawged me a jinte, an' I never 'ad no jinte." "Yus," syes the other, an' yer've chawged me a ongtry, and I never 'ad no ongtry." "Eet is all the sime," said the witer, "one 'ad jinte an' one 'ad ongtry, an' both is the sime price, and I do not remember which 'ad 'oo." "Very well," said one of the femiles, "then we must exchinge bills," an' even then they weren't 'appy. "Look 'ere," says one of 'em, "yer've chawged me a butter which I never 'ad, an' yer 'aven't chawged me fur bread." "Mine's wrong too," says the other femile, "because 'e's chawged me fur a bread as I never 'ad, an' no butter, as is right." Thet pore forrin witer 'e sorter tied 'is eye-brars in a knot tryin' ter unnerstan' it. "Yer tell me one bread, two butters," 'e syes. "Yus," syes she, "but I meant ter sye tew breads and one butter, an' anywye yer ought ter know withart tellin', an' I never 'ad neither." "Ah," said that witer, "I see, yer 'ad tew breads an' one butter, at least, yur friend 'ad." Then 'e orlters them tew bills agin, an' gits 'em wus nor they was afore. 'E tears up both bills and stawts fresh. Arter about three tries 'e gort both bills mide up seppyrit so as ter soot 'em, an' 'as soon as 'e'd done that, one o' the lyedies pulls art 'er purse and says that arter all she'll pye fur both, because she owes the other 'alf-a-crown, an' the other's bill bein' two an' nine if the other pyes 'er sixpence thet'll be right because six an' three is nine. Well, that witer went horf, perspirin' freely, an' a-yoosin Italyun langwidge, with a 'ipeny tur 'isself. Then them two femiles stawted another discusshung as to which owed the other. What! No, I didn't storp tu see the finish, when I left one of 'em was eleven-an'-fippence tu the good an' accoosin' the other of swindlin' 'er, an' the other were saying: "If I tikes back the shillin' an' the penny stamp as I gives yer, an' then 'ands yer the difference atween whort you've pide an' whort I pide yesterday, then you'll owe me twopence, an' I'm sorry I ever mide a friend of yer." Well, as I says, I don't unnerstan' femiles.

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Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Moneraknde, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Peeprassie, Hanacalla, and Geeranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Saleroom: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C. Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Bermondsey, LONDON, S.E.

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LARGEST TEA SALE IN THE WORLD.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE. AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

WHAT are the ethics of syndicates? The editor of a great weekly—the one who comes into my shop oftener than any of his fellows in the judgment seat—bought the "exclusive original publication of a story in Great Britain," and paid a large sum for it. He brought it out, and, in answer to enquiries from the syndicate (which enquiries he presumed merely to be made with a view to simultaneous publication in America) let them know that he was bringing it out on such and such a Tuesday. A few days later, *in the same week*, the leading papers in three of our most important centres of population, began to run the story as a serial.

The syndicate had pressed him for payment before the dates on which these other papers began publication of the serial. It is conceivable that they expected "ructions" when he saw what was happening.

When he wrote and expostulated, they pointed out that in the final letter of the agreement was written not "exclusive publication," but "exclusive original publication," and that he had agreed to this without demur. They added, moreover, insolently, that this was their way of doing business. They seemed to think that giving him a couple of days' start constituted "exclusive original publication."

* * * *

Now one of the most important results of all the negotiations about international copyright has been the decision that simultaneous publication does not mean publishing at the same moment by a specially-laid electric wire, but publication within a reasonable time. I hope that my friend whose firm is wealthy enough to fight the question to the bitter end will take the matter to the Courts and get the decision of a judge that "simultaneous publication in Great Britain" is to be interpreted in the same common-sense way as "international simultaneous publication." Anyhow one result of the matter will be to drive editors in quest of first-class serials more and more into the hands of Mr. A. P. Watt; for in dealing with him "they know where they are."

* * * *

A correspondent, not exactly in the same line of business as myself, wishes to know if it is any good starting as a newsagent in London or the suburbs on a capital of £20 or £25. Not knowing myself, I took my "afternoon off" last Saturday in a 'bus ride down to Hammersmith to see an old friend, who started nearly thirty years ago in this line when the tobacco trade became "no longer what it was." His reply was, "Your correspondent had much better throw his £25 into the Thames, then he'll only lose his own money, and not run into debt." All the same I think he might do something if he can hire a corner in a busy barber's shop or a betting public-house. I saw by my visit to America that the English have not by any means awakened to the profitable openings there are for stalls in such places.

* * * *

A customer of mine, a great friend of Mr. William Holden Hutton, whose "William Laud"[1] has just been brought out, is an ex-scholar of Trinity, Oxford, which is only separated by an antique grey stone wall, with wild snapdragon and wallflowers on it, from St. John's, the place above all others identified with the great Archbishop who was executed two centuries and a half ago last Thursday. This customer tells me that not only was Laud a President of St. John's and builder of the exquisite garden front of the college—one of the gems of 17th century architecture—but that his ghost still haunts the college library, in which hangs the famous picture of King Charles I. with the whole Book of Psalms painted in the hairs of its head, so legibly that they can be read with a microscope.

I expect great things of the new edition of Smollett which Gibbings and Co. are bringing out. No bette editor could be found than Mr. Saintsbury, whose eru dition, judgment, and fine taste give him a high place among the first half-dozen of our critics; and the illustrations by Mr. Frank Richards are delightful. Mr. Richards, a man of medium height, whose well-set frame, fresh colouring, and fibrous red moustache betoken unusual energy, was long one of the principal figures in the Newlyn School, but has now joined the artist colony in West Kensington. Dowdeswell's opened their present season with an exhibition of his pictures.

* * * *

The second series of Mr. Henry James's "Theatricals"[2] has been brought out by Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., almost simultaneously with the production of his play at the St. James's. I am not surprised that the critics complain of the prolixity of the speeches—for when Mr. James meets a friend in my shop, I have noticed that the friend never gets a word in even edgeways. Mr. James is a great talker, unfortunately, in both senses.

* * * *

Mr. Clements R. Markham, the clean-shaven, genial-looking naval officer who has been presiding over the proceedings at the Royal Geographical Society for nearly a year past, was—though he looks far too young—one of the officers sent to look for Sir John Franklin.

* * * *

I hope that Mr. R. H. Sherard—whose "Alphonse Daudet,"[3] lately published by Mr. Edward Arnold, and "Zola,"[4] published a year back by Chatto, all my subscribers pronounce the most readable biographies since Sir George Trevelyan's great Life of Macaulay—will persuade Daudet to re-consider his decision of not appearing in public at all in England to the extent of accepting the dinner which I hear is to be offered to him by the Authors' Club. It would be a thousand pities for the French Hardy to visit England without meeting any of his literary peers on this side.

* * * *

It is not a bookseller's business to ruin himself by laying in a large stock of books that can never be widely popular. That's the only reason why I didn't order more of "A Book of English Prose, 1387—1649."[5] The book will be interesting to all lovers of English literature, and forms a distinctive collection of prose extracts. It is refreshing to read such a book after all the slip-shod English that one has to wade through nowadays.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. W.—Here is a list of good books of general reference. I give the published prices, and the total comes well within the sum you name:—Chambers' Encyclopædia (10 vols.), £5; Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary of England (4 vols.), £5; Green's History of English People (4 vols.), 12s.; Bryce and Johnston's Dictionary of Geography, 15s.; Cates' Dictionary of Biography, 28s.; Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, 3s. 6d.; Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art (3 vols.), £3 3s.; Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, 3s. 6d.; Brewer's Reader's Handbook, 7s. 6d.; Smith's Glossary of Terms and Phrases, 12s.; Edward's Words, Facts, and Phrases, 7s.; Hazell's Annual, 3s.; Whitaker's Almanac, 2s. 6d.; Statesman's Year Book, 10s. 6d.; Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, 18s.; Irving's Annals of our Time, 18s.; King's Classical and Foreign Quotations, 5s.; Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics, 7s. 6d.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S.—There is no authentic list of the characters you want.

E B.A.—Your edition is worth 5s.; there is not one worth £100.

A. McR.—The story you name has not been published in book form.

S.G.L.—Try Staunton's Chess-players' Handbook, price 5s.

1. "William Laud." By W. Holden Hutton. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)
2. "Theatricals." By Henry James. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. Price not stated.)
3. "Alphonse Daudet." By R. H. Sherard. (Edward Arnold. 16s.)
4. "Zola." By R. H. Sherard. (Chatto. Price not stated.)
5. "A Book of English Prose, 1387—1649." (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

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THE ROTHERY BLOCK GOLD MINE, LIMITED.

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS WILL OPEN on THURSDAY, January 17th, and WILL CLOSE on or before MONDAY, January 21.

THE ROTHERY BLOCK GOLD MINE, LIMITED

(Witwatersrand, South Africa). Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.—Capital £120,000, in 120,000 Shares of £1 each, whereof 60,000 are now offered for Subscription at par, payable as follows: 1s. per Share on Application, 4s. per Share on Allotment, 2s. 6d. per Share One month after Allotment, 2s. 6d. per Share Two months after Allotment, and the balance in Calls of not exceeding 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than One month.

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SOLICITOR—Walter F. Stokes, Esq., 30, Bedford Row, London, W.C.
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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire and work a valuable gold mining property known as the Rothery Block in the Randfontein district, South Africa.

The property is situated on the farm "Middlevlei," about twenty-four miles west of Johannesburg. It consists of a block of ninety-two claims, in immediate proximity to the Randfontein Estates Company, and is traversed by the same reefs.

The reefs have been traced through the entire length from north to south, a distance of 3,200 feet. The block is four claims deep throughout (in one part five), or a total breadth of 1,600 feet.

From the reports accompanying the prospectus, it will be seen that two shafts have been sunk on this property, and four on the Mynpacht immediately adjoining to the north, from which levels have been driven intersecting the reefs, seven in number, varying from one to seven feet in thickness, and, as these reefs outcrop nearly through the centre of the property and are practically vertical, the block is believed to contain in its breadth both the outcrop and its deep level, thus insuring an abundant supply of ore for a very considerable period.

There is an excellent water-right along the course of the Wonderboomfontein, about 1,200 feet in length, with ample supply for all requirements.

Mr. S. Pedersen, the manager of the Randfontein Estates Gold Mining Company, certifies that the reefs are in a direct continuation of the Randfontein Estates Reefs, as follows:—

"During the period of my management of the Randfontein Estates and Gold Mining Company, Limited, I have taken every opportunity of examining and studying the Randfontein Company's ground." "I have traced these reefs from our South Mynpacht through the Middlevlei Gold Prospecting Development Syndicate, and through the Rothery or Randfontein Extension Block, and find them to continue in an unbroken line until their contact with the Black Reef, south of the Rothery Block."

Samples of the banket ore, taken from the dumps at the shafts on this property, and also on the adjoining Mynpacht, have been assayed by the Bank of Africa at Johannesburg, and give the following results in fine gold:—

No. 1 Shaft, on Rothery Block property, 1 oz. 16 dwts. 14 grs.
No. 2 do. do. do. 8 ,, 16 ,, 12 ,,
No. 3 do. on the Mynpacht, adjoining on the north, 1 oz. 14 dwts. 0 gr.
Nos. 4 & 5 shaft do. do. do. 2 ,, 5 ,, 18 ,,

In forming an estimate of the probable profits, the directors have been guided by the results per ton obtained by the Randfontein Estates Company.

This company, the reefs of which are identical with those of the Rothery Block, had, according to the report for the twelve months ending 31st December, 1893, a 40 stamp mill at work, which crushed 54,652 tons, yielding 23,118 ozs. 19 dwts. of gold, besides 6,623 ozs. 3 dwts. recovered from 41,956 tons of tailings by the Cyanide process. According to the reports for 1894 the returns show a much higher average of value per ton treated, and at a less cost per ton. If a similar mill be erected on the "Rothery Block," and taking an average of 4,000 tons crushed per month, at a yield of 12 dwts. only per ton, and working expenses at 8 dwts. per ton, or a profit of 14s. per ton milled, the year's result would work out as follows:—

4,000 tons milled per month equal 48,000 tons per annum, yielding, at a profit of 14s. per ton, £33,600; equal to 28 per cent. on the capital of the Company.

Of the shares now offered for subscription the directors have decided to appropriate 30,000 for providing working capital, leaving £20,000 unissued for future requirements.

Applications for shares can be made on the form issued with the prospectus, and forwarded to the City Bank, Limited, 20, Threadneedle Street, or to the Company's offices, 31, Threadneedle Street, London, together with a deposit of 1s. per share. Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full. Full prospectuses and reports can be obtained from the bankers, brokers, solicitor, and the secretary, at the Company's offices.

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KNITTED PANTALOONS

The most comfortable garment for riding, cycling, touring, &c., AS WELL AS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.

Will Wash without Shrinking.

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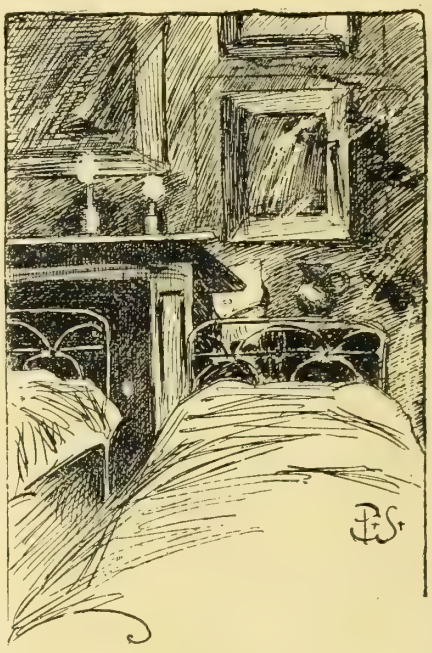
MRS. GRABURN 13, Bonchurch-road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s

FLEET STREET FAILURES.

THERE is no limit to the ease with which two very poor men can find material for a quarrel. I saw a pleasing instance of this the other evening. The quarrel took place at the White Horse Chambers, Fetter Lane, a house that catered for the aristocracy a century ago, but has lately fallen from its high estate. If you ask me in what particular room in the Hotel, I can't answer you. I am not used to hotel life, and I do not know the proper name for that room which is used as a coffee-room, kitchen, dining-room, scullery, dressing-room, and smoking-room.



This is how the quarrel happened. I had been drinking some inferior whisky and needed sympathy. Accordingly, I handed the man at the other end of the bench a cigarette. He lit it. And then the quarrel began. Three little words were enough to start it. They came from a tall, middle-aged man. His clothes were greasy. There was an unhealthy, sallow fattiness about his puffy cheeks; his beard and whiskers were thin and straggly—possibly on account of the bad soil that nourished them.

"Cadgin' cigarettes." "Yer a liar."

There followed a brilliant exchange of unprintable repartee, which was soon interrupted by a third man. The third man's nose seemed to have been broken recently, and he put up his fists in quite a professional manner. When he had finished with the man with the straggly beard the latter was grovelling on the floor. He picked himself up and sat down next to me. I offered him a little whisky, and he talked quietly after the third glass.

"Staying 'ere ternight?" "Yes." "Six or nine?" "Nine."

"Well, it don't matter if yer 'as a sixpenny or a ninepenny, they're all smothered in fleas—all on 'em. Now you take and bresh 'em off afore yer gets into bed, and you'll sleep comferable. They don't trouble me now."

"Used to 'em?"

"Yes," he said, and I thought his voice became a trifle sad, "used to 'em, though I wasn't once."

He drew closer to me, and whispered—

"I was a doctor in Edinburgh once, and I can speak good English when it suits me—which it don't in this place. I—I did something—and they kicked me out. My own family—yer wouldn't believe it, wouldn't 'ave nuthin' to do with me—me, a Scotchman!"

"Yes," he continued, after he had proved his patriotism by drinking three-pennyworth of very bad whisky at one gulp, and without any water, "I was a doctor once. Then I come 'ere, and now I'm the best newspaper man and the fastest shorthand writer in London. 'Ere's my book; you can see for yourself. You in the newspaper line?"

I nodded.

"Dear me, dear me, and you've been a genelman once, like me. I can see it, blessyer. And now we're both down on our luck."

"Yes," I assented, "down on my luck. I could see you were a gentleman by your hands—and this."

"No," said he, quickly drawing away his hand, "that ring ain't nuthin', I never had a wife. That ring's an old brass thing that I bought the other day for luck."

It was an obvious lie, but I didn't think it worth while to contradict him. He was silent for a few moments, and then turned his face towards the fire. It was a large fire on which several suppers were being cooked. Each man was his own chef. A few potatoes, accompanied by what seemed to be a lump of fat ham, were spluttering on an old tea-tray. It required some little manipulation to get the tray from the fire without spilling the potatoes. A large mackerel shared a rusty grid-iron with a kipper, and a saucepanful of potatoes seemed to be the property of six men. Thinking the "best newspaper man in London" might be hungry, I suggested we should go out and have supper.

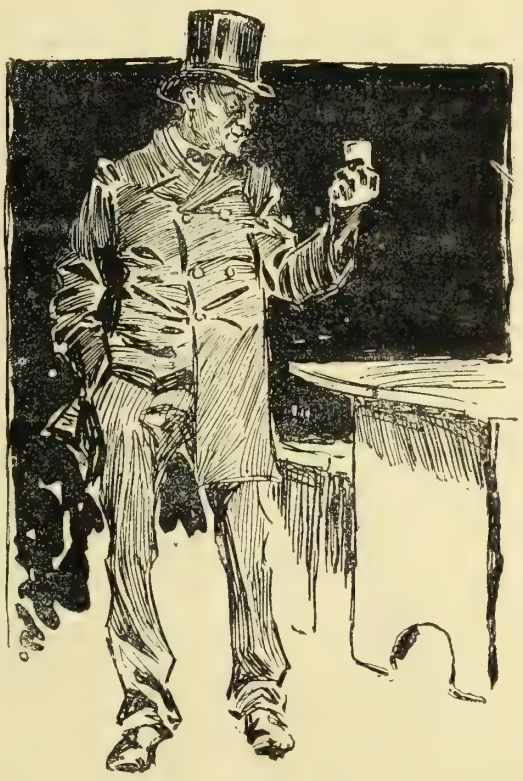
"No," said he, "I ain't 'ungry, but I'll 'ave two o' rum wi' yer. What, going? Well, good night." He put his mouth to my ear, and whispered—"Lend us a penny to get some beer with when you're gone, and don't forget to bresh 'em off."

It was half-past one in the morning when I returned. I wished to see my friend the journalist once more, but the authorities—there were two barmen—prevented me. "Hupstairs or houtside," they said. They gave me my candle. It was a piece about an inch long, fastened by its own grease to an old mustard tin, and one barman showed the way.

"Now," said he, "you can lie here till twelve o'clock to-merrer, if you like, and yer can have some more drink as soon as yer comes down."

I thanked him for this consoling information, and shut the door.

There were two beds in the room. On one of them a man was sleeping heavily—in his clothes. I turned down the clothes of my bed, and remembered the ex-doctor's advice. Then I put out the light and, without undressing, lay down. When I awoke I found the other man was also awake. We talked for some time, and I examined the room. There was not a single whole piece of furniture in the place. The mantelpiece and hearthstone were cracked, a grimy chandelier (even the room had seen better days) was quite disabled; the beds were only kept together by pieces of string. Industrious spiders had filled in every available corner and crevice. The dust and dirt of at least five years lay thick on the walls and windows.



"AND YOU'VE BEEN A GENELMAN ONCE, LIKE ME."

Then I suggested a drink, and we descended, and had some beer. Several men were standing round the fire, discussing the best method of cashing a £1,000 Bank of England note.

"Look 'ere," said a short man, whose distinguishing features seemed to be large, fishy eyes, and an exceptionally dirty collar, "if you takes a note up to the bank, they must pay over, that's straight." Derisive laughter followed this statement.

"That 'oodn't do for you, Bill, eh?" asked one of the scornful ones.

"Do?" and there was more in Bill's tone than can be put on paper—"do? No, I d——d well think it wouldn't!"

"You can say what yer like," said the fishy-eyed one; "but I say that if ye're on a straight erringd, ye're all right."

"Ocs goin' on a straight erringd?" asked Bill, in an injured tone. Then he turned to me, and said—

"If yer found a 'undred-pun note wouldn't yer rather tike it down the Lane and get seventy-five per cent. for it, and no questions axed, than go smellin' about in some duzzy benk for the sike of the extry? Why, on course. Keep yer eyes open, that's all yer got to do. If yer wants to go to sleep, go to bed to do it; though I reckon I allus loses somethin' every time I goes to bed."

Later on the circle was joined by a pale-faced man, with a thick, red moustache. I soon discovered that he was a comic singer by profession. Having announced to an envious audience that he had had a "skinful" on the previous evening, and was feeling particularly seedy, he proceeded to prepare his breakfast. For a man who owned to feeling seedy he consumed a fairly large breakfast, consisting of six rounds of toast soaked in margarine, and seven cups of tea. I think he was the wealthiest man in the room. But for all his riches he was not happy. A corn troubled him. Naturally enough, the conversation drifted round to corns and their cures.

"Corns is rummy things," said a thin man, who was cooking a rabbit, "no one knows 'ow they comes, and it licks me 'ow the toffs get 'em, when they can 'ave thin leather to their boots, and low 'eels an' all. I knows they get 'em, cos I see a place the other day where they cuts 'em."

"Pointed toes," suggested another man.

"Pointed toes is hout; they ain't worn now."

I treasured up this little bit of information for my friend the Major, though I cannot vouch for its accuracy.

But no amount of talking could put the comic singer out of his misery, and it was not until a chiropodical operation had been performed, that he could take any interest in his breakfast.

"Now then, Bottle Bully," said the comic singer, as soon as he had finished his breakfast, "come along, if ye're comin'?"

An old man, with a grey, stubbly beard, shuffled up. He carried an empty beer bottle, into which he poured the leavings of all the mugs and cups that he could lay his hands on. Tea, coffee, and cocoa all went into the same bottle. I believe he afterwards drank the mixture.

All this time I had been looking out for my friend of the previous evening—the ex-doctor. I went into the bar to enquire where he was, and learned that he had left very early in the morning. I was told of his probable whereabouts, so I said I would go out to find him. And I went out. And I didn't go back again.

U. G.

IN THE CITY.

THE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

FACTS AND QUESTIONS FOR THE COMMITTEE.

This association is a highly respectable and influential concern, well known in Birmingham, but it includes in its long list of members sundry persons whose recent action will seem to most people to have disqualified them for membership. As an organisation, this body is, of course, opposed to the bond system in selling tea of which we have heard so much lately. The chairman of its committee, Mr. J. Norris, is as stoutly opposed to this system as anyone can be; but his brother, Mr. William Norris, who is also a member of the association, has, with some four or five other members, gone into the same kind of business, emboldened so to do by the opinion of the Birmingham Watch Committee, since reversed, that the system is legal. These grocers defend their action on the plea that they take it in self defence—a plea the value of which will be perceived when we say that their operations are not confined to the town in which their own proper businesses are situated, but extend to many provincial towns, and to London.

Let us take Mr. W. Norris. This person has started the Public Benefit Tea Association, with offices at 5, Nelson Passage, Bull Ring, Birmingham, and at 9, Mincing Lane, E.C. He has as "general manager" one James Frederick Edwards, a chartered accountant, made an associate in September of last year, and until recently a clerk to a Mr. W. E. Fowkes, chartered accountant, of 83, Colmore Row, Birmingham, who is the secretary to the Grocers' Association of that town; and, as "manager," a person who signs "B. Sinclair," but whose real name is Wren, and whose principal duty appears to be to sign the bonds. This association has branches in various parts of London, and its representations, as found in its printed matter scattered broadcast, are eminently misleading.

For example, the association claims that its tea "is really pure and delicious, and ordinarily sold at 2s. 8d. per pound." Ludicrously untrue; the wholesale price of the tea is something less than 1s. per pound, the retail about 1s. 3d.

Again, the association pledged itself to "a weekly ballot of £12 10s. to bondholders Nos. 1 to 10,000," every customer who has bought half a pound taking part in it; but as a matter of fact the ballot did not take place, the manager picking out five names—that is to say, he selected one customer from each depot district for £2 10s.

The bond for £25 is not worth the paper it is written upon. It could not be sued upon, and it is signed in a fictitious name. If Mr. Norris wishes to act above board why does not he sign these bonds himself, and if he wants to remain in the background why does he select to act for him a person willing to sign a name other than his own?

Mr. J. F. Edwards is acting for others besides Mr. Norris, and is running a rival show called the King's Bond Tea Association, with branches at Croydon and the New Cut. Besides Mr. Norris, Messrs. Boraston, and other members of the Birmingham Grocers' Association, are running these shops in various parts of the country, and trying by one ingenious device or another to dodge the law. What right have such men to belong to an association whose object is the protection of legitimate trade?

THE SOUTH EASTERN MEETING.

It is not surprising that the special general meeting was practically unanimous in its support of the present Board. Sir George Russell's defence was vehement, weak, and misleading, but the strength of his position, and that of the Board, is to be found in the general repudiation of the policy of that cantankerous dreamer, Sir Edward Watkin. Sir Charles Russell spoke of the "wicked competition" with the Chatham, now ended. Lord Burton said that Sir Edward Watkin's "policy of extension was at an end, he hoped for ever." Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, "a regular grumbler for twenty-two years," said that "the Board had recognised the fact that the only way to do good business was to give a good article to the public for the money they paid," and Sir Myles Fenton pleaded that "his hands had been practically tied for the last ten years." After these declarations it is only natural that the meeting should wish to give the new Board a fair trial.

MR. BEGELHOLE.

We have received the following letter. It will be seen that Mr. Begelhole is an old hand at rosy predictions:—

> The name "Begelhole" is not a name us poor Anglo-Indians remember with affection. Long before Bayley's Reward Claim he was busy in India, as an expert giving us his views on the *gold* in Chota.

We have also received a letter from a gentleman who held shares in several of the Indian gold mining companies brought out during the gold boom of 1889-90. He writes:—

> I held shares in several and was induced to purchase on the faith of reports made by Mr. Begelhole and others of his "profession." Not having the papers I cannot now state the exact names of the companies he was interested in, as there were so many. *None* have ever paid a dividend and most of them are now defunct. Among those now existing are the Sonapet, Western Patkoom and the Kalyanpur Behar, with shares unsaleable or quoted nominal. Among the defunct are the Dhadka, Padres Hill, Ambar, which have been wound up after losing all their capital. It is much to be desired that some check should be put on these so-called mining experts. I have lost heavily in all the above companies, and am certain Begelhole was employed by some of them.

We are informed that Mr. Begelhole was connected with two or more of these Chota Nagpore Mines—none of them dividend paying.

THE MONACO PROPRIETARY FUND: A DISCLAIMER.

We have received from Mr. A. Tumbrell, solicitor, of 23, Martin's Lane, E.C., a letter, in which he complains of our reference to his clients, Messrs. Chester and Co., of South Place, Finsbury. We said that the man Tarrant gave Messrs. Chester and Co. as a reference when taking rooms at 22, Budge Row. Mr. Tumbrell admits it, but explains that Mr. Chester was induced to write the very guarded letter received by the landlord because Tarrant lives at Leyton, and Mr. Chester, also a resident at Leyton, had heard him spoken of as a very respectable man. Mr. Chester has no personal knowledge of Tarrant, and never heard of the Monaco Proprietary Fund until it was referred to in To-Day.

We desired to insinuate nothing to the discredit of Messrs. Chester and Co., nor have we done so.

A well-informed correspondent, who has just returned to Johannesburg, writes us:—

> The Paarl Central will, of course, continue their operations, and take up the 60,000 reserve shares, but this will only just liquidate the debts of the company. Further working capital will be required to further develop the mine, and put up more stamps. It is only on a large milling scale that such mines can be worked commercially. The control of the company is in Eckstein's hands. They or the Rand mines hold the immediate dip claims, and I expect before long some scheme of reconstruction to provide further working capital, and taking in the dip claims, will be announced. It will all depend upon the terms of such reconstruction as to whether investment in this company will turn out profitable.

Our correspondent adds that at the Langlaagte Royal he has found great changes. Sixty stamps are going at present, and forty more are to be running this month.

We have reason to believe that our comments of last week with respect to Balkis-Esterlings were misunderstood. We said that cyanide plant will have to be put up, but it is no fatal drawback to get gold in a pyritic state. All the Rand mines have to contend with this class of ore, and do so with the best results.

We understand that it is Mr. Z. Lane who has been selected by Mr. Barney Barnato to go out for him to Western Australia and pick up claims. It was Mr. Lane—who by the way has had no recent experience in gold-mining, he is a silver man—who brought Mr. Begelhole to the front. Let us hope that in reporting for his present employers Mr. Lane will consider personal examination of more importance than he did when he made his report upon Abbott's.

Mr. Begelhole sails for Australia in the *Austral*. His reception is likely to be a warm one. Mr. Alec Forrest is on his way home from that happy land. Mr. Forrest is a brother of the present Prime Minister of Western Australia, and is as smart as they make them in those parts. He is Mayor of Perth, and a money-lender.

Who is to succeed Mr. Begelhole as Reporter-General for Coolgardie? Mr. H. T. Saunders? We hear he has a heap of claims he would be willing to part with.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—This society professes to find situations for clerks and others out of work. It takes the shillings of these poor people—and keeps them.

THE MONACO GUARANTEE FUND.—Messrs. Jackson and Co. are sending out circulars inviting subscriptions to this fund and promising large profits. The waste-paper basket is the place for such circulars.

THE OXYGEN SYNDICATE.—We must again beg correspondents not to send us papers received from this syndicate. We have a barrowful of them. Everybody who tries for the £4 prize is told he has won it. We have before us two different solutions of the puzzle, one sent by Mr. J. Kinch, of 284, St. Leonard's Road, Bromley-by-Bow, the other by Mr. J. Bitten, of 29, Philip's Road, Peckham. Each was told he had given the correct rendering. The man Webber is never to be seen, and we are surprised that Messrs. Gibbs, Smith and Co. continue to act for him. They will do well to look more closely into matters.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

E. Balestreri and Co., Limited. Share capital, £250,000; Debenture capital, £100,000.—The public are asked to take up an issue of £100,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures. We do not think it a desirable investment. The money is said to be wanted "as the present works are not large enough to keep pace with the orders." If that be so, we should have thought it could have been got locally. The information as to profits is very general, while the price asked for the business is very high.

The Smoke and Fumes Annihilator, Limited. Capital, £120,000.—This company is formed to work a patent for the annihilation of smoke. We have had many such patents, but we do not know of one that has squared promise with performance. The vendor wants £75,000 for his invention. We do not advise readers of TO-DAY to find any part of it.

Russell's Gravesend Brewery, Limited. Share capital, £90,000.—This is an issue of £10,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Debenture Stock, balance of an authorised sum of £70,000. The security seems fairly sufficient.

Crompton & Co., Limited. Issue of £100,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Registered Debentures.—The security upon which this issue is offered is property valued at £242,688; but this is the company's valuation. £80,000 of the issue is to be applied to paying off existing debentures. Perhaps the security is sufficient, but more particulars as to the position of the business would have been welcome. It is not an investment we can recommend.

The Pandora Folding Box Company, Limited. Capital, £60,000.—This company is to work a patent for making boxes. If the expectations of the prospectus are realised shareholders will do well, and the company takes over a going concern.

The North London Cycling and Athletic Grounds Company, Limited. Capital £16,000.—Formed for the purposes implied by its name, substantially supported by the directors and their friends, and an enterprise that, well managed, should do well.

The Rothery Block Gold Mine, Limited. Capital £120,000.—Formed to work a mining property in the Randfontein district, South Africa. Various reports speak to the value of the property. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., is upon the Board.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Cheque Bank. SYEN (Darlington).—We understand that the business of the Bank is going on satisfactorily, and that a balance-sheet will soon be issued which will show this. The shares of the bank are not quoted in the Official List. **Safe Investment.** BLANK CHEQUE (Bolton).—The Tramway Company to which you refer is doing well, but having regard to the action of the County Council, we do not think London Tramway shares a desirable investment. **Oxyzone Syndicate.** A YANKEE DUPE (Walthamstow).—Do not send the 10s. 6d. This answer will apply to many similar enquiries as to whether the half-guinea should be sent. **One and All, Limited.** ONE AND ALL (Hepworth).—Very speculative. **Newport Co-operative People's Bank.** S.S.D. (Newport).—We are without the local knowledge necessary to answer your question. **Lagunas.** C. B. T. F. (Keighley).—We think them worth buying at their present price. **Engineering Work.** No. 1640 (Bolton).—Every company has an office, and the address is given on the prospectus. **Black and White.** SHAREHOLDER (London).—We advise you to hold. You have had a trying time, but the position of the company is rapidly improving, and with the continuance of the present management there should be rapid appreciation in the value of the property. **Ottoman Bonds.** E. W. M. (Birmingham).—Yes; these bonds are "bona fide." **St. Augustine's.** F. L. (Norwich).—It is not a purchase we should have recommended, nor should we have advised you to go to the people you name. **North Coolgardie Company.** F. S. (Bury St. Edmunds).—We think it very doubtful whether the shares are worth the £17 10s. you would have to pay. We do not think there is much chance of improvement in the two other shares you name. **Spiers and Pond.** T. H. C. (Manchester).—You have a sound investment, but it wants watching. Cassell's, Bryant and May's, Bodegas, and J. and P. Coats' Preference are all excellent investments. **Sundry Mining Shares.** SPECULATIONS (Glasgow).—We do not like any of them. **Railway Permanent Building Society.** F. L. (Birkenhead).—Yes, quite sound. **Cheque Bank.** E. M. (Reading).—See answer to Syen. **Van Dieman's Bank.** LUCK (Wishaw).—We have not been able to find it. These bonds are to be got from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., 10, Place de la Bourse, Paris. **West Australian Mining Co-operation.** A. B. C. (Birmingham).—We take note of your letter. **Sundry Shares.** SOUTHPORT (Southport).—We do not advise you to increase your holdings. **Home and Colonial Stores.** A. H. (Edgbaston).—We should prefer another selection. **West Australian Gold Fields.** H. C. R. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The author is Mr. A. F. Calvert, and we have no doubt you can get a copy if you communicate with him at 47, Old Broad Street, E.C. **The Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company.** C. W. (Forest Hill).—We will forward your letter to "Durham." **Bailey's Reward.** G. F. (Leicester).—Yes, we have heard the explanation given that the fall is due to the vendors, who want to increase their holdings on favourable terms, but that is very improbable. Note the admissions of the latest cable—rich ore exhausted, water scarce!

INSURANCE.

Land Union and Crown Insurance Company. ULSTER BOY (Donnybrook).—Yes, perfectly safe. We will refer next week to your friend's opinion. **Two Offices.** SUBSCRIBER (London).—Both are first-class offices. **British Natural Premium Insurance Company.** J. T. C. (Manchester).—A good deal would depend upon when it fell due.

The Subscription Lists are now open, and close on Tuesday, January 22nd, for Town, and on Wednesday, January 23rd, for Country.

THE NORTH LONDON CYCLING AND ATHLETIC GROUNDS COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893. Capital £16,000 (nearly one-half of which has already been subscribed by the directors and gentlemen interested in cycling and kindred sports), in 16,000 shares of £1 each, payable as follows: On application, 2s.; on allotment, 5s.; and the balance as may be required, in calls of not more than 5s. per call, and at intervals of not less than one month.

DIRECTORS.

*A. W. Gamage, Esq. (London County C. Club), 118 to 129, Holborn.

A. J. Wilson, Esq., President North Road Cycling Club, 8, Theobald's Road, W.C.

W. Charles Russell, Esq., Director Essex Cycling Union (Limited), 7, Cambridge Gardens, Leytonstone.

F. Percy Low, Esq., Manager of "Wheeling," 152, Fleet Street, E.C.

* Who will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS—London and Provincial Bank (Limited), Wood Green Branch, Head Office, 7, Bank Buildings, Lothbury; and Branches.

SOLICITOR—A. Pyke, Esq., 56, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Sydney Jeffreys and Co., 20, Bucklersbury, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—J. H. Hammon, Esq.

REGISTERED OFFICE (pro tem.)—128, Holborn, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring such vacant ground in and around London as may be conveniently reached, and which can be made suitable for outdoor sport. Particularly in the case of the North of London there has long been an urgent need for a first-class cycling and athletic ground.

Arrangements have been made to acquire the freehold of about eleven acres of land known as the Nightingale Hall Estate, situate at Wood Green, N.

The property to be acquired on terms which are considered most favourable to the Company) is situate just outside Palace Gates Station on the Great Eastern Railway (giving direct access to the whole North-Eastern district), and within three minutes' walk of Wood Green Station on the Great Northern Railway, main line.

The growing popularity of athletics, more particularly in connection with football and cycling, especially in long-distance events, together with the ever increasing number of spectators, point to a big future for all investments dependent upon the success of such pastimes. It is a fact that the proprietors of similar London undertakings to the one projected have expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the financial result of last year's business: while it is a matter of common knowledge that the Herne Hill track in the south of London has yielded a handsome revenue to its proprietors and to the ground club in addition.

The returns of a number of provincial tracks have shown continuously, for the past few years, a distinctly upward tendency, proving conclusively that the future of the undertaking such as is proposed is highly promising.

The property, which has been surveyed and reported on by H. J. Swindley, Esq. (who has a wide reputation in matters of this kind), is spoken of as admirably adapted for the purposes of the Company.

The full Report can be seen at the office of the solicitor.

THE NORTH LONDON CYCLING AND ATHLETIC GROUNDS COMPANY, LIMITED.

It is proposed to lay down a cycling track three and a half laps to the mile, in accordance with the most modern ideas and requirements, and the directors have sought the advice and taken the opinions of the leading authorities on the subject, in order that it may prove, when completed, the finest and fastest track in Great Britain.

A cinder-path will be laid inside that for cycling, as well as a grass track. The space within the cycling track will be used for lawn tennis, lacrosse, and first-class football matches, and with this object plans have been drawn under the personal suggestion of leading experts.

The directors intend to inaugurate a refreshment department on a popular scale. It is expected that a large revenue will be thus obtainable.

A large revenue may be expected from the letting of the hoardings in and around the grounds for advertisements.

A portion of the land fronting the high road, which will not be required for the purposes of the athletic grounds, will be available for building purposes, thus providing additional revenue to the Company.

The directors anticipate from the materials furnished them that the Company will derive an income sufficient to pay remunerative dividends from the letting of the ground to clubs for cycling, football, lawn tennis, etc., the sale of refreshments, the letting of the track for cycle meetings, practice, and record breaking, the storing of machines, the renting of the hoarding enclosing the ground by cycle manufacturers and others for advertising purposes, and from rents, or sale of the surplus ground.

An additional factor of success arises from the suppression of road racing upon the Great North Road, owing to the action of the police. The prominent fixtures of all cycling clubs which were previously held on the highway must now, therefore, be taken to the path. The North Road Cycling Club, which had previously held all its fixtures on the highway, has now in general meeting taken powers to race upon the path; and this example will no doubt be largely followed.

The great value of this prospectus lies in the fact that the property to be acquired is freehold, and steadily increasing in value.

The consideration to be paid for the freehold, the mansion, and timber has been fixed by the vendor at £8,000.

All expenses incident to the promotion of the Company up to allotment will be defrayed by vendor. No promotion money has been or will be paid.

So sanguine are the Directors of the success of the undertaking, that they have agreed to take no fees until 5 per cent. has been paid.

The only contract entered into for and on behalf of the Company is one dated December 31, 1894, between the vendor, Albert Walter Gamage, of the one part, and James Howard Hammon, for the Company, of the other part.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen at the office of the solicitor to the Company.

Applications for shares should be forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with a deposit of 2s. per share.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Banker's, or at the registered office of the Company.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30, Sir Augustus Harris's Grand New Pantomime,
DICK WHITTINGTON.
For full particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m. all day.

LYCEUM.—KING ARTHUR, by J. COMYNS CARR. EVERY NIGHT at 8 o'clock. Mr. Irving, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Scenery and Costumes designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5, and during the performance. Seats also bocked by letter or telegram.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30.
THE DERBY WINNER,
by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton.
Box Office open 10.0 a.m. all day. For full particulars see Daily Papers.

PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue. — THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.30.—Manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME,
Including "The Popping Coon." Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8, Messrs. Sims and Caryll's Comic Plantation Operetta,
"THE YALLER GAL."
MISS DANIELS specially engaged to play the principal part, supported by Mr. Morton, Mr. Callan, and the whole of the Troupe. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; at Trees' Offices, 28, Piccadilly, and 304, Regent Street.
FARINI, Manager.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Free Entertainments, 11 a.m. At no place in the World can so many Sights be seen.—Wet or Fine. THOUSANDS CAN WITNESS the MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCES, 2 and 7.—POSTER EXHIBITION. YACHTING EXHIBITION, Jan. 29. GIGANTIC CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL to Feb 2.

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Yours faithfully, J. SELLARS.
The Genuine are in a SQUARE GREEN PACKET.
Do not be persuaded by anyone to buy any other Medicine instead
Prepared only by—
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NOT A TROUBLESOME TASK!
To write a line, when doing so is of such great advantage as it is in the case we indicate. We have just prepared a New Edition of our handsome Book of Reference, handsomely and profusely illustrated. This book is **not only interesting**—it contains information that is **Really Valuable** to everyone, imparting as it does, knowledge that
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SOLID REAL GOLD
Keyless Patent Lever Watch, of finest finish, extra jewelled, three-quarter plate movement, compensation balance, crystal glass front. This watch is strongly and substantially made, and is a perfect timekeeper. In appearance it cannot be distinguished from watches sold at twice the price. Our price of **£4 15s.** brings it into your hands safe, and free of all further expense.
We, moreover, give a **Five Years' Warranty**, and allow a month's **Free Trial** for testing and proving. Full amount returned if dissatisfied. Without these advantages, the prices charged in London and elsewhere would be considerably more. So greatly are our manufactures appreciated, that we have **nine establishments** in Lancashire alone, which are scarcely sufficient to enable us to cope with the demand.
Our **Book of Reference** gives you fullest particulars of Gold and Silver Watches from 12s. 6d. to £25; also finest Gold and Silver Jewellery, Electro-Silver Plate, Clocks, Cutlery, etc., at large reductions. Even if you are not in immediate want of anything it will be useful to you. We shall have much pleasure in **sending it free** in either case on receipt of your name and address, so that it
COSTS YOU NOTHING
but a penny stamp!
H. SAMUEL, Largest English Watch Manufacturer,
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TO-DAY.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—SERIALS WILL NOT APPEAR IN BOOK FORM UNTIL SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR CONCLUSION IN TO-DAY.

THE secretary of the Woman's Convalescent Home Association asks me to draw attention to the following facts, bearing as they do on the narrow-minded uncharitableness of our modern reformers. Last week I spoke of Lady Carlisle's conduct in discharging a schoolmaster for no other reason than that he would not declare himself a teetotaller—preferring to advocate the claims of temperance rather than those of fanatical abstinence and interference with other people's liberty. Now it is another bigoted teetotaller, Lady Henry Somerset, who withdraws her support, and persuades her friends to withdraw their support also, from a worthy charity, because, under medical advice, poor women being cared for at the Home are occasionally given a glass of stout at dinner. Many of the poor workers who are sent to this Home, the secretary tells me, are in an utterly weak and worn out state, and an occasional glass of wholesome malt liquor is found quite as efficacious as the mere rest in restoring them to health. Beer is never given without the permission of the doctor, and the matron of the Home is herself an abstainer, though evidently not of the self-righteous Pharisaical order, who only wear a virtue that it may be seen of all, and who make the giving up of a luxury they do not themselves care for an excuse for the pleasure of tyrannizing over others with more natural appetites.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET herself seems to have felt that her withdrawal upon so uncharitable a plea needed strengthening, and the excuse discovered is so remarkable and throws such a flood of light upon the tyrannical methods of the Puritan party that I give the details at length. A woman named Waghorn, who had been a dipsomaniac, was brought to the Woman's Convalescent Home at Southend-on-Sea, from the Tunbridge Wells branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, which is under the control of Lady Henry Somerset. The Convalescent Home people consented to accept her, her weakness being explained to the matron. That lady took the poor girl under her own personal control, sitting next to her at meals and giving her as a companion a young woman upon whom they could rely—a lifelong abstainer. No beer or intoxicant of any kind was permitted to the woman Waghorn whatever. But meanwhile, Lady Henry Somerset had discovered that beer was often given to the other inmates of the Home, especially to those who had always been used to it. Women of this class do not sit down every day to tables spread as are the tables of the class to which Lady Henry Somerset belongs. They have not fashionable doctors to prescribe stimulants for them under Latin names. The one glass of beer or stout a day is their stay and luxury. So the British Women's Temperance Association writes that Miss Waghorn is surrounded with evil influences, and must be removed. By what right Lady Henry Somerset and the British Women's Temperance Association take upon themselves to deal with the bodies of free English women I am ignorant. But Miss Waghorn, I am given to understand, is a woman of property, without friends or relations, and the temperate British women might have thought that under the circumstances it was worth while stretching the law a little to obtain so valuable and helpless an acquisition.

HOWEVER that may be, the missionary of the British Women's Temperance Association arrived at the Home during the temporary absence of the matron, and dragged Miss Waghorn away by main force, and in spite of her tears and protestations. She begged to be allowed to stay; she fled and hid herself in the servants' bedroom, and was hunted out and borne away in triumph by the apostle of temperance, who seems to have succeeded in striking terror into the hearts of the servants and other inmates of the house. The secretary of the Woman's Convalescent Home wrote to Lady Henry Somerset, denouncing the outrage in very fit and proper terms, and asked for an explanation of the tyranny exercised upon the poor woman Waghorn. Lady Henry Somerset and the British Women's Temperance Association have avoided answering this plain question, and have repeated the slander that Miss Waghorn, known to be a dipsomaniac, was encouraged to fall again into drinking habits while under the control of the matron of the Convalescent Home. This the Convalescent Home asserts to be a falsehood. Lady Henry Somerset brings forward no proof in support of her statement, but, as I have said, makes it an excuse to withdraw her support. As for that I should think the Home, or any other decent society, would be better without the support of such narrow-minded fanaticism, but the facts remain as an example of the spirit which animates our bigots. It is the old spirit of the stake and the thumb-screw modified by the necessities of modern law. There is to be no charity for those who do not think exactly with us on all points. Our sister is to be dragged to reformation, screaming and protesting, and slander is to be concocted as an excuse for spite.

A CORRESPONDENT informs me that he was at the back of the St. James's pit on the first night of *Guy Domville*, and is certain that some of the men who called for the author hissed and hooted him on his appearance. This correspondent tells me that he distinctly heard a well-dressed man, standing close to him, say,

"Let's have him out," and the man at once proceeded to call "Author," only to hoot the unfortunate gentleman when he did come. This tallies with the story told me by a friend of mine, who was at the back of the gallery. To call the author merely to insult him is the act of a dirty little cad. First-nighters used to be a very different class. I was one of them myself for over four years; and I am positive that, during the whole of that time, none of them were guilty of such contemptible action. Where has the new generation of first-nighters learnt manners? I wish they would join the Play goers' Club, and get the old members there to give them a few lessons in decency. We would have kicked a man out from amongst us in my time who misbehaved himself in this way. Energetic first-nighters we want to see among us again. The drama was never in such a flourishing state as in the old days of first night rows; but those rows were legitimate and healthy expressions of opinion. If an author insists on forcing himself, or allows himself to be forced in front, when it is evident that a strong section of the audience disapprove of his play, he has only himself to blame for being made to listen to hisses as well as cheers. When the people who call "Author," and the people who hoot him are opposing parties, there is nothing to be said. When they are one and the same body, they stamp themselves as bullies.

More power to the elbow of the Rev. A. R. Gibson, of Carnoustie. It would be good for religion were there more of his stamp. I quote from the *Dundee Advertiser*: "Local Veto," said this broad-minded priest, "was an unjust, hypocritical, and foolish nostrum. It would allow the rich man his private supply, and take from the poor man his only wine-cellar. Total abolition was still less justifiable. Alcohol was a product of infallible Nature, and, wisely used, was good for men. To call the use of it a sin, except in the case of the dipsomaniacally inclined and the young, was nothing but Manichæism or materialism. Surely there were plenty of sins already without inventing a new one! No doubt drink was a temptation to many. But it was not wise to remove it merely because it was so. They were a great deal the better for having a few temptations. Take them all away, and they left man no moral battle to fight and no moral victory to win." I really could not have put the matter better myself.

The French appear to be rather excited just at present on the subject of spies. If there are mistakes in the French temperament, one of them is probably this tendency to get excited. Last week a Frenchman had the audacity to travel in France with an actual map and a real guide-book in his possession. This, of course, was too obvious a case to be passed over, and the astute police, with great firmness and promptitude, arrested him as a spy. He was also kept without food for thirty hours,-which is probably just the thing for a spy. As the man was not a spy, but a cyclist, and was in a position to prove that he was not a spy, the magistrate discharged him, though with reluctance. If this kind of thing continues, travelling in France will become unpopular.

Our merits do not always meet with their reward; yet the ingenuity of the smuggler is rather recognised than rewarded by the Customs officials. A passenger recently landed at Dover with a pneumatic-tyred bicycle, having previously taken the precaution to fill the tyres with fine Turkish tobacco. Such an action shows a readiness of resource which would have been admirable in a general, and useful in a statesman. The mere fact of the man having thought of the thing should mark him out as one with a future before him; and yet these brutal and inconsiderate Customs officials have relegated him to the larger and unhappier class of those who have a past behind them.

Aglaia, the organ of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, seems to be doing useful work in pointing out the hideousness of modern fashion, male and female, and exhibiting the beauty of the might-be's. On one page of this month's issue there is a sketch of a gentleman in evening dress side by side with a picture of his ancestor of the fourteenth century. The contrast brings home to the least artistic of us the fact that our dress makes us appear ridiculous and hideous, that it serves no purpose of utility, that all it does is to keep before our minds the Darwinian argument by making every man look like a monkey on a stick. On another page we have a sketch of what might be without going back to the picturesqueness of former times.

The world is getting old, and has a horror of anything dashing and brave. It is growing sober, dull, and grey, but even in its old age it might dress decently. Here we have a man in buckle shoes, silk stockings, knee-breeches, silk waistcoat, and serviceable coloured velvet coat. It is the dress of a man. Our modern garments make us nothing but clothes props. Can anything more painfully ugly and absurd be imagined than the European dress of to-day, the sloppy bags in which we hide our legs, the silly exhibition of meaningless shirt front, the toy coat, the idiotic little tie, the stiff stand-up collar that prevents all ease of movement, the Inverness cape, which looks like an old woman's shawl, and the chimney-pot hat! The whole costume is typical of the age. It is the costume of an age that is ashamed of itself, that is frightened to assert itself, that dare not be what it likes, that is the slave of everybody's opinions but its own, that is dull, and stupid, and uninteresting—and strictly respectable—which means the same thing.

The *Daily Chronicle* enumerates the various bodies who, during the coming County Council elections, may be expected to range themselves against the Progressive party; but it omits the most important element in opposition. The greatest support the Moderates will receive will be from the lovers of personal freedom, and the haters of canting Puritanism. With much of the Progressive programme the average citizen is in sympathy. He does not even mind his rates being raised for the purpose of improving London; and, provided they do their work satisfactorily, is even willing to put up with the bumptious self-importance and silly egotism of the fussy little jacks-in-office who, bewildered at suddenly finding themselves possessed of a certain amount of importance, think that civic dignity is best expressed by the underbred vulgarities of an uneducated bully; but, whatever our opinions may be concerning their ability and energy in other directions, we

are heartily sick of their tyrannical interference in matters about which they know nothing whatever. When they have turned out of their ranks the Stigginses and the Chadbands London may perhaps vote again Progressive; but for the present the most important thing is to show the Council that the savage Puritan spirit, which once when it got its chance turned England into a hell, and is only waiting its opportunity to do so again, is not so popular as they fancy.

The correspondence that pours in upon me concerning what is locally known, I believe, as the "ham and eggs parade at New Brighton," puts the character of these tea-houses and their touts beyond all question. They are simply a row of houses of ill-fame. That such houses always will exist wherever civilisation has spread, history has placed beyond a doubt. But there is surely a place for everything, and a public seaside holiday resort, frequented by all classes, is a spot from which such things should be swept without a moment's loss of time. It is the people whose virtue consists in hypocritically pretending not to see vice, that have allowed this source of evil to contaminate our public places. Such things should be sternly forced back into their dark corners, and not allowed to poison the air that all are compelled to breathe. In no Continental city would such a state of things as exist at New Brighton be permitted for a moment. It is only in Pecksniffian England that sin is paraded in the open thoroughfares.

I spoke last week of the legal definition of insanity in criminal cases, and tried to show what an exceedingly bad definition it was. Neither society at large, nor the morally insane themselves, can possibly be benefited by the imprisonment, as at present, of the morally insane. But this is only one point in our method with the criminal, and the method is equally wrong in almost all points. I am not making a strong statement for the sake of its strength or novelty; the statement is not new; I am saying nothing that may not be found in text-books, written by those who have specially studied the subject and published years ago. Facts and the opinions deduced from them must however get from the text-books into the popular press before they can have a general effect. So far, I have merely expressed an opinion; I say that I think our method with the criminal is wrong, fundamentally wrong. I will now briefly show why I hold this opinion.

To assign as the causes of crime such things as drink or want of education is to give a very imperfect explanation. One must go further back. What is the cause of the tendency to drink? Frequently it is inherited, as many other evil tendencies are. Let anyone who doubts the force of heredity look at such a case as that of the well-known American Jukes family. Seven hundred and nine descendants of this family have been traced. Among these the percentage of crime, prostitution, and pauperism was quite abnormal. Heredity is an important factor in the production of crime. Again, a want of education is the result of the young criminal's early surroundings. I speak of education in the widest sense; it has been by no means found that reading, writing, and arithmetic are an infallible cure for crime. The surroundings of a child born into the criminal class tend to make him familiar with crime, and to have no horror of it. Of moral education he has none. He may even be taught and trained to commit crime. Surroundings or environment form, therefore, another important factor. Now our method of dealing with the criminal should be, and is not, specially adapted to meet and overcome these two factors in the production of crime—heredity and environment.

Pass to another point—the terms to which criminals are sentenced. As Mr. Havelock Ellis says, in "The Criminal," "The haphazard fashion in which the period of a prisoner's detention is fixed on beforehand is quite in harmony with the unsatisfactory character of the results obtained." He adds some interesting figures. On the 31st of March, 1888, there were 6,970 persons in English convict prisons. Of these only six persons had been given nine years' penal servitude, one thousand and twenty-two persons had ten years, and only one had eleven years. While sentences are so little considered that a tendency to use round figures influences them, can we expect satisfactory results? If at the end of his sentence a man is obviously unfit to go at large, and certain to renew his offence against society, still he must be released. If the continuation of his sentence is turning the poor wretch who has committed one crime into a hardened, brutalized, desperate criminal, the term will not be lessened on that account. The short sentence is mostly futile, and the long sentence frequently unjust.

The criminal, then, having been sentenced, without any regard to the real causes of crime, to the number of years that the judge thinks of, is relegated to a punishment which will seem to him severe indeed if his previous life has been luxurious, much less severe if he is an habitual criminal who has previously been often sentenced, and absolutely desirable if he is an inmate of a workhouse. Self-respect is an essential factor in self-improvement, and self-respect is destroyed by imprisonment. The criminal's offence is against society, and in order to teach him how to conduct himself towards society he is shut off from society altogether. Monotony produces depression and destroys the energies; his life is, therefore, made as monotonous as possible. I have been compelled, from want of space, to notice only a few of the more important points. But I think they are enough to support the opinion I expressed, that our method with the criminal is wrong, and to suggest at least some possible improvements.

I am sending a guinea and a Gallantry Fund medal to a postman named Cotton, who rescued a lad from falling in front of a train at Pontypridd railway station some ten days back. Cotton only just succeeded in escaping with his limbs, his boot being torn between the carriages and the platform; he seems to have made himself famous in his neighbourhood for saving life at level crossings, this making, according to my information, his third success. I am also sending a guinea and a medal to Thomas Swinney, a collier, who gallantly rescued two children from an ice accident on New Year's Day, at Sunderland. It frequently happens that men show great promptitude and coolness of judgment in rescuing life, though at the same time there is no actual risk or danger to themselves; and to meet and encourage such conduct, I am thinking of preparing a form of diploma for presentation

in such cases. I have received the following subscriptions during the last two weeks:—Miss Edith C. Pollock, £1 1s. 0d.; Phinlay Glenelg, £1 1s. 0d.; E. S., £1 0s. 0d.; The Mayor of Rochester, £1 1s. 0d.; E. B., £2 0s. 0d.; J. K. (Worcester), 10s. 6d.; Tommy Atkins, 2s. 6d.; J. H. E. Hart, 5s. 6d.; J. M. F. (Edinburgh), 10s. 6d.; G. S. Boorman, 5s. 0d.; W. H. Tayler, 2s. 6d.; G. Taylor, 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

C. D.—You say you read simply because it gives you pleasure, not to improve your mind. You are quite right. Reading is a recreation, not an education. Books at their best are as clever men and women. We listen to them, sometimes we agree with what they say, and that strengthens our own opinions. Sometimes they throw a new light upon an argument, or suggest a new train of ideas, but five minutes' observation of the world are worth more for educational purposes than a hundred books. You must remember that "the men who wrote the best hundred books never read them." Books are friends. We sit among them because we like them. They are good company, intelligent company, but the strong man will always read little and think much. You might learn French sufficiently well for your purpose at the Metropolitan School of Shorthand in Chancery Lane.

S. H. writes:—"It is now over a year since I first saw and purchased your paper at a railway bookstall, and, of course, I have not missed a number since, as I have an admiration for the fresh piquant style in which it is edited, and especially for the City article. I was rather astonished to find that none, or I should say few, of my relations or friends knew of the paper, but *maintenant nous avons changé tout cela*, and simply through lending them a copy or two now and then, some of them are now regular purchasers. . . . When I introduced the paper to my friends' notice I was not thinking of the welfare of the paper, but thought it a pity they should be missing such enjoyable reading, so I deserve no thanks from you, but am glad to say I have received no end of thanks from those I showed the paper to. You have my best wishes for a prosperous new year." I publish this delightful letter *pour encourager les autres*.

H. M. E.—A newsagent gets almost as much by obtaining a subscriber as he would by selling the fifty-two copies over the counter, and he gets his commission at once instead of waiting a year for it. Newsagents might make this branch of their business pay very well, if they were more alive to their own interests, but as a body they are a sleepy lot. Thank you for all the pleasant things you say about To-Day.

Senex.—Mexico, the Cape of Good Hope, and Texas are places where a man suffering from a weak chest would from all accounts do well to emigrate to, but then there is the question of employment. I doubt if at any of those places employment such as you are capable of would be obtainable. The south of England would be better for you than Yorkshire.

Tommy Atkins.—Your friend, with her knowledge of French, Italian, Dutch, and German, ought to make a good secretary or foreign correspondent to some house of business. I should advise her to look in the advertisement columns of the *Times* and *Telegraph*.

S. S. D.—It certainly would be a good thing if life-saving implements were handy in the case of ice accidents, but it would be impracticable to have them at every pond side. In the sad case you mention the spectators might have done much by promptly making a rope of their scarves, belts, handkerchiefs, etc., but unfortunately the majority of people lose their heads on the few occasions when the use of them is required. I should like to know the name of the man who was drowned saving the boy.

F. N. C.—The Polytechnic, the Birkbeck, and the Metropolitan School of Shorthand in Chancery Lane all lay themselves open to provide an education for those who have been unable to obtain it in their youth. You could not do better than take a course at some such school. I am glad you have made such good use of the pars. I am sure our teetotal friends would accomplish much more by temperate ideas and language.

J. P. H. J. P.—To take another man's plot and make a play of it would be theft morally, and having regard to the recent Fauntleroy case would, I hope, be regarded so legally. If you cannot evolve a plot for yourself, then leave play-writing to people intended for it by nature, which you are evidently not.

Palette.—You might send your pictures to the New English Art Club, the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and the Royal Society of British Artists. The secretaries of these institutions would send you full particulars as to sending-in days, etc.

T. T. (Preston), in a delightful letter, writes to To-Day as follows:—"The paper only wants to be known to be read. Happening to point out the conductor's little joke on the 'Sunday piper' to my next door neighbour at dinner to-day (he is one of the staff of a local paper), I asked him if he ever read To-Day. He replied he had never seen the inside of it before, but was much struck with it, and that's what everyone else whom I show it to says. For myself, I cannot say too much for it. I read it from beginning to end, and push it as if it were a special job line. Most of all I admire its straightforwardness."

Colonial Reader.—We exchange with some American papers, and the matter is pure business. I should hardly like to advise you as to an evening paper; so much depends upon your own taste. Thanks for all your good wishes.

B. T.'s opinion of us is as follows:—"Your excellent magazine, To-Day, is better this week than ever. I have been a reader of it from the first, and am bound to say I consider it by far the best all-round, plain-spoken, honest common-sense journal I ever took in hand. It seems to me to fear no one or court the favour of anybody, but to content itself simply by publishing the truth and letting in the light on all matters of public interest."

Curry-and-Rice writes me from Ceylon, begging me to advise no one to go out there without capital. He tells me that many young men land on the island, which is already overstocked with labour, and drift into mere loafers. With people with money and enterprise, who do not mind a lonely existence, it is another story.

C. B. M.—Many singers take a wineglassful of whiskey and egg or sherry and egg before going on the platform. Edward Lloyd takes the former; and sherry and egg is very popular with public speakers. Mr. Gladstone always had it by him.

Seventeen.—We are giving a page and a half to our lady readers. W. P. D.—The Rev. David Graham seems, so far as I can judge, to agree with me. I have a good many extreme views. J. F. W.—I quite agree with your view; fortunately such cases are rare. Number Four.—I am glad we are so much at one on this point. N. K. C.—You should go to the hospital, where you would see a first-class physician. Warts are easily got rid of, but don't be led into taking quack remedies. E. J. M.—Your letter gave me much pleasure, and I thank you for it.

Icarus.—No one can enter the profession except by becoming articled to a solicitor and passing the three necessary examinations. Particulars can be obtained on application to the Incorporated Law Society, Chancery Lane, London.

K. X.—Yes; they can, and inherit property.

Twenty-Four.—You will find that all newspapers do the same. We cannot reform the world at our own expense. If you will find fifty thousand people who will pay sixpence for To-Day instead of twopence, we will undertake to eliminate advertisements from our columns.

T. R. A.—I suppose those good people's argument would be that the end justifies the means. Such a lottery is certainly illegal, and could be stopped by law.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

ZOLA'S LETTERS ON "NANA."

Medan, 1879, 13th December.—Splendid weather for working. . . . "Nana" is getting on; I am in the middle of the last chapter but one. The snow excites me. You can have no idea of the horror of the landscape, with the white plain and the frozen river. . . . Oh, by the way, I forgot. I shall want an exact, scientific, and very detailed description of the death-mask of a woman who has died of common small-pox. Thanks in advance. December 18.—I have received your book on small-pox. Evidently that will be enough for my purpose. I will invent the death-mask by a comparison of the various documents. I am very much tempted to make it black small-pox, which, in point of horror, is the most original. Only I will confess that if you could manage to see a corpse of a person who died of this disease, without taking too much trouble—I say, this is a nice little job! . . . You would oblige me greatly. In that way I should not have to invent anything—I should have a real death-mask. Be sure to dwell at length on the state of the eyes, of the nose, and of the mouth, to give me a precise and geographical chart. January 7, 1880.—Let me tell you a great piece of news—I finished "Nana" this morning. What a sigh of relief. Never has a piece of work so upset me. Now let the novel be worth what it may be worth, it has ceased to exist for me. . . . Never mind troubling any further about the death-mask—I have done what I wanted to do, and I am so satisfied with it that I wouldn't change it even to be in accordance with precise documents. I write to you in the joy of deliverance, and my last chapter appears to me to be the most successful thing that I have written.—*From "Emile Zola."—R. H. Sherard.*

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—Everybody will go and see *King Arthur* at the Lyceum. Whether anybody will go twice is another matter.

I shan't.

Let me candidly admit, however, that I am not an unbiassed judge of the poetic drama. It is emphatically antipathetic to me, because of its hopeless unreality. I can stand a fairy story or a lurid legend like *Faust*. There is no nonsense about it. It is fair and square makebelieve from the start, and you can accept it as you accept a pantomime or a Gaiety burlesque.

With the poetic idyll it is different. You are given human nature, not idealised, but sentimentalised and puerilised. You get a situation that is human and possible, and it is talked about in language that is essentially unhuman and impossible. You get, as it were, a glass of fine old pungent, aromatic brandy diluted with some nauseating stuff like lemonade or ginger ale.

With all due deference to ecclesiastical historians, I do not believe in unnatural unions between the dwellers in Olympus and members of the Blue Ribbon Army.

Now in *King Arthur* the supernatural is insisted on at the outset. Merlin the Wizard has apparently brought up Arthur till he comes to man's estate. Then he takes him to the magic mere, where a mysterious maiden hands the sword, Excalibur, with which he is to make England. He also shows him a vision of Guinevere. This is all very good and very impressive. Directly the play proper begins, however, the plot turns on jealousy, conspiracy, treachery, and adultery. Common betrayal, common passions, commonplace dramatic complications, and spectacular theatrical effects. When all is over we go back to the supernatural, and we come away disturbed and confused.

Mind, I am not blaming anyone in particular. What I say is, this blank verse is an unreal phraseology, and if you employ it at all, you have got to keep a high ideal before you. I can't stand blank verse myself at any price. It is an artificial phraseology such as never was used by mortal man or woman since the world began. In a gorgeous declamatory or descriptive passage, its use may be perhaps excused. But people cannot *talk* blank verse. Fancy Arthur asking Guinevere why she ate no breakfast, and Guinevere explaining in blank verse that her liver was a bit wrong. Well, breakfasts and livers are with us always, and so is the false friend, and, indeed, the adulterer. It is as difficult as unreal, and as impossible to deal with one as the other in language that never was or can be.

That is why I detest the poetic drama. You give your characters real hearts and artificial tongues. Just when a man ought to say "I love," "I hate," or "Curse you" in two words, he has to speak a dozen. His emotions are watered and weakened with words.

Putting aside this particular point, however, and coming to this particular play, apart from plays in general, I cannot help feeling that the Arthur of Tennyson was a vastly superior person to the Arthur of Comyns Carr. Tennyson was a great poet. He took a great but very imperfectly known national legend, and he immortalised it — at any rate, he vitalised and beautified it. I am perfectly sure that the majority of people will refuse to believe in any Arthur other than that of Tennyson. If Arthur had to be put on the stage at all, it is assuredly Tennyson's Arthur who should have been given us. The play of *Hamlet* is, we know, adapted partly from obscure history and partly from an old romance. But heaven help the author who ignored Shakespeare, and went back to that old romance for a new Prince of Denmark. Tennyson's Arthur was an idealised, etherealised semi-saint, "Soul warring against Sense." Comyns Carr's Arthur is little more than the conventional, high-minded but deluded and outraged husband of a French comedy drama of conjugal intrigue. The husband in *Le Maitre de Forges*—seen here as *The Iron Master*, and played by Kendal—was every bit as noble and heroic. Indeed, the parallel between Arthur and Phillipe Derblay, Guinevere and Madam Derblay, Lancelot and the Duc de Bligny, Elaine and Athenais, so far as their lives worked out, is curiously close. But the new Arthur is not, on the whole, even as dramatically prominent and dominant as Phillipe. He may be a saint, but we are not shown it. We are shown, though, that he is a weak and foolish man. He is a mild, amiable, mawkish monarch, who cannot see much further than the end of his nose. Merlin the Wizard has been his best and earliest friend. But because Merlin does not prophecy as pleases him, Merlin is dismissed the Court. Surely his early training should have assured Arthur that prophets, other than sporting prophets, do not lie. Then again, why did he keep a tame wizard on licensed premises if he himself was a Christian? If he was not a Christian, why did he worry about the Holy Grail? Certainly he did not worry much. In view of the fact that an inconsequent angel was in the habit of wandering aimlessly about the corridors of his castle, Grail and all, the spotless and peerless king evinced a very perfunctory interest in the quest after the Holy Cup. At a rather critical moment in the history of his time, the flower of his chivalry elects to depart on what is known to be a very hopeless mission. He has just sense enough not to go himself, but, barring Lancelot, he lets the others go with his blessing. This is not clever, and it is not consistent. If it was a big business, he should have gone himself. If it was not, he ought to have forbidden the departure of the others. What is more, the quest is a dramatic false scent. Our attention is fixed on it at the end of Act II.; but for ever after the author is silent regarding it.

He comes back solidly to the domestic intrigue, and crams down our throat the every-day fact that every second person about the Court knew, what Arthur never suspected. This is all very well in Mayfair, but we don't like to think it of Camelot.

Then look at the finish. Mordred deposes Arthur, locks up the Queen, condemns her to the stake, unless some champion will defend her, and even when the wounded King comes forward in her cause, Mordred defeats and slays him. That is bad enough, but worse remains behind, when Lancelot, of all people, comes forward, slays Mordred, and saves the Queen! Such is the reward of prehistoric unchastity, according to Comyns Carr.

I have told you the story as briefly as I can. To my thinking, it is not poetic, neither is it nice.

I may be, and if you like I will admit that I am, prejudiced, but I infinitely prefer the Arthur of Tennyson to the new Lyceum Arthur-Up-to-Date. I rather enjoy the delusions of the past. I like to think that Richard Cœur de Lion was a hero, and I should strongly object if anyone proved that he was addicted to drink. Cain may have been misjudged, but I don't want to be told that the slaying of Abel was not murder, and was justifiable homicide. When I ask for my legend I see that I get it, "and I use no other."

For this reason I won't have any more of Comyns Carr's Arthur. It is not the Arthur I believe in, and I don't like it.

It may interest you to know that Irving's reception lasted exactly thirty-four seconds and four-fifths, Forbes Robertson's twenty-nine seconds and a half, Miss Terry's twenty-two seconds and three-fifths.

Your affectionate Cousin,

RANDOLPH

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CLUB CHATTER.

IT has always been one of my ambitions to enjoy the friendship of one of those Americans who "do" England, and whose views on the island are considered worthy of reproduction in Yankee journals. I don't mean an observant pilgrim, because we all know that he will say the country is played out, that the Queen is still residing in the Tower of London, and that the fashionable fad of the hour with the aristocracy is to run lodging-houses in Bloomsbury. The man I want to know is the one who strolls quietly about, and sees and remembers simple innocent things, which we, in our careless, blundering fashion, overlook.

JUST such a man has recently got back, and so I have missed another chance. A reporter quickly found him out, and when he was found out we were lost. It seems —and the Yankee is a truthful man—that the English counterpart to the American dude delights in immense checks and startling colours, in shooting clothes in Piccadilly, in knee-breeches and a cape in the Strand, and in turning up at afternoon tea in shooting boots. Tweeds with five-inch squares are of such common occurrence that our candid critic simply mentioned them as an afterthought.

Now, how is it that we miss all this sweetness and light? We sigh in the public papers about the dearth of amusements in London, say the streets are ugly and cold, and yet right under our very noses all this feast of innocent amusement—possibly the National Vigilance Association would object to the knee-breeches—is unfolded. There is something wrong somewhere, but we must pardon these frank criticisms, for if the American deserted us, every "confidence trick" man in Great Britain would be thrown out of employment, and our pockets can ill afford increased poor rates.

OUR young friend, the average schoolboy, has been allowed to publicly ventilate his views on the warning of the *British Medical Journal* as to the danger of carrying matches and chlorate of potash lozenges in juxtaposition. He ridicules the notion. If his parents are not particularly anxious to keep him, and will rid me of all responsibility in the eyes of the law, I will undertake, on the first open afternoon I have got, to take him on to Wimbledon Common, and amuse a party of friends of the family—and two or three of my own—by watching him pound chlorate of potash and sulphur in a mortar. I will further provide a match-box to carry the remains back from Putney to the Necropolis station, outside Waterloo.

SINCE the oyster scare was started the succulent bivalve has been a drug in the market. The oyster-bars have been almost deserted, and in some of the restaurants it no longer figures in the menu of the *table d'hôte*. I am now wondering what we can take in safety. Only during the past few weeks everyone's stomach has been turned with the stories of the part played by stale eggs in the manufacture of pastry, the vile condition of bake-houses ; and the tale of the red ochre sausage-rolls would have been amusing had it not killed one of the finest gems of the old humour. A review of the general situation seems to be this : Milk gives you all the fevers and several other light disorders ; you get tuberculosis through eating beef or mutton ; pigeons and pork have a tendency to produce skin diseases ; alcohol is certain death, and the use of tobacco only prolongs the agony ; a dozen years ago mackerel was condemned ; soups and entrées, the French scientists say, are simply a blend of dyes and drugs ; and anyone who remembers the scares of the last twenty years can hardly recall a viand that has not been attacked for some offence or another.

Personally speaking I am of the same view as Maggie Tulliver—isn't it?—who thought death lost half its horror if you died in company, and I am content to order what I fancy like an average man. But these scares are annoying, and sometimes I wonder whether it is right or just to paralyse from time to time whole industries, in order to get newspaper copy. The fact that a high-class medical journal started the question tends to show that it was raised in good faith, but if, as I believe is the case, Sir Benjamin Richardson declined to express an opinion on the oyster question, one wonders whether there is not a very grave doubt connected with the charge. As a rule these scares are dead, decently buried, and forgotten in a few months. If there was anything genuine in them, the originator should in and out of season stick to his guns. But at the present time milk and oysters—the two most common foods ordered by doctors to the sick—are under the ban, which would seem to show that they know little about diet, and are very human individuals, who have to rely upon public prints for their information.

The buttonhole is by degrees reaching the dimensions of a lady's bouquet. At one time a rose or a few picotees sufficed for winter wear, but now the fashion is to go in for seven to eight blooms in red and white, the favourite flowers being white and red roses. Myrtle and very dark ivy leaves are used to mount them.

For morning wear the red pattern is becoming more and more popular for ties, although electric blue is largely worn. In both cases the colours are used in conjunction with black.

It is reassuring to hear that in the course of the hearing of the Albert Club case, it was necessary for counsel to explain to the magistrates the distinction between a "backer" and a "bookmaker." Any schoolboy would blush to acknowledge such ignorance, and, for the life of me, I cannot make out why the judicial bench attempts to oust the Church for being the recognised receptacle for the fool of the family.

This, from the *Ulster Gazette*, is too good to be lost:—

> Reviews.—We have received a number of magazines for review, but could not possibly make room for the usual notices this week owing to the large space devoted to the alleged murder case, the quarter sessions, and the effects of Alcohol on the liver.

The last sentence seems a blasting admission on the part of the writer.

If all I hear is true, the enterprising members of Lloyds who conceived the idea of guaranteeing race-course executives against loss by postponement, have not made a very auspicious commencement, as Lingfield was insured for £500, and Windsor for a like sum. I wonder what Mr. Hawke will have to say about this new form of gambling.

Although the Waterloo Cup is to be decided next month, little attention has, so far, been paid to the Blue Riband of the Leash, and even the most enthusiastic courser must admit that coursing is slowly but surely losing favour with the general public. Colonel North made a great effort a few years ago to revive the sport, but even he appears to be losing heart.

Sir Arthur Sullivan does not appear to be disheartened by the bad luck which attended his racing ventures last season; and I hope the popular composer will pick up several good races. His horses could not be in better hands, and nothing would please Jewitt more than to train a big winner for Sir Arthur.

The billiard match between Roberts and Diggle will

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long be remembered as one of the most sensational of modern times. The word "record" has formerly been associated with the name of Roberts, but although he is undoubtedly still the "King of Cueists," he will always have to play up to his very best form when he takes on such an opponent as Diggle.

The first sensational incident in the match was when Diggle made his great break of 985. This total was compiled in almost strict Robertsian style, without a semblance of a fluke. Diggle afterwards told his friends that he had no idea he had made so many. He is confident that ere long he will make a record likely to stand for many a day. Diggle smokes and drinks, but only in moderation. He is a bachelor.

Maybe Roberts's trip to South Africa did him harm. He certainly has had very poor health since his return. With Diggle having gained so easy a victory, it is just possible that a genuine money match will be arranged between Roberts and Dawson. Should this turn out to be the case, my money and that of most of the cute division would go on Roberts.

Guy and Vivian Nickalls, our champion oarsmen, have turned their attention to Association football. Last week they appeared in the ranks of the Formosa Swifts in a match with Cookham St. George's.

The Welsh team selected to do battle with Scotland next Saturday, at Raeburn Place, is somewhat altered from that which England defeated, four changes having been made. The Scottish team is a powerful one, including Gowans, W. Neilson, Campbell, Gedge, and Macmillan. The game will be a tough one, but I rather fancy the chances of the Scotchmen, who will be on their native heather.

Saturday's League results were in some cases very surprising. Everton, who seem to be going to pieces, could only draw with Derby County. Aston Villa showed how strong they are just now by defeating Preston at Deepdale, though only by a goal to nil. Sunderland went to Wolverhampton in fear and trembling, for had not the Wanderers beaten Everton the previous week? The Wearsiders, much to their surprise, found they had an easy job. The most astonishing results were the victory of Liverpool over Notts Forest, and the defeat of Bolton Wanderers by Stoke. In both cases the score was five goals to nil. Burnley, as usual, on Turf Moor, managed to beat Blackburn Rovers. The great game of the day was that between the two Sheffield clubs, and, contrary to expectation, the United just managed to win, this making their second victory over the Wednesday club this season. I am still backing Sunderland to win the Championship, though I must confess Aston Villa has a good outside chance.

Had the London Cup tie between the Old Carthusians and the Old Foresters not been postponed last Saturday through the Oval being frost-bound Londoners would have been glad to welcome back to the Old Carthusians' ranks the brothers Walters. They have not played in first-class matches since the death of their brother through an injury on the football field a couple of years ago.

Yorkshire has another grievance. As champion county they would be entitled to play a match against the Rest of England. Because the Rugby Union has declined at present to fix a date for the match, there is some big talk amongst the Yorkshire big-wigs, with covert threats that they will refuse to play their matches with Midlands and Devonshire. Taken as a whole, the County Championship has not proved an unqualified success. If it does not fall through I shall expect to see Yorkshire at the top, with Lancashire second, and Devonshire third.

The Major.

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THE RED COCKADE.

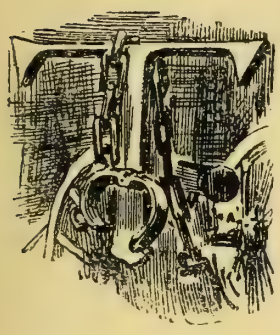
BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER III.

In the Assembly.



THE blow, and the insult with which he accompanied it, put an end for the moment to my repentance, but, short as was the distance across the floor from the one door to the other, it gave me time to think again; to remember that this was Louis; and that whatever cause I had had to complain of him, whatever grounds to suspect that he was the instrument of others, no friend could have done more to assuage my wrath, nor the most honest more to withhold me from entering on an impossible task. Melting quickly, I felt that if kindness alone had led him to interpose, I had made him the worst return in the world; and, in fine, before the outer door could be opened to us, I repented anew. When the usher held it for me to pass, I bade him close it, and, to Louis' surprise, turned, and, muttering something, ran back. Before he could do more than utter a cry I was across the vestibule; one moment, and I had the door of the Assembly open.

I saw before me—I suppose that my hand had raised the latch noisily—tiers of surprised faces all turned my way. I heard a murmur of mingled annoyance and laughter. The next moment I was threading my way to my place with the monotonous voice of the President in my ears, and the scene round me so changed—from that low-voiced altercation outside, to this Chamber full of light and life, and thronged with starers—that I sank into my seat, dazzled and abashed; and almost forgetful for the moment of the purpose which brought me thither.

A little, and my face grew hotter still. Each of the benches on which we sat held three. I shared mine with one of the Harincourts and M. d'Aulnoy, my place being between them. I had scarcely taken it five seconds, when Harincourt rose slowly, and, without turning his face to me, moved away down the gangway, and, fanning himself delicately with his hat, assumed a leaning position against a desk with his gaze on the President. Half a minute, and d'Aulnoy followed his example. Then the three behind me rose, and quietly found other places. Then the three before me. In two minutes I sat alone, isolated, a mark for all eyes; a kind of leper in the Assembly.

I ought to have been prepared for some such demonstration, but I was not, and my cheeks burned as if the curious looks to which I was exposed were a hot fire. It was impossible for me, taken by surprise, to hide my embarrassment, for, wherever I gazed, I met sneering eyes and contemptuous glances; and pride would not let me hang my head. For many minutes, therefore, I was unconscious of everything but that scorching gaze. I could not even hear what was going forward. The President's voice was a dull, meaningless drawl to me.

But all the while anger and resentment were hardening me in my resolve; and, presently, the cloud passed from my mind, and left me exulting. The monotonous reading, to which I had listened without understanding it, came to an end, and was followed by short, sharp interrogations—a question and an answer, a name and a reply. It was that awoke me. The drawl had been the reading of the cahier; now they were voting on it.

Presently it would be my turn; it was coming to my turn. With each vote—I need not say that all were affirmative—more and more faces were turned to the place where I sat; more eyes, some hostile, some triumphant, some merely curious, were directed to my face. And under other circumstances this might have cowed me; but now it did not. I was wrought up to face it. The unfriendly looks of so many who had called themselves my friends, the scornful glances of new men of ennobled families, who had been glad of my father's countenance; the consciousness that all had deserted me merely because I maintained in practice opinions which half of them had proclaimed in words, hardened me to a pitch of scorn no whit below that of my opponents; while the knowledge that to blench now must cover me with lasting shame closed the door to thoughts of surrender.

The Assembly, on the other hand, felt the novelty of its position. Men were not yet accustomed to the war of the Senate; to duels of words more deadly than those of the sword: and a certain doubt, a certain hesitation, held the majority in suspense, watching to see what would happen. Moreover, the leaders, both M. de St. Alais, who headed the hotter and prouder court party, and the nobles of the Robe and Parliament, who had only lately

I BADE HIM CLOSE IT.

discovered that their interest lay in the same direction, found themselves embarrassed by the very smallness of the opposition; since a substantial majority must have

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been accepted as a fact, whereas one man—one man standing in the way of unanimity—presented himself as a thing to be removed, if only the way could be discovered.

"M. le Comte de Cantal?" the President cried, and looked, not at the person he named, but at me.

"Content!"

"M. le Vicomte de Marignac?"

"Content!"

The next name I did not hear, for in my excitement it seemed that all in the Chamber were looking at me, that voice was failing me, that when the moment came I should sit dumb and paralysed, unable to speak, and for ever disgraced. I thought of this, not of what was passing; then, in a moment, self-control returned; I heard the last name before mine, that of M. d'Aulnoy heard the answer given. Then my own name, echoing in hollow silence.

"M. le Vicomte de Saux?"

I stood up. I spoke, my voice sounding alien, and like another man's. "I dissent from this cahier!" I said.

I expected an outburst of wrath; it did not come. Instead, a peal of laughter, in which I distinguished St. Alais' tones, rang through the room, and brought the blood to my cheeks. The laughter lasted some time, rose and fell, and rose again; while I stood pilloried. But it had one effect the laughers did not contemplate. On occasions the most taciturn become eloquent. I forgot the periods from Rochefoucauld and Liancourt, which I had so carefully prepared; I forgot the passages from Turgot, of which I had made notes, and I broke out in a strain I had not foreseen or intended.

"Messieurs!" I cried, hurling my voice through th Chamber, "I dissent from this cahier because it is effete and futile; because, if for no other reason, the time when it could have been of service is past. You claim your privileges; they are gone! your exemptions; they are gone! You protest against the union of your representatives with those of the people; but they have sat with them, and you can no more undo that by a protest than you can set back the tide! The thing is done. The dog is hungry, you have given it a bone. Do you think to get the bone back, unmouthed, whole, without loss? If so, you are mad. But this is not all, nor the principal of my objections to this cahier. France to-day stands naked, bankrupt, without treasury, without money. Do you think to help her, to clothe her, to enrich her, by maintaining your privileges, by maintaining your exemptions, by standing out for the last jot and tittle of your rights? No, Messieurs. In the old days those exemptions, those rights, those privileges, wherein our ancestors gloried, and gloried well, were given to them because they were the buckler of France. They maintained and armed and led men; the commonalty did the rest. But now the people fight, the people pay, the people do all. Yes, Messieurs, it is true; it is true that which we have all heard, '*Le manant paye pour tout!*"

I paused; expecting that now, at last, the long-delayed outburst of anger would come. Instead, before any in the Chamber could speak, there rose through the windows, which looked on the market place, and had been widely opened on account of the heat, a great cry of applause; the shout of the street, that for the first time heard its wrongs voiced. It was full of assent and rejoicing; but no attack could have disconcerted me more completely. I stood astonished, and silenced.

The effect which it had on me was slight, however, in comparison with that which it had on my opponents. The cries of dissent they were about to utter died still-born at the portent; and, for a moment, men stared at one another as if they could not believe their ears. For that moment a silence of rage, of surprise, prevailed through the whole Chamber. Then M. de St. Alais sprang to his feet.

"What is this?" he cried, his handsome face dark with excitement. "Has the King ordered us, too, to sit with the third estate? If not, M. le President—if not, I say," he continued, sternly putting down an attempt at applause, "and if this be not a conspiracy between some of our body and the canaille to bring about another Jacquerie——"

The President, a weak man of a robe family, interrupted him. "Have a care, Monsieur," he said. "The windows are still open."

"Open?"

The President nodded.

"And what if they are? What of it?" St. Alais answered, harshly. "What of it, Monsieur?" he continued, looking round him with an eye which seemed to collect and express the scorn of the more fiery spirits. "If so it is better! Let them be open. Let the people hear both sides, and not only those who flatter them; those who, by building on their weakness and ignorance, and canting about their rights and our wrongs, think to exalt themselves into Retzs and Cromwells! Yes, Monsieur le President," he continued, while I strove in vain to interrupt him, and half the Assembly rose to their feet in confusion, "I repeat the phrase—who, to the ambition of a Cromwell or a Retz add their violence, not their parts!"

The injustice of the reproach stung me, and I turned on him. "M. le Marquis!" I cried, hotly, "if, by that phrase, you refer to me——"

He laughed scornfully. "As you please, Monsieur," he said.

"I fling it back! I repudiate it!" I cried. "M. de St. Alais has called me a Retz—a Cromwell——"

"Pardon me," he interposed, swiftly; "a would-be Retz!"

"A traitor, either way!" I answered, striving against the laughter, which at his repartee flashed through the room, bringing the blood rushing to my face. "A traitor either way! But I say that he is the traitor who to-day advises the King to his hurt."

"And not he who comes here with a mob at his back?" St. Alais retorted, with heat almost equal to my own. "Who, one man, would brow-beat a hundred, and dictate to this Assembly?"

"Monsieur repeats himself," I cried, cutting him short in my turn, though no laughter followed my gibe. "I deny what he says. I fling back his accusations; I retort upon him! And, for the rest, I object to this cahier, I dissent from it, I——"

But the Assembly was at the end of its patience. A roar of "Withdraw! withdraw!" drowned my voice, and, in a moment, the meeting, so orderly a few minutes before, became a scene of wild uproar. A few of the elder men continued to keep their seats, but the majority rose; some had already sprung to the windows, and closed them, and still stood with their feet on the ledge,

looking down on the confusion. Others had gone to the door and taken their stand there, perhaps with the idea of resisting intrusion. The President in vain cried for silence. His voice, equally with mine, was lost in the persistent clamour, which swelled to a louder pitch whenever I offered to speak, and sank only when I desisted.

At length M. de St. Alais raised his hand, and with little difficulty procured silence. Before I could take advantage of it, however, the President interposed. "The Assembly of the noblesse of Quercy," he said, hurriedly, "is in favour of this cahier, maintaining our ancient rights, privileges, and exemptions. The Vicomte de Saux alone protests. The cahier will be presented."

"I protest!" I cried, weakly.

"I have said so," the President answered, with a sneer. And a peal of derisive laughter, mingled with shouts of applause, ran round the Chamber. "The cahier will be presented. The matter is concluded."

And then, in a moment, magically, as it seeemed to me, the Chamber resumed its ordinary aspect. The Members who had risen returned to their seats, those who had closed the windows descended, a few retired, the President proceeded with some ordinary business. Every trace of the storm disappeared. In a twinkling all was as it had been.

Even where I sat; for no isolation, no division from my fellows could exceed that in which I had sat before. But whereas before I had had my weapon in reserve and my revenge in prospect; that was no longer so. I had shot my bolt, and sat miserable, fettered by the silence and the strange glances that hemmed me in, and growing each moment not only more depressed but more self-conscious; so that, though I longed to escape, I shrank from moving, even from looking about me.

Not the least of my misery lay in the reflection that I had done no good; that I had suffered for a quixotism, and shown myself stubborn and obstinate to no purpose. Too late, I reflected that I might have maintained my principles and yet conformed; I might have stated my convictions and waived them in deference to the majority. I might have——

But, whatever I might have done, I had not done it, and the die was cast. I had declared myself against my order, and forfeited all I could claim from my order. Henceforth, I was not of it. It was no fancy that already men who had occasion to pass before me drew their skirts aside and bowed formally as to one of another class!

How long I should have endured this penance—these veiled insults and the courtesy that stung deeper, before I plucked up spirit to withdraw, I cannot say. It was an interposition from without that broke the spell. An usher came to me with a note. I opened it with clumsy fingers under a fire of hostile eyes, and found that it was from Louis.

"If you have a spark of honour"—it ran—"you will meet me, without a moment's delay, in the garden at the back of the Chapter House. Do so, and you may still live to call yourself a gentleman. Refuse, or delay even for ten minutes, and I will publish your shame from one end of Quercy to the other. He cannot call himself Adrien du Pont de Saux, M. le Vicomte, who puts up with a blow!"

I read it twice while the usher waited. The words had a cruel, heartless ring in them; the taunting challenge was brutal in its directness. Yet my heart grew soft as I read, and I had much ado to keep the tears from my eyes—under all those eyes. For Louis did not deceive me this time. This note, so unlike him, this desperate attempt to draw me out, and save me from opponents more ruthless, were too transparent to delude me; and, in a moment, the icy bands which had been growing over me melted. I sat alone still; but I was not quite deserted. I could hold up my head again, for I had a friend. I remembered that, after all, through all, I was Adrien du Pont de Saux, guiltless of aught worse than holding in Quercy opinions which the Lameths and Mirabeaus, the Liancourts and Rochefoucaulds held in their provinces; guiltless, I told myself, of aught besides standing for right and justice.

But the usher waited. I took from the desk before me a scrap of paper, and wrote my answer. "Adrien does not fight with Louis because St. Alais struck Saux."

I wrapped it up and gave it to the usher; then I sat back a different man, able to meet all eyes, with a heart armed against all misfortunes. Friendship, generosity, love, still existed, though the gentry of Quercy, the Contauts, and Marignacs, sat aloof. Life would still hold sweets, though the grass should grow in the walnut avenue, and my shield should never quarter the arms of St. Alais.

So I took courage, stood up, and moved to go out. But the moment I did so, a dozen Members sprang to their feet also; and, as I walked down one gangway towards the door, they crowded down another parallel with mine; offensively, openly, with the evident intention of intercepting me before I could escape. The commotion was so great that the President paused in his reading to watch the result; while the mass of Members who kept their places, rose that they might have a better view. I saw that I was to be publicly insulted, and a fierce joy took the place of every other feeling. If I went slowly, it was not through fear; the pent-up passions of the last hour inspired me, and I would not have hastened the climax for the world. I reached the foot of the gangway, in another moment we must have come into collision, when a wild explosion of voices, a great roar in the street, that penetrated through the closed windows, brought us to a halt. We paused, listening and glaring, while the few who had not stood up before, rose hurriedly, and the President, startled and suspicious, asked what it was.

For answer the sound rose again—dull, prolonged, shaking the windows; a hoarse shout of triumph. It fell—not ceasing, but passing away into the distance—and then once more it swelled up. It was unlike any shout I had ever heard.

Little by little articulate words grew out of it, or succeeded it; until the air shook with the measured rhythm of one stern sentence. "A bas la Bastille! A bas la Bastille!"

We were to hear many such cries in the time to come, and grew accustomed to such alarms; to the hungry roar in the street, and the loud knocking at the door that meant fate. But they were a new thing then, and the Assembly, as much outraged as alarmed by this second trespass on its dignity, could only look at its President, and mutter wrathful threats against the canaille. The canaille that had crouched for a century seemed in some unaccountable way to be changing its posture!

"THE BASTILLE HAS FALLEN!"

One man cried out one thing, and one another; that the streets should be cleared, the regiment sent for, or complaint made to the Intendant. They were still speaking when the door opened and a Member came in. It was Louis de St. Alais, and his face was aglow with excitement. Commonly the most modest and quiet of men, he stood forward now, and raised his hand imperatively for silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a loud, ringing voice, "there is strange news! A courier with letters for my brother, M. de St. Alais, has spoken in the street. He brings strange tidings."

"What? What?" two or three cried.

"The Bastille has fallen!"

No one understood—how should they?—but all were silent. Then, "What do you mean?" the President

asked, in bewilderment; and he raised his hand that the silence might be preserved. "The Bastille has fallen? How? What is it?"

"It was captured on Tuesday by the mob of Paris," Louis answered, distinctly, his eyes bright, "and M. de Launay, the Governor, murdered in cold blood."

"The Bastille captured? By the Mob?" the President exclaimed, incredulously. "It is impossible, Monsieur. You must have misunderstood."

Louis shook his head. "It is true, I fear," he said.

"And M. de Launay?"

"That too, I fear, M. le President."

Then, indeed, men looked at one another; startled, pale-faced; asking each mute questions of his fellows; while in the street outside the hum of disorder and rejoicing grew moment by moment more steady and continuous. Men looked at each other alarmed, and could not believe. The Bastille which had stood so many centuries, captured? The Governor killed? Impossible, they muttered, impossible. For what, in that case, was the King doing? What the army? What the Governor of Paris?

Old M. de Gontaut put the thought into words. "But the King?" he said, as soon as he could get a hearing. "Doubtless His Majesty has already punished the wretches?"

The answer came from an unexpected quarter, in words as little expected. M. de St. Alais, to whom Louis had handed a letter, rose from his seat with an open paper in his hand. Doubtless, if he had taken time to consider, he would have seen the imprudence of making public all he knew; but the surprise and mortification of the news he had received—news that gave the lie to his confident assurances, news that made the most certain doubt the ground on which they stood, swept away his discretion. He spoke.

"I do not know what the King was doing," he said, in mocking accents, "at Versailles; but I can tell you how the army was employed in Paris. The Garde Française were foremost in the attack. Besenval, with such troops as have not deserted, has withdrawn. The city is in the hands of the Mob. They have shot Flesselles, the Provost, and elected Bailly, Mayor. They have raised a Militia and armed it. They have appointed Lafayette, General. They have adopted a badge. They have——"

"But, mon Dieu!" the President cried, aghast. "This is a revolt!"

"Precisely, Monsieur," St. Alais answered.

"And what does the King?"

"He is so good—that he has done nothing," was the bitter answer.

"And the States-General?—the National Assembly at Versailles?"

"Oh, they? They, too, have done nothing."

"It is Paris, then?" the President said.

"Yes, Monsieur, it is Paris," the Marquis answered.

"But Paris?" the President said, helplessly. "Paris has been quiet so many years."

To this, however, the thought in everyone's mind, there seemed to be no answer. St. Alais sat down again, and, for a moment, the Assembly remained stunned by astonishment, prostrate under these new, these marvellous facts. No better comment on the discussions in which it had been engaged a few minutes before could have been found. Its members had been dreaming of their rights, their privileges, their exemptions; they awoke to find Paris in flames, the army in revolt, order and law in the utmost peril.

But St. Alais was not the man to be long wanting to his part, nor one to abdicate of his free will a leadership which vigour and audacity had secured for him. He sprang to his feet again, and in an impassioned harangue called upon the Assembly to remember the Fronde.

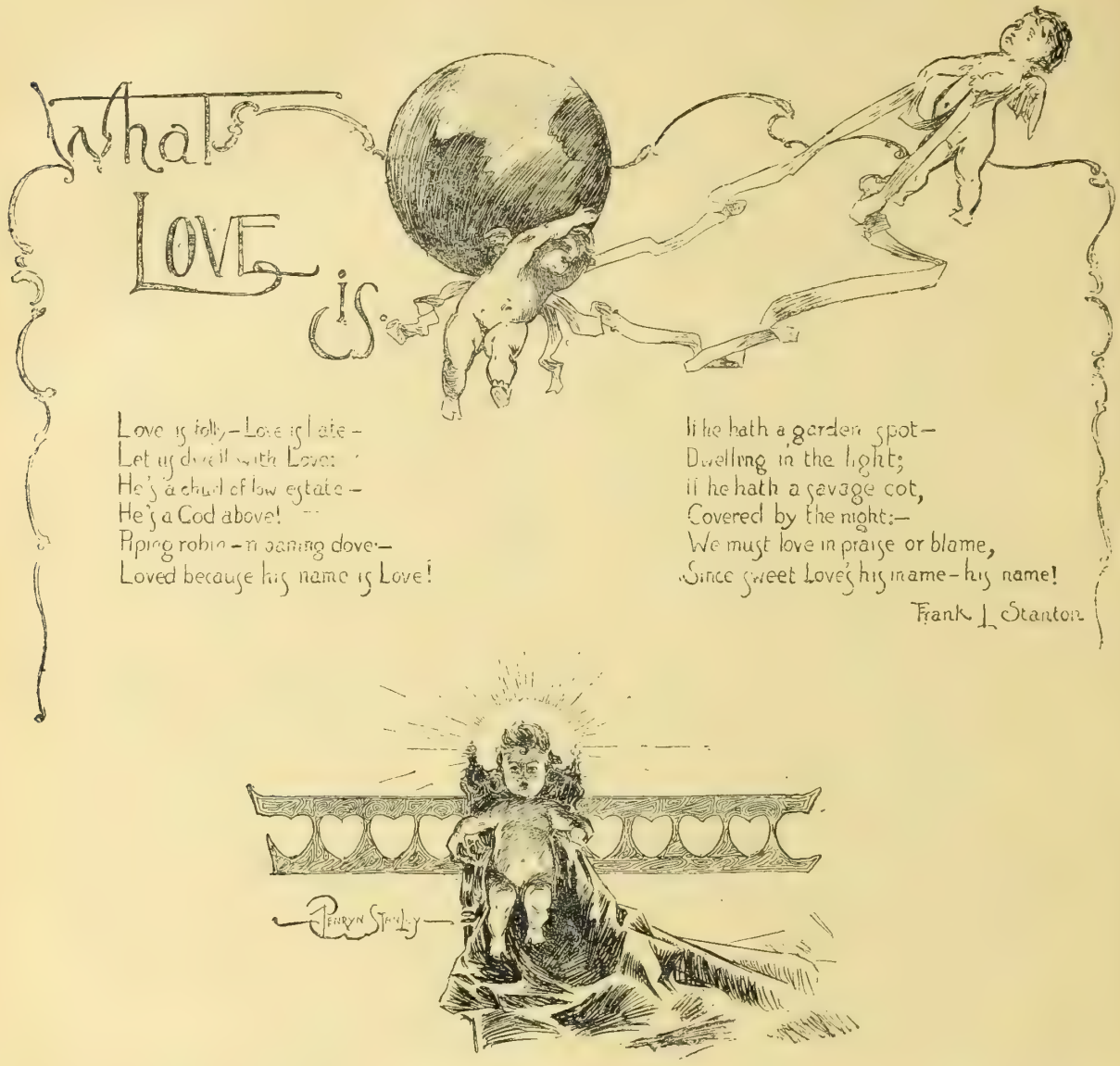
"As Paris was then, Paris is now!" he cried. "Fickle and seditious, to be won by no gifts, but always to be overcome by famine. Rest assured that the fat bourgeois will not long do without the white bread of Gonesse, nor the tippler without the white wine of Arbois! Cut these off, the mad will soon grow sane, and the traitor loyal. Their National Guards, and their Badges, and their Mayors, and their General? Do you think that these will long avail against the forces of order, of loyalty, against the King, the nobility, the clergy, against France? No, gentlemen, it is impossible," he continued, with warmth. "Paris would have deposed the great Henry and exiled Mazarin; but in the result it licked their shoes. It will be so again, only we must stand together, we must be firm. We must see that these disorders spread no farther. It is the King's to govern, and the people's to obey. It has been so, and it will be so to the end!"

His words were not many, but they were timely and vigorous, and they served to reassure the Assembly. All that large majority, which in every gathering of men has no more imagination than serves to paint the future in the colours of the past, found his arguments perfectly convincing; while the few who saw more clearly, and by the light of instinct, or cold reason, discerned that the state of France had no precedent in its history, felt, nevertheless, the infection of his confidence. An universal shout of applause greeted his last sentence, and, amid tumultuous cries, the concourse, which had remained on its feet, poured into the gangways, and made for the door; a desire to see and hear what was going forward moving all to get out as quickly as possible; though it was not likely that more could be learned than was already known.

I shared this feeling myself, and, forgetting in the excitement of the moment my part in the day's debate, I pressed to the door with the rest. The Bastille fallen? The Governor killed? Paris in the hands of the Mob? Such tidings were enough to set the brain in a whirl, and breed forgetfulness of nearer matters. Others, in the preoccupation of the moment, seemed to be equally oblivious, and I forced my way out with the rest.

But at the door I happened, by a little clumsiness, to touch one of the Harincourts somewhat sharply. He turned his head, saw who it was had touched him, and tried to stop. The pressure was too great, however, and he was borne on in front of me, struggling and muttering something I could not hear. I guessed what it was, however, by the manner in which others, abreast of him, and as helpless, turned their heads and sneered at me; and I was considering how I could best encounter what was to come when the sight which met our gaze, as we at last issued from the narrow passage and faced the Market-place—two steps below us—drove their existence for a moment from my mind.

(To be continued.)



GREEN WAS AN UNLUCKY COLOUR.

I STARTED for the turban-maker's shop on horseback, attended by Salem. The caftans were all ready and Salem reached up to the shelf to get them, when a Berber standing by gave him a violent blow with the staff of his spear, telling him not to touch the caftans of true believers. I was very angry. I gave the Berber a cut across the head with my riding-whip, his turban rolling off into the gutter. The turban was green! I had struck a descendant of Mahomet. Cries of rage burst from the bystanders. We were in a little side street, if they had had any gumption they could have cut us up in a moment. The only way out was through the mass. Poor Salem looked yellow. I don't know if I was, but my knees were bumping against my horse's sides. I thought we should never leave alive. The caftan maker then said it was not my fault. The crowd turned on him, and said it was his for bringing Christians there. At this diversion, we charged through, pistol in hand, reached the main street, and finished our business, not liking to leave under compulsion. The Berbers followed, and endeavoured to get up a religious row. I expected every minute to have a knife stuck in me by one of the excited crowd. We managed to get home, where I found the caftan maker. The Berbers had given him a good flogging when I left, and wrecked his shop. He stayed in my garden for three days, but not feeling safe under the Stars and Stripes, he took refuge in a mosque.—*From "Morocco As It Is."—Stephen Bonsal.*

ZOLA ON WORK.

How many mornings have I sat down to my work-table with my head in confusion, my mouth bitter, tortured by some great mental or physical anguish. And on each occasion, in spite of the reluctance that was prompted by my sufferings, my work, after the first minutes of pain and revolt, brought me relief and comfort. I have invariably risen up from my daily task with a feeling of relief, my heart sore, perhaps, but nevertheless conscious that I was still erect, with strength enough to continue living until the morrow.—*From "Emile Zola."—R. H. Sherard.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS PAGE.

THE great Frederick was very fond of snuff. He had a box of it put on every mantel-piece in the palace. One day he saw his page helping himself liberally. He said nothing then, but a little while afterwards he told the boy to bring him the box. "Take a pinch," said the king, "how do you find it?" "Excellent, sire." "And the box?" "Superb, sire." "Very well," returned Frederick, "keep it, then, it does not hold enough for two."

THE ENGLISH IN 1500.

"AND they think," says a Venetian traveller, "no greater honour can be conferred or received than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves, and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress."

PAULA IN THE PROVINCES.

A CHAT WITH MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE.

THERE was only one difficulty in the way of interviewing Miss Cynthia Brooke, the lady who is playing Paula so successfully in Mr. F. G. Latham's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* company. The difficulty took the form of a handsome bull puppy, who interrupted the conversation at every possible opportunity. Perhaps the fact that he was teething may be accepted as an excuse for his restlessness. He began by worrying my glove, out of which he seemed to get little satisfaction.

"He wants something harder, you know," said Miss Brooke. "Here, Bim, come on my lap; yes, and you can gnaw my wrist if you'll use your blunt teeth."

Occasionally Bim disregarded this latter command, when he was deservedly — though not effectively — spanked. Then followed a conversation, of which the first sentence ran much as follows:—

"I really have" (spank) "very little to tell you. I've on-" (spank) "ly been on the stage four years, and this—Bim, be quiet—this is my first emo-" (spank) "tional part."

"And what came before Paula?"

"Farcical comedy. I believe it was the best training I could have had."

"But you'll never go back to it now?"

"Well, I don't think so. One mustn't pick and choose too much, you know. But I love my present part. Unless I am not feeling very well—and playing Paula every night is not light work—I always look forward to going to the theatre in the evening."

MISS CYNTHIA BROOKE.

"And how do you find provincial audiences like *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?*"

"Very well, on the whole. My best audience was at Cambridge. They gave me the best kind of applause that one can have in such a play, and that is absolute silence. I am sorry to say they have refused us permission to play at Oxford."

"Is it possible that anyone can find fault with the moral teaching of such a play?"

"Oh! yes, they can," replied Miss Brooke, with a laugh. "Why, you have no idea what curious notions folks get about Paula. I have known some people who have come away from the play thinking that Aubrey Tanqueray had lived with Paula before marriage. Of course, if people wilfully misunderstand every line of the dialogue, it might not be difficult to get that idea. Then there are others—only a few, though—who identify the actress with the part; that's about as far as narrow-mindedness can go, I think."

"Are you one of those who forget their own existence when they are playing?"

"Yes. I'm Paula all the time I'm on the stage. I don't think I could play it otherwise."

"And how long does the illusion last?"

"Until I'm back in my dressing-room. I don't get my nerves quieted down again until I'm ready to leave the theatre. It's a good thing I have to change and take off my make-up—I could never walk from the stage to the stage door."

"What is your opinion as to the importance of make-up? Will you give me a few hints, now, to beginners?"

"Do you think I have had experience enough for that?" replied Miss Brooke, modestly. "Well, for my part, I think the less make-up the better. It hides the facial expression. All amateurs and novices use too much. I remember at my first appearance——" And the sentence was finished with a laugh at her early ignorance.

"Well, do tell me, please. It will be so useful to others."

"Why, I had no idea how to make-up, and I began by spending two pounds on grease paints, when two shillings would have been plenty. Then I laid so much colour on that my mother didn't know me."

"Where was that?"

"At the Adelphi, in *The Green Bushes*. I had a small part and a small salary, but I'm sure I robbed them of it. Of course I thought all London was waiting for me—every novice does—but I soon found it wasn't."

"Do you believe in dramatic schools?"

"No, I don't," and there was no doubt about the emphatic way in which Miss Brooke said "don't." "My advice to beginners would be to get on the stage, if possible, in farcical comedy. It does knock the corners off one so well. Then there's nothing like a good training in the provinces. I don't think acting can be taught. If you are to act well you will not require much tuition. Experience is another matter, though I mustn't say much about that, because I've had very little myself. Although I've been on the stage four years, I don't think I've been acting for more than two of them."

"Let me congratulate you on your success. There are few actresses who could show such a record."

"Do you think so? Well," and Miss Brooke smiled good-humouredly, "you'll find plenty who will tell you they had the part of Paula offered them, and refused it."

Here Bim climbed down from his mistress's lap, and took up a comfortable position in front of the fire.

"I know just what he wants," said Miss Brooke, drawing off a gold bangle from her wrist. "Here you are, Bim, you may bite that until all those poor teeth are through."

"Does Bim like going on tour?" I asked.

"I believe he has a good time. Everybody likes him, and if I don't keep an eye on his movements I lose him, only to find that he is being fed in the kitchen."

"A dog's life," I suggested, quoting from the play.

"Yes," replied Miss Brooke, gaily, "a dog's life. 'You're sleek, well-kept, well-fed,' aren't you, Bim?"

It says much for the enterprise of Mr. F. G. Latham that he was the only manager who dared to take *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* into the provinces. The result has been in every way satisfactory. But even wiser than Mr. Latham's enterprise was his foresight in selecting so charming and gifted an actress to play the finest part in the finest play of the century.

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 64. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

MR. SAMPSON'S CONVERT.

BY

B. A. CLARKE.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

"PLEASANT Sunday Evenings for the People. A Free Seat, a Free Hymn-book, a Free Salvation. Mr. Sampson, at 6.30."

Thus ran the large bill on the door of the Bempton Street Mission. The facts were stated in bold characters. The hall-keeper's eldest son (fifth standard) was responsible for the execution, and by using for pen and ink a piece of smooth firewood and a pot of blacking, he had succeeded in imparting to his letters—to the capitals in particular — well-nigh the dignity of print. "Have it so that he who runs may read," Mr. Sampson had directed at the close of the morning school. The language, of course, was figurative. It was not the habit of the Bempton Street people to run anywhere, and had they felt disposed to break a custom, Sunday afternoon was the very last time they would have selected for the outburst. Mr. Pope had just fixed up the placard, and was walking backwards, with half-closed eyes, to study the effect. The verdict was evidently favourable. "If that don't bring 'em in to-night," he said aloud, "nothink won't do 'em any good."

"It ain't bin put up strite," a voice remarked, from his elbow.

Mr. Pope turned round. A threadbare man was leaning abstractedly against a lamp-post.

"What's the matter with it, then?" he growled, discouragingly

"That side's too 'igh," said the loafer, indicating with the stem of a clay pipe to what he referred.

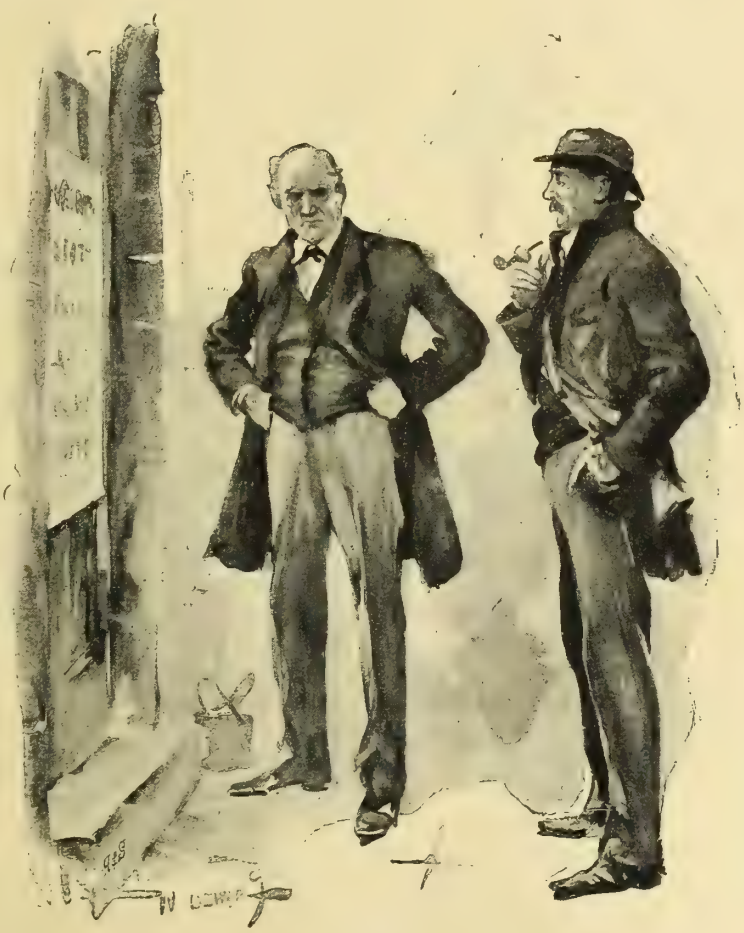
The complaint was well founded. Fortunately, the paste was still wet, and it took Mr. Pope but a few seconds to rectify the mistake.

"Wot's hon?" the stranger vouchsafed to inquire.

"Can't you read?" snapped the hall-keeper. Although he had accepted, he had not forgiven, the dirty man's criticism.

"A—free—seat. A—free 'im-book. A—free salvation. Rawther thick, ain't it?"

"That's what it's meant to be. So as it can be read a



"CAN'T YOU READ?" SNAPPED THE HALL-KEEPER.

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long way orf," explained Mr. Pope. His good humour had quite returned at the opportunity to play the showman to his son's handiwork.

"Ar! I doan mean the writin', but all that bein' free."

"You 'ad better join us this evening, my friend, and see for yourself," said Mr. Pope, unctuously. "You'll find one or two inside 'ool give you a 'arty shake of the 'and!"

"And a fat lot of good that 'ud do me."

"You might get more good than you think for," said Mr. Pope, by way of parting shot as he retired within the building. The afternoon scholars were beginning to arrive, and it was not for a man in official position to be caught in altercation (whatever the subject) with a common person.

Mr. Jarman retained his position against the lamp-post. "They give everything free," he reflected aloud—"'im-book and all. Blowed if I can see where the ketch comes in." He moved away at last, but the question continued to trouble him. He possessed the best—indeed, the only reliable assurance against fraud, and the hint that the chapel-keeper had thrown out about a great benefit to be secured recurred to him again and again. He was loitering along Bempton Street as the people were flocking to the evening service, but it was twenty minutes later before he himself entered, and was shown up the flight of narrow steps that led to the large schoolroom. The place was crowded to the doors, but the minister caught sight of Jarman hunting about for a seat, and beckoned him to the platform. A good many envious glances were directed towards the stranger as he pushed his way to the front, for to listen to the Gospel from the platform was in Bempton Street circles a distinction of some value. There was a general impression—and even the most radical evangelists were unable to shake it off—that evil-doers were located exclusively in the body of the hall. "If there is any sinner here to-night," they would say (there frequently was), "an opportunity is afforded him to come to his right mind, whilst the friends upon the platform are singing the next hymn." Jarman found a seat immediately behind the speaker. In close proximity to him were a couple of silk dresses, and a shiny hat, brim upwards, lay temptingly near his feet.

For some time he paid little attention to what was in progress. He was more ignorant of religion than any savage, and had he listened to the reading from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the odds are that he would not have understood a word. Then a hymn was sung with the attractive refrain, "Nothing to do, sinner," and the minister started upon the address.

Mr. Sampson, pastor and superintendent, was an oratorical genius who trifled with a greengrocer's business in the intervals of evangelistic toil. His fame was by no means confined to the region of Bempton Street. At revivals in all parts of London his services were in request, and but for an unwillingness to earn a livelihood from what was to him a labour of pure love, his worldly position might have been considerably enhanced. He put the interests of those to whom he ministered before everything, and he expected his audiences to do the same, for he combined a life free from selfishness with an oratory that had not a single generous appeal. To frighten or bribe one lot of wanderers into the fold, and then to turn his attention immediately to another batch, was his plan of operations, which he believed had only to be adopted on a sufficiently general scale to inaugurate a millennium. Finally, Mr. Sampson possessed the rare gift of being able to drop H's by accident.

Jarman listened to the evangelist, and as he did so impressions began to form themselves upon his mind. He was in a position of deadly peril. All the sins that he had ever committed—there were a good many—were to be visited upon him with hideous severity.

He tried at first to comfort himself with the notion that the speaker was trying to "kid him," but Mr. Sampson turned his face towards the platform for a second, and the heathen knew that it was not thus men look that play the fool. Then another hope arose. The sentence might be dodged. How, was not clear yet; but Jarman was now listening intently, and determined to find out. Ere long the speaker's note changed. The threatenings of the law were laid aside for the entreaties of the Gospel. A free pardon was offered to everyone present, to the wickedest and most ignorant, and with it such happiness in this world and the next as no unsaved soul had ever dreamed of. "And you will not have it!" he exclaimed, with a passionate gesture. "Your salvation, to purchase which a God died in agony, you will not so much as stretch out a hand to accept!"

There were not many conversions that evening. A couple of senior scholars—hobbledehoys, who had been under influence for some weeks, were understood to have got religion during the singing of the closing hymn, and the stranger who had been accommodated with a seat upon the platform seemed unwilling to go away. That was all. The pastor took the simple cases first, and disappeared with the two youths into an adjacent classroom. It was more than twenty minutes before they reappeared, Mr. Sampson triumphant, and the senior scholars making a noble attempt to look entirely pleased with what they had done. They shook hands shamefacedly with their captor, and left in a hurry. Then Mr. Sampson turned towards the stranger.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" he inquired, courteously.

"Yessir," said Jarman, with some awkwardness. "That orfer you spoke abart, 'eaven and all that. I'll take it."

Mr. Sampson's eyes glistened.

"There's only one way of salvation," he said; "you know what that is."

Jarman nodded.

"Where, then, does your difficulty come in about at once accepting it?"

"There ain't none."

The evangelist was at a loss how to proceed. "Shall we have a word of prayer together?" he said.

Mr. Jarman made no objection, and when they arose from their knees both men seemed to regard the transaction as complete.

"If you doan mind, I should like us two to shake 'ands over this 'ere," said the convert.

"Mind!"

"Now that that's fixed up so there's no goin' back on it," said Mr. Jarman, "I suppose I 'ad better be movin' on."

"Oh! you don't get out of my clutches as easily as that," said Mr. Sampson, cheerily; "you're coming home with me to supper. The wanderer mumbled that "he didn't mind," his formula of thanks; and the strangely-assorted pair left the hall together arm-in-arm. As

IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO HIM WERE A COUPLE OF SILK DRESSES, AND A SHINY HAT.

they walked down the road, they were made the target of a good deal of comment from the superfluous humanity that upon a summer evening Bempton Street exudes from every pore. Each doorway had its knot of loud-talking idlers; there was scarcely a bedroom window-sill that did not support the elbows of some contemplative smokers, and babies were everywhere. They sat in rows along the kerb stones,, rolled in the gutters, and writhed upon the footway like worms after a shower of rain.

"It was twenty years ago to-day," said Mr. Sampson, "that I walked down this street for the first time. How well I remember it. It looked just the same then as it does to-night. I was fresh from the country, and something told me that what I was looking upon would never leave my thoughts. It never has. I tried at first to drown it in pleasure; but when I was sitting at the Polytechnic, or enjoying myself at an Improvement Society, bits of Bempton Street would come up and mar all. At last I threw up the sponge. There was a small business for sale in the neighbourhood; I bought it, and here I have been since. Sometimes I almost wish that I had never come. Inside the walls of the Mission I can believe that I am doing good, but out here in the streets I know that it is only the merest fringe of the evil that has ever been touched.

"Think, Jarman," he said, stopping in the middle of the road, and indicating with a sweep of his arm the houses around him, "of the hundreds drifting towards Hell at the present second, and the responsibility for all these souls resting upon just us few."

"'Ere—none of that," said his companion indignantly.

"What's the matter?"

"None of that tryin' to make me responsible. What we fixed up together don't depend on all these comin' into it, do it?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why can't I take my bit of 'eaven and be 'appy. If 'E means to come down 'eavy on these—you don't think that you and me are goin' to stop 'Im."

Mr. Sampson looked at his convert steadily.

"You use strange words," he said, "but it may be you have hit upon the truth. This is, after all, the Lord's work, and not ours. We are but day labourers in His vineyard. Had I jogged along doing what I could and leaving the issues in other hands I might have accomplished more. Bempton Street is too great a burden to be carried between one man's shoulders."

They walked on for a hundred yards or so in silence.

"You must forgive me," said Mr. Sampson, "for making you the victim of my low spirits. As you say, this should be a season for feasting and dancing—for killing the fatted calf, and for putting on the new robe. The prodigal has returned, and there is joy in the Father's house."

"All right, governor. No 'arm done. I've 'ad the 'ump merself before now."

When they reached the greengrocer's house, they found the family already at supper. Mrs. Sampson received them cordially, and the children were too inured to strange visitors to show any embarrassing surprise.

"If you haven't made your arrangements yet for to-night," said Mr. Sampson, after the young people had trooped off, "I daresay we could manage to put you up."

Again Mr. Jarman "did not mind," and being shown his bed, he evinced such a desire to tumble into it without further ceremony, that the long spiritual conversation to which his host had been looking forward was postponed indefinitely.

"My dear," said Mr. Sampson to his wife after breakfast the next morning, "I have been thinking about what you said last Friday. You were quite right. We do need someone to help in the business."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have engaged Jarman?"

"I did mention it to him," said her husband guiltily. "And why not? Jarman became a new man in Christ last evening, you forget that."

"Very well," said Mrs. Sampson, "everything is settled, I can see; but in future when you and the boys go out, I go too."

"What do you mean, Lucy?"

"Only that I won't be left alone in the house with your new man, that's all."

Mr. Sampson shrugged his shoulders. He had the greatest faith in his wife's judgment, and felt sure that she would soon come round to his way of thinking.

So the wanderer, Jarman, was installed at the Sampson's. Before long he knew the restraint would become irksome; but for the present he resolved to stop where he was, and although by no means a glutton for work he got through enough to give his employer—who was rarely at home—perfect satisfaction. In other ways he made himself of service. A new block of model buildings had just been opened in Bempton Street, increasing at a stroke Mr. Sampson's parish by over a thousand souls. It was a relief to him to have in his employment a man like Jarman, who was always ready to run upon any errand of mercy that might be suggested to him in the hours of work. His leisure time he insisted upon keeping for himself. Sundays he made an exception. He went regularly to the Mission for two services; in the evening he acted as self-constituted sidesman, and he shared with the hall-keeper the labour of re-arranging the forms at the close of the afternoon school. During this operation he directed and patronised the hireling with much ease and self-possession. His case was regarded by the Mission workers as one of great encouragement. "When we feel down-hearted," said Mr. Sampson to the secretary, "we need only look at Jarman, and think of what he was less than a month ago. I thought the night of his conversion that I had never seen a more miserable object. Now he comes to the service as neatly and quietly dressed as you or I" (it was the pastor's own clothes that Jarman wore, but Mr. Sampson had a short memory for generosities), "and even his face has entirely altered." This was no fancy. Jarman's growing sleekness was a matter of general comment. "That man will eat us out of house and home," said Mrs. Sampson, whose original prejudice remained unabated. There was one thing, however, that even she did not question. The new help was honestly concerned about his soul.

"That orfer I accepted the other evenin'," he said one day to his employer—"it stands all right, eh?"

"Do you doubt it?"

"Nothink noo can't be introjuced into it now, I suppose? Free, and without price, just as you said?"

"Certainly."

"You 'ave 'Is authority to arst anyone?"

Mr. Sampson smiled.

"Go ye into the highways and byeways and compel them to come in. I have those instructions."

"In writin'?"

"In the Lord's own book."

"Very well then. I shall 'old 'Im to it."

"'Ave you entirely give up sin?" he inquired upon another occasion.

"Alas!" said the greengrocer, "that after all these years I dare not answer yes."

"No more ain't I," said Jarman to himself; but in his heart there was neither despondency nor sorrow. Mr. Sampson's reply indeed had relieved him of an anxiety. Lately he had begun to fear that he had mis-

THEY SHOOK HANDS SHAMEFACEDLY WITH THEIR CAPTOR.

understood the terms of his contract—that the conditions upon which Heaven was held out to him were not so purely nominal after all. With the knowledge of his employer's peccability, these misgivings vanished. A saved man might sin then without vitiating his agreement. This is precisely what he had been wanting to ascertain. Henceforth he asked no more theological questions. Upon the subject of his eternal destiny his mind was now completely at rest.

One evening, about five weeks after Jarman's conversion, Mrs. Sampson was conducting the Mothers' Meeting, when she saw her husband enter and take a seat at the back of the hall. There was nothing very remarkable in this. Nevertheless it was enough to make the orator put a full stop to her remarks and hurry down to the intruder.

"I thought this was the night of the Penny Bank?" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, "but in the summer, you know, we close at a quarter to nine. I took home the money, and have come back here to fetch you."

Mrs. Sampson was not satisfied.

"Was there much paid in to-night?" she inquired.

"Yes; more than usual. Over twenty pounds, in fact."

"And you left twenty pounds in an empty house?"

"How women jump to conclusions," said the superintendent indignantly. "Jarman came in for his supper before I went out. The money is safely locked up in my desk, never fear."

"Jarman! Jarman! Didn't I tell you over and over again that that man would ruin us, and you wouldn't listen. Now he has done it."

Mr. Sampson ridiculed these terrors.

"I would as soon suspect my own brother of theft," he added, waxing warmer. Nevertheless, no sooner did he find himself in the street (to reassure Mrs. Sampson he had consented to go home) than he began running at the top of his speed. With every step his misgivings multiplied. By the time he reached his destination his panic was such that he could not wait to pull to the street door behind him, but dashed straight upstairs to his room. With all this hurry he was too late. The crime had been committed, and the poker with which the lid of his desk had been smashed open was lying across the study table. Mr. Sampson searched no further.

THE CRIME HAD BEEN COMMITTED.

He did not even leave the room. A hundred spectres had sprung up confronting him, and he was trying to deal with them all at once. The minutes ticked on, but nothing came of these cogitations. At a moment when decision was everything, he had lost the power of directing his own thoughts. Matters of instant urgence were jostled aside by things that could have been left unconsidered for days.

He found himself, for instance, arranging the heads of his Sunday evening's sermon, and repeating the exact phrases in which he would tell his flock of Jarman's deceit. Upon how this was done everything would depend. Then his fancy took another direction, and he attended the reception of the news in the different Bempton Street circles, and listened to all manner of profane comments from the ungodly, against whom, lately, Jarman's faith and new life had been urged as a reproach. The money difficulties followed upon this (twenty pounds was a crushing blow in their straitened circumstances, however would he and his little ones pull through?), and worried him only less than the injury to the cause.

There was another matter, and it lay upon his heart like a cold clod. In a few minutes he would be called upon to break the news to his wife. This terror, the worst of all, was taken from him. He felt a soft arm creep round his neck. It was Mrs. Sampson, who, entering noiselessly, had seen the broken desk and her husband beside it upon his knees.

So far there had been nothing in Jarman's actions to distinguish him from the common hypocrite. In his next step he was more original. It was ascertained afterwards that upon leaving his benefactor's house he had gone straight across to Southwark to visit his youngest brother. This was foolhardy in the extreme. Jarman had a past, and on the occasion of his first trouble the police had taken him in that very house. Hither, obviously, they would come again directly they were put upon the track. The fugitive could not reckon

with safety upon more than an hour's law. Only for a strong motive will a man cut things so fine as this. The fact was Jarman meditated leaving London for good, and he was anxious about his brother's soul.

His evangelical effort was quite successful. The younger Jarman closed with the Gospel offer (it was by this relic of the Mission Hall that our hero dignified his misconception) the moment that its preposterous terms were submitted to him. He had often heard religion expounded before, but never, it seemed to him, in a way that so commended itself to his judgment and common-sense. It may be imagined that Jarman did not protract his visit needlessly. The minute his errand of mercy was accomplished he disappeared, and neither Mr. Sampson nor the brother (who, by-the-bye, was an honest man) ever heard of him again.

IN A "SECOND SMOKING."

The compartment is occupied by four passengers in corner seats. Two in animated chatter—these are total strangers, who know not each other's name; two more, next door neighbours, glowering at each other silently.

No. 19, Dovedale Crescent, W. (*to himself*). I wish that beast wouldn't always catch the 9.32. I believe he does it just to annoy me.

No. 20, Dovedale Crescent, W. (*to himself*). I suppose that blithering idiot always chooses to sit opposite me just to exasperate me. (*They rattle crisp newspapers in a truculent fashion and retire behind them.*)

First Total Stranger. Yes (*catching up the thread of an exciting narrative*), but I just caught it. (*Pauses for applause.*)

Second Total Stranger. So did I, by the skin of my teeth (*smiles at his wit*), but (*with honourable frankness*) it was a minute late. (*This with a sigh, as one who foregoes much reward.*)

First Total Stranger (*ungratefully forgetting that its tardiness insured his punctuality*). That is the worst of this line. Why only last Friday I was three minutes—full three minutes late at Cannon Street. (*A sudden jerk stops conversation, a cold blast enters, accompanied by three eager City clerks.*)

First City Clerk (*with a black sailor's-knotted tie transfixed by a pearl pin*). Mornin', old boy! (*Settles himself.*) Well, here's a "New" Year, up to date. I thought the "New" Boy, and the "New" Woman, would set the fashion.

Second City Clerk (*gloomily*). Wish you would try to follow it, with a "new" joke or two.

First C. C. Not till you see the old ones, sonny! Been to Olympia yet?

Third C. C. (*young, with a plaid silk bow*). Jolly good show, isn't it?

First C. C. All very well in its way. Tons of Totties, and must have cost a mint of money. *I* can't think how they make it pay. They've got some rippin' gals in the ballet this year!

Second C. C. (*morosely*). You—(*with the passé air of twenty-two summers*)—you just see 'em go home by the last train, as I do. Regular old frumps with bundles.

First C. C. (*more knowingly*). Get out. You don't suppose the smart ones catch trains, do you? They keb it.

Third C. C. (*remorsefully*). It comes blooming dear. The night I was there I saw an awfully jolly girl in the front row; was just mashed on me. Regular nuts, my boy. So I waited, and as we came out said, "Drive you home, ducky?" (*This is unveracious; what he said was, "I am going your way, miss; may I drop you anywhere?"*) She smiles and jumps in, and her blooming old mother gets in too. I had to ride on her lap. Cost me 5s. 6d.

Second C. C. (*vindictively*). I see why you liked the show. (*Another jerk. They nearly fall into each other's laps. More people come in; trying to escape unseen toes they execute a sort of Highland sword dance in a very limited space.*)

Very Superior Person (*in a loud voice, to explain the intrusion of his very superior person among the lower orders*). Not at all. (*With affable renunciation.*) I often go second when I meet a man I know.

His Friend (*humbly*). I suppose first-class is worth the difference. I think I shall get a first next season. (*Pause*). Have you been to the New Gallery?

V. S. P. No; didn't know there was a New Gallery. What's on there?

His Friend. Oh! Venice this year; just opened.

V. S. P. I thought it was the Orient. Surely they had Venice years ago!

His Friend (*explaining*). I mean *the* New Gallery, Regent Street, you know. Lots of old pictures of Venice, and books, and—and—all sorts of curios.

V. S. P. Oh! (*Uninterestedly.*) I don't care for old pictures. (*Leans over confidentially.*) I like good etchings. I bought some first-class ones—all hand work, you know—at Barkley's, 4s. 11½d. each, framed.

His Friend (*who is an expert, and would not hang up a draper's picture to save his life*). Did you? (*Rushes to change the subject.*) Have you seen Beardsley's new poster?

V. S. P. (*irritated at being baulked of his praise as a patron of the arts*). I can't stand Beardsley. A man showed me a thing of his in *Punch*, "Britannia." It's all very well (*piously*); but, for my part, I think, with the French navy ahead of ours, it's just exasperating Providence to do such things.

His Friend (*nervously*). Do you really think we are in as bad a way as they make out?

V. S. P. (*solemnly, as one who had foretold it for years, till they wouldn't be warned in time*). Worse. Old England played out, the old country done for.

His Friend. Yes. I suppose Japan is the coming power. (*With an attempt at gay stoicism.*) Before fifty years we shall be all wearing pigtails, and talking pigeon English.

V. S. P. (*testily*). Japs don't wear pigtails. Besides, by that time they will be more civilised than we are. (*Unfolds his paper, and in so doing knocks his friend's cigar out of his mouth, and doesn't notice it.*) Already they are the politest people in the world.

His Friend (*with the sarcasm of a turned worm*). You admire Japanese politeness, then?

V. S. P. (*obtusely*). Yes, manners are shocking nowadays. (*Another jerk. Exit of City Clerk No. 1.*)

First C. C. Ta-ta. See you to-night, old man. Same old place, 8.30 sharp. (*Smiles meaningly, as a gay Lothario with hints of orgies at 8.30 nightly.*)

Second C. C. What side he puts on. Why, at the club last night he stood whiskeys and split sodas twice, just for bounce—he is a bounder!

Third C. C. Who is this Stevenson they make such a fuss over?

Second C. C. He was a missionary Johnnie, I think, out in Samoa. Got into a row with lepers, didn't he?

Third C. C. Didn't know leopards grew there. Did he shoot them, or did they eat him?

No. 19, Dovedale Crescent (*as No. 20 opens the door for him, with an air of aggravated martyrdom*). Thanks. (*This in a tone of snappish insolence. No. 20, who has half sprained his wrist in getting at a handle jammed under his left elbow, looks volcanoes.*)

Very Superior Person. I shall get out here and walk to the Temple.

His Friend. So will I. (*With an air of a discoverer.*) It does one good to stretch one's legs a bit.

Very Superior Person. Yes, and to escape the rubbish they talk on the Underground.

His Friend. They do; but that is only because you listen to it. (*Gloomily.*) People talk rot everywhere.

NAPOLEON, ACCORDING TO DUMAS.*

In his life of Alexandre Dumas, Percy Fitzgerald tells us that Harel, the manager of the Odeon, asked him to write a play on the career of Napoleon. This was in 1830, and in 1831 the play was still untouched. Then Harel, as a last resource, furnished an apartment in handsome fashion, and having induced Dumas to enter, told him that he could not leave till he had written it. Dumas was incarcerated for eight days, and was released on payment of nine thousand lines of matter, involving twenty-five tableaux. It was a dead failure, and there is a pardonable excuse for it. A quarter of a century or so later, Dumas told the story of Napoleon in book form, and Mr. John B. Larner, an American gentleman, now presents an English translation, with a strong American accent. It was placed in his hands, it seems, while he was learning the French language for critical study, which may mean more than one thing. For instance, it is possible to suggest, with some show of fairness, that the present version is the result of translations taken in the form of exercises. Mr. Larner remarks in a peculiarly worded preface that it has been his object "to make the translation as nearly literal as possible," adding that "much of the force and beauty of the French is lost by liberal translations." Possibly there is something in the idea, but you can be too literal, and the too liberal literalism of this translation almost spoils a splendid work. From the time you open the book till the scene closes at St. Helena you are disappointed with the mechanical language with which Mr. Larner tells the tale. It is a crude translation, and yet, even as it stands, you cannot fail to appreciate the sterling qualities of Dumas' story. In his hands the Corsican adventurer, hero, great-little man—have it as you like, for his true position is mainly dealt with nowadays in essays by schoolboys—becomes the Edmond Dantes of a great historical romance. As the story unfolds you wonder how much is true and how much is fiction—whether Dumas simply appears as a Harrison Ainsworth or a Stanley Weyman, or whether he is recounting pure facts. This very doubt suggests in itself the excellence of the work. Here is an interesting story of Bonaparte's boyhood:—

> One of the most usual amusements of young Bonaparte was the cultivation of a little flower garden surrounded by fences, into which he habitually retired in the hours of recreation. One day one of his comrades, who was curious to know what he could do thus alone in his garden, scaled the fence and saw him engaged in arranging in military order a great number of pebbles, the size of which designated their rank. At the noise which the indiscreet one made Bonaparte turned, and, finding himself surprised, ordered the scholar to descend. Instead of obeying he laughed at the young strategist, who, little disposed to the pleasantry, picked up the largest of his pebbles and with it struck the joker in the middle of the forehead, who fell instantly quite dangerously wounded.

So much has been said of the superstition of Bonaparte, that this little anecdote reads with interest. He had tried, one morning, to rouse his little brother, Louis, in order to give him lessons in mathematics, but the child was drowsy, and gave by way of explanation the excuse—

> "Oh! brother," answered the child, "I was having a beautiful dream."
>
> "And what did you dream?"
>
> "I dreamt that I was king."
>
> "And what was I then, Emperor?" said the young under-lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders. "Go! to your duty."
>
> And the daily lesson was, as customary, taken by the future king and given by the future emperor.

It is to the story of Waterloo that we turn, and this is Dumas' version of that appalling moment in the struggle when Napoleon mistook the approaching Austrians for the army of Grouchy:—

> Then from the heights from which he commanded the whole battle-field, Napoleon saw a deep mass emerge from the Wavre road.
>
> At last Grouchy, whom he had so long awaited, was arriving; late, it is true, but still in time to complete the victory. At the sight of this reinforcement he sent aides-de-camp everywhere to announce that Grouchy had appeared, and would enter into line. In fact masses in succession deployed and put themselves in order of battle. Our soldiers redoubled their ardour, for they believed that they had only to strike the last blow. Suddenly a formidable artillery thundered in front of these new-comers, and the balls, instead of being directed against the Prussians, tore away whole ranks of our army. Every one around Napoleon looked at each other with stupefaction; the Emperor struck himself on the forehead; it was not Grouchy, it was Blucher.

The close of the fight is told in simple language:—

> Napoleon in vain attempted to arrest this disorder. He threw himself in the midst of the ruin, found a regiment of the Guards and two reserve batteries behind Planchenoit, and tried to rally the fugitives. Unfortunately night prevented him from being seen, and in the tumult he could not be heard. Then he dismounted, threw himself into a square, sword in hand. Jérôme followed him, saying—
>
> "You are right, brother. Here should fall all who bear the name of Bonaparte."
>
> But he was taken by his generals and staff officers and forced back by his Grenadiers, who were willing to die, but who did not wish their Emperor to die with them.

Dumas' recollections of Napoleon are bound to be interesting. He says:—

> He who writes these lines saw Napoleon but twice in his life a week apart, and then only during the short space of a change of horses. The first time when he was going to Ligny; the second time when he was returning from Waterloo. The first time by sunlight; the second time by the light of a lamp. The first time in the midst of the acclamations of the multitude; the second time in the silence of a populace.
>
> Each time Napoleon was seated in the same carriage, on the same seat, dressed in the same coat. Each time it was the same vague and unoccupied look. Each time it was the same face, calm and impassible, only his head was a little more inclined upon his chest in returning than in going.
>
> Was that weariness caused by the impossibility of getting any sleep, or by grief at having lost the world?

An incident in the death scene is thus described:—

> "I am better to-day, but I feel none the less that my end is approaching. When I am dead every one of you will have the sweet consolation of returning to Europe. Some of you will again see your relatives, others your friends. As for myself, I shall find my brave companions in Heaven. Yes! Yes!" he added, animating and raising his voice with an inspired accent. "Yes! Kléber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Masséna, Berthier, will come to meet me. They will speak to me of that which we have done together, and I will relate to them the last events of my life. On seeing me again they will all become full of enthusiasm and glory. We will converse about our wars with the Scipios, the Cæsars, and Hannibal, and there will be pleasure in that. Unless," he continued smilingly, "they should be frightened in Heaven to see so many warriors together."
>
> Some days later he sent for his chaplain, Vignali.
>
> "I was born in the Catholic religion," said he to him. "I wish to fulfil the duties which it imposes upon me, and to receive the sacraments which it administers. You will say mass every day in the neighbouring chapel; you will expose the blessed sacrament during forty hours. When I am dead you will place your altar at my head in the '*Chambre ardente*.' Then you will continue to celebrate mass. You will perform all the customary rites, and you will not cease until I have been interred."

One could fill pages with extracts, but these will briefly show the qualities of Dumas' great historical work. It is more than passing strange that English translators have overlooked the book so long, for in the proper hands I am sure the translation would have ranked with the most popular of his works. It is eminently a book to read now, when hardly a week passes that does not include the anniversary of one of Napoleon's great achievements.

H. J. P.

* "Napoleon," by Alexander Dumas, translated by John B. Larner. (G. P. Putnam, 24, Bedford Street, W.C.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—Smart London is mad on skating just now. The real ice rink at Niagara Hall is the afternoon rendezvous of the sweetness and light of society, and there could scarcely be a more agreeable way of spending a couple of hours than it affords. You remember Niagara? The platform in the centre is now removed, and the whole of the immense arena is covered, by scientific means, with the most perfect ice that it is possible to imagine. As it is only some three inches thick, and there is no water beneath it, the safety of the whole thing is a pleasant element. You might fancy it would be too warm to skate with any enjoyment under cover; but you must not forget that the great extent of ice throws off a freezing air, which is quite appropriate to the occasion. Mother declares she got a chilblain on her ear while sitting looking on. There is a sort of corridor round the circle, in which there are comfortable lounges, chairs, and small tables, at which one may sit and have tea or coffee, while resting from skating, or while watching the performances of one's friends. The afternoon is the correct time to go, the price of admission being then 5s., as compared with 3s. in the morning and evening.

We saw a few falls while we were there, but these were chiefly caused by beginners getting in the way. Not a single lady fell. It was only men and boys, and they were up in a moment and off again. There was some splendid skating. Lady Chelsea and Lady Lurgan are very expert, and wore charming dresses. Mrs. Hwfa Williams's was the prettiest, though we thought it rather long for skating in. It was made of pale blue cloth, with a touch of green in the shade, and the skirt seemed to have been cut out in a complete circle, so full were the folds about the feet. It was edged all round with chinchilla. The bodice was a very elaborate and becoming arrangement of white satin, embroidered in silver and seaweed tints, the inevitable and indispensable box-pleat down the centre being in embroidered satin, edged with the fur. Her dainty little toque was a deft amalgam of white satin, pale blue velvet, roses, and gardenias.

The sketch I am sending you is done from a gown worn by one of the most expert of the skaters. The skirt is cloth, in a perfectly adorable tone of purple, something between pansy and heliotrope; and the very full skirt is bordered all round with sable. The panel down the side is pink velvet, embroidered in arabesques laid on in black velvet, and sewn all round with jet and purple chenille. The bodice is made of purple velvet, with diamond buttons holding the bows of ribbon, that seem to fasten the front down diagonally. The little vest and sailor collar are pink velvet, embroidered to match the panel, and edged with fur. A bow of white satin at the neck has Neapolitan violets in a little bunch at the side. The toque and muff match each other, being composed of purple velvet, pink velvet, black satin ribbons and violets. The deep cuffs are sable.

Skating Costume.

Among the onlookers we saw Prince Adolphus of Teck, the Portuguese Ambassador, and Georgina Countess of Dudley, looking beautiful as ever in the dress she wore at her daughter's wedding—green cloth, brown fur, and white velvet vest, and revers embroidered all over with jet. There were some marvellous toilettes among the spectators, and many of the skaters were exquisitely dressed. One wore white velvet, edged with sable; another ruby velvet, hemmed with ermine; while some of the cloth costumes vied with those of more sumptuous material in elaboration of finish and detail.

Niagara is evidently to be the fashionable rendezvous, and skating the fashionable accomplishment. Smart folks have long wanted a place in which to meet each other and display those wonderful dresses which they (some of them) embellish so immensely in the wearing.

And to think that we have now to be so economical! Is it not disappointing? However, we must make the best of it, and take practical lessons in economy from the sternest of all teachers—experience. Father says that for at least five years we shall be very much straitened in circumstances, but he hopes it will all come right then. You should see how clever I am getting already

A HAPPY UNION.

Drawn by WILLETTE.

THE ARTS APPLIED TO INDUSTRY.

For several weeks past the most artistic illustrated paper of Paris, *Le Courrier Français*, has been, and will continue, publishing the biographies, together with several drawings—for the most part appearing for the first time—of our best artists. The most interesting feature of this is the personal criticism of each artist made by the Editor-in-Chief. Moreover, this is the first time that a series of articles of this kind has taken place in France. Putting aside a few moderate criticisms, the general opinion, gathered from the habitual readers of the *Courrier Français* (who more especially comprise artists and persons of taste) is rather favourable to our artists, and the superiority of their productions taken as a whole—in contradistinction to that of the French artists—is in no way discussed. Coming as it does from a paper as essentially Parisian as the *Courrier Français*, this declaration is agreeable to note.

The first series of portraits of English artists announced by the *Courrier Français* comprises Messrs. Phil May, A. Chantrey Corbould, Dudley Hardy, Raven Hill, Grieffenhagen, Beardsley, Manuel, Eckhart, Townsend, Pegram, Sullivan, Hardtrick, etc.

Nearly all the above-named artists understanding how interesting and at the same time how useful it is to unite artistic sentiment with industrial advertising have not hesitated to compose some very excellent drawings (of which some have already appeared and others are about to appear in all the illustrated papers of London) for Géraudel's Pastilles, the remedy—so popular in England—for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Asthma, etc., and in general all the maladies of the respiratory organs so frequent in this cold and damp weather. Some of the best French artists, contributors also to the *Courrier Français*, M.M. Forain, Chéret, Willette, Louis Legrand, Lunel, Henri Pille, had already shewn them the example by dedicating to Géraudel's Pastilles some exceedingly remarkable and artistic drawings. Among the foremost M. Chéret must be cited. Many Londoners, at the Exhibition of Posters at the Royal Aquarium, were able to admire the very remarkable poster of Géraudel's Pastilles signed "Chéret." This was certainly the finest poster in the Exhibition.

Again, it is curious to remark the zeal displayed by English and foreign, scenic, dramatic and lyric artists, in announcing the excellent results obtained by the use of these Pastilles; their numerous testimonials are sufficient proof of this. They emanate from Mesdames Albani, Langtry, Florence St. John, Marie Roze, Melba, Sigrid Arnoldson, Sarah Bernhardt, Yvette Guilbert, Jeanne Granier, Ugalde, Thérésa, and MM. Coquelin, Paulus, etc., who testify in the highest manner to the marvellous cures, almost instantaneous, that they have obtained in the course of their theatrical career, thanks to the use of Géraudel's Pastilles.

In the medical world, in the literary world, in the judicial world, and in the learned and religious world the testimonials are equally as high, and quite as convincing.

Here, then, is a convenient remedy to take in all weathers in all places, at home, in the street, whilst travelling, whilst hunting, whilst fishing, etc., which affords protection to the bronchia and lungs in cold and damp weather, fogs, etc., their moderate price allowing of their being purchased by all parties as they cost no more than 1s. 1½d. the case of 72 Pastilles.

Those who do not even make a trial of these Pastilles in order to convince themselves might almost be deemed guilty, and can have no excuse if they catch a severe cold, get an acute attack of bronchitis or any other complaint affecting the respiratory organs which might be expensive to cure, not to mention the question of generally impaired health.

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in making those small decorative fichus, and collar bands, and even toques, that run away with such a lot of money if bought ready-made. I have just finished the most becoming band I have ever had on. It is merely a strip of the brightest vermilion satin, with a little fine black lace ruched over it, and a small bunch of violets at each side of the front, with a tassel of the lace depending from the flowers. This sort of thing can be made from odds and ends, that otherwise lie by till they are out of condition and become useless.

I have made mother one in white satin (a bit of one of my discarded evening gowns), with a little of her lovely old Swiss lace put on so as to form a point in front over a lining of white satin, the lace frilled round it. With her diamond buckle fastened in a knot of the satin at one side, it looks lovely.

I expect to become soon an economist of the first water, and am now busy on a skating costume, which is to be made out of two others. Does not that sound clever?—Your affectionate Susie.

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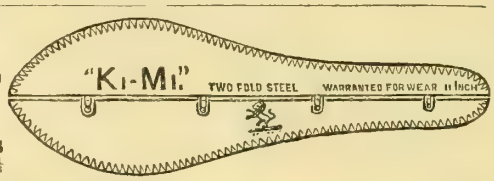

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*WILBERFORCE BRYANT, Esq., Stoke Park, Bucks (Chairman).
*HUGH ASTLEY, Esq., 59, Cadogan-place, S.W.
} Directors of the New Zealand Jubilee Syndicate (Limited).

MATTHEW G. HALE, Esq., 25, Wynnstay-gardens, Kensington, S.W.
DUDLEY A. C. SCOTT, Esq., 45, Eaton Square, S.W. (Director Luipaards Vlei Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited).
*F. A. THOMPSON, Esq. (Managing Director), 93, Oxford Gardens, North Kensington, London, W. (late Chairman of the South Simmer and Jack Deep Level Gold Mining Company, Limited).
* Will join after allotment.

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AUDITOR.

RICHARD RABBIDGE, Esq., F.C.A., 32, Poultry, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

B. O. C. ORLEBAR, Esq., Broad Street House, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, and working on an extended scale, a large and rich mining Special Claim named "The Jubilee," having an area of 103 acres 15 perches, and situated in the Upper Thames District, North Island, New Zealand. The property entirely surrounds the Waitekauri Company's Mine, which has produced gold to the extent of upwards of £80,000 (see "Handbook of New Zealand Mines," published by the Government), and the reefs which have produced this amount of gold are proved by their underlay and extensions to pass through the Jubilee property. It is also in the same district as the celebrated Waihi Gold Mine, and is stated to be in identically the same geological formation.

The tenure is leasehold direct from the Government, and was granted on the 10th day of November, 1887, to Mr. E. Kersey Cooper, under the provisions of the New Zealand Mining Act, 1886, for a period of 21 years, renewable indefinitely, the rent being fixed at 2s. 6d. per acre for the first year, 5s. per acre for the second and third years, 10s. per acre for the next four years, and 20s. per acre for the next fourteen years.

The property was acquired by the New Zealand Jubilee Syndicate (Limited), in the month of May, 1894, from Mr. Cooper, who has since been employed in its management and development on behalf of the Syndicate. At the time of the sale of the property to the Syndicate, the present Vendor, Mr. F. A. Thompson, secured an option over it which he has now exercised, such option having been obtained prior to the recent important developments in the neighbouring Waihi property.

The property is suitably equipped with Manager's House, Stable, three Blacksmiths' Shops, a House for the Battery Hands, four Miners' Dwellings, a new substantially-built Battery, consisting of ten 9-cwt. stamps, two M'Kie Pans, five Berdans, five Settling Pits, run by a good double-cylinder 25-h.p. engine and large Cornish boiler, connected with the "Queen" Low Level by means of a tramway substantially constructed, and equipped with seven trucks and two timber trolleys, thus enabling the delivery of quartz and fuel to the Battery at the cheapest possible rate, as well as running timber to the mouth of the Level; a wire tramway is also erected connecting the works at the gully with this Battery, and Mr. Cooper, in his Report, states that 30 tons of ore can be daily transported to the Battery from the Gully deposit alone.

Upwards of £11,000 has been expended upon the development and equipment of the mine, and Mr. Bohm states in his report (see copy enclosed with the Prospectus) that there are now in sight ready for immediate extraction and treatment 25,000 tons of ore, as follows:—

Ore in sight at Queen Low Level 20,000 tons, value 1 oz. per ton at £3	£60,000
Ore in sight Alexandra Gully, say certainly 5,000 tons (but probably much more) at £10 per ton	50,000
Total	£110,000
Estimated cost of production and treatment at £1 10s. per ton	37,500
Net value of ore in sight	£72,500

Mr. Cooper, in his report, states that about nine tons of ore which he brought from the Alexandra Gully, and which he divided into three classes, were sold by Messrs. Johnson, Mathey, and Co. to the smelters at the rate of:—

No. 1	£80 10s. per ton.
No. 2	£30 0s. ,,
No. 3	£7 12s. ,,

and that nine tons of ore taken from Butler's Reef were sold to the smelters for £19 15s. per ton.

It is estimated by Mr. Cooper that, upon the completion of the Cyanide Plant (now in course of construction), the Company will be able to treat 20 tons of assorted ore per day of a class that should yield at least £8 per ton, and after making a liberal allowance for mining and treatment expenses, he estimates a minimum profit of £5 per ton, which would be equal to £100 per day, and, allowing for working 300 days in the year, should pay a yearly profit of £30,000.

There is an ample supply of water for boiler and battery purposes, and it is believed that the above production of gold can be largely increased by the addition of further crushing machinery, for which the working capital now provided will suffice.

The following tabulated statement, taken from the published reports of the Waihi Gold Mining Company (Ltd.), shows the crushings made by that Company and the value obtained in sterling, viz:—

From	To	Tons crushed.	Value.
Jan. 1st, 1892	Dec. 31st, 1892	18,297	£44,349
Jan. 1st, 1893	Aug. 26th, 1893	13,072	40,860
Aug. 26th, ,,	Sept. 23rd, ,,	1,600	4,800
Sept. 23rd, ,,	Oct. 22nd, ,,	1,550	4,600
Oct. 22nd, ,,	Nov. 20th, ,,	1,650	5,400
Nov. 20th, ,,	Dec. 23rd, ,,	1,950	5,700
Jan. 3rd, 1894	Feb. 10th, 1894	2,279	6,588
Feb. 10th, ,,	Mar. 10th, ,,	1,818	4,755
Mar. 10th, ,,	April 7th, ,,	1,737	5,053
April 7th, ,,	May 5th, ,,	1,633	4,496
May 5th, ,,	June 2nd, ,,	2,030	6,263
June 2nd, ,,	June 30th, ,,	2,100	6,397
June 30th, ,,	July 23rd, ,,	2,107	6,509
July 28th, ,,	Aug. 25th, ,,	2,070	6,171
Aug. 25th, ,,	Sept. 22nd, ,,	2,070	7,716
Sept. 22nd ,,	Oct. 20th, ,,	2,100	7,800
Oct. 20th, ,,	Nov. 17th, ,,	2,150	8,860
Nov. 17th, ,,	Dec. 17th, ,,	2,200	10,290
	Total crushed during above period	62,413	(Value £186,452

Mr. Bohm states that the characteristics of the stone from parts of Butler's and the main reef on this property are identical with those of the Martha, the chief gold-producing reef of the Waihi.

The statements made in this Prospectus are based on the reports of Messrs. D. H. Bayldon, M.E., E. K. Cooper, and W. D. Bohm, M.R.I., F.C.S., copies of which accompany the Prospectus, and the published reports of the Waihi Gold Mining Company (Limited), the £1 Shares of which Company are now quoted at about £7 per Share.

The Vendor, Mr. F. A. Thompson, who is reselling the property to the Company at a profit, has fixed the purchase price at £90,000 (including all charges connected with the formation of the Company up to allotment, except registration fees and legal expenses), payable as to £15,000 in cash or Shares, and the balance of £75,000 in fully-paid Shares of the Company.

The following contracts have been entered into:—

1. Between Edward Kersey Cooper of the one part, and Sidney Herbert Waller, as trustee for the New Zealand Jubilee Syndicate (Limited), of the other part, dated 22nd December, 1893.

2. Between the New Zealand Jubilee Syndicate (Limited) of the one part and Frederick Augustus Thompson of the other part, dated 2nd May, 1894.

3. Between the New Zealand Jubilee Syndicate (Limited) of the one part, and Frederick Augustus Thompson of the other part, dated 9th January, 1895.

4. Between Frederick Augustus Thompson of the one part, and B. O. C. Orlebar, as Trustee for the Company, of the other part, dated 11th January, 1895.

There are also various contracts or arrangements relating to the carrying on of the mine, and to the formation of the Company, and the guarantee of a portion of the capital, which may come within the provisions of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867; Messrs. Astley and Bryant, two of the Directors of the New Zealand Jubilee Syndicate (Limited), who will join the Board of this Company after the allotment of Shares, have joined in this guarantee, for which they will receive certain payments from the Vendor out of the purchase consideration. Subscribers for Shares will be deemed to subscribe with notice of such contracts or arrangements, and to waive any further compliance with the said section than is herein contained.

Copies of the Prospectus and Forms of Application can be had of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, or at the Offices of the Company, where also can be seen copies of the articles of association, contracts, original reports, maps, photographs, specimens of the ore, &c.

The total quantity and value of gold exported from New Zealand to 31st March, 1894, according to the last Government Blue-book, is 12,600,944 oz., of the value of Forty-nine Millions Five Hundred and Sixty-six Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-eight Pounds (£49,566,878).

DE OMNIBUS

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

'ANKIN ain't on terms with 'is nyeburs. No, I don't sye as 'e's to blime altugither; 'e's a unfortshunit man, is 'Ankin. Yer see, 'e was troubled with mice in 'is kitching, so 'e took and spread pisun on a bit o' bread and put it darn there ter kill them mice, and at the sime time 'is ole missus borrerd the cat from next door fur a sim'lar reasing. Well, the mice never touched thet pisun, and the cat never touched them mice; as fur as thet goes, 'Ankin was no wuss off nor 'e was afore. The trouble was as thet cat 'adn't no more sense than ter eat the pisun, so she took an' died under the dresser. Well, 'Ankin did the gin'rus thing abart it. 'E slid rarnd and told 'em abart the axerdunt, and offered 'em a bob darn to square it. Now, seein' yer can git a barrerful o' cats in London any dye fur nuthink and the trouble o' cawtin' 'em awye, thet were a 'andsome offer. You'd 'ave thought they'd 'ave jumped at it. 'Arrever they didn't. They said as the cat were a pet, and money couldn't replace it, and they wished they'd never lent it, and they'd alwise knowed whort 'ud 'appen if they had any dealin's with them 'Ankins. Thet were bad enough, but thet weren't all. 'Is nyeburs on the other side began a row. They was the 'Arrises, and friends with them as lent the cat, which was the Barkers. Yer see, the cat 'ad been give to Mrs. Barker as a tom, and not turnin' out as 'ad bin egspected Mrs. Barker 'ad promised a kitting to Mrs. 'Arris. So the cat bein' dead accidentul, that were all horf, and they natshrally said as 'Ankin were responserble. Well, old 'Ankin didn't want ter 'ave no quarril with the Barkers; so thet night 'e sent 'em a present of a dorg as 'e'd farnd stryin' in the street. Just at fust it seemed as if thet might smooth things darn a bit, but thet 'ud 'ave bin too good fur 'Ankin's luck. Next dye Mrs. Barker took thet dorg art, and ommust the fust person as she met was the man as 'ad lost the dorg, and 'e accoosed 'er of 'avin' stole it. Pore old 'Ankin! I feels sorry fur 'im. The Barkers don't speak ter 'im, and no more does the 'Arrises, and 'is ole missus says as 'e was ter blime fur leavin' the pisun abart.

Feelin' as I worntid a little chynge the other dye, I took tewpennuth on the undergrarnd rilewye. 'Ow some gints manerges ter yoose the undergrarnd ev'ry dye, when there's 'buses runnin' in the hopen air, is more nor I can unnerstand. I'd sooner be on a 'bus, though it was full up of women and byebies, with young coppers as don't know theer werk a reggylitin' the treffic, and a jumper comin' up ev'ry three minnits. 'Arrever, there's no accarntin' fur tystes. I knowed a man as were implyed at a gas-wux; 'e was theer fifteen year, and yur knaw whort the smell's like in a gas-wux. Well, at the end of the time 'e come inter a bit of money and give up wuk. As soon as e' did that 'e fell ill. Yer see, 'e'd goort yoosed ter the smell, and or'nery air worn't strong enough fur 'im, didn't sim ter give 'im no surport. One night they thought 'e was dyin', though the dorcters couldn't put no nime ter 'is complinte. But, 'arrever, the nuss 'appened ter turn the gas on axerdentul withart lightin' it, an' that sived 'is life. Next mornin' 'e were well agin. It were a wunnerful kise, ev'rybody said.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I thought my appeal to my readers to supplement my list of doctors and doctors' wives eminent in literature, would not be slighted. Mr. E. Williams, writing from the North of England, makes the most interesting addition. He says—

> "Dear Sir,—In your list of popular authoresses who are wives of doctors, in the current number of To-Day, you omit Madame Sarah Grand, whose husband is a surgeon in the army, stationed here."

"Medicus" writes:—

> "Dear Sir,—I observe in To-Day you ask for the names of doctors who are engaged in *belles lettres*. I do not know whether science can be regarded as a branch of *belles lettres*, but if so, you may feel interested to note the name of Dr. Andrew Wilson, who writes the 'Science Jottings' in the *Illustrated* every week, who contributes to *Lloyd's*, who is author of half-a-dozen text-books, and who is a Gilchrist lecturer with Sir Robert Ball as a colleague (and others). There is no busier man than Dr. Wilson, and he is editor and proprietor of *Health*, which is published by Mr. A. P. Watt. Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., was author of a novel (more than one I think); 'David Macbeth Moir,' a doctor, wrote the immortal 'Mansie Wauch.' Dr. Wills wrote that brilliant romance 'Behind an Eastern Veil,' just brought out by Blackwoods, and other books, and Dr. Reginald Horsley is a writer of boys' books,
>
> "Yours truly,
>
> "Medicus."

The list, therefore, at present of doctors and wives of doctors eminent in literature stands—

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Dr. J. Beattie Crozier, Dr. "Clifford Halifax" (collaborator with L. T. Meade), Dr. Andrew Wilson, Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. C. J. Wills, Dr. Horsley; and to this I can add, myself, Dr. Robertson, the army doctor, who is the authority on Kafiristan; Annie S. Swan, Sarah Grand, Helen Mathers, Frances Hodgson Burnett, "Iota."

* * * *

I hope my correspondents will supplement this list; there must be many works of travel by doctors.

* * * *

Two or three of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers in London, who are among my patrons, tell me that they are pretty constant contributors or correspondents to *Notes and Queries*. I tell them in vain how much more interested the British Public would be in them, if they only did this over their own names.

* * * *

Doubtless, the subsequent contradiction of the announcement of the sale of *The World* was due to the discovery by the would-be buyers or sellers that the terms of Mr. Yates's will made the sale impossible. A patron of mine whose information is always unusually correct, tells me that Mr. Yates did his best to make it impossible. The late proprietor of the *Standard* had his will drawn up with the same object.

* * * *

The January *Bookman* is a capital number throughout. I supply quite a number of people with the *Bookman* regularly. But this month I am selling a lot of extra copies for the articles by Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ian Maclaren, and a lovely memorial poem on Mr. Stevenson by Mr. J. M. Barrie—a ballad in Scotch worthy of R. L. S. himself; with quite a Kipling "go" about it.

* * * *

There are few publishers from whom I have bought better books lately than Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., and now I see that they are bringing out a volume of short stories by one of the wittiest of all the younger writers, Mr. Frankfort Moore. Mr. Moore, who has constantly been in the shop since he came over from Belfast and settled at Kew some months since, is a soldier-looking man with fair curly hair, and light eyes. His geniality and good nature make him a universal favourite. Though his dialogue is so brilliant, he is one of our fastest workers. He will write a whole novel in six weeks, and when the afflatus (as another Irishman, dear old Charles Mackay, the poet-father of a poet-son, would have expressed it) is upon him, he can write ten hours a day without effort.

* * * *

This suggests another subject on which I should like to receive information from my correspondents—the number of hours a day which famous authors have been in the habit of working, and their favourite time for work.

* * * *

I shall lay in a huge pile of the *London Home Monthly*, for I hear it is to contain a serial from the great author of "The Manxman"—which the critics almost unanimously pronounced the book of the year. When his brother—who is to edit this new magazine, which will rival the *Strand*, but at half the price—was in my shop the other day, he told me that the first number would contain a ballad by Hall Caine, founded on an old Manx ballad, which will be, I fancy, the first poem he has published for many years. This will doubtless excite great curiosity. Mr. Hall Caine's favourite time for work, by-the-bye, is dusk. He sits perfectly motionless in one of the big chairs that were Rossetti's until he has composed all that he means to write, phrase for phrase and word for word. Then he strikes a light, and writes it down as fast as ever a pen will fly.

* * * *

My old customer Sir George Chesney, M.P., has just brought out a new edition of his "Indian Polity," the most important work on the subject. Sir George is a very versatile man. He knows much about golf as well as Indian polity, and once he set all the world ringing with his "Battle of Dorking" one of the numerous *tours de force* "discovered" in Blackwood's Magazine—the only magazine which the late Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., who sold magazines by the million, ever read.

* * * *

Sir George is a little, wiry, sallow man, with keen dark eyes, and an expression of restless energy tempered by good fellowship. He is the father of an extremely clever daughter, who began to sweep the honours at Cambridge just at the time that her father was elected M.P. for Oxford.

* * * *

How many of the people who read Archdeacon Farrar's magnificent and sumptuously illustrated "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art," brought out by the same publishers, will remember that Dr. Farrar once belonged to Mr. Hall Caine's tight little Island of Man, and that "Eric; or Little by Little," beloved of generations of boys, describes the life of King William's College in Castletown, where he was once master. I wonder if any boy's book has had a greater influence than "Eric."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N. J.—"That Telephone" appeared in To-Day for December 23rd, 1894.

D. A. P.—You could not do better than go to Mr. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, for the books. *The African Review* can be depended upon for information relating to South African mining affairs.

A. J. H.—Carlyle was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow in 1865, but his speech on that occasion cannot be obtained.

Red Cockade.—"Ghosts," by Ibsen, is published by Walter Scott, and its price is one shilling.

B. W.—I do not know of any up-to-date literature on the subject.

Historian.—The book you mention is worth five shillings. If you read the paper a little more carefully you would see that the books mentioned at the foot of this column refer to those noticed in the Diary.

Tsenre and Lucknow.—The only way to get the books you want is by advertising for them.

W. H. P.—The volume is of no value. Somerled. Three shillings is about what you would get for it.

H. F.—The first edition has the author's portrait as frontispiece.

Painter.—It is purely a matter of opinion. Personally, I do not think the work is worth the price asked for it.

1. "Indian Polity." By Sir George Chesney. (Longman's. 21s.)
2. "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art." By the Ven. F. W. Farrar. (A. and C. Black. 21s.)

HOW TO BE "PRESENTED."

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN HOW THE PATRICIAN HELPS THE PLEBEIAN, AND THE SOVEREIGN MAY BE DECEIVED.

IT is well known to the few, but the many have only a misty notion, that certain ladies of high station make large sums of money by introducing rich plebeians to what, for want of a better name, may be called Court circles. An illustration of this peculiar way of adding to income has accidently come under my notice, and it may be interesting to readers of TO-DAY if I show the initial steps.

A week or two ago the following advertisement appeared in *Lloyd's Newspaper*, and, if I am not mistaken, a similar one is to be found in the last issue of that journal. Here it is :—

> "A lady in the smartest society in London wishes to chaperone a young lady. Terms, £1,000 for one year. Highest references given and required. Write, 'Society,' Willing's Advertising Offices, 162, Piccadilly, W."

The person from whom I have the correspondence answered the advertisement, and I give his letter, not because of any intrinsic interest it possesses, but as showing that this *grande dame* was so anxious to put her hands upon the £1,000 that she was content to communicate with an agent instead of principals, and, without making any inquiries as to character or position, compromised herself in a way that would have been very awkward for her if her correspondent had chosen to make public her identity. I give the letter word for word, withholding only the number of the house from which it is addressed.

> "Euston Road, London.
>
> "Sunday of the New Year, 1895.
>
> "MADAM,—I have observed your advertisement in this week's issue of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, and, in that confidence which I trust will be fully reciprocated, address you on the subject matter of the advertisement referred to. I am the agent and in some respects adviser to an American family possessing great means, and who intend residing in Europe until the autumn of the present year. The lady of the house is extremely ambitious, and desirous that her only daughter should become one of, and enter upon terms of equality with, the 'smart' set of London and Paris society, with a possible introduction at the English Court, and if the latter could be arranged, the expenditure of a few thousands would not be considered too lavish an expenditure for the procuration of such a distinction. Candidly, I may mention that the young lady is not yet twenty-one years of age. Though not averse to these ambitious projects, yet she does not enter into them with that zeal necessary to their due accomplishment. She is fully aware of the disadvantages caused by defective education, and the lack of the knowledge of the usages of that society into which it is desired she should become a member. It is to overcome this that a chaperone is needed. This lady must be of irreproachable character—one of high birth, capable to introduce a *débutante* into the society of the English upper classes as an equal, for the young lady referred to is high-spirited, and I may remark considered, from an American point of view of feminine beauty, very pretty. Repeating again that the strictest confidence must be mutually observed, I feel it my duty to inform you that there is one fearful drawback, and that is illegitimacy. The lady was mother of the daughter prior to marriage with the father. Of course this is known only to a few, and there is no reason on earth why the fact should be circulated.
>
> "Anyway, does this mean a decided negative? If not a sum considerably larger than that mentioned in *Lloyd's* would be placed at the disposal of one able to accomplish the end alluded to in this communication. To many Americans the family are well known as being eminently respectable, and whose cheques would be accepted to a very large amount.
>
> "An early reply will oblige,
>
> "Yours very faithfully,
>
> "————————"

Let me say one word about this publication. The letter came to me unsought. It was written to a stranger, who in his discretion handed it to me. It is of interest, as I think, in lifting the veil from a corner of English life, and as such I publish it. But if the lady who wrote it sees it in these columns, she may rest assured that, so far as TO-DAY is concerned, every precaution has been taken to preserve the secret of her name and address. The letter has been seen only by the present writer, who has copied it for the purposes of the printer, and one other, and if the lady desires to have it returned to her, I will send it under seal. The letter is given, word for word, with the exception of omitting name, address, and date, and two or three words in the body of the letter—omissions made with the object of guarding against the possibility of identification. It may be added that what the lady says about herself is absolutely true. She is a member of one of the noblest families in England.

> "January —, 1895.
>
> "DEAR SIR,—
>
> "It seems to me that I have just struck on what I want, and trust you have struck on what you want; but as you ask me to respect your confidence, which I shall do sacredly, I must also ask you to respect mine, and I will answer you word by word.
>
> "First of all I prefer Americans. Lady Randolph Churchill is a friend of mine, and I am very fond of Americans. Either I will not undertake it at all, or your friend will go to Court, and be in the smartest society. I know you will not think me vulgar if I say that we *are* in the best society; for instance, the Duke of Cambridge dined with us last——— *here*. My husband holds a high official position in London, and my father is———. Nothing but want of means prevents my being a leader of society, more or less. But first of all I must see the young lady, and form my own opinions; and secondly, I confess that the drawback of birth would make me more exacting about money, as more would have to be done to overcome this difficulty than otherwise. I think my character is irreproachable, and I will give you the very highest references. The fact of the illegitimate birth would not affect my power of introducing her in the best society, but there are a hundred things to be considered, and to receive a large sum would not induce me to undertake anything I could not carry out.
>
> "I shall be at home from 3 to 5.30 to-morrow, if you would make it convenient to call. Please wire or write another appointment.
>
> "Yours faithfully,
>
> "————————"
>
> "I have relations who are in waiting on the———."

Not having received any reply to this letter, the lady wrote again saying that her correspondent must decide "quickly," as two other ladies wished for her services. Really, one is amazed at the way in which some of these great ladies play with their reputations. Not long ago a packet of letters written by an illustrious personage to a lady famous for her beauty, and bearing one of the proudest names in England, was bandied about from hand to hand; and here we have another great lady writing letters to a perfect stranger, which made public with her name attached to them, must inevitably, one would imagine, lead to ostracism. Nor is it a pleasant thing to think that this lady of "irreproachable" character can see nothing inconsistent with such a description of herself in her willingness to deceive her Sovereign, and mislead her friends, by playing the sponsor to an impostor in consideration of a cheque big enough to pay some of her most pressing bills.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

LAST PUBLISHED STORY,

THE EBB-TIDE

IS PUBLISHED

COMPLETE AND FULLY ILLUSTRATED

In Vol. I. of "TO-DAY,"

Price 3s. 6d. Postage 6d.

It has since been issued in book form at **6s.**

A FEW COPIES CAN STILL BE HAD

IN THE CITY.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO. AND "TO-DAY."

SOME CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR some years past Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of 10, Place de la Bourse, Paris, have been spending much money in the distribution over the United Kingdom of a pamphlet in which they advise those whom it may reach to buy Ottoman and other lottery bonds, and to buy them of Cunliffe, Russell and Co. In consequence, we often receive inquiries from readers of TO-DAY as to whether they should deal with Cunliffe, Russell and Co., and we invariably advise them not to do so. We give this advice not because the bonds are not perfectly genuine, or because Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. act dishonestly by their clients. The bonds are good, and we have no reason to suppose that Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. do not promptly deliver them when paid for, and at the price they quote to the buyer. We advise as we do because these bonds can be brought through other London or Paris brokers for about 30 per cent. less than they can be bought from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. Any reader who wants the exact difference will find it given—as at that date—in our issue of December 8.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. resent this advice, and some two months ago we received a letter from them in which we were informed in very insolent language that unless we ceased to advise as we were advising—that is to say unless we ceased to tell the truth—Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. would pay some gutter organ to abuse us. This letter, it should be needless to say, was left unanswered, and we had no further communication direct or indirect with Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. until January 7, when we received a communication from them, addressed to the City Editor of TO-DAY, of which the following is a copy :—

10, Place de la Bourse, Paris,
January 5th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,

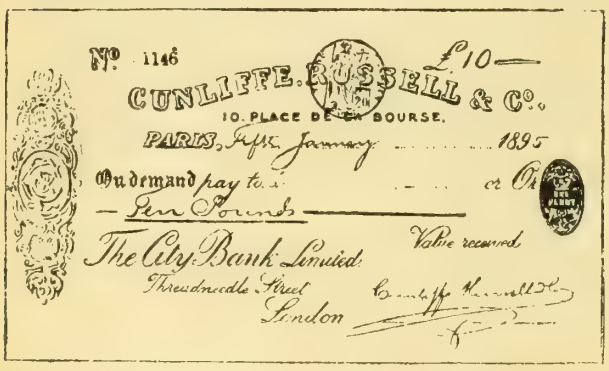
Repeated inquiries having been made to you about the Bank of Van Dieman's Land's distribution of properties, we beg to inform you that arrangements have now been come to enabling us to supply shares in this scheme to intending investors, thus avoiding the delay of about three months necessary for obtaining a reply from Hobart.

We should feel obliged if you will find an early opportunity to notice the enclosed circular in your columns.

As we are at all times pleased to pay for services rendered, we take this opportunity to hand you enclosed £10 as a small New Year's offering, and we trust that we may next year have reason to increase that amount.

Sincerely yours,
CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.

Below we give in miniature the cheque :—



The City Editor of TO-DAY replied as follows :—

Arundel Street, January 8th, 1895.

SIRS,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. informing me that you have become agents for the supply of Bank of Van Dieman lottery shares, thereby saving the delay of reference to Hobart; enclosing a circular having reference to this matter, which you ask me to notice in TO-DAY; and further enclosing cheque for £10 "as a small New Year's offering."

The Agent-General for Tasmania has satisfied me that the lottery is worked fairly; and as the letters of numerous correspondents have convinced me that it would be a great convenience if they could deal with a Home agency instead of having to send to Hobart, I shall have no objection, when occasion arises, when I am asked where the bonds can be bought, to say they can be got from you, *provided you satisfy me that your rates are fair.*

The cheque for £10 is returned herewith.

Your obedient servant,
THE CITY EDITOR OF TO-DAY.

Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co.

To that came the following reply :—

10, Place de la Bourse, Paris,
January 10th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,

We are in receipt of your favour of the 8th inst., in which you express yourself willing to state in reply to inquiries that shares in the distribution of properties in connection with the winding-up of the affairs of the Bank of Van Dieman's Land may be obtained direct from us (thereby avoiding for the purchaser the delay in obtaining such from Hobart), "provided you can satisfy me that your rates are fair."

We think you must have overlooked the fact that the selling price of such shares to the public has been fixed by the trustees of the Bank. It is clearly stated in the circular, and is exactly the same, whether applied for from the Bank trustees at Hobart, or from us.

Sincerely yours,
CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.

Inside the letter was a Bank of England note for £10, No. $\frac{1}{7}$78059, dated 3rd April, 1894, signed H. G. Bowen. To this communication the City Editor of TO-DAY replied as below :—

Arundel Street, 12th January, 1895.

SIRS,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 10th, in which you say that the price of the shares to the public is exactly the same, whether applied for from the Bank trustees at Hobart or from you, and enclosing a Bank of England note for £10.

If sent from Hobart the shares cost 20s. each, with an additional sixpence for each application, to cover foreign postage, exchange, etc. Do I understand from you that if a reader of TO-DAY, or anybody else, sends £20 0s. 6d. to you for twenty fully-paid shares you will send them without any further charge of any kind whatsoever?

The Bank of England note for £10 is returned herewith.

Your obedient servant,
THE CITY EDITOR OF TO-DAY.

Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co.

The answer to this inquiry is as below :—

10, Place de la Bourse, Paris,
January 15th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,

We are receipt of your favour of the 12th inst., in which you ask us if, when anyone remits us £20 0s. 6d. for 20 shares in the Distribution of the Bank of Van Dieman's Land's properties, we should send the 20 shares without further charge of any kind whatever.

Most certainly we should. In fact we have already, in reply to a former letter of yours, very clearly stated that the selling price to the public is exactly the same whether application be made to us or to the Bank trustees at Hobart, and the selling price, whether applied for from us or from the Bank trustees, is very clearly stated in the circular to be 20s. per share, with an addition of sixpence per application to cover foreign postage, exchange, &c.

Having been appointed agents for the trustees of the Bank of Van Dieman's Land for the sale of these shares in Europe, we are acting in the matter entirely as the agents of the trustees who have fixed the selling price at 20s. per share, with 6d. per application added, and are in fact responsible for the wording of the circular which is printed from stereos supplied to us, and has not been drawn up by us or by our order.

Yours sincerely,
CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.

We are satisfied that in this matter Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. speak the truth. We have been in further communication with the Agent-General for Tasmania, and he tells us that whilst the Government of that Colony does not guarantee that the prizes are of the value they are said to be, the statement of the prospectus that a special Act of Parliament authorises the lottery is a true statement. With regard to Cunliffe, Russell and Co., the Agent-General informs us that some time ago Mr. W. G. Brown, late Hobart manager of the Bank, came to Europe with the object of finding agents for the sale of the tickets, and finally appointed Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., who are paid for their trouble by a commission from the trustees of the Bank. It may be taken, therefore, that any person who wants these lottery shares, and applies to Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co. for them, will get them at the price he would pay if he sent to the trustees at Hobart.

But whilst we have nothing to say against persons who want these bonds getting them from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., we think it well to expose the attempt of these people to bribe. Intimidation having failed to prevent our giving the advice we have thought it right to give as to the price of Ottoman and other bonds sold by them, they offered money. So far as the bribery is concerned, they tried the same game with the City Editor of *Sketch*—a solicitor in large practice—sending him a letter identical with the first of those published above. He kept the money—and two charities are the gainers. The double dose of insolence was reserved for TO-DAY.

LORD SAYE AND SELE.

SINCE its formation in 1890 Lord Saye and Sele has been chairman of Veuve Monnier et Ses Fils, Ltd. Given the appointment for the sake of his name, he has never been more than a figurehead. But even a figurehead need not go out of his way to proclaim himself a fool. The Veuve Monnier Company is hopelessly bankrupt; yet only a few weeks ago the secretary was assuring shareholders that it was doing a profitable business, and asking them to take up more shares. Not many months ago the company paid £5,000 for the Max Sutaine brand, but though it parted with the money it never got the transfer. According to the balance-sheet to October 30th, 1893, the sundry debts, stock-in-trade, &c.,

amounted to £83,896, now the whole of these assets are represented by debentures issued for £20,000. Truly a discreditable state of affairs. What has Lord Saye and Sele to say to it? His explanation is worthy of the record. At the extraordinary general meeting held a day or two ago for the purpose of winding up the company Lord Saye and Sele presided, and we cull some of the gems of his speech, as here :—

> The directors were the victims of the recklessness of the manager.
> The directors had been living in a fool's paradise.
> They (the directors) believed that the company had received the brand of Max Sutaine, but it had not.
> They (the directors) were anxious to call in the auditors, but could not.
> They (the directors) expected the company would pay a dividend—instead it is bankrupt.

Was there ever a more painful exhibition of imbecility? But Lord Saye and Sele's withers are unwrung. "His"—we quote from the report of his speech—"conscience was perfectly clear in these matters, for did he imagine that any action or want of action on his part had conduced to the downfall of the company he should indeed be a very miserable man." If any reader is disposed to accuse us of unfair quotation let him turn to the report of the meeting in the *Financial News*. A company's assets may drop in a single year from £80,000 to £20,000; the chairman may believe the company to be flourishing when it is hopelessly bankrupt; the secretary may urge shareholders to increase their holdings on the assurance that it is thriving, when liquidation is inevitable; a business may be bought and paid for without anybody troubling to see that the transfer is made; and then, when the crash comes, the ornamental noodle in the chair thanks God that he has nothing to reproach himself with, that neither the sin of omission nor of commission can be laid to his door!

And there was a de Saye at Runnymede!

THE LONDONDERRY.

WE learn that the promoters of the Londonderry have, after protracted negotiations, bought the claims surrounding the property, and which were thought in the first instance to be included in those sold by the vendors of the Londonderry to the company. Colonel North and his friends have paid down a certain sum in cash, the remainder of the purchase-money being taken in shares. Colonel North and his friends bear the whole cost, and the Londonderry Company gets the entire benefit of the purchase. Colonel North was urged to start another company to work these additional claims, but he has acted very honourably in the matter. He was determined that the shareholders of the Londonderry shall get all he thought he had sold them, and the arrangement just effected gives them at least five additional claims.

C. WINDOVER AND CO., LIMITED.

SEVERAL shareholders of this company have asked our advice as to an offer that has been made them. Up to 1890 the company paid good dividends, but since then it has paid none, and there is a considerable debit balance. The directors, who are mainly of the Windover family, are offering to buy the ordinary fully-paid £10 shares at £2 5s. per share, failing which the company will be wound-up. The offer of £2 5s. is conditional on 3,500 shares, outside those held by the family, coming in at £2 5s. per share. One correspondent, who gave £490 for 40 of these shares, is naturally very unwilling to sacrifice them for £90; but if, as seems to be the case, the alternative to £2 5s. is liquidation, it is the wiser course to take the offer.

BANKS AND JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

A BERLIN correspondent writes to us on this subject as follows :—

> Here in Germany when a further issue is made the bankers who receive applications undertake a *moral* guarantee at least, and when the ——— Company was advertised lately (as you will see from the enclosed cutting) it asked a Berlin bank to receive subscriptions, and it refused to do so. A good thing if English banks would be equally particular.

We heartily agree. With us, unfortunately, banks of the highest standing consent to act for the shadiest enterprises. At the present moment one of the greatest of our banks is allowing the people trading as Nelson and Co., men who are disorganising a great trade, and who, as court after court has decided, are carrying on unlawful business, to proclaim throughout the country that it is acting as their bankers. As for joint-stock companies, there is no swindle put upon the market that is ever hampered by difficulty in getting a bank of high standing to be its bankers.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

Oxyzone Syndicate.—The police have arrested two of the men who ran this swindle. We regret to say that they have allowed a third to get off to America with most of the cash. The letters the police took from the advertising agents, Gibbs, Smith and Co.—one morning's mail—included 300 letters with remittances of 10s. 6d. in them. It will be for Messrs. Gibbs, Smith and Co. to explain their connection with these swindlers. A correspondent tells us that he called at the office in Holborn and asked for Webber. He saw the head of the advertising department, who in reply to his demand to see Webber, asked "What do you want him for?" Our correspondent replied that he was one of the prize-winners, and before he sent his 10s. 6d. he wanted to know more about the business, whereupon the representative of Gibbs, Smith and Co. answered—"Then you can't see Mr. Webber, you can write to him if you like and we will hand him your letter." It would be interesting to know how much Messrs. Gibbs, Smith and Co. have made out of the syndicate in the way of commission for advertising.

"Good News."—A sheet published in Ostend, run by one "Holman," claiming to give "£5 notes for shillings in easy and bona-fide competions." On the face of it a fraud.

James Brothers and Co., 3, Bishopsgate Street Within, "bankers, financiers, and stock and share-brokers and dealers," to quote their absurd description of themselves.—These people are issuing circulars grossly and deliberately misleading, with the object of raking in dollars from fools.

That must have been a pleasant dinner at the Criterion the other evening when friend Begelhole was entertained by his admirers, and Mr. Emile Oppert was in the chair. How they must have laughed, these two good men and true, when they thought of Bayley's West, and Bayley's West Extended.

———

Last week, by a slip of the pen, we spoke of Mr. Lane in connection with Abbott's. We meant Mr. Saunders.

———

NEW ISSUE.

The New Zealand Jubilee Gold Mine, Limited. Share capital, £100,000. Formed to buy for £90,000, 103 acres in the Upper Thames district, North Island, New Zealand, said to be rich in gold. Upwards of £11,000 has been spent in the development and equipment of the mine, and 25,000 tons of ore are in sight, estimated to be of the net value of £72,500.

———

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Balkis Eerstelings. ROSEAU (Keighley).—(1) Yes, the same; (2) It promises well, but all such enterprises are speculative; (3) No, it is not. **George Evans and Co.** J. H. (Glasgow).—Better have nothing to do with their "options." **Value of Shares.** J. H. (Bromsgrove).—None of the shares you name are quoted. **Manor Park Cemetery Shares.** A. J. H.—£120. **Ottoman Bonds.** OXONIAN.—If you can get the purchase rate, less 5s. for each drawing, we advise you to take it. We shall be obliged if you will send us the "stereotyped letter" to which you refer. **Mining Shares.** W. F. D.—(1) We do not advise you to buy the shares you name. (2) The handbook can be got on application to the author at 47, Old Broad Street, E.C. **Aerated Bread Shares.** H.H. (York).—In face of the very severe competition with which the company has now to reckon we think even the present price of the shares above their value, and do not recommend purchase. ——. E. S. A. (Walsall).—We have mislaid the circular. Can you send us another and give the name? "**Good News.**" ——. (Bury).—Better have nothing to do with it. **Jamieson-Sheba Gold Mining Company.** ——. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We will see what can be done. **Kern County Land Company.** ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER (Maidstone).—We will make some inquiries, and let you know next week. **Outside Brokers.** INSPECTOR (St. Buryan).—1. Nos. 1 and 2 would treat you fairly; the other four are rogues. 2. Balkis-Eerstelings are good to buy at their present price. **Huanchacas.** SUBSCRIBER (Birkenhead).—We think not. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** H. K. (Southampton).—You will find full reference to this matter in another column. E. H. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Ditto. **Repanji Quicksilver.** ROBERT (Fulham).—We do not advise further purchase. **Trust Moneys.** CAUTION.—Yes, certainly it would be very easy to make a better selection. **London Road Car Company.** C. A. L. (Mirfield).—We do not look for much early improvement in price. **British Aluminium Company.** OAK TREE (Sheffield).—We have been unable to make the necessary inquiries, but will answer your question next week. **Ottoman Bonds.** J. L. H. (Harrogate).—About £4 15s.; but practically these shares are unsaleable in London, owing to the facility with which they can be "stopped" in Paris, and the difficulty of redress, except by appeal to the French Courts. There would be no difficulty in disposing of them in Paris. **Harrod's Stores, Limited.** G. L. (Birmingham).—An excellent investment. A dividend of 12 per cent. on the ordinary shares for the six months ended December 31st is about to be paid, and this with the interim dividend of 5 per cent. paid in July last will make 17 per cent. for the year. You cannot want much better than that. The Stores are now under very able management. **C. Windover and Co., Ltd.** G. E. J. (Shepherd's Bush).—You had better sell. There are no means by which you could compel a reconstructed company to give you "a proportionate share of the profits." **African Gold Concessions.** —— (Crediton).—The present price is about 12s. 6d. **North Sheba Gold and Exploration Co.** D. F. (Plymouth).—They are £1 shares, 18s. paid, now about 6s. We understand that the company has an extensive property in the near neighbourhood of the Sheba, and that reports are favourable. **London and Scottish Banking and Discount Corporation, Ltd.**—We are obliged to you for your letter, which explains the absence of name and address, and for the further information you send us respecting this matter. **Pawson and Leafs.** SHAREHOLDER (Bristol).—The company is doing a little better again, but the amalgamation was a mistake, and the management is too expensive.

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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

One can find little to disagree with in Lord Rosebery's remarks upon Welsh disestablishment. The distinction his lordship drew between a Church and an Establishment was perfectly just. The two things are utterly and entirely distinct, and any Church must suffer from its religious side, by legal connection with the State. No State can be Christian. Christ felt this when he answered, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." A State with its armies and its fleets, its prisons and its police, its diplomacy and its policy, can have nothing to do with Christianity, and any attempt to run the two together can only result, and has only resulted in what Lord Rosebery very properly defined as hypocrisy and sham. Christianity, when it is degraded into the tool of a party, has never been anything else than a curse to humanity. In such connection it has produced nothing more worthy than the turbulence of Roman mobs, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Inquisition, and the fires of Smithfield. Christianity has been the blessing it was intended to be only when it has confined itself to its true mission, as plainly laid down by its Founder, and appealed to the inner life of the individual. A Christian State and a State Christianity is a lie in terms. There can be no honest traffic between the two.

Let the Welsh Church be disestablished by all means. To identify the Government with a religious dogma opposed by the majority of the populace is ridiculous, even from the political point of view; and even in England, where the great mass of the people are undoubtedly Anglican, the Church of England will gain by the disestablishment that is preparing. But when Lord Rosebery talks about dealing with the Church funds he treads upon more debatable ground. There is something unpleasantly sordid in this apparent desire on the part of the Dissenters to dip their hands into the pockets of the Church. It drags the whole argument down to the level of a City scandal. It is a contention, not of principle, but of greed. Lord Rosebery appeals to historical precedent. Does he think that Henry VIII's government gained any particular lustre from that monarch's discreditable robbery and spoliation of the Romish Church?

And does he think that England as a nation benefited by the funds collected for religious and charitable purposes being distributed among panderers and courtiers? It would seem as if Lord Rosebery were so enamoured of the example, that he thinks the Church funds of to-day might be employed for a similar purpose—to bribe the electorate and buy their votes, for that is what it comes to in plain language. Does Lord Rosebery think that France gained, either from the religious or from the temporal point of view, in robbing her Church in 1789? Historians as a body have held otherwise. Let the disestablishers cleanse from their banner the motto, "The spoils to the victor." They may lose a good many followers; the remnant may go forward with somewhat less enthusiasm, but the victory, when it comes, will be cleanly purchased and the result more lasting.

The following letter puts the character of the New Brighton "Ham-and-Egg Parade" beyond question:—

"Sir,—As clerk to F. W. Gibb, C.B., Q.C., I have attended the Assizes at Liverpool for the past 25 years, and during the greater part of this period I stayed at New Brighton. I am, therefore, qualified to substantiate the statement of your Manchester correspondent as to the character of the refreshment houses on 'Ham-and-Egg Terrace'; and, further, if it were necessary, I could bring dozens of witnesses to prove open solicitation for immoral purposes by the female attendants at them. This is not my sole purpose in writing, for I wish to point out to you that your assumption that the Liverpool police are responsible is incorrect. New Brighton is on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and therefore comes under the jurisdiction of the Cheshire County Constabulary. I feel sure you do not wish to place blame on the wrong shoulders. —I am, Sir, yours faithfully, Robt. Geo. Coveney." I have already corrected my error in assuming that it was the Liverpool police who were responsible for the government of New Brighton. The truth is, that Liverpool has made itself so busy of late in looking after the morals of London and other places, which must, to a certain extent, be out of its way, that one naturally assumes that it would have interfered in a place so near home.

Another correspondent, writing from the Liverpool Junior Reform Club, says:—"I have read with some degree of interest your remarks as to the conduct of the houses on the above, more familiarly known as 'The Ham-and-Egg Terrace,' and am somewhat surprised that any Liverpool correspondent should attempt to disguise the fact that this one black spot in New Brighton is any other than a disgrace to a respectable community. It is almost impossible for any young man to walk along this place at any time of the day without being accosted in some objectionable or filthy manner by one or other of the many women employed at these houses. Many and many a time have I seen them throwing their arms about young men, addressing them in the most familiar and endearing terms, almost dragging them into their rooms, and exhibiting generally in a marked degree the object of their attentions."

These two letters are merely samples. Many others have reached me, all to the same purpose. My own experiences left me no doubt whatever as to the character of the invitations that were personally addressed to myself. I am acquainted with Kew Gardens, and I am acquainted with Rosherville. I know the objectionable importunity of the genuine tea-house tout; but if tea were the only inducement meant to be held out to me by these New Brighton syrens, then I am strangely ignorant of the ways of this wicked world. On the other side I should mention that I have received an evidently well-intentioned letter from a public man in Wallasey, assuring me that I am libelling New Brighton and informing me that I have been shamefully misled. I fancy my correspondent's natural enthusiasm for the good report of his local habitation must rather have misled him. The evidence that has come to my hand has really placed the matter beyond argument, and it is for the Wallasey authorities now to take up the inquiry for themselves. The whole business is so disgracefully open that it could not be much trouble to investigate.

Mr. J. W. Benn, of the London County Council, has been in America, and is naturally and praiseworthily indignant with its municipal arrangements; and he lays his finger on the chief blot when he says, "We saw policemen, firemen, scavengers, gaolers, and even men engaged on building a sewer, who were all liable to be discharged on any swing of the political pendulum. The efficiency of public work is constantly sacrificed on the altar of this abominable spoils system, and an army of crime-breeding criminals created" (Mr. Benn has evidently been studying alliteration from the sub-editor of the *Morning Advertiser*; but his good sense remains excellent) "which is a standing menace to the safety and purity of American society." Now will Mr. Benn explain to me why the same thing exactly should not happen were the Progressive party on the Council given its point, and the Council allowed to become a vast employer of labour throughout London? The Progressive party desires to be master of an army of a quarter of a million workers, "policemen, firemen, scavengers, gaolers, men engaged on building;" in fact, all the workers required to serve the community, every one of whom would possess a vote for the County Council. Can Mr. Benn assure me that the members of the London County Council are so superior to their fellow-beings in America, and in every other civilised community, as never to make a bargain with these electors?

To take over all the matters that the Progressive party on the County Council considers to be its peculiar business, millions a year would have to be handled by them. Half the building operations of London would be in their hands; the tram lines and the railways, the omnibuses and the cabs; the gas factories and the electric light stations; the steamboats and the docks; the parks and the streets. Would no gang of "boodlers" arise in London, as they have arisen in every town throughout America, to line their pockets by robbing the ratepayers, and secure their continuance in office by bribing the electorate with high wages at the expense of the public purse? Our own County Council has only been in existence six years, and already two members of the party that is clamouring to handle these enormous sums of money have been convicted of petty theft. What hope have we when the opportunity for swindling is to be counted by millions of pounds, instead of bundles of halfpence, that our masters, drawn from the same class, will prove themselves above temptation? I am no believer in the perfection of human nature, and human nature in a body is always ten times worse than human nature taken singly. The city sharks of Chicago are not one whit worse than the average citizen of London or of any other town. They like money; we all do. The opportunity is made easy to them to enrich themselves without danger, and they naturally fall. I would not trust a council of archangels with these vast sums, and at the same time, by the electoral machinery, give them the power to make the majority of the voters interested in glossing over their malappropriations and maintaining them in a position where they could diddle the public with impunity; and where I would not trust archangels I would not trust County Councillors—though, I daresay, the Radical papers will be offended at the analogy.

The meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, at Newcastle, affords an interesting comment upon the disinclination of the teetotal faddists ever to listen to any argument other than their own foolish yelling. What was called a public demonstration was announced to be held on the subject of licensing reform, under the presidency of the Bishop of Newcastle. Immediately on the chairman taking his seat a Mr. Wynell-Mayow rose to ask a question. The following is from the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*:—

> My Lord Chairman, will you allow me to ask you a question? (Cries of "Chair!" and "Sit down!") My Lord Chairman, will you permit me to ask you a question? (Disorder.) You call this a public demonstration? (Disorder.) I claim the right, as a member of the public, to ask a question in a public demonstration.
>
> While Mr. Wynell-Mayow had been speaking, there was a loud and continual chorus of booing, and only by shouting was he able to make his words audible.
>
> The meeting was now unanimous in booing at Mr. Wynell-Mayow, and the Rev. E. Sidney Savage and others approached him, and appeared to be remonstrating with him. They seized him roughly by the coat collar and other parts of his clothing, and hustled him towards the exit. Mr. Wynell-Mayow struggled and fell, but was pulled up again, and ejected from the meeting.

The Rev. Sidney Savage seems to have been an aptly-named leader of such an argument. One is reminded by this meeting of the attempt of the licensed victuallers some two years ago to hold a public meeting in Trafalgar Square, which was defeated by the organised rowdyism of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's trained bands; and these be the folk clamouring that the whole drink question should be settled by "the voice of the people."

Last week I spoke of the mistakes in our method with the criminal. Several correspondents have written to ask me why I did not suggest the remedies. Well, my space was limited; this week, though one cannot reform the penal system in four paragraphs, I will say something of the lines on which we should proceed, and some of the changes that we might make. The criminal is best prevented from committing offences against society, not by vindictive punishment—the punishment that makes an "example" of him, but by reformative treatment. In devising this treatment, one must guard against excessive leniency. There must be no weakness. We must guard equally against the other ex-

treme—excessive severity. The use of the lash, for instance, effective though it may be in some cases, tends on the whole to brutalize, which is the very opposite of what we want; a third point to notice is that the younger the criminal the more effective will reformative treatment be. There will always be a percentage of habitual criminals for whom no system can do anything. And, lastly, it is obvious that the reform of our penal system must be gradual, and, at first, experimental.

When a criminal is convicted, he is then sentenced. The only merit that I can see in that system is that it saves time. After the man is convicted, but before he is sentenced, he should be made the subject of an inquiry; his antecedents, environment, character should all be taken into consideration. The First Offenders Act is really a step in this direction. Two men may commit precisely the same crime and receive precisely the same punishment; yet the guilt of one man may be much greater than the other, and the punishment may be really unjust. Last week I spoke of the frequent futility of short sentences and frequent injustice of long. A man sentenced to seven years may turn out to be really fit to be released in one; it may be certain that the remaining six years will do him more harm than good, and through him will do harm to society, for the protection of which the sentence was passed. After the inquiry I mentioned has been held, let the judge advise a sentence—not definitely pass a sentence—and let it be in the power of the authorities at the prison—or, as I should prefer to call it, reformatory—subsequently to modify the sentence advised, whenever in their opinion, such modification is needed.

The intellectually defective and physically defective are accustomed to receive individual attention from skilled men. But the present system of treating the morally defective is almost as absurd as it would be if every patient in a hospital were given exactly the same medicine, and that medicine had been prescribed by a lawyer and made up by a commissionaire. The warders are probably good enough for the work which they have to do now; but that work by no means represents the work which ought to be done. We shall never teach the criminal his duty to society merely by shutting him off from society. There would be work in the reformatories for those who cared to undertake it, and they would have to be men of ethical stability and intelligence, firm and sympathetic; this work would not be less noble than the noble work which is performed by doctors and nurses. They would do their best to keep alive in the criminal that self-respect without which there can be no improvement; let a man be ashamed of going into a prison, if you will; but if you want him to do anything in the world, make it the business of the prison to give him back his self-respect.

Convicts should work harder than they do now, but they should be given an interest in the work itself and its results. The use of military drill and discipline might be tried; it would help to give that regularity and obedience which are rarely found in the criminal; and it would be no hard thing if the disgraced man, who once called himself a gentleman, had a chance of redeeming his character on active service. The question of moral insanity should be fully dealt with by men of science; the disease should be treated as a disease, instead of being punished as a crime, and the present legal definition of insanity in criminal cases should be revised. Side by side with a more reasonable treatment of the criminal we should have more reasonable methods adopted for the prevention of crime. The children of habitual criminals should be taken out of the control of their parents, and their environment arranged to counterbalance bad hereditary tendencies. The dangers from excessive drinking should be counteracted by the teaching of self-control and self-respect, rather than the nervous cowardice of the total abstainer. The workhouse should be made more comfortable than the prison; and the words "prison" and "workhouse," with their fatal and paralysing effects, should be banished from the language. I have only space to give hints. Some of them, as I will show next week, have already been tried.

The Little Englanders are indignant with Mr. Cecil Rhodes. It is the indignation of the frog at the absurd and ostentatious size of the ox. To the man with small ideas and a mind cast in a small mould, the mere existence of larger sentiments becomes an insult. Men of the Laboucherean stamp are quite unable to see beyond their own age, nor are their sympathies with humanity wide enough to care for what comes after the generation in which they have their little being. The expansion of an empire, the opening up of new paths for human enterprise and industry in the future seem meaningless to them. They are hardly able to grasp the idea that the human race will be marching forward when they and the little questions that seem so great to them are laid in the dust of the past. The *Daily Chronicle* indignantly wants to know what benefit this opening up of Africa is to the worker in Whitechapel of to-day. The *Daily Chronicle*, had it existed a few hundred years ago, would have asked the same question of Christopher Columbus, of Frobisher and Drake, of Clive and Warren Hastings. I suppose there were Roman citizens who indignantly wanted to know what Julius Cæsar meant by risking the Roman legions in a dangerous expedition against an unknown island north of Gaul. But humanity marches under orders that do not come from either newspaper offices or parish hustings; and when the work is wanted to be done, men of the Rhodes stamp will be sent to do it, without permission being obtained even from the almighty journalist.

The other day a man knocked a woman down. She was carrying a saucepan of boiling water at the time; her head was cut, and she was badly scalded. When the case came on at the North London Police-court last week, the man expressed his regret, and offered to become a teetotaler, and marry the woman. I am not in the least surprised at that, but it is startling to read that the woman was perfectly willing to accept these terms. It seems to me to be carrying courage far beyond the point where it could be suitably acknowledged by a remittance from the Pluck Fund; in fact, it may be said to be not so much pluck as foolhardiness. Besides, though the New Woman may have a very low opinion of marriage, one would hardly like to see the institution substituted in the police-courts for the more usual fine or imprisonment.

I am sending two guineas from the Gallantry Fund to Police-constable Harvey, who risked his life in attempting to save a man and a lad from drowning in the canal at Leicester while skating. Many correspondents, writing to the Leicester papers on the subject, observe that they wish there were some fund to mark their appreciation of such gallant conduct. I wish they would remember that there is such a fund, and that it is greatly in need of subscriptions. Some editors, I know, are generous enough in a good cause even to advertise another paper; and perhaps some of the Leicester journals who publish these letters might in a short note draw the attention of their readers to my scheme. I am also sending a Bronze Medal to Mr. H. Thompson, the correspondent of the *Northern Echo*, who went to the assistance of a lad who had disappeared through thin ice on the Tees, near Walsall. It requires a good deal of courage to venture upon ice which one has just seen give way beneath a previous skater. Mr. H. Thompson is happily in a position to render pecuniary aid needless. I thank the editor of the *Middlesborough Falcon* for drawing my attention to this case. I am also inquiring into a case where three young fellows at Monaghan railway station rescued a drunken man from the metals before an approaching train, at, I am informed, much personal risk to themselves. The following subscriptions have been received since last week: W. J. Dart, 2s. 6d.; Jas. Blakiston, 5s.; "An Annual Subscriber," 5s.; A. Villar, jun., 2s. 6d.; F. J. Dale, 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

W.H.T.—Sec. 33 of the Act is not an adoptive one; but under it you may make application to the Local Government Board for power to appoint Overseers and Assistant Overseers. The Board may grant or refuse your application as they think fit. If an order is made granting the application, it will contain all necessary provisions as to what course is to be pursued with regard to existing officers.

J. N. (Manchester).—Please thank "Jo" for her exceedingly pretty and artistic card. I will certainly keep a most prominent corner for it. W. F.—The story you send me, cut from *Short Stories*, is a gross plagiarism of one of the tales in "In the Midst of Life," by A. Bierce. In fact, it is taken bodily and hacked about. J. H. W. (Leeds).—Are not you connected yourself with an insurance office? If so, your remarks must of a necessity be prejudiced, and your argument to a great extent valueless.

A. M.—If your letter represents your own real feelings not in the least coloured by your imagination, and your brother-in-law feels all for you that you say, I do not think I can give you better advice than to marry him in spite of the law. You could be married abroad, and even in England many such *ménages* exist. Morally your marriage would be above reproach, and the legal question need only enter into your consideration in the case of money being left to the children. T. H.W. tells me that the Wallasey bench of magistrates, responsible for the condition of New Brighton, are a set of rabid teetotallers who insist upon the police under their control devoting their whole time and attention to getting up cases against publicans, and that, in consequence, they have no time to attend to their proper duties. H. D.—Thank you for your letter and enclosure. You will understand that it would not be etiquette for me to express an opinion on the matter you mention. Printers' Ink.—See answer to T. H. W.; I thank you for your information.

J. D. A. has been swindled by a man who advertised ferrets for sale. He sent eight shillings for two, and has never got the ferrets. Personally I would give a shilling apiece to get rid of any ferrets if I had some, but my correspondent seems anxious for them, and I sympathize with him. It is very unsafe to purchase through the post in this way except where the advertiser is known. W. F. S.—I thank you for cuttings, but I do not know enough about the circumstances to comment upon the case. J. B.—Thanks for your information about New Brighton. R. J. A. (Kendal).—I thank you greatly for your excellent assistance. The date is the 24th of this month.

E. S. writes me from Sydney, New South Wales, to tell me a story of pluck. A lad named Horace George Hewison was attacked by a large shark while bathing. The monster—about twelve feet long—began by gripping the boy's right arm. Without losing his presence of mind young Hewison fought bravely with his left hand, and at the same time shouted for assistance. Meanwhile Hewison's brother Hereward, aged seventeen, swam to his assistance, and catching him round the body prevented the shark from drawing him out to sea. The fight ended by the shark snapping off the arm at the elbow, and making off with it. Hereward then carried his unfortunate brother to shore, and had him conveyed to the hospital, where the arm had to be further amputated at the shoulder. I am glad to be informed that Hewison's fellow townsmen took the matter up, and raised a prompt and handsome subscription, amounting to a sum rendering it needless for To-Day to add its assistance. I would, however, be delighted to send one of our silver Pluck medals to young Hereward. Perhaps the Mayor of Newcastle, N.S.W.—near which town the accident happened—would receive and present it on our behalf. E. S.—Our accident insurance applies to Australian annual subscribers by the payment of one shilling extra.

J. T. G. (Birmingham).—I drew attention to the matter in a former number of To-Day. If you could give me more particulars I would see if it is a case for public comment or not.

T. B.—Religion has got to be a business all over the world, and, generally speaking, a very well paid one. One of the great arguments in favour of disestablishment is that Churchmen get more social influence and more money than their Nonconformist brethren. The Church party wish to retain their privileges. It is a petty argument on both sides.

T. B. G.—My sympathies are rather with the objectors. £115 is a good price to pay for a book, and needs looking into.

Contented, in a charming letter, rebuking the many kind correspondents who wish to run this paper for us, says: "You give your subscribers the best twopennyworth of amusement and sound common-sense published, and I am sure the vast majority of them would be sorry if any attention was paid to faddists." E. Y., another subscriber, says: "I should like to say I have taken every number from the very first and like it more and more. There is no part I should like left out, and, as to advertisements, I am so delighted to see them on the increase. Why, we in the country would miss many and many a thing were they not put before us by advertisement. But I am well aware that it would be quite impossible to write to please some folks, especially those with a little knowledge. If an article gives me no pleasure I simply leave it, knowing full well it will just suit some minds. How you can sell it for so modest a sum is beyond me. Wishing you the success you so well deserve," etc.

Remorse.—Give yourself plenty to think about, and take all the exercise you can. Don't dwell on the subject. A busy brain and body make the best cure for a morbid mind. As to your present trouble that is common enough with men of your age (even with those who have led the purest lives), and is a matter that you need not hesitate for a moment to speak to any doctor about.

Frigid.—Apply to the secretary of the company, 1, Lime Street, E.C.

T. W.—I found your kind letter most delightful reading.

F. L.—The spelling is certainly primitive.

F. M.—Thanks for your friendly letter.

M. wishes me to advise young men to provide against sickness by joining some provident club. He also hopes that the Jarvis case will be heard of when Parliament meets. J. de M. sends me the following advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Man and Wife, who are on the Lord's side, without children, require a Place of Trust." M. D.—Your enclosure is delightfully amusing. No doubt the letters S.P.Q.R. greatly impress the small child who has bought his ha'porth of sweets.

F. P.—Thanks for your kind inquiries. To-Day progresses steadily from a circulation point of view, but we should prefer to see it going up by thousands a week instead of hundreds. But then they say "slow growth, long life." I am delighted with the use you made of the pars.

Pater asks, "Can a French girl under age marry without consent of parents?" No. "Does she attain her majority only at twenty-one?" Yes. "What preliminary notice has to be given by contracting parties?" The consent of the parents, and the publication of the banns at the residences of the parents and the contracting parties. "How is the legal marriage carried out?" At the office of the mayor, by the mayor. "In the presence of what witnesses?" Four witnesses, two for each contracting party. "Is a certificate granted?" The deed is recorded in a register. "Is the religious marriage by itself invalid?" Yes, in the eye of the French law, but not in the eye of the English law if the ceremony is performed with the Church of England service. "An Englishman of age marries a French girl under age in Paris; what are the fewest formalities through which he must go to enable his children to inherit property in England?" If English people get married in France, they must submit to all the formalities of the French law.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—On Saturday night I went to the Trafalgar and saw *The Taboo*.

The title of this mournful work is its own criticism.

Early in the evening there was a lot of trouble in the gallery, but I couldn't quite understand why. Some said the "no fee" agitation had suddenly taken a fresh lease of life; others asserted that there were no programmes to be obtained in the gallery at all. The distribution of a number of programmes before the curtain rose induced, if not peace, at least comparative good temper, and loud applause greeted anything worth hearing—like Miss St.Quintin's delightfully sung ballad, for instance; while a little mild chaff and uproarious laughter were reserved for those scenes and situations which were most conspicuously feeble and inane. Seeing that a lady was concerned, I think the gods might have abandoned their practical joke with regard to calling for author and composer, two deluded persons who reluctantly yielded to bad advice behind the curtain, and so submitted themselves, before it, to a veritable Niagara of execration. Mr. Carnes is a man, and if he likes to come and be howled at that is entirely his own affair. But when a lady like Miss Ethel Harraden is making her first attempt, it would have been more generous, and certainly more courteous, had silence been preserved while she was on the stage. Of course she was very foolish to dream of taking a "call." But she is new to the fierce traffic of first nights, and she was unlucky in striking a period when the "call" question was being rather angrily debated.

As a fact, the position of an author on a first night, when the last curtain has fallen, is both distracting and perplexing. He is generally much too confused and perturbed to know whether his play is a success or not. He does not want to offend or annoy anybody by coming before the curtain unless he is wanted. On the other hand his manager is sure to say, "Go on, my boy; it's all right, take your call!" For the manager knows that it will look well in the papers to see it stated that "the author was called before the curtain and loudly applauded." As a consequence an author occasionally gets offered up as a sacrifice to the stern justice of the pit and gallery. The amount of labour and anxiety involved in writing and producing a play is so great that I cannot see why the pit and gallery should grudge the author the small satisfaction—if it is a satisfaction—of standing for a dozen seconds before the curtain. But as under certain circumstances they *do* object to such a course, the best thing an author can do is to remain in discreet seclusion unless the call for him is very emphatic and unanimous. As things stand to-day, when the success of a play is doubtful the appearance of an author irritates the audience, and the very last thing that any sensible author desires is to irritate those who are always most ready to welcome his successful efforts. This is the root of the matter. Audiences to-day are most generous—indeed, prodigal—of applause, and they will spontaneously accord overwhelming ovations to actors and authors alike, when their efforts meet with success. It is for this reason I imagine that audiences resent their favour being, as it were, presumed upon. When they want an author they will tell him so plainly enough, but they are rather inclined to treat him like a naughty child, and smack him for asking out of turn.

A question is being stirred up just now which is quite as important to authors as the question of "calls," and that is the question of copyright.

To begin with, *Morocco Bound* is about to be played in Belgium and Germany. Mr. F. Harris and Mr. A. H. Chamberlyn have made an arrangement with Mr. Amberg, whereby they undertake to find the company and the play. Now the author, composer, and Mr. Pierson, who claims to have acquired certain rights in the play for everywhere, object. Mr. Harris and Mr. Chamberlyn say, so far as I can understand, that the copyright law does not protect *Morocco Bound* in Belgium and Germany, and therefore that they will play the piece, whether the author and composer like it or not. They will, however, voluntarily pay some fees. If the author and composer do not think the fees sufficient and will not accept them, then Mr. Harris and Mr. Chamberlyn propose to hand the fees to an English theatrical charity.

I certainly should not like this. I should equally object to anyone taking a play in which I had an interest, and giving me for it—not what I chose, but what he chose. If the law does permit this sort of thing in Belgium and Germany, it is high time that authors combined to protect themselves. The German Emperor has a literary turn and literary sympathies. I feel sure that a representation made to him by the British Ambassador would not be ineffectual; and, being a sovereign of promptness and resource, His Majesty would take very effective measures to protect the property of English subjects within his dominions. Meantime, something in the nature of what Mr. Gladstone calls "exclusive dealing," and what ordinary people call a boycott, might be developed over here.

The boycott has proved a most valuable instrument with which to work in Africa. The Queen's law prevails in Natal and the Cape Colony, where an English author can protect his plays as easily as he can at home. He cannot protect them, however, as yet, in the Transvaal—wherein is situated the most valuable theatrical town, Johannesberg—or in the Orange Free State. But it is not worth anyone's while to play in the Transvaal or the Free State alone. So a nice little system has been established, whereby anyone playing a piece and not voluntarily paying the fees required in the Transvaal and the Free State, is not allowed to play in the Cape Colony or Natal at all. To Mr. Arthur Shirley, the well-known writer of thrilling melodramas, is due the credit for having at last put a stop to South African piracy. His agent in Africa, Mr. Albert Marsh, has fought and won in the Law Courts a case that puts the rights of English authors on the firmest possible basis. Particulars of Mr. Marsh's agency will shortly be published. Numbers of well-known authors have already placed their business in his hands. He controls in Africa, and it is infinitely to be hoped that Mr. Marsh will receive over here the warm support he deserves.

Don't forget the annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club on Sunday, the 27th. George Alexander will be very properly the guest of the evening, for playgoers owe George a deep debt of gratitude for his indefatigable efforts in the cause of new, vigorous, and always artistic and refined drama. I am looking forward very eagerly to his speech. Joseph Knight, that most good-natured, kindly, yet keen dramatic critic, will respond for the toast of the Press. It will be altogether a record evening; so mind you are in town for it, and try to get a seat near me.

I congratulate the people who are running Niagara as a real ice skating-rink on opening on Sundays. Anything to relieve the dulness of the British Sunday is welcome. But I cannot stand their ice. I went down on Sunday and found a crowd of several hundred, which included some of the best known men about town. But the ice was absolutely the iciest ice I have ever known. In point of fact, it was more like polished marble than anything else. Try as I would I could not get my skates to bite, and it involved just the same amount of balancing as is necessary for roller skating—really it is roller skating on a single blade. By the way, they have warmed the place since I was there last, and now it is too warm.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

Solo whist is based upon whist; is played mainly upon the same lines and principles as whist, but it is not, and has never been claimed to be, the whist of the Portland Club. A variation of the American game Boston, which, with certain modifications, is played in Flanders as Ghent whist, it makes its appearance here in a still further slightly altered form, as that delightful but much vilified compromise, solo whist. Had its infancy not been nurtured in the obscurity of one or two private family-circles, the hatred, ridicule, and contempt—as the libel suits put it—with which it has been honoured by the conservative adherents of classic whist would long ago have been snuffed out of existence. In reviewing a recently published volume on whist, in which appears a rather lengthy treatise on solo, one writer refers to the latter game as "glorified nap," another terms it "a bastard fungoid growth," and a third dubs it "only child's play." I would like to give the gentleman who thinks it "only child's play," an opportunity of testing his superiority for an evening with three old solo whist stagers at fairly heavy stakes, and I have no doubt the old stagers would like it also.

The fact is, opinions such as these are passed by persons who know solo whist only as a name, who have never played it, and who resent it as taking liberties with whist. It is easy to detect the reviewers who have a practical acquaintance with their subject by the cordiality with which they welcome an attempt to make it popular.

So please let it be clearly understood that solo is not whist; whist is only its family name. Whist is classic drama, ours is a variety entertainment, and one much easier to follow, much more lively, and certainly much more popular than its solemn and scientific relative. Not but what solo requires brains, indeed, one form of it, the play against a misere, demands as much strategy as does almost any phase of whist. Solo whist players, however, have another consolation—it would be impossible to find anmong them the incredible incompetence which characterises whist play at nine out of every ten tables in middle-class houses. The Bumblepuppy family might have a chance if they went in for solo, but at whist they are hopeless. On another occasion I shall point out where solo suffers by comparison with whist.

By the way, can any of the readers of To-Day inform me in what respect Ghent whist differs from Boston and solo? I have never been able to get quite definite details of the points at variance, and I should be obliged for any information on the subject.

The new method of exacting penalties for irregularities in miseres is coming very generally into vogue, and I think it the preferable plan. The difference is briefly this:—That for every offence for which formerly the caller claimed the stakes, and so brought the game at once to a finish, he can now only call upon the offender to pay the stakes to the winning side after the call has been played out in the ordinary way; exposed or irregularly played cards being subjected to the same restrictions as in a solo call. If by the play of the cards the caller wins, the offender pays him the stakes; if he loses, the offender pays the stakes for him to the remaining two adversaries. The only exception to this is in the case of a revoke, when the caller can at once claim the stakes under the old ruling.

The new law owed its inception, I believe, to the action of those card sharpers who are generally to be met with in indiscriminate card gatherings, such as railway carriages—more particularly on the journeys to and from race meetings—or in some of the shady so-called "sporting clubs." The stakes, as a rule, are high, and two men play in collusion. One of the others calls solo, and would doubtless make his call, and take money all round. This, however, is frustrated by one of the confederates declaring misere, and the other leading out of turn, or exposing a card, or committing some offence, for which the caller immediately claims the stakes, which the offender pays over. As the two are in secret partnership, the effect of this is that no cash has really passed, and that the "square" players have no chance of calling and making a solo, or taking money. Sometimes one of the confederates will attempt a misere "on his own," his ally extricating him in the manner described directly difficulties threaten. This is all obviated by the new misere law, where a caller can by no possibility receive money unless he wins on the merits of his hand and the play, and by which, if he loses, the other side takes money. A revoke must necessarily be an exception, but it would not be likely to occur more than once without attracting unpleasant attention.

It is not difficult to understand the reasons for the searching penalties enacted for offences against the misere call. In every other declaration at solo whist the caller starts on the assumption that, unless the adverse combination is unusually unfavourable, his declaration is safe. The misere caller, however, tacitly says, "Unless the adverse combination is unusually favourable, I must be caught." He has a marked element of danger in his hand, or he would have called an open misere for double the stakes; and if he fails on only one solitary trick he has lost his call. His is a leaky boat in a dangerous storm, and he ought to be protected in every way against irregular opposition. The ordinary misere would doubtless have been the highest and most expensive declaration in solo whist, had it not been that its combined risk and costliness would have precluded its being called.

The following illustration of judicious leading and discarding against a solo call came under my notice a few evenings ago. It is one of the few instances in which an opening lead of trumps down to the solo caller, who sits to the leader's right, is advisable. The Queen of Diamonds was turned up. First hand held Jack, 10, 2—diamonds; Ace, Queen, 9, 3—clubs; Ace, Queen, 3—hearts; Ace, Queen, 2—spades; and he proposed. Second and third hands passed. The dealer—fourth hand—called solo. As caller knows that the strongest adverse hand is over him, he must necessarily either have a powerful run of trumps—in which case, first hand having no prospect of over-trumping, he will doubtless make his solo anyway—or he has Kings in the strange suits, and trusts to the opening lead from his left to establish at least one of them. First hand, however, boldly tackled the latter contingency by leading Jack of trumps, and so relieved himself of the initiative in the strange suits. The cards of the first player have been mentioned; the other hands were as follows:—

Second hand: 9, 8, 5, 4—diamonds; Jack, 6, 5—spades; Jack, 7, 5—hearts; 8, 7, 2—clubs.

Third hand: 3—diamonds; 10, 9, 8, 7—spades; 10, 9, 8, 6—hearts; 10, 6, 5, 4—clubs.

Fourth hand (the caller): Ace, King, Queen, 7, 6—diamonds; King, Jack—clubs; King, 8—hearts; King, 4, 3, 2—spades.

It would seem at first view that the presence of another trump in the first hand would have been still further to the prejudice of the caller. As a matter of fact, it would have assured his game, for, after drawing three rounds of trumps, the caller would have led trumps on the fourth round, and thus left the lead with the first hand, who, having then to open from one of his Ace-Queen suits, would thus have given the caller his solo, which in the present instance, however, he happened to lose.

The following was the play:—

First: Jack—diamonds, 4—diamonds, 3—diamonds, Queen—diamonds. Caller's first trick.

Second: Ace, 2, 5—diamonds; 4—clubs. Caller's second trick.

Third: King, 10, 8—diamonds; 5—clubs. Caller's third trick.

Fourth: 3, 2, Jack, 7—spades. Trick with second hand.

Fifth: 9—diamonds; 6—clubs; 7 diamonds; Queen—spades. Trick with second hand.

The discard of the Queen of Spades here is imperative, for it warns the partners against leading them, and so compelling first hand to open either hearts or clubs to the caller. Had the Queen of Spades not been thrown away, the first hand, holding three Aces supported, must eventually have had to open to one of the caller's Kings, no matter what suit was led by the second hand.

Sixth: 5, 8, King, Ace—hearts. Trick with first hand.

The King of Hearts on the first round of the suit was weak play on the caller's part, and actually lost him his call. Had he held it up for the second, or even the third round, he would then have driven the strong first hand to take the trick, and open a fresh suit.

Seventh: Queen, 7, 6, 2—hearts. Trick with first hand.

Eighth: 3, Jack, 9, 4—hearts. Trick with second hand.

Ninth: 8, 10, Jack, Queen—clubs. Trick with first hand.

Tenth: Ace, 2—clubs; 10—hearts; King—clubs. Trick with first hand.

Eleventh: 9—clubs; 7—clubs; 8—spades.

Caller can now only make his last trump, and loses the solo by one trick

This game illustrates an important principle in the play against a solo which should be carefully borne in mind—namely, that when the first player opens the game by leading losing trumps down to the caller, he is doing so because he has divided head strength in the strange suits; and his partners should therefore change the lead as often as possible, instead of following up in one suit.

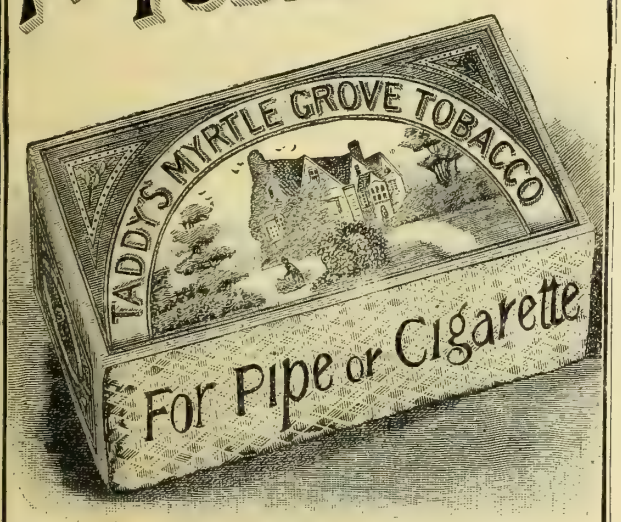
COMMUNICATIONS from my readers narrating experiences of unusual phases of play will always be welcome. It should be borne in mind that, while play illustrating fresh principles is always interesting, accounts of unusual combinations of cards, as a rule, are not.

LORD DUNRAVEN, who will probably be a member of the next London County Council, is perhaps one of the most ardent yachtsmen in England. His vessel, the *Valkyrie*, it will be remembered, was sunk by the *Satanita* last autumn. His lordship is not unknown in Turf circles, and when, with Lord Randolph Churchill as his partner, he raced L'Abbesse de Jouarre and several other animals, he met with a fair amount of success. The last big race that fell to his share was the Cambridgeshire of 1893, Molly Morgan being the winning horse.

I SEE some discussion has been taking place regarding the racing of two-year-olds, and the bearing it has on the future of the racehorse. There can be no doubt but that the early training of thoroughbreds was simply brought about by the Mammoth Two-year-old Stakes, instituted a few years back, and perhaps some of the big three and four-year-old prizes will soon be dropped, or, at any rate, reduced in value, as hardly any of them have brought out large fields.

THOSE who advocate the early training of thoroughbreds point to the old laws of racing, in which it was stated that yearlings could run in races of two furlongs. The rule, however, was only put into force once. This was at the Shrewsbury Meeting of 1859, when nine year-

MYRTLE GROVE TOBACCO



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lings started for the Anglesey Stakes, victory resting with Lord Stamford's filly, Little Lady.

The threat that the Anti-Gambling League made some time ago was no idle one. John Hawke and Co. are evidently in dead earnest. The proceedings at Newmarket were not very exciting, but on the day the summonses are returnable there is likely to be some fun. The Jockey Club have well-informed legal advisers, and their counsel are capable of holding their own against any others in the land.

Although Mr. Hawke has such a strong antipathy to racing, I understand he takes a deep interest in athletics. His young son, I may mention, is a fair performer on the running path, and Mr. Hawke delights to dwell on his son's prowess. I wonder if he would be an ardent racing enthusiast were his son a jockey.

I fancy that in spite of the patronage of Lady Florence Dixie, the ladies' football club is hardly likely to materialise, though Miss Nellie Honeyball, the "captainess," is trying very hard to organise a couple of teams to give a public exhibition. The lady footballers will adopt a modified gymnastic costume. I am not one of those who think that women should be kept under glass cases, but I really think that football is hardly a game in which one would care to see one's sister or sweetheart engaged.

The Football Association's resolution not to admit the Press to its deliberations has caused some adverse comment, but as an official report of the proceedings is to be supplied to the reporters, I fail to see what there is to grumble at. Much of the business is of a private character, and the presence of the Press would muzzle the speakers and burke necessary inquiry.

The signs of revolt amongst the Rugby clubs in the North have not yet entirely disappeared. The latest idea is to establish a Northern League of the leading clubs in Yorkshire and Lancashire. Such an organisation would undoubtedly strengthen that section which leans towards professionalism, and if a dispute were to arise with the Rugby Union would undoubtedly form a nucleus for open rebellion.

With two successive wins in the Second Division of the League, against Newcastle and Burslem Port Vale, Woolwich Arsenal have materially improved their position, and will probably end up fourth—not a bad place considering this is their first year in the League.

There has been some adverse criticism over the Border of the team selected to do battle for Scotland to-day (Saturday) against Wales. The choice of Gowans at back, in place of George Turner, does not please the cognoscenti. In England the chief cause for surprise is the exclusion of W. P. Donaldson and A. R. Smith. London Scottish supply five of the team. Of these George is a much improved player, as those who saw him at Richmond last Saturday testify.

Although without Thomson, Blackheath's team at Cardiff are exceptionally strong, and therefore their defeat was all the more inexplicable, except it be that the heavy ground was against the forwards. Cardiff's victory—a narrow one by a dropped goal and a try to a goal—was very popular with the locals, who thus saw their club reverse the verdict of the first game at Blackheath.

Most of the first division League clubs being engaged in the Lancashire Cup last Saturday, the table this week shows little alteration. Notts Forest secured a meritorious win against Sheffield Wednesday. The other Sheffield club could only just beat Wolverhampton Wanderers, while Stoke, who seem to be improving, managed to draw at Derby. The Wolverhampton and Stoke clubs are both in financial difficulties, but the former is receiving a good deal of public support, and will weather the storm. Stoke is indebted to its secretary to the tune of a cool thousand, and, as misfortunes never come singly, have lost his services, owing to the Football Association suspending him for some irregularity.

Interest in the proposed athletic contest between representatives of the London and New York Athletic Clubs increases. Interviews and suggestions are cabled from America at great length by Reuter's agency, whilst the American journals devote great space to articles on the subject.

The Major.

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CHAPTER IV.

L'Ami du Peuple.

THERE were others who stood also; impressed by a sight which, in the light of the news we had just heard, that astonishing, that amazing news, seemed to have especial significance. We had not yet grown accustomed in France to crowds. For centuries the one man, the individual, King, Cardinal, Noble, or Bishop, had stood forward, and the many, the multitude, had melted away under his eye; had bowed and passed.

But here, within our view, was the dawn of a new day. Perhaps if we had not heard what we had heard—that news, I mean—or if the people had not heard it, the effect on us, the action on their part, might have been different. But, as it was, the crowd that faced us in the square as we came out, the great crowd that faced us and stretched from wall to wall, silent, vigilant, menacing, showed not a sign of flinching; and we did. We stood astonished, each halting as he came out, and looking, and then consulting his neighbour's eyes to learn what he thought.

We had over our heads the great Cathedral, from the shadow of which we issued. We had among us many who had been wont to see a hundred peasants tremble at their frown. But in a moment, in a twinkling, as if that news from Paris had shaken the foundations of Society, we found these things in question. The crowd in the square did not tremble. In a silence that was grimmer than any howling it gave back look for look. Nor only that, but as we issued, they made no way for us; and those of the Assembly who had already gone down, had to walk along the skirts of the press to get to the inn. We who came later saw this, and it had its weight with us. We were Nobles of the province; but we were only two hundred, and between us and the Trois Rois, between us and our horses and servants, stretched this line of gloomy faces, these thousands of silent men.

No wonder that the sight, and something that underlay the sight, diverted my mind for a moment from M. Harincourt and his purpose, and that I looked abroad; while he, too, stood gaping and frowning, and forgot me. Perforce we had to go down; one by one, reluctantly; a meagre string winding across the face of the crowd; sullen defiance on one side, scorn on the other. In Cahors it is remembered as the first triumph of the people, the first step in the degradation of the privileged. A word had brought it about. A word, *the Bastille fallen*, had combined the floating groups, and formed of them this which we saw—the people.

Under such circumstances it needed only the slightest spark to bring about an explosion; and that was presently supplied. M. de Gontaut, a tall, thin, old man, who could remember the early days of the late King, walked a little way in front of me. He was lame, and used a cane, and generally a servant's arm. This morning, the lackey was not forthcoming, and he felt the inconvenience of skirting instead of crossing the square. Yet he was not foolish enough to thrust himself into the crowd; and all might have gone well, if a rogue in the front rank of the throng had not, perhaps by accident, tripped up the cane with his foot. M. le Baron turned in a flash, every hair of his eyebrows on end, and struck the fellow with his stick.

"Stand back, rascal!" he added, trembling, and threatening to repeat the blow. "If I had you, I would soon——"

The man spat at him.

M. de Gontaut uttered an oath, and in ungovernable rage struck the wretch two or three blows—how many I could not see, though I was only a few paces behind. Apparently the man did not hit him back, but shrank, cowed by the old noble's fury. But those behind flung him forward, with loud cries of "Shame! *A bas la Noblesse!*" and he fell against M. de Gontaut, and in a moment the Baron was on the ground.

It happened so quickly, while we were walking three or four paces, that only those in the immediate neighbourhood, St. Alais, the Harincourts, and myself saw the fall. Probably the mob meant no great harm; they had not yet lost all reverence. But at the time, with the tale of De Launay in my ears, I thought that they intended M. de Gontaut's death, and as I saw his old head fall, I sprang forward to protect him.

St. Alais was before me, however. Bounding forward, with rage not less than Gontaut's, he hurled the aggressor back with a blow which sent him into the arms of his supporters. Then dragging M. de Gontaut to his feet, the Marquis whipped out his sword, and darting the bright point hither and thither with the skill of a practised fencer, in a twinkling he cleared a space round him, and made the nearest give back with shrieks and curses.

Unfortunately he touched one man; the fellow was not hurt, but at the prick he sank down screaming, and in a second the mood of the crowd changed. Shrieks, half-playful, gave way to a howl of rage. Someone flung a stick, which struck the Marquis on the chest, and for a moment stopped him. The next instant he sprang at the man who had thrown it, and would have run him through, but the fellow fled, and the crowd, with a yell of triumph, closed over his path. This brought up St. Alais in mid course, and left him only the choice between retreating, or wounding people who were innocent.

He fell back with a sneering word, and sheathed his sword. But as soon as his back was turned a stone struck him on the head, and he staggered forward. As he fell the crowd uttered a yell, and half-a-dozen men dashed at him to trample on him.

Their blood was up; this time I made no mistake, I read mischief in their eyes. The scream of the man whom he had wounded, though the fellow was more frightened than hurt, was in their ears. One of the Harincourts struck down the foremost, but this only enraged without checking them. In a moment he was swept aside and flung back, stunned and reeling; and the crowd rushed upon their victim.

I threw myself before him. I had just time to do

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that, and cry "Shame! Shame!" and force back one or two; and then my intervention must have come to nothing, it must have fared as ill with me as with him, if in the nick of time, with a ring of grimy faces threatening us, and a dozen hands upraised, I had not been recognised. Buton, the blacksmith of Saux—one of the foremost—screamed out my name, and turning with outstretched arms, forced back his neighbours. A man of huge strength, it was as much as he could do to stem the torrent; but in a moment his frenzied cries became heard and understood. Others recognised me, the crowd fell back. Someone raised a cry of "Vive Saux! Long live the friend of the people!" and the shout being taken up first in one place and then in another, in a trice the square rang with the words.

I had not then learned the fickleness of the multitude, or that from *A bas* to *vive* is the step of an instant; and despite myself, and though I despised myself for the feeling, I felt my heart swell on the wave of sound. "Vive Saux! Vive l'ami du peuple!" My equals had scorned me, but the people—the people whose faces wore a new look to-day, the people to whom this one word, the Bastille fallen, had given new life—acclaimed me. For a moment, even while I cried to them, and shook my hands to them to be silent, there flashed on me the things it meant; the things they had to give, power and tribuneship! "Vive Saux! Long live the friend of the people!" The air shook with the sound; the domes above me gave it back. I felt myself lifted up on it; I felt myself for the minute another and a greater man!

Then I turned and met St. Alais' eye, and I fell to earth. He had risen, and pale with rage, was wiping the dust from his coat with a handkerchief. A little blood was flowing from the wound in his head, but he paid no heed to it, in the intentness with which he was staring at me, as if he read my thoughts. As soon as something like silence was obtained, he spoke, his voice trembling a little.

"Perhaps if your friends have quite done with us, M. de Saux—we may go home?" he said.

I stammered something in answer to the sneer, and turned to accompany him, though my way to the inn lay in the opposite direction. Only the two Harincourts and M. de Gontaut were with us. The rest of the Assembly had either got clear, or were viewing the fracas from the door of the Chapter House, where they still stood, cut off from us by a wall of people. I offered my arm to M. de Gontaut; but he declined it with a frigid bow, and took Harincourt's; and M. le Marquis, when I turned to him, said, with a cold smile, that they need not trouble me.

"Doubtless we shall be safe, if you will give orders to that effect," he sneered.

I bowed, without retorting on him; he bowed; and he turned away. But the crowd had either read his attitude aright, or gathered that there was an altercation between us, for the moment he moved they set up a howl. Two or three stones were thrown, notwithstanding Buton's efforts to prevent it; and before the party had retired ten yards the rabble began to press on them savagely. Embarrassed by M. de Gontaut's presence and helplessness, the other three could do nothing. For an instant I had a view of St. Alais standing gallantly at bay with the old noble behind him, and the blood trickling down his cheek. Then I followed them, the crowd made instant way for me, again the air rang with cheers, and the Square in the hot July sunshine seemed a sea of waving hands.

M. de St. Alais turned to me. He could still smile, and with marvellous self-command, in one and the same instant he recovered from his discomfiture and changed his tactics.

"I am afraid that we must trouble you," he said politely. "M. le Baron is not a young man, and your people, M. de Saux, are somewhat obstreperous."

"What can I do?" I said, sullenly. I had not the heart to leave them to their fortunes; but I was as little disposed to accept the onus he would lay on me.

"Accompany us home," he said pleasantly, drawing out his snuff-box and taking a pinch.

The people had fallen silent again, but watched us heedfully.

"If you think it will serve?" I answered.

"It will," he said briskly. "You know, M. le Vicomte, that they say a man is born and a man dies every minute? Believe me no King dies—but another King is born."

I winced under the sarcasm, under the laughing contempt of his eye. But I saw nothing for it but to comply, and I bowed and turned to go with them. The crowd opened before us, and amid mingled cheers and yells we moved away. I intended only to accompany them to the outskirts of the throng, and then to gain the inn by a by-path, get my horses, and be gone. But a party of the crowd continued to follow us through the streets, and I found no opportunity. Almost before I knew it, we were at the St. Alais' door; still with this rough attendance at our heels.

Madame and Mademoiselle, with two or three women, were on the balcony, looking and listening; at the door below were a group of scared servants. While I looked, however, Madame left her place and appeared at the door, the servants making way for her. She stared, wondering, from us to the rabble that followed; then her eye caught the bloodstains on M. de St. Alais' cravat, and she cried out, to know if he was hurt.

"No, Madame," he said lightly. "But M. de Gontaut has had a fall."

"What has happened?" she asked quickly. "The town seems to have gone mad! I heard a great noise a while ago, and the servants brought in a wild tale about the Bastille."

"It is true."

"What? That the Bastille——"

"Has been taken by the mob, Madame; and M. de Launay murdered."

"Never?" Madame cried, with flashing eyes. "That old man?"

"Yes," M. de St. Alais answered, suavely. "Messieurs the Mob are no respecters of persons. Fortunately, however," he continued, smiling at me in a way that brought the blood to my cheeks, "they have leaders more prudent and sagacious."

But Madame had no ears for his last words, no thought save of this astonishing news from Paris. She stood, her cheeks on fire, her eyes full of tears; she had known de Launay. "Oh, but the King will punish them!" she cried at last. "The wretches! The ingrates! They should all be broken on the wheel! Doubtless the King has already punished them."

"He will, by-and-by, if he has not yet," St. Alais answered. "But for the moment, you will easily understand, Madame, that things are out of joint. Men's

heads are turned, and they do not know themselves. We have had a little trouble here. M. de Gontaut has been roughly handled, and I have not entirely escaped. If M. de Saux had not had his people well in hand," he continued, turning to me with a laughing eye, "I am afraid that we should have come off worse."

Madame stared at me, and, beginning to comprehend, seemed to freeze before me. The light died out of her haughty face. She looked at me grimly. I had a glimpse of Mademoiselle's startled eyes behind her, and

"With those?" she said, scornfully.

"With those or from those," he answered, gaily. "Besides, for a day or two we may need his protection. I am sure that, if you ask him, Madame, he will not refuse it."

I stood, raging, helpless, under the lash of his tongue; and Madame de St. Alais looked at me. "Is it possible," she said at last, "that M. de Saux has thrown in his lot with wretches such as those?" And she pointed, with magnificent scorn, to the scowling crew. "With wretches

"STAND BACK, RASCAL!"

of the peeping servants; then Madame spoke. "Are those some of—M. de Saux's people?" she said, stepping forward a pace, and pointing to the crew of ruffians who had halted a few paces away, and were watching us doubtfully.

"A handful," M. de St. Alais answered, lightly. "Just his bodyguard, Madame. But pray do not speak of him so harshly; for, being my mother, you must be obliged to him. If he did not quite save my life, at least he saved my beauty."

who——"

"Hush, Madame," M. le Marquis said, in his gibing fashion. "You are too bold. For the moment they are our masters, and M. de Saux is their chiefs. We must, therefore——"

"We must not!" she answered, impetuously, standing forward with flashing eyes. "What? Would you have me palter with the scum of the streets? With the dirt under our feet? Never! I and mine have no part with traitors!"

"Madame!" I cried, stung into speech by her injustice. "You do not know what you say! If I have been able to stand between your son and danger, it has been through no vileness such as you impute to me."

"Impute?" she exclaimed. "What need of imputation, Monsieur, with those wretches before us? Is it necessary to cry 'A bas le roi!' to be a traitor? Is not that man as guilty who fosters false hopes, and misleads the ignorant? Who hints what he dare not say, and holds out what he dares not promise? Is he not the worst of traitors? For shame, Monsieur, for shame!" she continued. "If your father——"

"Oh!" I cried. "This is intolerable!"

She caught me up with a bitter gibe. "It is!" she retorted. "It *is* intolerable that the King's fortresses should be taken by the rabble, and old men slain by scullions! It *is* intolerable that nobles should forget whence they are sprung, and stoop to the kennel! It is intolerable that the King's name should be flouted, and catchwords set above it! All these things are intolerable; but they are not of our doing. They are your acts. And for you," she continued—and, suddenly stepping by me, she addressed the group of rascals who lingered, listening and scowling, a few paces away—"for you, poor fools, do not be deceived. This gentleman has told you, doubtless, that there is no longer a King of France! That there are to be no more taxes nor corvées; that the poor will be rich, and everybody noble! Well, believe him at your peril. There have been poor and rich, noble and simple, spenders and makers, since the world began, and a King in France. But believe him if you like. Only now go! Leave my house. Go, or I will call out my servants, and whip you through the streets like dogs! To your kennels, I say!"

She stamped her foot, and to my astonishment, the men, who must have known that her threat was an empty one, sneaked away like the dogs to which she had compared them. In a moment—I could scarcely believe it—the street was empty. The men who had come near to killing M. de Gontaut, who had stoned M. de St. Alais, quailed before a woman! In a twinkling the last man was gone, and she turned to me, her face flushed, her eyes gleaming with scorn.

"There, sir," she said, "take that lesson to heart. That is your brave people! And now, Monsieur, do you go, too! Henceforth my house is no place for you. I will have no traitors under my roof—no, not for a moment."

She signed to me to go with the same insolent contempt which had abashed the crowd; but, before I went, I said one word. "You were my father's friend, Madame."

She looked at me harshly, but did not answer.

"It would have better become you, therefore," I continued, "to help me than to hurt me. As it is, were I the most loyal of his Majesty's subjects, you have done enough to drive me to treason. In the future, Madame la Marquise, I beg that you will remember that."

And I turned and went, trembling with rage.

The crowd in the square had melted by this time; but the streets were full of those who had composed it, and who now stood about in eager groups, discussing what had happened. The word Bastille was on every tongue; and, as I passed, way was made for me, and caps were lifted. "God bless you, M. de Saux," and "You are a good man," were muttered in my ear. If there seemed less noise and less excitement than in the morning, the air of purpose that everywhere prevailed was not to be mistaken.

This was so clear that, though noon was barely past, shopkeepers had closed their shops and bakers their bakehouses, causing a calm, more ominous than the storm that had preceded it, to brood over the town. The majority of the Assembly had dispersed in haste, for I saw none, though I heard that a large body had gone to the barracks. No one molested me—the fall of the Bastille served me so far—and I mounted, and rode off without seeing anyone, even Louis.

To tell the truth, I was in a fever to be at home; in a fever to consult the only man who, it seemed to me, could advise me in this crisis. In front of me, I saw it plainly, stretched two roads, the one easy and smooth, if perilous, the other arid and toilsome. Madame had called me the Tribune of the People, a would-be Retz, a would-be Mirabeau. The people had cried my name, had hailed me as a saviour. Should I fit on the cap? Should I take up the rôle? My own caste had spurned me. Should I snatch at the dangerous honour offered to me, and stand or fall with the people?

With the people? It sounded well; but, in those days, it was a vaguer phrase than it is now, and I asked myself who that had ever taken up that cause had stood? A bread riot, a tumult, a local revolt—such as this which had cost M. de Launay his life—of such things the people had shown themselves capable; but of no lasting victory. Always the King had held his own, always the nobles had kept their privileges. Why should it be otherwise now?

There were reasons? Yes, but they seemed less cogent, the weight of precedent heavier, when I came to think, with a trembling heart, of acting on them. And the odium of deserting my order was no small matter to face. Hitherto I had been innocent; if they had put out the lip at me, it had been wrongfully. But if I accepted the part they assigned to me, I must be prepared to face not only the worst in case of failure, but in success to be a pariah. Tribune of the People, and an outcast from my kind!

Riding hard, I did not doubt that I should be the first to bring the tale to Saux. But in those days nothing was more marvellous than the speed with which news of this kind crossed the country. It passed from mouth to mouth; the air seemed to carry it. It went before the quickest traveller.

Everywhere, therefore, I found it known. Known by people who had stood for days at cross-roads, waiting for they knew not what; known by scowling men on village bridges, who talked in low voices and eyed the towers of the Château; known by stewards and agents, men of the stamp of Gargouf, who smiled incredulously, or talked, like Madame St. Alais, of the King, and how good he was, and how many he would hang for it. Known, last of all, by Father Benôit, the man I would consult. He met me at the gate of the Château, opposite the place where the carcan had stood. It was too dark to see his face, but I knew the fall of his soutane and the shape of his hat. I sent on Gil and André, and he walked beside me up the avenue, with his hand on the withers of my horse.

"Well, M. le Vicomte, it has come at last," he said.

"You have heard?"

"Buton told me."

"What? Is he here?" I said. "I saw him at Cahors less than three hours ago."

"Such news gives a man wings," Father Benôit

answered, with energy. "I say again, it has come. It has come, M. le Vicomte."

"Something," I said, prudently.

"Everything," he answered, confidently. "The mob took the Bastille, but who headed them? The soldiers; the Garde Française. Well, M. le Vicomte, if the army cannot be trusted, there is an end of abuses, of exemptions, of extortions, of bread famines, of Foulons and Berthiers, of grinding the faces of the poor, of——"

The Curé's list was not half exhausted, when I cut it short. "But if the army is with the mob, where will things stop?" I said, wearily.

"We must see to that," he answered.

"Come and sup with me," I said, "I have something to tell you, and more to ask you."

He assented gladly. "For there will be no sleep for me to-night," he said. "This is great news, glorious news, M. le Vicomte. Your father would have heard it with joy."

"And M. de Launay?" I said, as I dismounted.

"There can be no change without suffering," he answered, stoutly, though his face fell a little. "His fathers sinned, and he has paid the penalty. But God rest his soul! I have heard that he was a good man."

"And died in his duty," I said, rather tartly.

"Amen," Father Benôit answered.

Still it was not until we were sat down in the Chestnut Parlour (which the servants called the English Room), and, with candles between us, were busy with our cheese and fruit, that I appreciated to the full the impression which the news had made on the Curé. Then, as he talked, as he told and listened, his long limbs and lean form trembled with excitement; his thin face worked. "It is the end," he said. "You may depend upon it, M. le Vicomte, it is the end. Your father told me many times that in money lay the secret of power. Money, he used to say, pays the army, the army secures all. A while ago the money failed. Now the army fails. There is nothing left."

"TO YOUR KENNELS, I SAY!

"The King?" I said, unconsciously quoting Madame la Marquise.

"God bless his Majesty!" the Curé said, heartily. "He means well, and now he will be able to do well, because the nation will be with him. But, without the nation, without money or an army—a name only. And the name did not save the Bastille."

Then, beginning with the scene at Madame de St. Alais' reception, I told him all that had happened to me; the oath of the sword, the debate in the Assembly, the tumult in the Square—last of all, the harsh words with which Madame had given me my congé; all. As he listened he was extraordinarily moved. When I described the scene in the Chamber, he could not be still, but, in his enthusiasm, walked about the parlour muttering. And, when I told him how the crowd had cried "Vive Saux!" he repeated the words softly, and looked at me with delighted eyes. But, when I came — halting somewhat in my speech, and colouring and playing with my bread to hide my disorder—to tell him my thoughts on the way home, and the choice that, as it seemed to me, was offered to me, he sat down, and fell, also, to crumbling his bread, and was silent.

(To be concluded.)

IN LA VENDÉE.

The horrors of the Revolution were not confined to the Republican side. The Royalists in La Vendée, slaughtered the *Jacobin lot* without pity. They killed them with regularity for five weeks at Machecoul, shooting thirty a day; each lot of thirty they called *a rosary*. They drew up each party with their back against a trench and shot them; the victims fell into the trench, sometimes living, and were buried alive. Joubert, the president of the district, had his hands sawn off at the wrists. They manufactured sharp handcuffs to put on the *Blues* (national soldiers) whom they made prisoners. One of their noble leaders shot a lawyer of the Commune, and robbed him of his watch. Charette burnt the city of Pornic with its inhabitants in their houses. Terror replied to terror.

WORKING CLASS WOMEN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY
CONSTANCE EAGELSTONE.
Illustrated by H. Salmon.

When the master of the establishment is fairly well-to-do—and on how little a Turk with simple tastes can contrive to exist, an English reader would not believe even if he were told—the lot of his women differs little from that of those who are hidden away behind the pink or cream-tinted walls of the palaces in Stamboul or on the Bosphorus; the hue of the houses is specially named as the Sultan, with the Imperial family, alone has the right to a residence of pure white marble, though, as he often makes presents of kiosks and smaller palaces to his followers, this rule has not always the appearance of being carried out.

A merchant with a well-stocked stall in the bazaars and a good financial connection with those of Smyrna or Cairo, which brings him in profits to the amount of from one to three hundred a year, or a landowner with wide fields of tobacco or maize, or perhaps with the rights of grazing land for some scores of sheep, under the charge of a couple of fierce, picturesque brigands, who are playing at being shepherds for the nonce, will have a roomy house in Stamboul, at the back of which is one large room, with half-a-dozen cupboards disposed around it. This is where his women live, and in these cupboards they carry on those occupations of cooking, sleeping and the like, which cannot be conveniently pursued in the apartment all share in common.

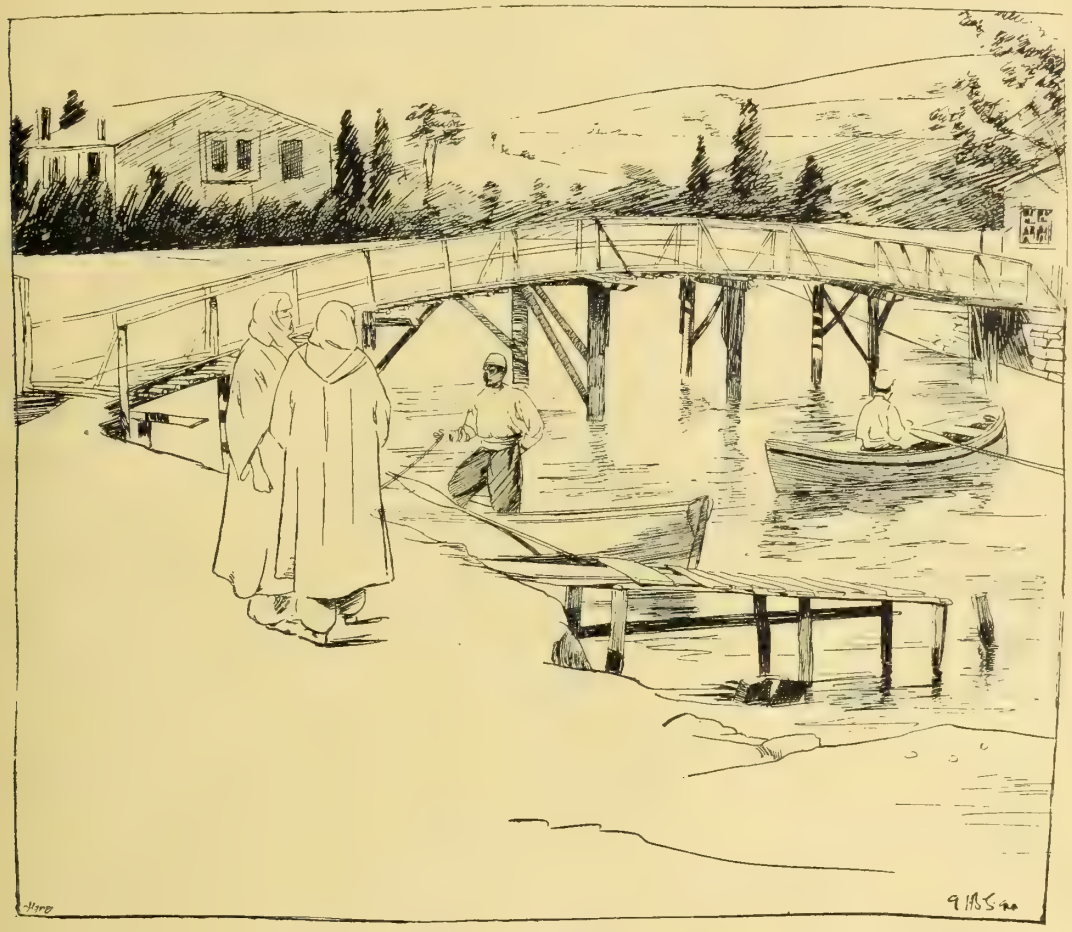
TYPE OF TURKISH BEAUTY.

Disposing of this lower middle class, though Turkey knows not that word, in these few lines, let us consider the existence of such as are lower in the social scale.

As a rule the poor Turk, whether he be soldier or zaptieh, water-carrier or hamal, is intensely poor. If one of the first two named, he is a Government official, so for him there is little question of pay, and it is a marvellous how his women and children are kept alive when, during the long summer months, he is camped out on the hills, scouring them in search of brigands, and of those who are trying to prove non-existence, that they may avoid the visits of a mounted tax-collector. Should the husband be a sougee (water-carrier) or hamal (carrier of burdens), his family finances are usually in better condition. One must drink water, and the convenient tap and pipe which placed the beverage at our lips so long ago that the pump and the bucket at the well have become as obsolete as Johnsonian English, are not so universal as to allow the sougee to pass many houses in Stamboul without a call. The hamal, too, can count on constant employment, while the largesse he receives when some opulent bey moves from town to country and back at the beginning of the summer, would do something, though not much, to satisfy an Italian ice-cream vendor on the August Bank Holiday. For the rest of the year his gains are few, and he will be rewarded for carrying huge bales, which would tax the powers of strength of three British porters, stalwart race though they be, from the quay up the steep streets to some shop in the Rue de Pera, by a sum in piastres representing considerably less than an English shilling. Even this constitutes for him a red-letter day, as he may earn a few pence more later on in the cool of the afternoon. When one hears how underpaid even the most industrious and intelligent of workmen are here, and how overstocked are all trades in a country where so few are pursued, one is not surprised to learn that, as a rule, for six months in the year, a poor Turkish woman is always cold, and for twelve months in the year she is always hungry. Add to this that her husband beats her, and her lot does not seem enviable. It is probable that the last grievance is borne most lightly of the three. As she may take for granted that all her friends are likewise beaten by their husbands, and that precedent for this chastisement can be quoted in every stage of her country's history, it is not likely that her pride suffers much, and, for the rest, the Turk is not by nature cruel; one who is as a rule so gentle with his horse and his dog is not likely to make his hand very heavy when it falls on a woman, even if she be his wife Moreover, personal ill-usage constitutes good ground for divorce in Eastern Courts, and a threat to this effect will often be a wonderful deterrent, especially if made in the sharp shrill tones in which a Turkish woman complains of her wrongs. Divorce is obtained with most unfortunate facility, and is almost invariably followed by immediate re-marriage; but though it is an important factor in the life of the women of Turkey, especially among the lower orders, the subject cannot be treated here.

Let us now look more closely at the wife of the working man of Constantinople in her own home: beyond its walls, if a denizen of the city, work for her is unknown. Custom and religious precept alike forbid it. She could not be employed in a factory nor a shop, nor even as a domestic servant in any household but that of her husband, or of her master if she be a slave. In the suburbs the houses are usually constructed of clay or a mixture of straw and clay; in the towns they are built of wood, sometimes with a foundation of brick, sometimes without. The one window allowed to each low-built room is

very small and heavily latticed; as a rule, it is not glazed, and the intensely cold wind which sweeps in from north and east during the winter rushes in with terrible force through the wooden frame, and the chinks which, in any corner, would allow you to thrust your hand into the open air. Down one side is the rough divan, bed chair, table in turn, which is, as a rule, the one piece of furniture the house contains. At the opposite side is a pan containing an oke or two of black bread, and cast down near it are a few okes of charcoal, from which the woman feeds the pan in the middle of the room, and over this she crouches when she has time to spare. In another corner are the boots, which she throws off directly she comes into the house, her feet being covered only by thick, coarse woollen socks, reaching little above the ankle. Wooden pegs driven into the wall hold the family wardrobe in summer; in winter the family wears its wardrobe complete. The floor is of beaten clay, and about it sprawl half-a-dozen of the petually fanned it will not boil the pot upon it; funds are lacking to such an extent that a separate journey must be undertaken every morning for the handful of wheat required to make the *Burghal*, which, with the addition of fat or butter, alternates with boiled rice for the mid-day meal. The padded clothes worn by the husband, his kooshbah, or gaily embroidered waistband, are made at home, as is everything put on by the women and children, and their skill in manufacturing these garments is wonderful when one considers the implements with which they have to work. The clay floor is a constant source of anxiety, as the rain, streaming in at the defective roof reduces it to a pulp, and incessant labour is required to dry and beat it hard again. The water, of which, as good Moslems, large supplies are needed, is often brought from great distances, and it is a pathetic sight, on a windy day, to see some shivering woman or little girl stumbling up the precipitous slope of the roughly-paved steep street,

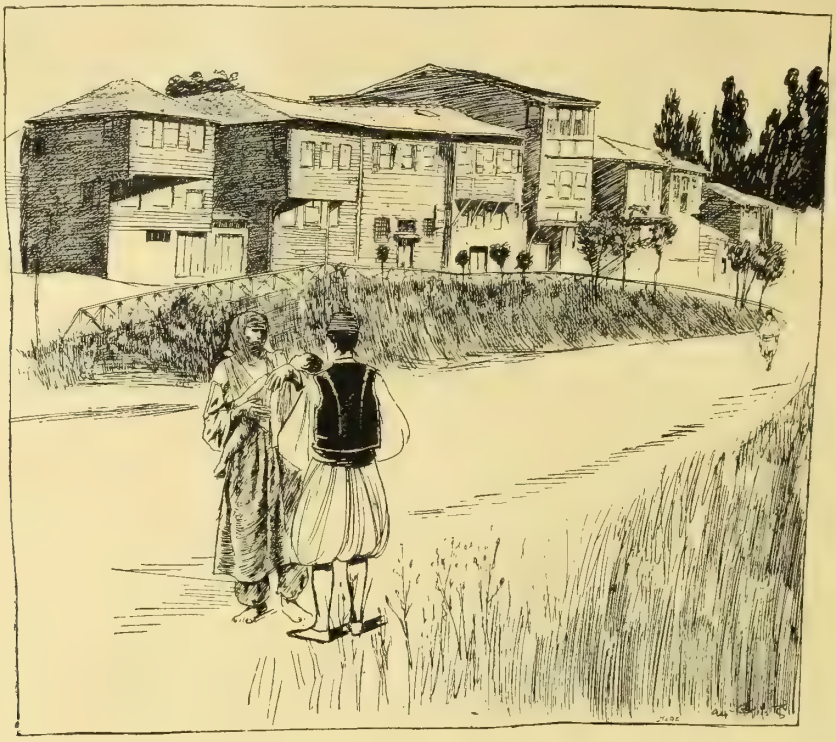


BRIDGE AND LANDSCAPE.

naughtiest children that the world knows. Their mother evidently adores them, but they are always fighting and generally yelling, and they bite, spit, scratch, and claw each other, and do all that Dr. Watts tells them not to do. Away from home, the little things are much more amenable to reason, and it is amusing to notice how very early in life a tiny Turkish maiden will assume that look of demure modesty, rarely dispelled in this class by an arch glance from between the folds of her yashmak, which is her armour of defence when she walks in the open air.

Poor little girl, the years of her childhood are very few, and when they are pronounced to be past, she is incessantly occupied in helping her mother at the hard work of the domestic day till she leaves her own home to pass under the dominion of a step-mother. It is not that the labour is itself toilsome, but it is pursued under such difficult conditions. Unless the pan of charcoal be perher "clogs" falling off every yard she advances, the icy water streaming over her ankles, and her thin brown hand holding hard on to her ferighee, as to let it blow back from her lips and brow would be an indelible disgrace. However, the great hardship the woman of this class has to endure is cold, and of this scores, ay, hundreds die every winter, if it be severe. The intensity of this cold can hardly be imagined by any but herself; her clothing is utterly inadequate to protect her; her house is such as has been described; her bed is a straw mattress with one rough rug; her meals consist almost entirely of farinaceous food, fruit, and vegetables; of meat or fat or other heat-giving viands she often tastes nothing for months together; and, finally, she is so attired and so shod that on her rare walks in the open air during the cold season, she can never move at more than a snail's pace. In summer her lot is far happier, for she absolutely revels in the sunshine and

warm, balmy air, and every moment of the time she can snatch from her housework she is to be seen chattering with her companions round some lovely marble well, or among the ruined walls of some old monument of the past.



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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. V.—No. 65. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

OUTSAILED.

BY

W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by SCOTT RANKIN.

IT was a momentous occasion. The two skippers sat in the private bar of the Old Ship, in High Street, Wapping, solemnly sipping cold gin and smoking cigars whose sole merit consisted in the fact that they had been smuggled. It is well-known all along the water-side that this greatly improves their flavour.

"Draw all right?" queried Captain Berrow, a short, fat man of few ideas, who was the exulting owner of a bundle of them.

"Beautiful," replied Captain Tucker, who had just made an excursion into the interior of his with the small blade of his penknife. "Why don't you keep smokes like these, landlord?"

"He can't," chuckled Captain Berrow fatuously. "They're not to be 'ad—money couldn't buy 'em."

The landlord grunted. "Why don't you settle about that race o' yours an' ha' done with it," he cried, as he wiped down his counter. "Seems to me, Cap'n Tucker's hanging fire."

"I'm ready when he is," said Tucker, somewhat shortly.

"It's taking your money," said Berrow slowly, "the *Thistle* can't hold a candle to the *Good Intent*, and you know it. Many a time that little schooner o' mine has kept up with a steamer."

"Wher'd you ha' been if the tow rope had parted, though?" said the master of the *Thistle*, with a wink at the landlord.

At this remark Captain Berrow took fire, and with his temper rapidly rising to fever heat, wrathfully repelled the scurvy insinuation in language which compelled the respectful attention of all the other customers and the hasty intervention of the landlord.

"Put up the stakes," he cried impatiently, "put up the stakes, and don't have so much jaw about it."

"Here's mine," said Berrow, sturdily handing over a greasy fiver. "Now, Cap'n Tucker, cover that."

"Come on," said the landlord, encouragingly, "don't let him take the wind out of your sails like that."

Tucker handed over five sovereigns.

"High water's at 12.13," said the landlord, pocketing the stakes; "you understand the conditions: each of you does the best he can for hisself after eleven, an' the one what gets to Poole first has the ten quid. Understand?"

Both gamblers breathed hard, and fully realising the desperate nature of the enterprise upon which they had embarked, ordered some more gin. A rivalry of long-standing as to the merits of their respective schooners had led to them calling in the landlord to arbitrate, and this was the result. Berrow, vaguely feeling that it would be advisable to keep on good terms with the stakeholder, offered him one of the famous cigars. The stakeholder, anxious to keep on good terms with his stomach, declined it.

"You've both got your moorings up, I s'pose?" he inquired.

"Got 'em up this evening," replied Tucker. "We're just made fast one on each side of the *Dolphin* now."

"The wind's light, but it's from the right quarter," said Captain Berrow, "an' I only hope as 'ow the best ship'll win. I'd like to win myself, but if not I can only say as there's no man breathing I'd sooner have lick me than Cap'n Tucker. He's as smart a seaman

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as ever comes into the London river, an' he's got a schooner angels would be proud of."

"Glasses o' gin round," said Tucker promptly. "Cap'n Berrow, here's your very good health, an' a fair field an' no favour."

With these praiseworthy sentiments the master of the *Thistle* finished his liquor, and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, nodded farewell to the twain, and departed. Once in the High Street, he walked slowly, as one in deep thought, then, with a sudden resolution, turned up Nightingale Lane, and made for a small, unsavoury thoroughfare leading out of Ratcliffe Highway. A quarter of an hour later he emerged into that famous thoroughfare again, smiling incoherently, and, retracing his steps to the waterside, jumped into a boat, and was pulled off to his ship.

"Comes off to-night, Joe," said he, as he descended to the cabin, "an' it's arf a quid to you if the old gal wins."

"What's the bet?" inquired the mate, looking up from his task of shredding tobacco.

"Five quid," replied the skipper.

"Well, we ought to do it," said the mate slowly, "'t'won't be my fault if we don't."

"Mine neither," said the skipper. "As a matter o' fact, Joe, I reckon I've about made sure of it. All's fair in love and war and racing, Joe."

"Ay, ay," said the mate, more slowly than before, as he revolved this addition to the proverb.

"I just nipped round and saw a chap I used to know named Dibbs," said the skipper. "Keeps a boarding-house for sailors. Wonderful sharp little chap he is. Needles ain't nothing to him. There's heaps of needles, but only one Dibbs. He's going to make old Berrow's chaps as drunk as lords."

"Does he know 'em?" inquired the mate.

"He knows where to find 'em," said the other, "I told him they'd either be in the Duke's Head or the Town o' Berwick. But he'd find 'em wherever they was. Ah, even if they was in a coffee pallis, I b'leeve that man 'ud find 'em."

"They're steady chaps," objected the mate, but in a weak fashion, being somewhat staggered by this tribute to Mr. Dibbs' remarkable powers.

"My lad," said the skipper, "it's Dibbs' business to mix sailors' liquors so's they don't know whether they're standing on their heads or their heels. He's the most wonderful mixer in Christendom; takes a reglar pride in it. Many a sailorman has got up a ship's side thinking it was stairs, and gone off half acrost the world instead of going to bed, through him."

"We'll have a easy job of it, then," said the mate. "I b'leeve we could ha' managed it without that though. 'Tain't quite what you'd call sport, is it?"

"There's nothing like making sure of a thing," said the skipper placidly. "What time's our chaps coming aboard?"

"Ten thirty, the latest," replied the mate. "Old Sam's with 'em, so they'll be all right."

"I'll turn in for a couple of hours," said the skipper, going towards his berth. "Lord! I'd give something to see old Berrow's face as his chaps come up the side."

"P'raps they won't git as far as that," remarked the mate.

"Oh, yes they will," said the skipper. "Dibbs is going to see to that. I don't want any chance of the race being scratched. Turn me out in a couple of hours."

"GLASSES O' GIN ROUND."

He closed the door behind him, and the mate, having stuffed his clay with the coarse tobacco, took some pink note-paper with scalloped edges from his drawer, and, placing the paper at his right side, and squaring his shoulders, began some private correspondence.

For some time he smoked and wrote in silence, until the increasing darkness warned him to finish his task. He signed the note, and, having put a few marks of a tender nature below his signature, sealed it ready for the post, and sat with half-closed eyes finishing his pipe. Then his head nodded, and, placing his arms on the table, he too slept.

It seemed but a minute since he had closed his eyes when he was awakened by the entrance of the skipper, who came blundering into the darkness from his stateroom, vociferating loudly and nervously.

"Ay, ay!" said Joe, starting up.

"Where's the lights?" said the skipper. "What's the time? I dreamt I'd overslept myself. What's the time?"

"Plenty o' time," said the mate, vaguely, as he stifled a yawn.

"Ha'-past ten," said the skipper, as he struck a match. "You've been asleep," he added, severely.

"I ain't," said the mate, stoutly, as he followed the other on deck. "I've been thinking. I think better in the dark."

"It's about time our chaps was aboard," said the skipper, as he looked round the deserted deck. "I hope they won't be late."

"Sam's with 'em," said the mate, confidently, as he went to the side; "there ain't no festivities going on aboard the *Good Intent*, neither."

"There will be," said his worthy skipper, with a grin, as he looked across the intervening brig at the rival craft; "there will be."

He walked round the deck to see that everything was snug and ship-shape, and got back to the mate just as a howl of surprising weirdness was heard proceeding from the neighbouring stairs.

"I'm s'prised at Berrow allowing his men to make that noise," said the skipper, waggishly. "Our chaps are there, too, I think. I can hear Sam's voice."

"So can I," said the mate, with emphasis.

"Seems to be talking rather loud," said the master of the *Thistle*, knitting his brows.

"Sounds as though he's trying to sing," said the mate, as, after some delay, a heavily-laden boat put off from the stairs, and made slowly for them. "No, he ain't; he's screaming."

There was no longer any doubt about it. The respectable and greatly-trusted Sam was letting off a series of wild howls which would have done credit to a penny-gaff Zulu, and was evidently very much out of temper about something.

"Ahoy, *Thistle!* Ahoy!" bellowed the waterman, as he neared the schooner. "Chuck us a rope—quick!"

The mate threw him one, and the boat came alongside. It was then seen that another waterman, using impatient and deplorable language, was forcibly holding Sam down in the boat.

"What's he done? What's the row?" demanded the mate.

"Done?" said the waterman, in disgust. "Done? He's 'ad a small lemon, an' it's got into his silly old head. He's making all this fuss 'cos he wanted to set the pub on fire, an' they wouldn't let him. Man ashore told us they belonged to the *Good Intent*, but I know they're your men."

"Sam!" roared the skipper, with a sinking heart, as his glance fell on the recumbent figures in the boat; "come aboard at once, you drunken disgrace. D'ye hear?"

"I can't leave him," said Sam, whimpering.

"Leave who?" growled the skipper.

"Him," said Sam, placing his arms around the waterman's neck. "Him an' me's like brothers."

"Get up, you old loonatic!" snarled the waterman, extricating himself with difficulty, and forcing the other towards the side. "Now, up you go!"

Aided by the shoulders of the waterman and the hands of his superior officers, Sam went up, and then the waterman turned his attention to the remainder of his fares, who were snoring contentedly in the bottom of the boat.

"Now, then!" he cried; "look alive with you! D'ye hear? Wake up! wake up! Kick 'em, Bill!"

"I can't kick no 'arder," grumbled the other waterman.

"What the devil's the matter with 'em?" stormed the master of the *Thistle*. "Chuck a pail of water over 'em, Joe!"

Joe obeyed with gusto; and, as he never had much

HE SMOKED AND WROTE IN SILENCE.

of a head for details, bestowed most of it upon the watermen. Through the row which ensued, the *Thistle's* crew snored peacefully, and at last were handed up over the sides like sacks of potatoes; and the indignant watermen pulled back to the stairs.

"Here's a nice crew to win a race with!" wailed the skipper, almost crying with rage. "Chuck the water over 'em, Joe! Chuck the water over 'em!"

Joe obeyed willingly, until at length, to the skipper's great relief, one man stirred, and, sitting up on the deck, sleepily expressed his firm conviction that it was raining. For a moment they both had hopes of him, but as Joe went to the side for another bucketful, he evidently came to the conclusion that he had been dreaming, and, lying down again, resumed his nap. As he did so the first stroke of Big Ben came booming down the river.

"Eleven o'clock!" shouted the excited skipper.

It was too true. Before Big Ben had finished, the neighbouring church clocks commenced striking with feverish haste, and hurrying feet and hoarse cries were heard proceeding from the deck of the *Good Intent*.

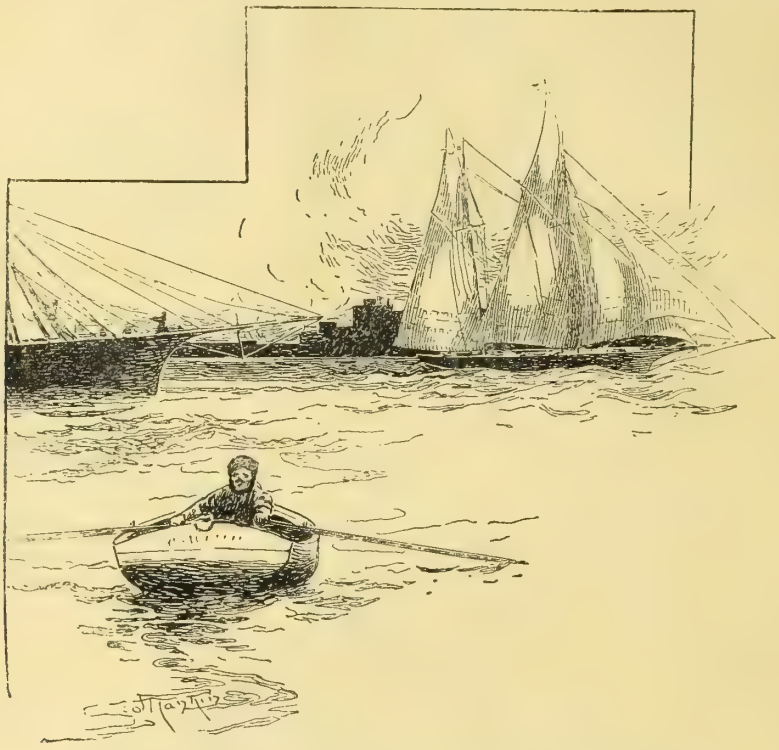
"Loose the sails!" yelled the furious Tucker. "Loose the sails! Damme, we'll get under way by ourselves!"

He ran forward, and, assisted by the mate, hoisted the jibs, and then, running back, cast off from the brig, and began to hoist the mainsail. As they disengaged themselves from the tier, there was just sufficient sail for them to advance against the tide; while in front of them the *Good Intent*, shaking out sail after sail, stood boldly down the river.

* * * * *

"This was the way of it," said Sam, as he stood before the grim Tucker at six o'clock the next morning, surrounded by his mates. "He came into the Town o' Berwick, where we was, as nice a spoken little chap as ever you'd wish to see. He said he'd been a-looking at the *Good Intent*, and he thought it was the prettiest

little craft 'e ever seed, and the exact image of one his dear brother, which was a missionary, 'ad, and he'd like to stand a drink to every man of her crew. O' course, we all said we was the crew direckly, an' all I can remember arter that is two coppers an' a little boy trying to giv' me the frog's march, an' somebody chucking pails o' water over me. It's crool 'ard losing a race, what we didn't know nothink about, in this way; but it warn't our fault—it warn't, indeed. It's my belief that the little man was a missionary of some sort hisself, and wanted to convert us, an' that was his way of starting on the job. It's all very well for the mate to 'ave highstirriks; but it's quite true, every word of it, an' if you go an' ask at the pub they'll tell you the same."



THE "GOOD INTENT" STOOD BOLDLY DOWN THE RIVER.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL ARMOUR.

Mechanical appliances have from time to time been introduced to protect the athletic knights of "the gridiron" from sudden death, but even these cannot wholly prevent strains and bone fractures. A knight of old, armed cap-à-pie, with corselet and greaves, and visor-hidden face, might break a lance with the social idol, but he could not kick with him, for the college sprinter would outdo him at every turn. In the window of a famous athletic goods establishment is displayed a lay figure ready for the noble sport of football. It resembles a compromise between an armoured lay figure in the Tower of London and the divers in submarine armour on the pier. Whether a man in this costume could stop bullets, like Herr Dowe, or defy a cable car, is immaterial. He is simply accoutred for sport. The most striking feature of the equipment is the head-gear, or head-harness. It is the result of an evolution. First the rubber mouthpiece, which gives the intensely excited player something to clinch his teeth on, and thereby prevent the breaking of the same by some sudden shock, was invented. Then the nose mask was designed by someone to protect a nasal bone already fractured from further injury. Now it is to come into genera. use as a preventive of first injury. Then came the padded guards for the ears, which seemed to suffer a good deal in the rushes. But previous to this shin protectors made of canvas and whalebone had been added to the quilted canvas knickerbockers (now adopted by base-ball tossers) and the tightly-laced canvas jacket. For the protection of the abdomen an ingenious arrangement of wire, cotton, and chamois-skin, was produced to fill a long-felt want, and a ready sale was found for elastic caps and supporters for shoulders, elbows, forearms, knee-caps, ankles, and wrists. An aspiring athlete clad in all of these extraneous adjuncts to the football-player's outfit would be safe from injury by anything short of a railroad collision. The nose-masks have been worn more numerously each season. The elaborate head-gear will be greatly in evidence during this season. It is made of light watchspring steel, leather straps with lamb's wool facings and vulcanised rubber.

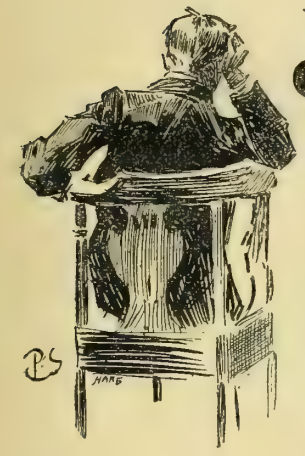
A wide band of leather, with the lambskin next to the flesh, passes across the forehead to the rear of the head. A centre strap, similarly constructed, passes back over the head. From the encircling band are wide padded straps, which encompass the ears in horseshoe shape and extend well forward to the cheeks. The rubber nose-mask, a stiff affair extending over the mouth and to the chin-line, is attached to the forehead strap and the cheek pieces. Four little slots in its widest part permit breathing. The whole harness is held securely in place by elastic bands under the chin and at the back of the head and neck by elastic bands and buckles. A team equipped with these unbeautiful arrangements might easily be mistaken for a crew of submarine divers or for a band of gnomes escaped from a Christmas pantomime. The eyes peer solemnly through the lamb's wool goggles, and a mere patch of the cheeks is presented to view. Yet it is questionable whether this harness in its very construction is not after all a temptation for a good, safe grasp by an adversary, with the subsequent churning of the head of the wearer until the surrounding turf will look as if pigs had been rooting there for potatoes. The gearing looks odd just now, but so did base-ball catchers' masks and body-shields when first introduced. The pioneers were unmercifully guyed. To-day a cautious club manager will not permit his players to dispense with the approved safeguards.—*Current Literature.*

A LAWYER'S LETTER.

BY

WILLIAM TURVILLE.

Illustrated by MAX COWPER.



JOHN WARBURTON had reached the nadir of misfortune.

Five years ago an unsuccessful solicitor, who, in spite of a life of hard work, could hardly do more than make both ends meet, he had suddenly come into a fortune of three thousand a year by the will of an eccentric relation.

Then he had come across Cynthia, was fascinated by her, and married her. Ah! what bliss it had been, in spite of the disparity of their ages.

And now a new will had been found. He had contested it, and been defeated. Had he won his case he would have been comparatively wealthy; now he was almost penniless. Worse than this, his wife, always fragile, fell ill, and passed rapidly into a galloping consumption.

As Warburton heard his doom, and realised all that it meant for his dainty, delicate Cynthia, he was filled with horror.

It would be only cruelty to tell her, for the doctor, who had just left the house, had assured him that she could not last another twenty-four hours.

Like most consumptives, she was confident of recovery, and used to declare she was getting better every day. She was often quite lively, and in the middle of her gaiety would drop off into a half-fainting state from pure exhaustion.

She had just dozed off thus, and John sat idly twirling in his hand a piece of paper he had mechanically picked up at his lawyer's office, when he received the overwhelming news of his loss. It was a blank sheet of their office note-paper, with the name of the firm at the top.

HE LOOKED AT HIS WIFE.

Suddenly his movements stopped, and a glad light shone in his eyes, and illumined his gaunt features with tenderness. He looked on his wife, who still slept.

Then he took up a pen—he was an expert engrosser—and for a few minutes was very busy.

Presently his wife awoke.

Brightly smiling, with a joyful air, he came forward to her, briskly, waving an open letter in his hand.

"Now, love, what will you give me for this?"

"Oh! John—what? Can it be?" And with the eagerness of a child, her trembling hands took the letter. She read it, and, bursting out into tears of joy, held out her arms. He folded her to his breast as he listened to her exclamations.

"Why, we shall be millionaires! Why didn't you let me open the letter? I know, you cunning old fox! If it had been bad news, you wouldn't have told me. Ah! well; it is all right now. I don't know how ever I shall be able to sleep to-night. It is too exciting. Just fancy! No more worrying about money! I feel almost too happy to live!" Presently—"How dull you are, John! Can't you realise our good fortune? No wonder, poor boy; you have been so buffeted about, and I have been such a burden to you, that now, when it has come, you can't take it in. But I will brighten you up as soon as I have got rid of this horrid cough. I tell you what. We are rich now. I should like some champagne, to drink success to our new fortune. Will you give me some?"

"What capital ideas you have, dear! I will go out and get some at once."

"Mind," she said, as he was going—"a magnum. We can afford it now. It doesn't matter if some of it is wasted."

"Of course not." He had about ten shillings in his pocket, and it was all the ready money in the house. "I won't be long."

He soon returned, and they drank together, but she could not take more than one glass. Then—

"Now, I am going to sleep, and you must hold my hand until I go off." Overpowered by the draught she had just drained so joyfully, she slept soundly for nearly an hour. With a little start, she awoke. "Oh! I have had such a lovely dream! Where am I? Oh, yes! I am getting confused. It is true and not a dream. Oh! John! we will be so happy now."

Joy was dancing in her eyes as they turned on him, and he kissed her lingeringly. As he did so, she sank limply in his arms, and her spirit sighed away.

* * * *

John Warburton took the letter that had served its purpose so well, folded it up, and put it away caressingly in his breast pocket. It was now more precious to him than when it had been a charter of wealth to her.

A STREET IN CHINA.

THE interest of the streets cannot be surpassed; all are narrow, and even this is further reduced by the singular manner of hanging out signboards at right angles to the shops, some suspended like the signs of old English inns, and some set up in carved and gilded stands at the corners of the shop. They are planks, ten to fifteen feet in height—black, scarlet, blue, white, and green, on which are embossed strange characters in scarlet or gold. Some shops hang up a pasteboard model of their goods: a satin skull cap, a conical straw hat, denote a hatter; a shoe for a shoemaker; a fan or an umbrella for the seller of these; a huge pair of spectacles on a great gilded dragon—each convey their invitations to all comers.

OUR EARTHLY WINGS.

I was alone on the road; a country road hardened by the sharp frost, which made the hedges glitter. I was flying through the keen air, and I felt that with every revolution of the pedals I breathed health and gathered strength for work. It was the last day of the year, and that was the last of my holiday rides. "The world and its cares will have to be faced again to-morrow," I said to myself. "A happy New Year to you, ma'am!" shouted at that moment the old village postman in his gruff yet kindly voice. I slackened speed to reciprocate the greeting; then I went on, on, until, as the sun was setting in a cloud of silver, I dismounted at my door. A few minutes later I was resting on the hearth-rug of my little drawing-room, my blood tingling from the lovely exercise, and my heart glad with that quiet happiness which the beauties of Nature always bring to it. Then I fell into a reverie, and to-day—a week later—I write the thoughts which came to my mind on New Year's Eve.

My Costume.

Why do women not take to bicycling more than they do? Is it laziness which prevents them? Is it nervousness? Surely the former reason is easily contradicted by the girl who will walk miles to fetch a novel from the circulating library. And certainly it cannot be nervousness, for are not English women the bravest among the brave of their sex? Can it be the dread of Mrs. Grundy? Poor, much-abused Mrs. Grundy! She is a dear old soul after all, and she means better than people think. Every day she proves to us that if we speak out our opinion to her she will smile benignantly on us. She only wants to be convinced. Years ago she was shocked at the sight of a woman climbing up to the top of a 'bus; now the good old dame herself ascends the stairs of our town cars. Formerly she went so far as to call "fast" any of the fair ones who dared to step in a hansom; nowadays Mrs. Grundy cannot bear to drive in a four-wheeler.

To my idea—I speak generally, of course—women are divided into two distinct parties; one of these is too much afraid of Mrs. Grundy, the other has not sufficient respect for her. Both appear to me to be wrong. In advocating bicycling for women, I do not say that I admire the girl who "scorches" the road on a diamond frame. Not that I, personally, condemn her for it, if she chooses to do so. But I should like her to feel that she looks more graceful when riding at moderate speed on a bicycle of dropped lines, and that the elegance of her seat can receive the same amount of appreciation as would the fact of her having beaten a record. The necessity of a more rigid frame cannot be adduced as an excuse if a really good machine is procured.

I find that the question of the cycling dress worries ladies unnecessarily. It did not trouble me long, for I settled it in my mind pretty quickly after my first fall. To insist that women should ride with a skirt is inartistic and cruel. Inartistic, for the gown looks dowdy; and cruel, because the practice in itself is very dangerous. Besides, do we join a shooting party on the moors in a low-necked ball-dress; and do we have a swim in our riding-habit? The skirt on a bicycle is equally out of place. Gaiters, too, I dislike; they are ungainly and uncomfortable. They seem to me an apology of the prude for the knickerbockers, and I do not see the need of any apology when I have the conviction of my opinion.

I cannot understand why, as soon as the autumn arrives, so many people steep their machines in vaseline, and give cycling up for the winter months. I found out, a long time ago, that it cannot be May all the year round on this earth; therefore, if I cannot gather roses in December I make the best of the prickly, winter holly. Thus, I go out for a short spin every day when work is over, no matter what the weather is. And I enjoy it. I was out from morning till dusk during my Christmas week—in the rain, in the wind, in the cold, on muddy roads, and on flint-stones. I experienced all the disadvantages which cycling is supposed to carry with it in the bitter season. Yet I must say that never did I feel better, sleep more soundly, or eat with so good an appetite than I do at present. I never caught cold, and my mind is now, after my holiday, fresh, and ready once more to grapple with my share of "the struggle for life." In this respect I feel as I do when I have been playing chess regularly for a fortnight.

If only one among my readers who may at this moment be feeling depressed and worried, who may be suffering from indigestion, and from all the ills which seem to accumulate on people who happen to be in the blues—if, I say, *only one* of them, after reading my words, were to put aside for a while all bottles of medicine, if she were to don a comfortable cycling costume (a becoming one, please), and try a bicycle, I would be happy. I would be happy, for ere long she would thank me for my advice. And when anyone thanks me for the advice I give them, I always feel quite sure that I have done them good.

Elvira Tarney-Archer.

If history has to be constantly rewritten it is not only because it has been badly written but because it is constantly forgotten.

EPISODES.*

One of the dictionary meanings to the word episode is "an interesting incident," and as this is the case it must be admitted that Mr. Street's little volume has fairly earned the right to its title. There is hardly a plot, in the generally accepted sense of the word, to be found in the twenty-one sketches that make up this volume. Mr. Street has given us that which is of more value than many plots—some real live characters, pictures of people who are living around us, and are loving, hating, marrying, divorcing, and eloping under our very eyes. It is not the author's fault if some of the men and women in his book are not very nice people. After all, it's the naughty children who are the most interesting. It must not be supposed, however, from this that all Mr. Street's characters have weak, erring natures. Some of the men have the right ideas about managing their lives, and they carry out their plans without displaying any priggishness. The first episode, for instance, records the doings of a man who was tempted to do a mean action and stopped in time. Lord Charles was a very poor man, and one day the devil, in the form of his maiden sister, put it in his power to blackmail a rich member of Parliament. Here is the way he met the temptation :—

> It is fair to say that Lord Charles had never done a mean thing in his life. He had never consciously told lies of an enemy or too much of the truth of a friend. He had never borrowed without intending to repay, or betrayed a secret. He was withal good-natured, would listen to anybody's grievances, and gave presents to his nephews.
>
> Nevertheless, Lord Charles put these questions to himself: When there were so many undiscovered blackguards, what did it matter to the world if Sir John continued to be one of these? Would it not be a good thing if some of the money of a brute like that were diverted to the pockets of an excellent and amiable person? If he made up his mind not to tell the secret in any case, would it be very base to plunder the Egyptians? Not to bargain, but to ask a loan.
>
> You see, the possibility of plundering a man he disliked, without hurting anybody else, had not occurred in his life before. I repeat my assertion that he had so far never done a mean thing. Lord Charles called on Sir John and showed him the letter. Sir John entreated, made excuses, and abased himself, and appeared to Lord Charles the most comtemptible hound he had ever seen. Sir John offered him money.
>
> "God damn you," said Lord Charles, "what the devil do you mean? If you were not such a cur, I'd ——"
>
> What he did was to walk out of the house. He did not tell the secret; he had made up his mind not to do so. Nor did he speak to Sir John again.
>
> It is rather a tame ending, not at all cynical. But you see Sir John was so very offensive a cur, and Lord Charles was a little fastidious. It was wholly impossible to ask such a man for a loan.

The careless reader of that last paragraph will miss the subtlety of Mr. Street's meaning. "Lord Charles was a little fastidious," and I gather from this that it was not the knowledge that he was doing a wrong action that prevented him from blackmailing the man; it was simply because his pride would not permit it. The whole book is full of touches of this kind. The author has studied his fellow men. He knows the secret impulses that prompt their actions, the terrible thoughts that force themselves into men's minds at the most inopportune moments, the hidden conflicts that passions cause. With this knowledge of human nature it is only to be expected that the greater number of these little scenes from real life are tragedies. Perhaps the best in the book is "The End of all Things." It is quite a simple story, told in the first person, of a faithless woman.

> "Madame died early this morning.—Lucile." That was to say Jean, whom I cared for more than for the rest of the world, was dead. It was Tuesday, no, Wednesday, that I saw her last. I was to dine with her that day. Jean was dead. We must look straight at facts and consider how they affect us. Let me think. All was over; Jean was dead; there was nothing to interest me. . . I remembered how a few mornings before I had read of some thousands of Chinese being destroyed by a flood, and had attempted, as I ate my breakfast, to realise what that fact meant, and had failed to find in myself an atom of genuine sympathy. As I sat with this telegram in front of me I was (I believe) for a while in the same case. A woman was dead; the fact confronted me, and I repeated it to myself mechanically. How it affected me I could not tell. Gradually her qualities, as I knew them, passed before my mind, as though I had called on my memory to answer a question asked of me. She was nominally English, and one took her at sight for a Frenchwoman. She was a widow and lived alone in a toy house, and we had argued about marriage and agreed it was too great a risk. We saw each other, by arrangement, three days a week; on the first of them she was absurdly domestic, on the second cynical and captious, on the third wild and a paradox. Her eyes were always contradicting her speech, and I never quite understood her smile. When I thought of her smile, I finished dressing quickly and went out and hailed a cab; I remember waving to a man I knew in the street.
>
> I pushed past the servant who opened the door and was going upstairs, when Lucile ran quickly down and stopped me. "Ah, no, Monsieur," she said, breathlessly, "you must not go in. Why distress oneself without cause? One cannot change things; it is better to go away." A sense of oddity struck through my stupor, and I looked down at Lucile. She was a pretty, demure little Frenchwoman, who Jean used to say was one of her two tyrants. As she raised her eyes for a moment she looked anxious, and not as though she had been crying. "Tell me," I said. "The doctor said it was the heart; he is coming back soon. It was late last night she was ill. She died peacefully, Monsieur, and her last words were of you. Poor Madame, I never thought she was not strong—that treacherous heart!" She pressed a hand against her breast, and I noticed a big emerald, which I remembered. She had followed my eyes and cried, "Ah, how I forget everything. I mean, Madame gave me the ring." "Damn the ring!" I said; "let me pass, Lucile." "Ah, no, no," she cried, and as I pushed her aside she clung to my arm; "it is a friend—he came by accident this morning, and would go up. I will tell him to go; come to the drawing-room. You must not compromise Madame."
>
> But something in her voice made me thrust her aside and go straight into the bedroom. A man rose from the side of the bed, and I stood facing one I had known all my life.
>
> Ideas seemed to rise up in my brain and hold each other at a deadlock. I remember nothing but that I turned on my heel and left the room. I heard him following me. Upstairs was a dead woman on a bed with what had seemed a smile upon her lips.

It may possibly be objected that some of these episodes are too slight, and the intention of the author almost too obscure, but this fault—if it be a fault—has a ready excuse. In reality the stories do not stop with the actual printing of them. There is far more thought in these little sketches than many an author would put into a long story. It would have been quite easy to expand any one of them, but Mr. Street has known better than to do this. He has passed over the uneventful years of men's lives and has given us glimpses of their few really important hours. The dullest of existences must have at least one red-letter day, either of crime or error.

This little book will not appeal to those whose one idea of a good book is that the reading of it shall make six hours seem as one. But it will be eagerly read by all who are trying to understand mysterious human nature, and who will therefore welcome gladly the many suggestions for fresh thought that this book contains.

I cannot compliment the publishers on the binding. Can it be that there is as much difficulty in being original in binding a book as in writing one? Meanwhile, the cover of each succeeding new book seems more hideous than its predecessors. In the present instance the title is almost hidden away, and the design of the whole thing is certainly not beautiful. Perhaps, however, we shall have this defect remedied in the later editions. The book really deserves a good binding.

W. P.

* Episodes, by G. S. Street. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—After all, there are satisfactions of a sort in being poor. One takes pleasure in one's own cleverness in contriving. When you come back from India you shall see what a talented creature your Susie has become. I have taken all sorts of pains with the cookery, and am beginning to think I may some day develop some talent in that line. We have sent away our stately and dignified cook, and are now managing with two servants only, and very well too. We have had gas-stoves put in in all bedrooms and sitting-rooms, an initial expense that enables us to be comfortable with far less work for the servants. I do not intend them to waste the gas either, and mean to be a strict supervisor in that particular. There are many ways of saving when you come to think of them, and of making a good appearance without spending a lot of money. Mother and I have been looking over our wardrobes, and seeing how we can manage to do without buying much. We shall manage capitally with what we had happened to buy at the cheap sales before the bad news of father's losses had come. Mother bought two or three dress lengths at first-class houses for about a fourth of their usual price, and also linings and remnants of silk for fronts, or bodices, or sleeves. One of these dresses is a crêpon with black "waves" on a moss-green ground. I have settled that mother is to have it made up with a moss-green silkette lining, with a little frill round the edge. The bodice will have a yoke of moss-green Bengaline or Oudine silk, outlined with some beautiful cut jet, that was once on a ruby velvet gown. You'll remember it? And the sleeves are to have long green cuffs, with a little pleated frill overhanging the hand, and some of mother's old lace inside. Old lace lasts for ever, you know, if only carefully cleaned and done up.

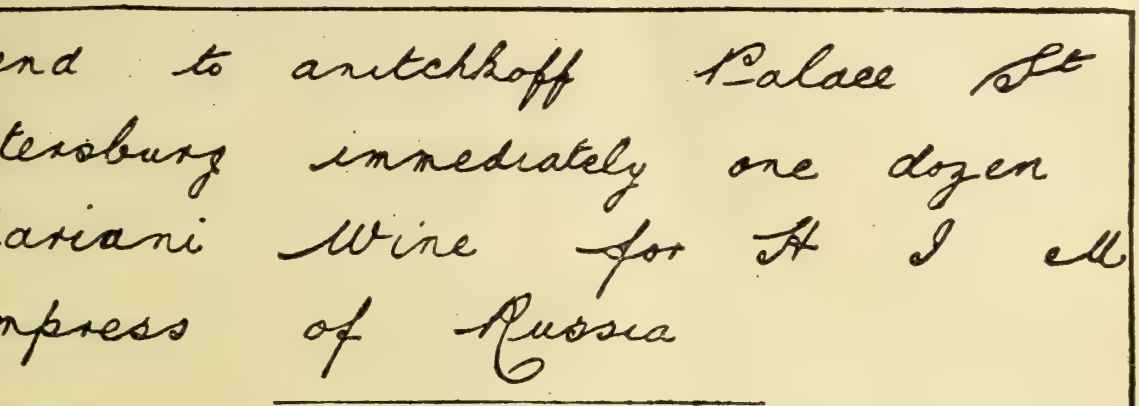
The fashionable skirt is about nine yards wide, but for everyday walking wear there is no necessity for any such extravagance. Five are quite enough. Do you remember a grey gown with black fur that I had two winters since? The fur is all right, for I had it done up when it was taken off the dress, and I am now having it put round the skirt of a dress in cornflower-blue serge, that I bought at Redfern's cheap sale for a few shillings. There is enough to border a collar of pale blue silk, over which I shall have my lovely old bit of Flemish point laid flat, and, edged with the dark fur, it will look lovely.

It is quite evident that both capes and skirts are going to be fuller than ever in the season. The beautiful dress at Jay's, of which I am sending you a sketch, has both very full. The gown is in a lovely shade of blue silk, neither sky nor turquoise, but between the two. The plain skirt is so full that it stands out in very large decided pleats all round, and at the back these are crowded closely together, so full are they. The arrangement of the cape is very similar, the folds hanging with a very large and liberal fulness. The material is blue satin, edged with a double frill of silk muslin to match, and there is, besides a double cape of the satin, the deep collar edged with sable. A ruff of the chiffon surrounds the neck, all cerulean softness and billowy lightness. At the back the collar stands up, clusters of pale pink roses showing at the base of it. Again, in front, pink roses nestle where the collar ceases, and tucked into the pretty corselet of heliotrope velvet embroidered in gold and silver and jewelled tints, is a bunch of violets with a gardenia or two. The long chiffon ends of the cape are edged with double frills of the chiffon. There is a quantity of detail in this very beautiful costume, for which reason it will be most useful as a guide to the very newest and most up-to-date modes of the day. Mother says, "Always get a gown from a good house, and then you need not be afraid that it will be out of fashion before you are tired of it."

AT MONTE CARLO.

The above is a dress for Monte Carlo, and is, of course, in the richest materials. But in the matter of outline, it will stand good for many a month as a model from which the most inexpensive costumes may be copied. The large and becoming hat was an O'Shanter crown

Telegram from Russia.



A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles of Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

Mariani Wine fortifies, nourishes, and stimulates the Body and Brain. It restores Health, Strength, Energy, and Vitality.

Bottles, 4s.; Dozen, 45s., of Chemists and Stores, or Carriage Paid from WILCOX & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London, W.

"Get the **CRÊME DE VIOLET** sold by Le Frere et Cie. It is a splendid preparation for the skin, and if you will persevere in its use, you will find all those ugly spots and discolourations disappear, and in addition to this you will find the texture of the skin gradually improve, becoming soft and delicately tinted, the greatest ornament next to a sweet expression, that any face could have. The violet cream can be had through druggists or perfumers, or direct from the makers. If you have really been so foolish as to try cosmetics as a means of embellishing a faulty skin, you cannot do better than persistently use the Creme de Violet, for it will gradually do away with all ill effects left by the paint. It has a very delicious perfume of a refined kind."
"SUZETTE" in "TO-DAY."

Of Chemists and Perfumers; price **1s.** and **2s. 6d.** (see that the signature—LE FRERE ET CIE—is on the label); or sent direct, post free, in plain wrappers, 3d. extra from—

LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

MADAME CORISANDE—Skin and Hair Specialist.
The greatest success of the year, "Cream Corisande," matchless for delicate skins, combines healing and beautifying qualities, **2/9** and **5/3**. "The Lady Corisande Hair Cleanser" for adults and children, **1s. 6d.** "The Lady Corisande Hair Food," **2/9** & **5/3**. Only address 548, Oxford St., Hyde Pk., W.

ARABINE MARKING INK FOR LINEN IS THE BEST! **6D.** PER BOTTLE.
NO HEATING OR MIXING REQUIRED.
Can be had from Stationers, Chemists, or the
Manufacturer: DAVID FLEMING, 69, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

HEIGHT INCREASED
Three Inches without detection by PINET'S Boot and shoe Elevator (Patented).—Mons. PINET, L 56, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Pamphlet and Testimonials one stamp.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE on or before THURSDAY, January 31st, 1895.

The following information was received by cable on January 9th:—"Estimate of ore in sight, 10,000 tons, which will average 3 oz. to the ton."

The WEST AUSTRALIAN MINE OWNERS' EXPLORATION SYNDICATE (Limited) INVITE SUBSCRIPTIONS for SHARES in the undermentioned undertaking:—

KING SOLOMON'S GOLD MINES (Limited).

Claims 82 and 376 (24 acres), Coolgardie Goldfields, Western Australia. Capital £75,000, in 75,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 25,000 are taken by the Vendor in part payment for the property, and the balance of 50,000 Shares are now offered for public subscription at par. Payable—2s. on Application, 8s. on Allotment, 5s. one month after Allotment, and the balance as and when required.

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N. M. HOWITT, Consulting and Mining Engineer, 16, Tavistock Street, W.C., and 52, Queen Street, Melbourne.

GEORGE LEWIS, Cookham Dene, Berks.

C. L. MORAN, Chairman, Perth and Coolgardie Stock Exchanges, member for Coolgardie, Local Director.

* JAMES PUTNEY, 85, Gower Street, W.C.

JOHN S. READ, Stock Exchange, Perth, W.A., Local Director.

* Will join after allotment.

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SECRETARY
JAMES B. HUTCHINS.

OFFICES (PRO. TEM.)
11, Great George Street, Westminster, S. W.; 50, Broad Street House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire and work "The King Solomon's Gold Mines," two claims comprising 24 acres, and numbered 82 and 376, situated 300 yards from Coolgardie township, in the colony of Western Australia, and in close proximity (about a quarter of a mile) to "Bayley's Reward" claim.

Particular care has been taken to ascertain the value of this property, and it has been reported on by Mr. C. E. Watkins, C.E., M.E., L.S., Manager of "The Big Blow" Gold Mining Company, and Mr. T. E. Warn, M.E., Manager of "The Coolgardie and Dundas" Gold Mining Company, and Manager and Director of the "Great Republic" Gold Mining Company. The full reports, as well as copy of information furnished by Mr. Read, of Perth, well known as an authority on mines, accompany the Prospectus.

Special attention is drawn to the following features:—

The amount of development work done on the property. One shaft on December 3rd being down 127 ft. 6 in.

The plentiful supply of suitable water struck at a depth of 120 ft., and rapidly increasing as depth is attained. This supply will materially affect and considerably reduce the cost of working, as it will enable the battery to be placed in close proximity to the reef. This fact makes this particular property exceptionally valuable.

The latest telegram received from Mr. Read estimates the ore now in sight as 10,000 tons, which will average 3 oz. of gold to the ton; this, at only £3 15s. per ounce, would realise £112,500

The lode formation at main shaft has been proved for over 20 feet wide, carrying gold all through.

The property is at present being developed under the direction of Mr. Read. The Manager reports as follows:—

November 26th.—"Since my last, have sunk the main shaft 3 ft., total 124 ft. 6 in., still in hard Diorite, highly mineralised. If the water keeps increasing, as it has done the last few days, we will be able to start crushing in three or four weeks. You are aware there is a 2-head battery with a 4-H.P. engine on the claim."

December 3rd.—"Since last report have sunk the main shaft 3 ft., total 127 ft. 6 in. No. 2 shaft driven 4 ft. 6 in., total 59 ft. 6 in. Passed through several quartz leaders, all carrying fine gold. Expect to strike the reef within a few weeks."

December 12th.—"Main shaft now down 130 ft. Water increasing as sinking is continued, and we have now thousands of tons of payable stuff which could be raised for treatment. All we require is a 10-head battery and good supply of water. It is necessary now to continually bale, in order to keep the water below the timber in the shaft."

December 21st.—Since writing the above, they have had over an inch of rain at Coolgardie, with the result that the dam at King Solomon's was filled to overflowing.

For particulars of contracts see full prospectus.

The Vendors have fixed the price to be paid for the property at £55,000, payable as follows:—(1) £5,500 in cash; (2) £24,500 in cash or fully-paid Shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully-paid Shares, at the option of the Directors; and of £25,000, in fully-paid Shares.

of pale mirror-green velvet, and a brim of plaited cream-coloured chenille, quite a novelty. A light drapery of black chiffon makes a sort of delicate mist over this, the effect of which is intensified by the feathery aigrette rising from it. Shaded roses, in tones of crimson and aubergine, form the trimming, some of them resting on the hair just above the ear at the left side.

We saw some lovely bodices while there, one of which was made entirely of chiffon in a bright rose colour, with black velvet and black lace introduced as a softening and modifying influence. The chiffon was accordion-pleated in both sleeves and bodice.

I mean to be quite thorough in my new system of economising. I have discovered a place where I can have accordion-pleating done at a very moderate price, and with my bodice pattern cut to fit so beautifully by the Scientific Dress-cutting Association, I shall begin to turn out lovely things with the aid of a Singer sewing-machine. Materials are so cheap, you know, that the home dressmaker can manage to "go beautifully" for a very small outlay. So don't be too sorry for your affectionate

SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

DEVILLED MEAT—RÉCHAUFFÉ.—Cut the cold meat in small thick pieces, and put them on to simmer slowly for an hour in stock made from the bones, or a little gravy. Mix in a basin four tablespoonfuls of brown stock, one of curry-powder, one of ketchup, one of tarragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of raw mustard, a grain or two of cayenne, and a saltspoonful of salt. Beat all these ingredients well together. Pour the mixture into a frying-pan. When it is hot, lift out the pieces of meat from the stew-pan and lay them in it. Turn them once or twice, and serve them very hot with the sauce poured over them. Keep the liquor in which they were stewed as a foundation for soup or sauce.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Ingredients :— Two tins of thoroughly good oysters, one teacupful of very dry bread-crumbs or pounded biscuit, two ounces butter, half pint of milk or cream, pepper to taste, a little salt. Cover the bottom of a baking-dish, well buttered, with a layer of crumbs, and wet these with the cream, put on spoonful by spoonful. Pepper and salt, and strew with minute bits of butter. Next put in the oysters with a little of their liquor. Pepper them, stick bits of butter in among them, and cover with dry crumbs until the oysters are entirely hidden. More pieces of butter, very small, are arranged thickly on top. Set in the oven, invert a plate over it to keep in the flavour, and bake until the juice bubbles up to the top. Remove the cover, and brown on the upper grating for two or three minutes—certainly not longer. Send to table in the baking-dish.

HYGEIA.—Frame-food soda scones are delicious, and very wholesome and nutritious. Here is the recipe, as given in the capital little cookery book published by the proprietors of the excellent frame-food. Ingredients : Two pounds of pastry flour, two ounces of castor sugar, three ounces of butter, a large teaspoonful of frame-food extract, a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of cream of tartar, and one pint of milk, just warmed enough to "take the chill off." Mode : Mix the flour, extract, sugar, and cream of tartar, rub the butter in until as fine as breadcrumbs, put the soda in the milk, and mix the whole to a light dough, handling very little, and as lightly as possible. Divide into four parts, roll out, and cut each into four scones. Bake on a greased tin in a sharp oven for *about* twenty minutes. When almost done, brush them over with a teaspoonful of milk (tepid) in which a morsel of butter and a lump of sugar have been dissolved.

ECONOMY PUDDING.—Take all the pieces of stale (but not musty) bread in the larder, put them in a basin, pour boiling water over them to completely cover them, and put a close lid on the basin—a plate turned upside down will do. In an hour strain off all the water, beat the bread with a fork, add two eggs to every quart after beating them well, with half a pound of well-picked sultanas and half a pound of blanched chopped almonds, sweeten the mixture to taste, and mix all well together. Tie the pudding up in a cloth that has been wrung out of boiling water and thoroughly well floured, plunge it in boiling water, and let it boil for three hours. Serve with sauce as above.

NINCOMPOOP.—If you are tired of the old rose brocade, turn the skirt into a petticoat. Keep the sleeves as they are, and have a bodice to wear with them made of pale pink satin covered with accordion-kilted chiffon. If you want it very up-to-date, have the reversed pleating, some of the folds of which go one way, some another. This is quite the latest development of kilting.

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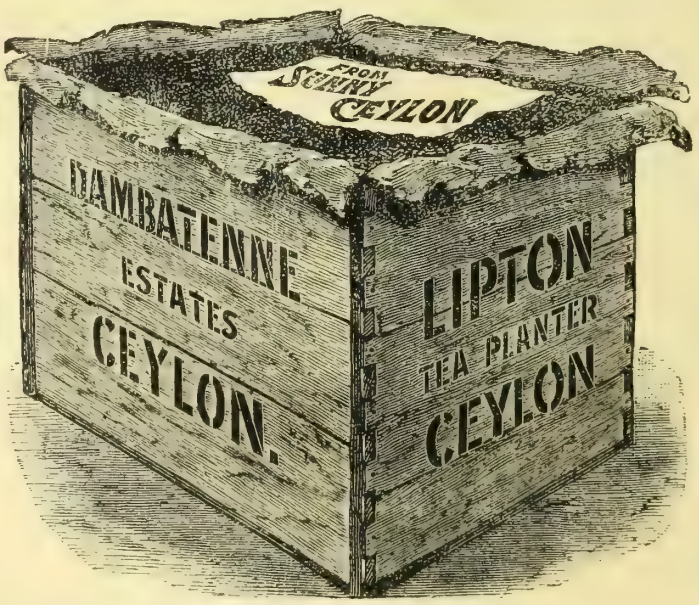

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

There is no day in all the year, except St. Andrew's Day, so dear to North Britons, in whatever part of the globe they may be gathered, as the anniversary of Robert Burns's birth—the 25th of January. My old customer Mr. (George) Eric Mackay, the foremost Scotch poet of the day, was oddly enough born on this anniversary. Which year it was I cannot say, for I do not find the date of his birth recorded in any of the books of reference in which his name occurs. His father was a poet also, the celebrated Charles Mackay, whose "Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry" is one of the most popular anthologies in the English language. Mr. Eric Mackay's first book that I find recorded was "Songs of Love and Death." Both "Pygmalion in Cyprus" and "Ad Reginam" were published under the pseudonym of "George Eric Lancaster." His most popular poem is, of course, "The Love Letters of a Violinist," which has just gone into its thirty-fifth thousand. I hope ere long to have copies on sale of the sumptuously illustrated edition, which is being brought out in the United States. Mr. Mackay is a half brother of the celebrated novelist Miss Corelli.

* * * *

Another customer, who must be nameless, but who has the very best opportunity of knowing, tells me that the delightful article on Robert Louis Stevenson, which appeared in the *Saturday Review* a week or two back, was, as the initials "M. R." would have indicated, by that able novelist, Mr. Morley Roberts. None of the numerous notices of the author of "Treasure Island" which I read gave such a vivid, exquisitively sketched picture of Stevenson in Samoa. The matter was fresh and the style artistic to the last degree. Mr. Roberts was one of the last people in this country who saw him.

* * * *

Mr. Percy White, whose "A King's Diary" Cassell and Co. announce in some special pocket form (I presume of the *Pseudonym* and *Acme* order), was the author of one of the best and most successful books I added to my library last year—"Mr. Bailey Martin"—a ruthless exposure of middle-class snobbery at Surbiton, purporting to be autobiographical. The book was trenchant, witty, and brilliant to the last degree. Mr. White, a tall handsome man, with dark eyes, and almost golden hair, and a face brimming over with *bonhommie*, as well as brains, is editor of *Public Opinion*, and was until recently one of the editors of the *Evening News*.

* * * *

I expect "Modern Sea-Fishing"[1] to be one of the best selling of all Messrs. Longmans' excellent Badminton Library, for it is to be edited by John Bickerdyke, and will contain contributions by Mr. W. Senior, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Red-Spinner," is an oracle to thousands of sporting men who read *The Field*, and what English-speaking sporting man does not? Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, the spirited young newspaper proprietor, who equipped the more or less successful expedition to the North Pole last year, will also contribute.

* * * *

Am stocking a number of copies of Mrs. B. M. Croker's "Mr. Jervis"[2] (Chatto), which seems, at a hurried glance, to be the best book that charming writer has yet produced. My Irish patrons tell me that Colonel Croker has a delightful country house about eight miles outside Dublin, and that Mrs. Hungerford in all her books has never described a more beautiful and charming Irish girl than Mrs. Croker's daughter.

* * * *

Dr. Arabella Kenealy, whose "Some Men are Such Gentlemen"[3] I have added to my library, is the author of "Dr. Janet, of Harley Street," and of "Molly and Her Man of War," from which I quoted such a brilliant episode in To-Day, a year ago. She is a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Kenealy, who defended the Tichborne Claimant.

* * *

Miss Kenealy should, of course, have been included in my list of doctors who write *belles lettres*, as should Dr. Gordon Stables, the beloved of thousands of boy readers—a retired Naval officer who, though not much over fifty, has written seventy-five books, many of which, like "Our Friend the Dog," and "The Cruise of the Snowbird," are household words.

* * * *

A correspondent asks where he can find a life of that brilliant romance writer, Mr. Stanley J. Weyman. I am pretty sure that the reader's friend, *The Bookman* (published by Hodder and Stoughton), has given one, and I know that Mr. R. H. Sherard, author of the delightful biography of Daudet recently brought out by Mr. Edward Arnold, has done one for an American magazine. My correspondent might write to Mr. Sherard, care of his publisher.

* * * *

Here is a description of Daudet, who is about to visit England, quoted by Mr. Sherard from Théodore de Banville:—

"A marvellously charming head, the skin of a warm and amber-coloured paleness, the eyebrows straight and silken; the eye bright, burning, and liquid, at once fiery and moist—lost in dreams, it sees nothing, but it is delicious to look upon; the voluptuous dreamy mouth, purple with blood, the soft and child-like beard, the abundant dark hair, the small and delicate ear, combine in an *ensemble* which is proudly virile, in spite of its feminine grace." I use Mr. Sherard's translation.

* * * *

There is no surer sign of an author's popularity than his becoming the subject of a bet. Two men have had a dispute about the date of publication of "The Manxman,"[4] the number of editions, whether it has been dramatised, and the nationality of Hall Caine? I will ask Mr. Hall Caine next time that the great novelist drops into my shop. I meant to have mentioned by-the-way, that the magazine which his brother is editing, and in which he takes so much interest, is being published by Mr. Horace Cox at the *Field* and *Queen* office.

* * * *

Mr. F. T. Neely, of Chicago, who is bringing out the American edition of Miss Elizabeth Banks's interesting "Campaigns of Curiosity," had the honour of publishing a great curiosity—a book written in a state of unconciousness by Mr. Walter Besant, called as far as I remember, for I bought it on my American tour, the "Chaplain's" something or other. I say written in a state of unconsciousness, partly because Mr. Besant had not the slightest knowledge of it until his attention was drawn to it, and partly because it does not exhibit a single characteristic of our great novelist's writing, in other words, it was a new form of literary theft—that of stealing the novelist himself as a label for somebody else's writing. I was pointed out Mr. Neely at one of the evening receptions given by Mrs. Frank Leslie in her New York flat—receptions catholic enough to include a bookseller like myself. Mr. Neely is the most accomplished amateur whistler in the United States, and the name under which he trades is F. Tennyson Neely.

* * * *

Dr. Gordon Hake, the poet, who has just died at the ripe age of eighty-six, was a happy man. He lived long enough to see his son achieve a first-class success in the world of letters. I refer of course to Mr. Egmont Hake, author of the "Life of General Gordon," and many other well-known books. He was a relation of the Hero of Khartoum. At one time or another Dr. Hake came

into my shop with almost every famous literary man of two generations.

* * * *

I hope to do extremely well with Mr. Frederick Greenwood's "Imagination in Dreams,"[5] just brought out by Mr. John Lane. It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence which this old and valued customer of mine has exercised on his generation. The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its first Conservative administration, and the founder of the *St. James's Gazette* when the Conservatives went out of office at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he has been one of the unpolitical chiefs of the Conservative Party for many years. It would be superfluous to mention his brilliance as a writer, or his goodness to emerging talent.

* * * *

Messrs. A. and C. Black's fine edition of Scott's poems, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, of which the first volume has just been issued, comes very opportunely. There has been a distinct rehabilitation of Scott's poems, which ought never to have been "seconded." When are critics going to recognise how many of Wordsworth's best qualities are shown by the more human and manly and romantic Scott? Messrs. Black's will be the edition which I shall stock, for the future, of so steadily selling a poet.

* * * *

At a private ladies' reading club in Bayswater, the other night, a lawyer produced and handed round a number of unpublished letters from George Eliot to himself about legal questions in one of her books. She would also see him two or three times a week while she was writing it. I mention this to show her wonderful attention to correctness of detail.

* * * *

One of my customers who was present, tells me that the second dinner of the "New Vagabonds" was as successful as the first. Mr. Douglas Sladen, who was in the chair, coupled the name of Mr. Yorke Powell, the new Regius Professor at Oxford, with that of Mr. Joseph Knight, the guest of the evening. Mr. Knight gave a very entertaining account of the Vagabond Clubs of two generations ago, and Mr. William Nichol, the great tenor singer, took the Club by storm with his "Loch Lomond."

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. (Sunderland).—Try Mr. Kimpton, Medical Bookseller, Holborn, London, W.C. He is likely to have them, and will inform you of the price.

J. P. H.—"Peck's Bad Boy" is published by Gay and Bird, with 100 illustrations, at 3s. 6d. There is also a cheap edition published by Routledge at 6d.

D. C. P.—The two-volume edition, 2s. 6d. each, published by Chapman and Hall, would suit you.

---

1. "Modern Sea-Fishing." By John Bickerdyke. (Longmans, price not stated.)
2. "Mr. Jervis." By Mrs. B. M. Crocker. (Chatto, 3 vols., 15s. net.)
3. "Some Men are Such Gentlemen." By Dr. Arabella Kenealy. (Digby and Long, 6s.)
4. "The Manxman." By Hall Caine. (Heineman, 6s.)
5. "Imagination in Dreams." By Mr. Frederick Greenwood. (John Lane, 5s. net)

THE MARSEILLAISE.

The Marseillaise was written by Rouget de Lisle, an artillery officer, during the French Revolution. His brother served in the army with distinction, and lived on into the reign of Louis XVIII. A lady of the Court once asked him, "How is it, my dear General, that your services were so poorly recognised by the King?" "Family matters, madame," replied the general. "I have a niece who has done me no end of harm." "A niece? Who is she?" "My poor brother's daughter." "Indeed! Did your poor brother leave a daughter behind him?" "Yes, madame, the Marseillaise, and I have never been forgiven her existence."

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Is I was 'awst my opinyun of helectriserty, I shud sye as I likes the helectric light, but the helectriserty itself is a bit too unsuttun in the temper ter soot my fancy. Blimey, yer cawnt tike up a noos-piper nar-a-dyes withort comin' acrost an accarnt of some pivement bein' bloowed up throo the helectric wires runnin' underneath it. It mye be as the helectriserty gets mixed up with a gas-leak, or it mye be through it 's jist 'avin' gone wrong on its own. Thet I leaves ter them as studies the subjic, which I don't perfess ter do. Hall I sye it thet these ascerdunts is gettin' a sight too commun, and, mind yer, yer ain't sife anywheer nar-a-dyes. Theer's the helectriserty runnin' under the pivements and under the road-wye, and the 'ole caboodle mye bust up any minnut. I can tell yer, it's mikin' some folks pretty nervous. Nar theer's a awnt of mine; she's a ole lyedy, and a widder, merried well, and is nar living on whort 'e left her, and whort she gets by pline dress-mikin'. And very nicely horf she is tew, with a 'ouse to 'erself in the best pawt o' Wandsworth, as they sticks 'er twenty-ite paund a year fur. Nar thet 'ouse as a helectric bell ter the front-door, and very prard of it she yoosed ter be tew—helectriserty bein' a noo thing when she fust took the 'ouse, and a good deal spoke of. Well, hever since she 'eard o' these awxidents throo the helectric wires, she ain't bin heasy in 'er mind abart thet bell, expectin' of it ter egsplode constunt. Fust she pinned a notice on 'er front door: "Do not ring this bell" So in course hev'ry boy in the street went up 'er clean steps fur ter read thet notice, and then rung the bell and bolted to show 'is bloomin' inderpendence. Boys will be boys, and yer cawnt storp 'em. So she took the notice down, and went for ter cut the wire 'erself, jest that moment another boy 'appens ter ring the bell, and she says as it give 'er a shock all darn the harm. Anywye, she 'ad a man in to tyke the old thing awye, and cost 'er a bob. And it might a cost 'er a survering, but she'd 'ave 'ad it done. When she's mide 'er mind up abart anythink, orbstinit's no wurd fur 'er, so nar, if yer goes to see 'er, yer 'as to knock, and if she 'ears yer she let's yer in, and if she don't yer stops outside. Me or my missus goes ter 'ave a look at 'er ev'ry nar and then. Yer see, she's no childring of 'er own, an' when Proverdunce tikes 'er she'll leave a bit. I cawn't sye what it 'ull be egsactly, na 'av she's left it, she bein' close on the subjic. But 'arever any time as yer spends on a aunt with money and no childring ain't time throwed awye—does 'er good an' mye do yerself good. Well, as I were sayin', abart thet helectriserty—'Ankin's ideer is as hall them wires orter run over'ead sime as the telygrawph. Thet's whort I calls halterition fur halterition's sike. If they'd run over 'ead 'e'd 'ave said they orter 'ave run darn below. We've gort a sight tew many over 'ead wires in London as it is. Yer don't want ter blort art the bloomin' dye-light, do yer? Then agin', when them wires brak, which they would, we shud 'ave wus awxidents nor ever. No, as I said afore, I don't understan' the subjic, an' I leaves it ter them as do, an' if they kin avoid blowin' up my 'bus I'll be obliged to 'em. 'Ankin aint that sort. 'E'll talk abart anythink. 'E were talkin' abart this helectriserty to 'er. She as knows no more abart it nor 'Ankin does. "Kin yer tell me whart helectriserty is?" "It's a sorter gas," says she. "No it aint," says 'Ankin, "it's a kind of bloomin' thrill." "Prove it," says she. An' 'e couldn't. We larft at 'im.

THE NEGRO OF SONG.

By Barry Pain.

I want it to be quite understood that I have done with the Negro of Song. He may now go away.

I should not speak like this if I had not reason. I am not telling the Negro of Song to die. That is what he is always doing; for my part, I would rather not die at all than make so much fuss about my own simple and perfectly commonplace death as the negro habitually does about his. I have no objection to his head being bare and his matted hair being buried (prematurely) in the sand. That is all right; one must have English Poetry, if only for the purposes of the Latin Elegiacs. It is when it comes to the songs that are sung, that the negro annoys me. The lights are always low. May Afric's sunny fountains roll down Greenland's icy mountains, if I can stand such sickening monotony! I would sooner roll down the icy mountains myself, than hear once more that allusion to the defective illumination of the Negro's death-scene. Then there is the Negro's excessive and terrible familiarity with the angels. He thinks he hears the angels calling "Poor Old Joe." I cannot believe it. I will not believe it. When he tells me that Sister Mary walks like that, I have nothing to say; he knows Sister Mary, and I do not; if he chooses to ridicule her misfortunes in the public streets, that is his affair. But when he tells me that the angels talk like that, I utterly decline to listen to him. I have not so low an opinion of the Hereafter.

And I do not think that his past life justifies his presumption. "I lub a lubbly gal, I do!" he says.

The sternest moralist would have nothing to say to that. But how does he continue? "And I hab lubbed a gal or two." Shocking! He goes on to inform us that we may bet he knows how a girl "should be lubbed." This is too monstrous. More missionaries is what we want. Something must be done to stem this furious tide of flirtation. One does not dispute the man's temptations; if her eyes are like the sparkling waters of the Ohio, of course, being a man, he should be impressed by it. But his lovesongs are like the table waters that have been opened for a fortnight—they have gone flat; they are unseemly.

His virtues are worse than his vices. His domesticity would even sicken a suburb—it is *so* domestic. He smells the cakes a-baking that Susy's been a-making. That is his high ideal. His wife does the cooking, and he sits in a long sweet ecstacy, drinking in the fragrance of food, enjoying food by anticipation, with all his soul sunk in thoughts of food. As he dreams of his coming supper, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." That is where Hornsey Rise and Africa clasp hands in sympathy. Of course, Susy has children—wildly, improbably, too many children. They clasp his knees. I am not a cruel man; but if a child clasped my knees, I would strike it. Yet, for the purposes of song, he is hardly ever a father, in name; he is called an uncle—"Old Uncle Pete"—and everybody loves him. There is no taste in the tropics. He is fond of his home; he is so terribly fond of his home that for three verses at a time he will talk about nothing else. One song, in particular, still madly to my memory rushes, no matter where I rove. It presupposes an interest in the negro's private and personal affairs which I, for one, do not take. It is full of the most over-ripe, dropping, flaccid, fly-consumed sentimentality that ever attracted a British audience.

Then there is his music. The negro of song is always musical. Yet does he express a wish to attend the next Richter concert? Never. He wants to hear the baby's tumming down in his good old home. That is all that he wants. On one occasion he tells us to hang up the shovel and the hoe. We can believe that; the sentimentalist never does a decent day's work if he can help it. But he also bids us to hang up the fiddle and the bow. Is it likely? If you did hang them up, he would take them down again, and ten minutes afterwards be blasting and blighting the crops of an entire cotton plantation by playing "Belle Mahone" too out of tune for halting human speech to express. His vices are bad, his virtues are worse, but his accomplishments taken alone are simply enough to account for the influenza.

After that, it is a vain thing to speak of his dialect. He says "ob" instead of "of." He is proud of it; yet I could teach a child to pronounce as badly as that. He calls his wife "honey"; if she were a lady, she would resent it, but she never does. No, I am tired of the negro of song. I never liked him, and now much iteration has made me mad. Therefore, I bid him to go away. The world is large; there is a land beyond England, the geographies tell us. Let him experiment upon France; soon afterwards the French nation would pay him highly to go and experiment upon Germany. Used as a weapon, he would supersede the torpedo, and add to the horrors of war. Or, if he is so fond of his good old home, let him go to it. Let him go to Africa, where, I fervently believe, he does not exist, and never has existed.

(By arrangement with "The Granta."

In George III.'s time, Colonel Gardner went out to India in his service. He says, "When a young man, I was entrusted to negotiate a treaty with a native prince. During the consultation, a curtain near me was pulled back, and I saw the most beautiful black eyes in the world. I forgot the treaty; I felt flattered that this lovely creature should dare to gaze on me. To what danger might she be exposed, should the natives see her? On leaving, I discovered that this bright-eyed beauty was the daughter of the prince. I demanded her in marriage. Her father was at first indignant, but as ambassador, he did not dare to refuse me, and finished by consenting. 'Remember,' said I, 'it will be useless to try and deceive me. I shall know those eyes again, nor will I marry any other.' On the day of the marriage I raised the veil, and in the glass placed between us, according to custom, I saw the wonderful eyes that had bewitched me. Our marriage probably saved both our lives. I had a more narrow escape from another Indian prince. In 1803, when war broke out with England, he tied me to a gun, and threatened to blow me from it if I refused to fight my countrymen. Finding me firm, he untied me, and put me in charge of a guard. Walking along a steep cliff by the river, I was suddenly seized with the thought of a dash for liberty. I shouted 'Bismillah,' and threw myself down the precipice. None liked to follow me, but they sounded the alarm. I swam for life, but they were gaining. I made for some reeds, and with only my mouth above water, waited till they had passed. I managed to reach the British lines in the disguise of a grass cutter."

When the Duke de Valentinois, son of Alexander VI., visited Louis XII. of France, his horse was loaded with gold leaves, according to Brantôme, and his cap had double rows of rubies that threw out a great light. Charles of England had ridden in stirrups hung with four hundred and twenty-four diamonds. Richard II. had a coat valued at 30,000 marks, which was covered with balas rubies. Hall described Henry VIII., on his way to the Tower, previous to his coronation, as wearing a jacket of raised gold, the sleeves embroidered with diamonds and other rich stones, and a great Vanderike about his neck of large balasses. "The favourites of James I. wore earrings of emeralds, set in gold filagrane. Edward II. gave to Piers Gaveston a suit of red gold armour, studded with jacinths, a collar of gold roses, set with turquoise stones, and a skull cap parsemé, with pearls. Henry II. wore jewelled gloves, reaching to the elbow, and had a hawk-glove sewn with twelve rubies and fifty-two great orients. The ducal hat of Charles the Rash, the last Duke of Burgundy, of his race, was hung with pear-shaped pearls, and studded with sapphires.

IN THE CITY.

MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

The rumour has been about for some little time past that Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams is no longer to preside in the Court which deals with companies winding-up business. We have not credited this statement, but we fear it is no longer open to doubt that Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams is to be transferred. We would not believe, whilst it was possible to doubt the announcement, that so scandalous a change would be sanctioned by the Government—for scandalous it will be in the highest degree.

We start with the fact that Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams does not want to have this company business taken from him. Nor can it be pretended that the public interest would benefit by the change. There are judges of the High Court as able, it may be more able, than Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams; there may be judges of the High Court as conversant with company law as Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams; there may be judges of the High Court as indifferent to official and other rank when fraud has to be unearthed as Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams. But where is the judge of the High Court who has *proved* himself to be so impervious to the pressure brought to bear by men in high place as Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams proved himself to be in the New Zealand Loan and Merchantile Agency matter? The *Law Journal* says plainly that it is because he was so fearless in that business that he is to be transferred, and what our contemporary says with the weight that justly attaches to its statements upon such subjects public opinion will endorse if the transfer be made.

Let us recall the position of the men who were affected by Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams' determination to bring to light the whole truth with regard to the action of the directors of this Agency Company. First and foremost there was the President of the Board of Trade, the head of the Department whose duty it was to insist upon public inquiry. That Department did all it could to burke inquiry in the light of day; and it was only Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams's strenuous insistence that compelled it, with the result that the President of the Board of Trade had to resign. Then there were Sir James Fergusson and Sir John Gorst, leading members of Lord Salisbury's administration, Sir George Russell, just elected chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and Sir Edward Stafford, a colonial magnate. We all know how these gentlemen fought in the Courts against public inquiry into their conduct as directors. Those who were present will not readily forget the duel between their champion, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, and the pressure that was brought to bear upon the judge not to insist upon public inquiry may be better imagined than described. But he knew his duty and did it. The inquiry was held, and who is there that will say in the light of the facts brought out that it ought not to have been held, as it was held, publicly.

But these are not the only high-placed directors whose action as company directors requires to be inquired into, and will be if Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams continues to preside in the Bankruptcy Court. And so he is to be removed! As well might a rat hope for mercy from a terrier as a defaulting director expect to escape from Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams because he is a peer or a cabinet minister, or something of that sort. And so Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams is to be transferred! Well, if the men in power are parties to this plot the Press has a plain duty to perform, and that is to baulk it. Lord Rosebery, whose nonsensical reference to Mr. Mundella's "chastity of honour" is remembered, may not trouble himself one way or another, but Lord Herschell's assent must be obtained before any such transfer is made, and if, as we are compelled to assume, that assent has been given, it will have to be revoked.

HULL BROTHERS, LIMITED.

The *Textile Trade Review* is, as we are informed, a leading textile trade journal, but we cannot congratulate it upon the accuracy of its information. In its December number this review had a lengthy article—two columns and a half—upon Hull Brothers, Limited. In this article which faces a full-page likeness of Mr. John Scott Hull, the leading spirit of the concern we are informed that the company is one of "pronounced enterprise and vitality"; that Mr. John Scott Hull "has been well known as one of the most successful of men"; that the firm—meaning the company—has "attained a position which, in repute and popularity, is unique in our trade"; that "no retailer who wishes to be abreast of the times can afford to ignore" Hull Brothers, Limited, with much more to similar effect. Not content with lavish praise of the business, the *Review* speaks of Mr. John Scott Hull, as "not only an author, but a poet" whose "works have the impress of a great, generous, and original mind." And harking back to the business, we are assured that it contains "all the elements of success, with many special advantages peculiar to itself."

Will it be believed that the company spoken of in these terms, which would be almost excessive if applied to a house like Morley's, has never been anything but a tin-pot affair, and that a few days after this article appeared a Receiver was appointed?

Registered in October, 1893, with a nominal capital of £10,000 in shares of £1 each, only 1,505 of these shares have been taken up, and of these 1,500 are held by the brothers John and Alfred Hull. It may be said that since the two Hulls have practically found the whole of the capital the concerns of the company have no interest to the public. But if that were the case we should not be referring to the matter. The Hulls appear to have found the money to start the company, but upon the strength of it they have got credit all round. Orders to a large amount were in course of execution when the Receiver for the debenture-holder was appointed, and this Receiver has actually, in the exercise, doubtless, of powers given him, sold privately, for the benefit of the person he represents, goods so recently delivered to the company that the bills had not been sent in. Nothing was known of this debenture lien by the creditors until the Receiver was appointed. The Articles of Association of the company give the directors the widest powers, authorising them to raise money by debentures, or in any other way, without consulting shareholders. The debenture upon which the receiver has been appointed is, it is true, only for £2,000, but then the whole subscribed capital of the company is only £1,500, and the general body of creditors are not likely to see a penny of their money.

Such is the company which the *Textile Trade Review* no later than December last described as having "attained a position which in repute and popularity is unique in the trade!"

THE INVICTA PATENT BRICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Our attention has been directed to this company, which has been formed for the purpose of working a patent for making bricks. It is claimed for the invention that it has been worked with "eminent success in the Colony of New South Wales," and that it is well worth the £28,000 asked for it. There are three testimonials attached to the prospectus, but they come from interested parties. The first is from Mr. W. Carlin, manager of the Excelsior Brick Company, Croydon. These works are the property of Mr. Castner, the well-known Australian brick manufacturer, and we understand that Mr. Castner is interested in the success of the patent. The second testimonial is from Mr. Thomas O. Partridge, engineer, of Ashfield. This person is a brickyard engine tenter at the Croydon Works. A third testimonial is from Mr. A. H. Collings, who addresses from "Sydney." Mr. Collings was manager of the Gore Hill Brickworks, where the Invicta machine was adopted with untoward results. The prospectus says nothing of the experiments with the same machine at Gentle Brickworks, St. Peter's, Sydney, where it was tried and discarded.

The prospectus claims that the Invicta machine turns out 12,000 bricks per day of ten hours. Assuming that, we have machines in this country which will turn out upwards of 20,000 bricks per day with a minimum cost in production—machines that are *proven* successes. There are the usual estimates of profit based upon hypothetical figures.

C. WINDOVER & CO. LTD.

Referring to our remarks of last week upon the offer of the directors to buy the ordinary fully paid £10 shares at £2 5s. per share, failing which the company will be wound-up, an accountant writes to us to say that he views such purchases with very great suspicion. And for these reasons:—

> The parties anxious to buy have particular knowledge of the concern. They are trustees for the general body of shareholders. As trustees they are morally (if not legally) prohibited from using such knowledge to their own advantage, especially so if at the expense of their shareholders. As an example of how this works out I may quote a case of which I have definite knowledge.
>
> A private limited company was formed and shares allotted to many outsiders. The directors have the power of pre-emption. The balance-sheet is privately circulated, and is of the most meagre form. The

dividends have always been at a uniform rate of 7½ per cent. So far so good. But here comes the rub. 7½ per cent does not represent the profit. Nor does the inclusion of the reserve fund exhaust the profit. The stocks and book debts are annually written down by the balance of profit left after providing for the 7½ per cent, the usual reserve fund contribution, and the small balance to carry forward. As the shares come into the restricted market. Those "in the know" snap them up and are content to look forward to the future. Posterity, too, has its claims, but to benefit your own posterity by robbing your confiding neighbours is not the thing. If Windovers goes to liquidation all the parties will be served alike, as in justice they ought; but to fall in with the arrangements of the family, is, to my mind, like tempting Providence.

IMPUDENCE.

IN our last issue we said that persons trading as James Brothers and Co., "Bankers, Financiers, and Stock and Share Brokers and Dealers," were issuing circulars "grossly and deliberately misleading, with the object of raking in dollars from fools." We have since received the following letter from these people:—

> We have seen the remarks contained in your issue of TO-DAY'S date, and consider that you have overstepped the bounds of "editorial licence," and unless you withdraw the imputations made we shall have no other alternative than to commence legal proceedings against you for libel.
>
> P.S.—We trade in our own name.

We have not the faintest intention of withdrawing anything, but as last week we did not give our reasons for bracketing Messrs. James Brothers and Co. with the rogues, we will do so now. In a circular they sent out broadcast Messrs. James Brothers and Co. recommended the purchase of Home Rails, especially Metropolitans, Districts, and Brighton "A," and buttressed their recommendation by the following:—

> "Purchasers now will receive the dividends on the three above-mentioned stocks, which will be declared about January 18, and we expect they will be at the rate of about 6 per cent. (or £6 for every £1 invested on the cover system), and these stocks will, we feel certain, recover the dividend almost immediately."

We characterise this as false and fraudulent, and if Messrs. James Brothers and Co. think differently let them, by all means, move along with their "legal proceedings."

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO., AND "TO-DAY."

WE have received the following letter from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., which we think it fair to publish:—

> You are entirely wrong in supposing and stating that we have attempted to bribe you. We asked you to render us a service in stating in your columns that shares in the Bank of Van Dieman's Land's Distribution of Properties could now be obtained from us, thus avoiding to the public the delay in writing for such to Hobart, and having no reason to suppose that—contrary to usual custom—you would give us a gratuitous advertisement, we enclosed a cheque in payment for the service asked for; or in plain words—rightly or wrongly—we offered to pay for an advertisement *of the bare fact* that the public could obtain such shares direct from us at the same price as at Hobart.
>
> You will readily admit that at the time we wrote you (January 5th, 1895), you had not rendered us any service whatever; we were therefore not indebted to you for any services rendered by you to us. And you will further admit that in none of our letters do we ask you to render us any other service than merely to state in your columns that shares in the Distribution of Properties, in connection with the Bank of Van Dieman's Land, Limited, could be obtained from us, all our letters being clearly, frankly, and exclusively on the one subject, the Bank of Van Dieman's Land.
>
> If in asking you to render us this service, and in offering to pay you for such service, we acted injudiciously, we regret it and are prepared to apologise, but we certainly had no intention to offer you a bribe as you try to make out.
>
> We trust to your sense of fairness to give to this letter the same publicity as you have given to our other letters.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

Serial Bonds.—Messrs. M. Lindon and Co., of Rotterdam, are inviting people in this country to send them money for these bonds, on the promise of a certain prize of greater value than the subscription. We have no belief in the fulfilment of a promise of this kind.

General W. Bryce Rawlings.—It will be remembered that this person was paraded by Tarrant, of the Monaco Proprietary Fund, as its president, and that his address was given as "Tollington Park, Middlesex." A letter sent to him at that address, came back through the Dead Letter Office, and we have since learned that William Bryce Rawlings lives in a small house at Leyton, a poor neighbourhood adjoining Stratford New Town. Rawlings, described as a man about sixty-five years of age, tall and grey, with a military bearing, is supposed by his neighbours to be "something in the City."

Henry Tonbridge Pockett.—This man is better known as Wilfrid Wilberforce, money-lender, and according to his own description of himself—private gentleman. We have had several complaints lately of fees being sent to him for inquiries, which resulted in nothing. A case tried at the Clerkenwell County Court recently proves, if proof were needed, that the 5 per cent. interest with which he says he is content very often changes into 60 per cent.

Herbert Groves and Co., 9, South Street, E.C.—Bucket-shop people, who have just issued a grossly misleading circular.

NEW ISSUE.

The Rhodesia Gold Fields, Limited. Capital, £1,000,030. A blind pool, which Mr. Rhodes is putting through before his departure to strengthen Chartered's.

King Solomon's Mines. Capital, £75,000.—Formed to acquire and work two claims in the Coolgardie District. Various reports speak highly of the value of the property, and the vendors ask for only a small portion of the purchase-money in cash. There is said to be 10,000 tons of ore in sight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The Yorkshire Penny Bank. T. A. J. (Weston-super-Mare).—It is an institution of high standing. **The Harrogate Coal Supply Association, Limited.** (Harrogate).—We know nothing about the person you name, nor do we keep a detective agency. **Ottoman Bonds.** E. E. T. (Sheffield).—These bonds can be got at market rates from Messrs. Gerald Quin, Cope and Co., of 29, Royal Exchange, E.C. **Rebate off Income Tax.** C. S. C. (Catford).—You must make your claim, and it will be allowed. **The Oxyzone Syndicate.** P. T. R. (Hampstead).—No doubt more care should have been exercised, but we are quite sure the *Christian Million* would not have taken the advertisement had its proprietors known what they now know. **Fortis Powder and Explosive Company, Limited.** V. H. C. (Truro).—We do not remember them. Can you give us particulars? **J. R. Roberts's Stores, Limited.** E.C. (London).—We think these shares worth the price you quote. **Tea and Lottery Bonds.** JUSTICE (Harley).—Thanks. T. N. (Newcastle).—Many thanks. **"Good News"** F. S. S. (Leicester).—We have received the papers. As we said last week, the thing is a swindle. **Fern Hill Gold Reefs Syndicate, Limited.** —— (Crediton).—Of course the directors of a limited company have no right "to stop operations and disappear without rendering any report or account to the shareholders." Your money is gone, the license having lapsed; but why not invite Mr. Macbeth to give you the particulars as to the company you require, and have a right to demand? **Kern County Land Company.** ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER (Maidstone).—We have satisfied ourselves that this company is a respectable and sound concern. **The Wendigo Copper Company.** MATAB. (Manchester.)—We think not. The other investment you name is an extremely speculative one. **Texas Ice Company.** C. MC. C. (Cork).—We have no information respecting this Vancouver Company. **Financial Journalist.** G. J. H. (South Hackney).—Any "daily or weekly paper" will publish your advertisement, if you send the cost of it. We can give you no advice as to the best paper to advertise in. Advertising is not of much use in your case. **Overdue Accounts.** J. F. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Yes, reasonable interest on overdue accounts can be legally enforced after giving the debtor notice that interest will be charged if the account remains unpaid. **Ottoman Bonds.** OXONIAN (Birmingham).—We return your papers. The "best market price" would not help you, the present selling price of these bonds being from £4 15s. to £4 17s. 6d. The word "stopped" surely explains itself. Anybody can stop one of the bonds, and such stoppage means a good deal of bother to the legitimate holder. We must not be taken as implying that bonds got from Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. are stopped oftener than others. The risk is indeed less with them. **Investment of £7,000.** PHILLIMORE (Kensington).—There is risk in all investments, even in Consols. We do not think you could go far wrong in taking some of the Preference stock of the City and South London. Shares of some of the best of the Insurance companies are well worth buying at their present price; but if you keep within the margin of trustee investments we cannot put you in the way of getting securities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent. **La Plata.** CHIPS (Earlstown).—It depends to some extent upon the price. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** VOX (Keswick).—(1.) We do not know if there is any liability for rates and taxes, probably they could tell you at the Agent-General's office. (2.) Yes; the lotteries are "perfectly bona fide." (3.) Do not touch either of the two new issues you name. **Electric Construction Debentures.** DAVIS (Holywood).—(1.) We are much of the opinion of your solicitor. (2.) The other debentures are fairly sound securities, but we think you might make a better selection. **North Sheba Gold and Exploration Company.** W. W. G. (Hastings).—We gave no "opinion." For the rest we are looking into the matter. **Buffelsdoorns.** H. B. (Sandbach).—Better not. **Three African Companies.** A. H. L. (Newport).—All highly speculative. **The London General Machine Printing and Publishing Company.** OVERBURDENED (Oxford).—Send us *all* the correspondence. **Balkis Eerstelings.** C. H. D. (Brighton).—We cannot advise you to buy more just at present. Some unfavourable news has been received upon the top of reports of a very different character, a matter we shall have something to say about next week. Do not touch the other shares you mention. Thanks for your information *re* Otto's Kopje? **Novice** (Sheffield).—The same answer applies to your question. **Gold Mines of East Oregon.** E. J. M. (Walthamstow).—We can do nothing without fuller information. **Notes Weekly Paper Company, Limited.** L. H. S. (Padstow).—The matter shall have attention. **Ottoman Bonds.** E. E. T. (Sheffield).—You cannot do better than go to Messrs. Gerald Quin, Cope and Co., of 29, Royal Exchange, E.C. INQUIRER (Hastings).—Not without special authorisation. **Mr. C. E. Hogg.** A WESTRALIAN (London).—A very interesting letter, but you must send us your address. **Two Investments.** J. F. W. (Exeter).—We cannot recommend either.

INSURANCE.

Endowed Assurance. W. H. (Newport).—Seeing that you have paid only one premium we think you might make the proposed change with advantage. **Doubtful Life Office.** H. V. F. K. (Burton-on-Trent).—The concern you mention bears and deserves a bad name. It is making no profit, and it is extremely improbable that the money will ever be paid as you describe. The itinerant representatives of the company have for many years past made it the chief part of their business to deceive the public by the system you are insured under. Surrender your policy, but assure first in another office. **Life and Fire Office.** Novice (Sheffield).—You do not say whether you ask as intending policyholder or shareholder. If the former, say what kind of insurance you are thinking of; if the latter whether as buyer or seller. **Fire Insurance Company.** Subscriber (Handsworth).—The company you name charges reasonable rates, and acts fairly in case of loss. **Two Companies.** (WIGAN).—No. 1 is more a sham than a life office No. 2 is a good office, and will give you good value for your money. **Security Company.** COUNTY AGENT. (Finsbury).—This company has ample resources wherewith to meet claims, and you will do well if you obtain an agency for it. **Annuity.** AVON. (Brighton).—1. Nearly all Life Assurance Companies sell annuities. 2. Name two or three and state your age, and we will give you our opinion of them. 3. Yes; but a special rate would have to be obtained from the company granting a joint annuity. 4. Depends entirely on age. You can, when prepared for the transaction, negotiate and settle the matter through the local agent of the company selected. **British Workman's and General Assurance Company, Limited.** A. G. (Birmingham).—The business of the company continues to increase rapidly

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"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
"OUR DAUGHTERS"
"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think himself lucky when he can get Three."
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Lady Henry Somerset prefers not to explain why the girl Waghorn was hunted down like an escaped slave and dragged, protesting and screaming, from the Convalescent Home at Southend-on-Sea, and taken back a prisoner into the hands of the British Women's Temperance Association. Lady Henry Somerset's secretary, writing to the *Daily Chronicle*, says that "her ladyship does not control, and therefore is not called upon to account for the actions of individual members of the Association." I can quite understand Lady Henry Somerset's anxiety to sever herself from all connection with this very disgraceful action. But Lady Henry Somerset is really too modest in her repudiation of all controlling influence with the action of the British Women's Temperance Association. Lady Henry Somerset is president and chief patroness of the British Women's Temperance Association. I do not think that the British Women's Temperance Association would venture to do much that would not be approved of by her ladyship. Does Lady Henry Somerset wish to imply that the woman who represented herself as coming direct from the Tunbridge Wells branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, and who, by brute force and threats—a disgrace to any citizen of a free country and a distinct insult to its laws—dragged this poor, wretched girl against her will from the home where she was comfortable, and in which she desired to stay, was acting in her own "individual capacity," and not as the representative of the association of which her ladyship is the president, patroness, and moving spirit? It would be a good thing for Lady Henry Somerset if she could prove the disconnection. In face of the documents before me at this moment, I am curious to see if the British Women's Temperance Association will formally disclaim the action.

Lady Henry Somerset also prefers not to explain how and why the statement, which the Women's Convalescent Home authorities designate as a disgraceful and lying libel, came to be made, and to be still maintained against them. This statement to the effect that the girl Waghorn, known to be a dipsomaniac, was given alcoholic drink at the Convalescent Home, appears to have been made by a Mrs. Fothergill, the Tunbridge Wells representative of the British Women's Temperance Association, in the summer of last year. Lady Henry Somerset was immediately appealed to, with the request that the alleged slander should either be substantiated or withdrawn. In September, Lady Henry Somerset replies to the effect that she is inquiring into the matter, and is sorry that her absence in America prevents her being able to deal with it herself. Nothing has been done in the matter between that date and the present time. No attempt has been made to substantiate the statement, and, failing this, no offer has been made to withdraw it. Now—in January, 1895—her ladyship's secretary writes to the *Daily Chronicle* stating that Lady Henry Somerset's departure for America hinders the sifting of these allegations. America seems to be growing into quite a convenient continent. Perhaps when Lady Henry Somerset returns from America she will eventually find time to inquire into these very serious matters. At present it looks as though the British Women's Temperance Association wished, by means of innuendoes and unfounded statements, to injure a rival charity because it does not agree with them on the question of whether a poor woman is to be allowed to obey her doctor's orders, and have an occasional glass of beer with her dinner.

Correspondents from New Brighton are vigorously objecting to my strictures upon their "Ham-and-Eggs Parade," and I am informed that the Wallasey Dogberries have publicly condemned the *Wallasey Chronicle* for publishing a report of police-court proceedings, the result of which has been to show up beyond a question the character of the business carried on. The Wallasey magistrates would be better employed in doing their duty, and keeping the town under their control in a decent state, than by getting angry and trying to hush up the inquiry into the matter. New Brighton is within handy distance of Liverpool. It might be an extremely pleasant residential suburb to that city. It might, at all events, be a pleasant breathing-place for the tired worker. But the disgraceful negligence of the authorities has rendered it a plague-spot to be utterly shunned. Never, until I visited the town myself, could I have conceived the possibility of natural advantages being so utterly destroyed. To no respectable person is New Brighton possible at all, and the wretched, sordid appearance of its streets is quite accounted for. I have received scores of letters from residents at Liverpool, hoping, though dimly, that now the question has been taken up by outsiders some improvement may be achieved. They tell me what I can quite understand—that they, with their wives and families, can never think of going near the place. If properly controlled by a town council with sense and spirit New Brighton might be one of the most attractive resorts of the neighbourhood.

The action of Judge Gaynor, of Brooklyn, is an admirable object-lesson of what might happen over here, did the Progressive party obtain their desires and become the purchasers of the voting power for the County Council. Judge Gaynor, I take it, is one of the

numerous New York officials dependent for their livelihood upon the bounty of "Tammany Hall." We have heard how judges and magistrates are kept in the pay of this precious gang, and made to do their bidding, and manipulate law and order to their necessities. The tram workers of Brooklyn have struck for higher wages. They may be justified in doing so, or they may not; that is beside the present question. Judge Gaynor issued a writ of mandamus requiring the tramway companies to resume work instantly, under penalty of forfeiting their charter. If the company cannot obtain men to run the cars at a reasonable rate of wages, says Judge Gaynor, they must pay unreasonable rates. Why does Judge Gaynor, holding a high official position, outrage justice and common sense by such a monstrous order? The answer is simple; if he did not do so the tramway workers would at the next election see that he was ousted from his living. It is a shameful and discreditable bargain between the two. Judge Gaynor has to disgrace his profession in order to secure his income, which can be given or taken away from him by one of the parties to the dispute.

Were the London County Council to obtain all the power they desire to obtain, the same thing would be happening over here. Supposing that they had the control of the police, and a dispute arose between a tramway company and its workers, the men might strike for higher wages, and refuse to allow the cars to be run, or any new men to be employed by the tramway company, and threaten violence if their orders were disobeyed. Would the members of the County Council, elected by the votes of these tramway workers, dare to order the police to interfere in the cause of freedom? Certainly not. The police would be withdrawn from action; the tramway companies would be told that they must pay the wages asked, and if they could not afford to do this at present fares the fares would be raised, and the public would have to pay, or the tramway company placed in the Bankruptcy Court. Or imagine that the tramways themselves were in the possession of the County Council, controlled by a Progressive majority. Six months before the election the men would be certain to demand a permanent increase of wages—they would be fools if they did not do so—and to threaten defeat at the polls if their demands were not complied with; and the same plan would be adopted by all the other trades concerned. The result would be one gigantic conspiracy, between the quarter of a million or so of workmen employed by the County Council, and the members of the Council. Wages would be increased year by year. The members would be returned continually by the votes of their own employées, and allowed to recompense themselves for their labours by "boodling" the public funds, and the unfortunate ratepayer would soon be reduced to ruin.

My remarks on Sunday recreation, and the opposition such would be likely to arouse on the part of the Church, have received ample confirmation from the vicar of Ryde. The Ryde Golf Club allows its members to play on the Sabbath; and the Rev. A. J. W. Cross is indignant. He says that to play golf on Sundays is silly and wicked; that the playing of golf at Ryde will bring a curse on the town; that "these places where golf is played on Sundays stink in the nostrils of Englishmen already." It is this kind of silly and wicked talk that makes one despair of religion. Will the Rev. Mr. Cross explain what there is silly and wicked in the playing of golf? And will he point to any commandment, either in the New Testament or in the Old, against innocent recreation, on either the old Jewish Sabbath or the Christian Sunday? Sunday in working-class England is a day thought of with a groan. Our religion has made it a curse instead of a blessing to men. A Sunday can never come round in England without a man feeling angry at the religion that has made this day a hateful blank to him. In other Christian countries the Sunday is looked forward to as a day of decent worship and of healthy recreation. The Norwegian peasant will go to chapel in the morning, and to a dance in the evening. His Sunday is the brightest day in the week; to Englishmen it is a day of weary loafing, of over-eating, over-drinking, and over-sleeping, broken by two hours of mechanical religion; and ministers of the Rev. Mr. Cross's stamp consider that this is healthy for body and soul.

Mr. James Haysman writes, asking why there should not be a workman's class on all trains, so that the unemployed labourer seeking work, or the employed having to move about during the day, might be able to travel at a price within his means; while, at the same time, the ordinary third-class passenger need not run the risk of having his clothes spoiled by too close proximity to the labourer in his working garb. There is much to be said in favour of the argument. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Haysman that a working-man's carriage might be worked profitably on every train at, say, a halfpenny a mile, or even less. It would be sure to be densely crowded, and by these means the railway companies would be able to compete with the cheap 'bus and tram fares. Very few of those who can afford the ordinary prices would force themselves into the workmen's carriages, so that in all probability it would be tapping a new source of income. I have often wondered that some railway company has not tried the experiment.

Another correspondent makes an excellent suggestion that, while benefiting the public, would also put money into the pockets of the railways. He asks that on the long-journey night trains there might be sleeping compartments for third-class passengers. There are a large number of people to whom time is precious, who invariably, when they can, travel by night, and I am sure that every one of these would pay an additional twenty-five or thirty-three per cent. for the benefit of being able to lie down comfortably. The ordinary third-class compartment now carries at night certainly not more than an average of four passengers, and in the same space exactly four beds, one on top of the other, could easily be constructed, and the new coaches would soon pay for themselves. I know it is very little use making suggestions to railway companies. As I pointed out a week or two ago, they are managed by people who never have to put their hands into their pockets for railway fares, and who, always travelling themselves with first-class free passes, can never understand the feelings and requirements of the ordinary paying public.

The death of Lord Randolph Churchill has been fol-

lowed, as a matter of course, by numerous biographical notices and criticisms, both of the politician and the man. At the age of thirty-seven he was leader of the House of Commons—a position only once before held by so young a man; less than ten years afterwards he died; and long before his death his political career was practically at an end. Brilliant, blunt, independent, unstable, flippant, and yet capable of hard and serious work, his character seems to have been as strange as his political history. Both contained in them much that his friends and foes to-day are alike willing to admire. He was a remarkable man, less the man of talent than the genius *manqué* one who under happier circumstances might possibly, if he had lived, have gained as high a reputation as any living politician holds. He was a child of promise—and the promise was unfulfilled.

He has been, I said, criticised not only as a politician but also as a man. Writers in certain prints have not hesitated to point out that he sometimes gambled, that he "ate recklessly," that he smoked cigarettes to excess, and so on; they have even traced the way in which, in his latter years, the symptoms of approaching paralysis showed themselves. This sort of thing is inevitable. Good taste is only the outward expression of good feeling, and good feeling is rare. But it seems to me a pity that any man's private failings should be so freely advertised within a few hours of his death, while his friends and relations are stiff suffering the severest pangs of bereavement; it is hardly decent. It is, perhaps, fair that we should like to know as much as possible of the private life of those who pass into history; but it is also fair that we should be asked to wait until they really have passed into history.

However, as these personal details of Lord Randolph Churchill's life have been given, it might be as well to add a few words on the foolishness of judging the genius as one would judge the ordinary person. Genius is an abnormality, and is frequently accompanied by other abnormalities. It is a good thing, but a thing for which the possessor generally has to pay the price. Lombroso's work on "The Man of Genius" traces the analogies and coincidences between the phenomena of genius and mental aberration. "It seems," he says, on the last page of that book, "as though nature had intended to teach us respect for the supreme misfortunes of insanity; and also to preserve us from being dazzled by the brilliance of those men of genius who might well be compared, not to the planets which keep their appointed orbits, but to falling stars, lost and dispersed over the crust of the earth." Certainly it is impossible to read through the many instances and examples given in the course of his book, without coming to the conclusion that one must judge the genius with much greater lenience than the average unremarkable man.

"People of genius," wrote Schopenhauer, "are not only unpleasant in practical life, but weak in moral sense, and wicked." He may have been generalising from his own special case, but there is much truth in what he says. A firm moral sense would, for instance, resist the excessive and unadvised use of drugs, control temper, check vanity, live regularly. Yet, among authors alone, how many have used drugs to excess, or been brutal, or absurdly vain, or unhappy in their domestic relations? Biographies are too often written by personal friends of the dead, and in the same spirit as eulogies on tombstones; but even so, enough has been revealed to enable any man who reads to give scores of instances. Men of genius, more than any other men, need to keep a close watch on themselves; self-restraint in their case seems likely to be more often needed and more difficult to impose. Those that should be judged most leniently by others need to be judged most strictly by themselves.

The other day a tailor, in giving evidence, described himself as an "artist in cloth *nulli secundus*." Naturally, he has since fallen a victim to the paragraphist. "*Nulli secundus*" is not only Latin, but positively vain, and he should have left it to his customers to say that. As for the "artist in cloth," I can only say that I am always glad to see a man taking pride in his work. After all it is probably much cleverer to make a good coat than a bad book, just as it is much cleverer to make a bad book than a good review of it. But when one considers the perfect English ugliness of the perfect Englishman's clothes, the word "artist" seems out of place. If a tailor allowed his own individual fancy to revel much in the making of a frock-coat, he would find that frock-coat left on his hands. No; let the plumber describe himself as a poet in pipes—much burst of late; or let the butcher proclaim that he is a musician in mutton; but if the tailor is to be an artist in cloth, he must give us new fashion-plates.

On the whole I am inclined, comparatively, to admire Mr. James Taylor. The name is not an uncommon one, and it is possible that in a world which forgets so readily the doings of famous men, Mr. James Taylor may be too soon forgotten. He was in the habit, it appears, of asking people to give him sums of money—not in consideration for any value received whatever, but merely sums of money. The police interfered. The police-court missionary offered to get him into a labour home. James Taylor enquired if that was a home where he would be expected to work. The missionary acknowledged the accuracy of the surmise. "Then," said James, "don't put my name down." As a whole, the character may not be admirable, but I prefer the unusual straightforwardness to the hypocrisy of those professional unemployed, who are always complaining that they cannot get a job, and if they did would sooner die than do it.

Colonial correspondents tell me that they are made to pay exorbitant prices for To-Day in the Colonies, as much as sixpence often being charged for it. This is a monstrous imposition, and I would draw my friends' attention to the fact that for twelve shillings and sixpence per annum they can have To-Day sent them direct from London, post-free, to any part of the Colonies, and that they can also receive, in addition, the various special premiums we offer to annual subscribers. They would get To-Day cheaper and sooner than by purchasing it from these extravagant book-agents.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Correspondents are requested to make their letters as short as possible. Enquiries cannot be answered through the post.

J. C., in a kindly letter, says: "I have been a reader for some time, and the more I see of it the better I admire the straightforward, manly, English way in which you expose all shams, both religious and otherwise, which in the present age of growing false sentiment and humbug seem to be undermining all true liberty of personal responsibility and action, which if not checked and brought before people by writing, such as yours, will destroy all that makes a nation truly great and free."

A. B. D., writing from Southport, Queensland, sends me an interesting letter respecting the value of the Queensland climate for consumptive invalids: "(1) Immediately that there is any suspicion of the disease the patient must come out; it is of no use when the disease has advanced. The benefit derived from this climate by young men having consumptive family histories, but who have not themselves shown any marked signs of having consumption, is inestimable. (2) He must be sufficiently well off to be able to move with the seasons, so that for two years or so he may have no concern other than his health. During the winter months (April to September) the coast—ocean coast—should be chosen; during the summer the patient must go inland. I shall be very pleased to communicate directly with any inquirers. I have been practising in Australia for five and a half years."

E. H. P.—You require a license for selling tobacco in any form. Beatrice—The ladies you name are not sisters. Thos. D.—F. R. Benson, the actor, is a nephew of the present Archbishop of Canterbury. D. M. sends me a cutting from a Glasgow paper, from which it appears that the half dozen members of Sir George Trevelyan's Habitual Drunkards' Commission had the good sense to allow themselves the following daily refreshment while in Glasgow: Half a dozen lager beer, half a dozen bitter beer, half a dozen mineral waters, a bottle of whisky, and a bottle of sherry. Anti-Socialist tells me that in "Flint's Socialism" To-Day is put down as a paper expounding Socialism. Anti-Socialist, being a constant reader of To-Day, objects to this, but I am not inclined to quarrel with the statement myself. I think I do expound Socialism far more truly than do my Socialist friends. The Major tells me there is a difficulty in obtaining To-Day from the newsagents in Edinburgh. Newsagents are not a very enterprising class. Last year at Folkestone I asked for a *Referee*, and the newsagent had never heard of it. Gibs.—Mr. Chamberlain has spoken a good deal on the affirmative side. I daresay you would get all particulars by writing to his secretary. The benefit societies, generally speaking, take the opposite view. You could only fit yourself for discussion by reading the various speeches that have appeared from time to time, but I don't think they have been collected.

I have received the following letter, and as I am quite unable to get at its meaning I publish it in the hope that some intelligent reader may assist in discovering the mystery:—

> "Sir,—I and a friend happened to be passing along Oxford Street, the other evening close to the Princess's Theatre, when my friend who know's London and the Criminal Classes well, said to me do you notice this little lame man coming along well I should not be surprised to hear him be saluted by those three fatheaded loafers well they no sooner saw the person mention than one nudge the other and deliberately utter in his face O Gaud blimey and immediately walked across the street into the public House. My friend said what did he go away for so quickly. Well I told him the reason these people have been told by some Officus person that this little Man is their enemy, what they call a Nark, now I know different. The reason is that some of their Pals tryed to deliberately Kill this man at the instigation of some of the London financiers. I saw with my own Eyes this little man thrown into the Thames by some of the above's pals up at Barnes Bridge from the tow parth I happened to be there in fact it was a Boat Race day with me I and the little lame man belonging to the same Club the reason I have since found by casual inquiry a gang knew this man belong to some benefit Society, and so incapacitated him so that this subscription would lapse and After Years of paying up be outed as 'Ankin says (he was worth more money dead than alive) that is the expression I overheard. London must be cleared of this gang Your's a Constant Reader. (More Anon) I can now understand why they tryed to drowned him. This gang managed to Kill two of this little mans (Sisters) and Mortgaged one of their papers. You Know what I mean. Any way the poor Devil had to suffer and pay."

Cleddan.—No books will supply the place of observation. An ounce of observation is worth a whole library as far as self-improvement is concerned. If men thought more and read less we should have more men and fewer learned parrots. F.W.—I know of no musical song called "The Ghost of Sherlock Holmes." R.E.D.—I thank you for your kind and sympathetic letter. I was not trying to speak by the book, but to make my meaning plain to readers as a whole, who would not perhaps know the niceties of distinction you point out.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

A PRINCIPAL GIRL.

MISS MARIE MONTROSE AT DRURY LANE.

Not an actress on the burleque stage but would esteem it an honour to play the part of Principal Girl in a Drury Lane pantomime. This winter the coveted position is being held by Miss Marie Montrose, a young lady well-known to Provincial playgoers as Little Christopher Columbus, Maid Marion, and many other popular parts.

"Am I pleased at coming to London?" she echoed, "Why it has been the dream of my life to take part in a Drury Lane pantomime," cried the sylph-like little lady brightly. "I must tell you that I made my *début* before I was seven years old in this very theatre, as Prince Mamillius in *A Winter's Tale*. I do not think," she added thoughtfully, "that an actress can begin her training too young, and I shall always be glad that my first part was cast in one of Shakespeare's most beautiful plays."

"You must have been, Miss Montrose, a kind of infant prodigy?"

She laughed merrily. "Oh, well, I did not escape the schoolroom any more than other children do, and I was already thirteen when I acted the part of St. Patrick in Mr. William Holland's Pantomime of *St. George and the Dragon* at Covent Garden. But you must not think I had been idle in the interval, for I went through a regular course of training in elocution, dancing, and singing. My first successes in the provinces were made as a comic opera singer; but I ought to tell you that I have always been devoted to pantomime, and whenever I have had the chance I have always taken part in one."

"Then you have had plenty of experience in the work you are now undertaking?"

"Oh, yes; but it does not prevent my feeling awfully nervous," she answered modestly. "I delight in playing Principal Girl," she went on. "Among other parts of the kind I have played I may mention that of Fatma in the Huddersfield *Blue Beard* pantomime, that of the Girl-Babe in the *Babes of the Wood*, and then, more recently, Cinderella in Sir Augustus Harris's pantomime produced at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle."

"I suppose it was your success in this part that led to your present engagement?"

"Well, whatever I owe it to, I am delighted to find myself appearing once more before a London audience," she replied. "Not but what I am devoted to my thousands of kind provincial friends, but you know one need not love the past times less because one looks forward to the present and future."

"Do you really suffer from stage fright?"

"Horribly! And the more anxious I am to do well the more frightened I feel. When once I am on friendly and confidential terms with those in front all my terror disappears; this is especially the case when singing what I call a good song, one that is likely to catch on and be popular."

"Then, like your chief, Sir Augustus Harris, you consider that 'the song is the thing' in pantomime?"

"Yes, indeed; why one of my greatest successes was made some two years ago in Liverpool, taking the part of little Red Riding Hood, all on account of a little song I sang called 'Oo-ley-Oo-ley-Oo.' Of course, it is not only the words," and she smiled roguishly, "but the *way* in which they are sung which tells. Once your audience likes a song you are singing, they are put in a good humour with both the singer and themselves."

"If it is not an impertinent question, may I ask if you often receive communications from those in front?"

The charming actress laughed heartily. "Of course I do, especially from children. Small boys write and ask me to be their sweetheart, and I get even more letters from little girls. The public have always been awfully kind and good-natured, and I only hope with all my heart that I shall find my way to the hearts of the citizens of good old London town."

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—There appeared in the *Referee* of last Sunday a paragraph which I think is excessively regrettable. Speaking of the No Fee system "Carados" says in effect that, although he by no means approves of first night rows, he hopes that pits and galleries will continue to protest against what he, "Carados," describes as a "silly extortion." Now just let me point out to you that "Carados" is really "Richard-Henry," Mr. Richard Butler and Mr. H. Chance-Newton, the writers of many successful burlesques. "Dagonet" of the *Referee*, as everybody knows, is Mr. G. R. Sims, who is also part proprietor of the paper. Mr. G. R. Sims has a new burlesque entitled *Little Dick Whittington* coming out at the Avenue Theatre in three or four weeks' time. The Avenue Theatre is a Fee house. How does Mr. Sims of the *Referee* like the idea of the pit and gallery being invited to "protest" on his first night by his colleagues, Mr. Richard Butler and Mr. H. Chance-Newton. There is nothing like a personal argument; that is why I put it in this way. With regard to the Fee system it is a question that is not nearly so simple as a variety of people seem to suppose. A certain number of managers think it unwise to charge for programmes and do not do so. A certain number of managers think it wise to charge for programmes and do do so. Certain other managers do not think it wise, but are obliged to do so in consequence of contracts having been entered into by their superior landlords, who control the front of the house.

There are also certain playgoers who object emphatically to pay for programmes. There are also certain other playgoers who do not object particularly, but are very glad not to pay. There are certain other playgoers who will insist upon tipping the girl who gives them a programme, whatever the rules of the theatre may say. In one of the large metropolitan theatres Fees were at one time abolished, but the manager noticed that the people who went to his stalls habitually tipped the attendants. At last he thought it wise to remonstrate, and, going to a gentleman who had just presented a programme-seller with a shilling, said, "I beg your pardon, but tipping is against the rule of this house, and by giving this girl a present you subject her to the possibility of instant dismissal." Now, the gentleman in question did not apologise, but said, "It's a free country; I shall tip the girl if I choose, and you can mind your own business, and go to the devil as soon as you feel inclined." The manager did mind his own business, but he took a new view of it. He promptly restored the Fee system, which in his theatre at least is worth from £20 to £50 a night. The financial considerations are so large that this is obviously a matter to be left to managers to settle for themselves.

Personally, I wish fees were abolished everywhere, but because I wish it, and however much I wish it, I am bound to admit that I have no earthly right to go to a theatre and interrupt somebody's play because I have been asked to pay for somebody else's programmes. That there can be any doubt on this question I can never understand. If one man sells butter and wraps it up in paper for nothing, and another man sells butter and charges a penny for the paper, granted that the butters are of equal value, I should go to the man who wrapped up his butter in the paper for nothing; but nothing on earth would justify my howling at anybody who wished to pay for something that I didn't. If I protested by kicking up a row I should be moved on and possibly locked up, and it would serve me thoroughly well right. I commend these remarks to Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. Richard Butler, and Mr. H. Chance-Newton, and I trust they will see if they cannot give their vast circle of readers better advice than to suggest they should interrupt plays, frighten actors and actresses, and disturb the more orderly portions of audiences, for the sake of a quibble about the price of a twopenny programme. In music-halls, which are always held up as models of successful management, programmes are invariably charged for, so are drinks, so are cigars. If we are going to have a series of protests against the price of programmes we shall be having a Cheap Whiskey League, and instead of a fuss about the promenade we shall be having a penny smoke riot at the Empire.

In the course of the admirable debate that took place at the Playgoers' Club on Sunday week, Mr. Carl Hentschel put the views of the average playgoer very clearly. Mr. Hentschel has been a typical pittite for some considerable time, and he said that the intelligent pittite has usually one view nowadays, which is that a play should be received with the most patient and careful attention, that nothing should be done in any way to upset or disturb it until the final curtain has fallen, and that at that moment the playgoer may claim the right to express his verdict.

Talking of the Playgoers' Club, the annual dinner on Sunday was a brilliant and conspicuous success. I absolutely agree with every word that was said by the president in his address, and I must say that I look forward as he does to the time when the revenues of the club will be sufficiently large to justify the committee in securing premises where the club will not be at the mercy of the licensing laws. George Alexander had a splendid reception, which must have assured him of the popularity with which he is regarded, and he made a most excellent little speech, though he was obviously a trifle nervous. The two best speeches of the evening were certainly those made by Comyns Carr, who, amongst other clever things, described the gentlemen who translate Ibsen's plays as importers of dry goods from Scandinavia, and Edward Rose, who suddenly scintillated in a manner which took even his warmest admirers by surprise. Two or three young idiots got a little noisy at one part of the evening I am sorry to say, but they were sat upon by the promptness which immediately extinguished their ardour, and they were happily heard of no more. A rapturous reception was accorded to Arthur Roberts, more especially after his pantomimic exhibition. It was a distinct proof of the real interest which the Playgoers' take in true dramatic art. Ben. Davies sang delightfully, so did Harrison Brockbank, R. Greene, and a number of other admirable artists. The Hungarian band played at intervals, and most of us had headaches the following morning.

I have not got very much news for you this week, but I may tell you that when Sarah Bernhardt comes to London she will not go to the Princess's, but to Daly's, when *The Artist's Model* will be moved to make room for her. Daly's own company will play in the provinces until Sarah Bernhardt makes room for them in their own home.

I am glad to tell you that Winifred Emery is progressing as favourably as can be expected. There seems to be every hope that she will soon recover from her present attack of typhoid. Miss Marion Terry, who will temporarily take her place at the Comedy, does not leave the St. James's company, as she has only been lent to Mrs. Comyns Carr for a short time. There is no truth in the report that Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery are going to America, as their engagement with Comyns Carr does not run out for the next two years.

I hear of all sorts of pantomimes that are to be played at every second London theatre next year, but as they are only vague and uncertain rumours I will tell you no more about them until I verify them for myself. Your Affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

SOLO WHIST.

The reasons why solo will never attain the same scientific status as whist are not difficult to understand. When a player begins a game of whist he is, before the commencement of the play, ignorant of the character of the respective hands of his partner and adversaries. The fall of the cards will alone reveal the whereabouts of the strong and the weak hands; and to ascertain this by the play is the first object in whist. Now, imagine an onlooker walking round the table before a card is played, and saying, "This player has a powerful hand"; "This is a very indifferent one"; "This also is poor"; and "This, in partnership, has promise of four or five tricks"; and then pitting the two strong hands against the two weak ones. This is actually what is done by the declarations at solo whist. You get declared strength ranged against declared weakness, and half the refinements of play in whist are consequently lost.

Another comparative disadvantage to solo is the drawing of trumps in a proposal and acceptance. In whist, the question when to lead or when to signal for trumps is an important consideration, based upon a nice appreciation of the state of the game, and is one of the surest tests of a sound player. Signalling for trumps (or petering) is, I may mention for the information of those solo players who are unacquainted with whist, giving first an unnecessarily high card under the trick, and subsequently a lower one of the same suit; the usual procedure being, when you cannot head a trick, to first throw off your lowest card; and the motive is to ask your partner to lead trumps at the first opportunity. This is only done when you have a big run of trumps, a strong all-round hand, or to bring in the winning cards of a long suit. In a proposal and acceptance, signalling for trumps by the declaring players is superfluous; they know before the game is started that they hold strength between them, and their first aim, as a rule, is to extract trumps. Indeed, the great consideration for the proposer and acceptor is to know exactly when to *cease* leading trumps, an excess round being the most fruitful cause of disaster to the call.

Playing *against* the proposal and acceptance, the advantage of signalling will be occasionally manifest. Of two remaining trumps, one of the non-declaring players may be left with the better, but he is uncertain whether his partner or the adversaries hold the other. His partner can intimate that it is with the other side by the trump signal, and thus prevent the perpetration of what votaries of the classic game would call a "whist atrocity."

In an abundance, the necessity for the trump call could scarcely arise; but it may occasionally be required in a solo. When the solo caller does not lead trumps, he is either playing a ruffing game, or he has divided strength in trumps, and wants his adversaries to lead them to enable him to finesse. In either event, the trump lead is largely a question for the discretion of the adversary on the caller's right, and if he is not up to the responsibility of the situation he is not likely to notice and appreciate a trump signal from a partner. He may, however, be a keen player, and if the character of his hand demanded a lead of trumps, even from the caller's left, he would, if he were unable to take the trick, signal for them in the conventional way.

But all such refinements of play are worse than useless with partners who are inattentive to the fact, or ignorant of the motive. It is greatly to be regretted that the majority of solo whist players only half play the game; that is, although they may correctly note how many cards of a particular suit are out, they are practically oblivious of the order in which the small cards—those under an eight or nine—have fallen. With three, four, and five of a suit, the five is, without motive, frequently thrown before the trey. This is utterly ignoring the most elementary system of whist, a system by which, if consistently observed, each player at the final stages of a game should be able to locate every card in the respective hands as though it were double dummy. Every player should thoroughly familiarise himself with these rudimentary principles, and I know of no better medium for the purpose than Dr. Pole's "Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist," an inexpensive and lucid little work.

And now to put the skill and ingenuity of my solo whist readers to the test. In playing against a misere one of the principal points is to avoid giving the caller a discard, as he would thus be enabled to throw away any dangerous card he might hold. Another very important object is to give every opportunity of discarding to your partners, as they thereby show which are their short suits by renouncing them, and leave you a clear field for your attack in those suits upon the caller. Now the great art in solo, as in regular whist, is to know when to vary an established rule, and I offer a prize of a silver-mounted cigar-case with monogram for the best illustrative misere game in which the necessity for the reversal of these two principles is most clearly shown; that is, the game must so develop itself that the leading hand must play to prevent his partner's discarding, and—though this departure need not necessarily be by the same player—the leading hand may permit the caller to discard, and by the adoption of this system of play the caller is eventually caught. Solutions must reach the office on or before February 28th—the earlier the better—and should be addressed to Mr. A. S. Wilks, To-Day Office, Howard House, Arundel Street, W.C. Competitors are not restricted to one illustration, but each attempt must be accompanied by the date cut from the cover of the current issue of To-Day.

I am glad to see that the question of the legality of cropping dogs' ears has been finally settled. It remains to be seen, however, how far the magisterial decision in the case tried at Worship Street Police-court last week will affect the owners of dogs already cropped. Judging from the report of this case I see no reason why the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals cannot at once prosecute any man who possesses a dog with cropped ears. At any rate, there can be no more cropping after this date, and as the age of every dog exhibited at any show under Kennel Club rules has to be clearly stated, I do not think fanciers will have any other course open to them but to show their dogs in the unmutilated state. The cropping of dogs' ears could have been prevented years ago if the Kennel Club had taken a decided action in the matter. It would only have required a law prohibiting any dog which had been cropped, cut, or mutilated in any way from being exhibited at any show held under their rules. Some years ago an uncropped Irish terrier was as rare a sight as an uncropped bull-terrier is to-day, but the Irish Terrier Club saw the foolishness of trying to improve on Nature, and now the Kennel Club, acting on the advice of the Irish Terrier Club, has passed a rule which prevents any cropped Irish terrier born since December 31st, 1889, from being exhibited at any of their shows.

It may be objected that our present race of bull-terriers—to name one of the breeds that are always cropped—would look awkward and ungainly if they were left with all the ear that nature gave them. But fanciers alone are to blame for this. We have only to look at the bull-dog to see what can be effected by judicial breeding. If it has been possible to get that exaggerated head in a bull-dog by careful selection of

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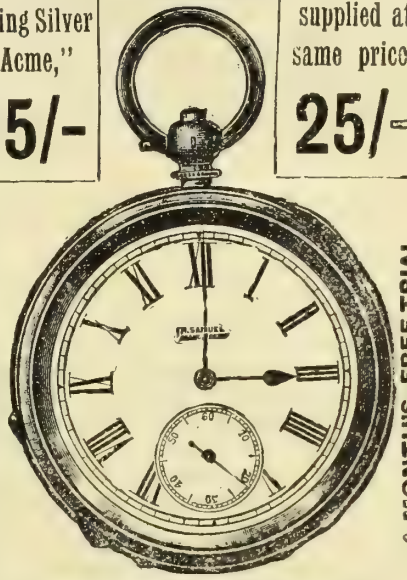

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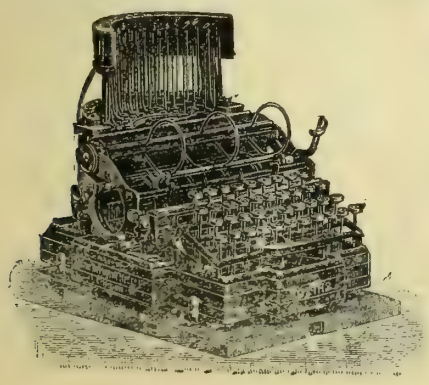

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parents, it must be quite easy to breed for a pretty ear in a bull-terrier.

The Irish terrier of the present day has a neat little ear lying close to the head. Nothing could suit the dog's head better, but it took some years to convince fanciers that an uncropped Irish terrier was not ugly. Bull-terriers have been cropped for so many years that the first few generations of dogs left with their ears intact will probably appear very unsightly to the enthusiastic fancier. But custom is largely responsible for this. If the Bull-Terrier Club, acting through the Kennel Club, were to discourage the cropping of dogs—and since the decision in the case last week, they will have to take some action in the matter—I do not think it would be long before we should have bull-terriers with pretty drop ears appearing on the show bench.

But more important than the question of appearance is the charge of cruelty to which every owner of a cropped dog must render himself liable. The operation of cutting a dog's ears is a tedious and painful process. In addition to this it is not performed until the dog is about a year old, so that there can be no doubt about the agony the poor brutes suffer. I am even inclined to the belief that all dogs would look better if they were left unmutilated in any way. I suppose the original reason of the docking of a fox-terrier's tail was that he might be able to go to ground easier, but in the case of dogs who spend the greater part of their existence on the show bench this excuse is meaningless. Fashion has decreed that a fox-terrier shall have his tail docked, and a bull-terrier his ears cropped, but it is only fashion. Common kindness has another law.

To-day (Saturday) the English Cup ties, first round, will be decided. I do not fancy the chances of any of the four Southern clubs to survive to-day's encounters. Preston North End and Notts Forest should easily account for Luton and Southampton St. Mary's. Millwall Athletic have no chance against Sheffield United, and Woolwich Arsenal will probably go down before Bolton Wanderers, though this should prove a tough struggle. The other clubs which should come victorious out of the round are Sunderland, Middlesbrough, Everton, Darwen, Aston Villa, Small Heath, Liverpool, Bury, Sheffield Wednesday, Stoke, Blackburn Rovers, and Burnley.

Everton's failure to do more than draw with Sheffield United, coupled with Sunderland's easy win at Stoke, has put a different aspect on the League table, and Sunderland have now a clear lead of one point. With ordinary luck they will increase this, and should finish at the top, with Everton and Aston Villa next. The bottom three, who will have to enter for the test matches, will probably be Liverpool, Derby County, and Stoke.

In view of the form displayed by Richmond against London Scottish, it is to be hoped that the match with Blackheath, which had to be abandoned last Saturday through frost, will be rearranged to take place on a future date. Mr. Bromet's merry men have shown such marvellous improvement that the total abandonment of the fixture would be most regrettable.

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I was talking to a friend the other day about the excessive care which some men bestow on their clothes, and in the course of the conversation two curious cases cropped up. The first referred to a well-known City man, who has a beautiful house in Brighton, and more spare time and money than he quite knows what to do with. Some years ago this man started collecting trousers, and his wardrobe has reached such enormous proportions that he has been obliged to have shelves arranged all round his room. Each shelf has a number over it, and holds a dozen pairs of trousers. This arrangement was carried out so that the different thicknesses of the materials might be sorted out and kept together. It is the duty of this man's valet to consult the thermometer every morning, and then to take down from the shelf, which is numbered with the corresponding figure to the degree of heat or cold registered, twelve pairs of trousers for his master to choose from.

The second case was even more remarkable than this, and concerned a man who had lately had a special trouser-box made to his own design. The box is long enough to take a pair of trousers without folding, and in shape and size resembles a coffin. In fact, the man has had the usual coffin furniture—brass handles and massive rings—fastened to the outside of the box. The wood is polished oak. The inside of the box is constructed with movable shelves, and when the first pair of trousers is put in the box all the shelves have to come out.

The first pair of trousers having been carefully folded and laid at the bottom of the box, a shelf is put in which rests on small supports, so that the weight of the other trousers is kept off the bottom pair. The second pair is laid out on this shelf, another shelf is laid on the top, and so the process goes on until the box is full. In order that the box may appear as much like a coffin as possible this eccentric individual—who, in point of age, is very far from his second childhood—has had a very heavy lid made, which screws on. I am told that the man—who does not employ a valet—is very pleased with the result of his invention, though I should think it must be a sharp lesson in patience for him when his evening trousers are at the bottom of the box and he has only ten minutes to dress in. I wonder how long it takes him to get those top eleven pairs out.

That the proposed contest between the London and New York Athletic clubs will take place is, I am assured, a certainty; but the London Athletic Club executive is not going to make final arrangements until they see every obstacle completely removed. The task of getting a team together will, of course, be a hard one, and few of the competitors will be at liberty to stay in the States more than three weeks. A postponement would, of a surety, upset all calculations; and for the affair to end in smoke would be a terrible disaster.

I believe there will be some official announcement made at the annual general meeting of the London Athletic Club on February 6th. With regard to the finances, I understand they are in a satisfactory state. I notice in my copy of the "articles of association" of the club that, for the purposes of registration, the number of members is declared not to exceed 800. It is needless to add that if the management desired it the roll of membership could be largely increased; but, without a doubt, the L.A.C. is the most select and the premier athletic club in the world.

I have received an early copy of the prospectus of the new Ealing Golf Club, which has secured the well-known Links at Twyford Abbey, which were played over up till last January, when the Old Ealing Club (now the West Middlesex) relinquished them owing to the failure of the negotiations as to their tenure of the course. The hon. sec. is Mr. A. T. W. McCaul, 21, St. Helen's Place, E.C.

The Major.

THE MAGICIAN AND THE SPORTSMAN: ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER V.

The Deputation.

He sat silent so long, with his eyes on the table, that presently I grew nettled, wondering what ailed him, and why he did not speak and say the things that I expected. I had been so confident of the advice he would give me, that, from the first, I had tinged my story with the appropriate colour. I had let my bitterness be seen; I had suppressed no scornful word, but supplied him with all the ground he could desire for giving me the advice I supposed to be upon his lips.

And yet he did not speak. A hundred times I had heard him declare his sympathy with the people, his hatred of the corruption, the selfishness, the abuses of the Government; within the hour I had seen his eye kindle as he spoke of the fall of the Bastille. It was at his word I had burned the *carcan;* at his instance I had spent a large sum in feeding the village during the famine of the past year. Yet now—now, when I expected him to rise up and bid me do my part, he was silent!

I had to speak at last. "Well?" I said, irritably. "Have you nothing to say, M. le Curé?" And I moved one of the candles, so as to get a better view of his features. But he still looked down at the table, he still avoided my eye, his thin face thoughtful, his hand toying with the crumbs.

At last, "M. le Vicomte," he said, softly, "through my mother's mother I, too, am noble."

I gasped; not at the fact with which I was familiar, but at the application I thought he intended. "And for that," I said, amazed, "you would——"

He raised his hand to stop me. "No," he said gently, "I would not. Because, for all that, I am of the people by birth, and of the poor by my calling. But——"

"But what?" I said, peevishly.

Instead of answering me, he rose from his seat, and, taking up one of the candles, turned to the panelled wall behind him, on which hung a full-length portrait of my father, framed in a curious border of carved foliage. He read the name below it. "Antoine du Pont, Vicomte de Saux," he said, as if to himself. "He was a good man, and a friend to the poor. God keep him."

He lingered a moment, gazing at the grave, handsome face, and doubtless recalling many things; then he passed, holding the candle aloft, to another picture which flanked the table: each wall boasted one. "Adrien du Pont, Vicomte de Saux," he read, "Colonel of the Regiment Flamande. He was killed, I think, at Minden. Knight of St. Louis, and of the King's bedchamber. A handsome man, and doubtless a gallant gentleman. I never knew him."

I answered nothing, but my face began to burn, as he passed to a third picture behind me. "Antoine du Pont, Vicomte de Saux," he read, holding up the candle, "Marshal and Peer of France, Knight of the King's Orders, a Colonel of the Household, and of the King's Council. Died of the plague at Genoa, in 1710. I think I have heard that he married a Rohan."

He looked long, then passed to the fourth wall, and stood a moment quite silent. "And this one?" he said, at last. "He, I think, has the noblest face of all. Antoine, Seigneur du Pont de Saux, of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, Preceptor of the French tongue. Died at Valetta in the year after the Great Siege—of his wounds, some say; of incredible labours and exertions, say the Order. A Christian soldier."

It was the last picture, and, after gazing at it a moment, he brought the candle back and set it down with its two fellows on the shining table; that, with the panelled walls, swallowed up all the light, and left only our faces white and bright, with a halo round them, and darkness behind. He bowed to me. "M. le Vicomte," he said, at last, in a voice which shook a little, "you come of a noble stock."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It is known," I said. "And for that?"

"I dare not advise you."

"But the cause is good!" I cried.

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "I have been saying so all my life. I dare not say otherwise now. But—the cause of the people is the people's. Leave it to the people."

"*You* say that!" I answered, angry and perplexed. "You, who have told me a hundred times that I am of the people! that the nobility are of the people; that there are only two things in France, the King and the people."

He smiled somewhat sadly; tapping on the table with his fingers. "That was theory," he said. "I try to put it into practice, and my heart fails me. Because I, too, have a little nobility, M. le Vicomte, and know what it is."

"I don't understand you," I said, in despair. "You blow hot and cold, M. le Curé. I told you just now that I spoke for the people at the meeting of the noblesse, and you approved."

"It was nobly done."

"Yet now?"

"I say the same thing," Father Benôit answered, his fine face illumined with feeling. "It was nobly done. Fight for the people, M. le Vicomte, but among your fellows. Let your voice be heard there, where all you will gain for yourself will be obloquy and black looks. But if it comes, if it has come, to a struggle between your class and the commons, between the nobility and the vulgar; if the Noble must side with his fellows or take the people's pay, then"—Father Benôit's voice trembled a little, and his thin white hand tapped softly on the table—"I would rather see you ranked with your kind."

"Against the people?"

"Yes, against the people," he answered, shrinking a little.

I was astonished. "But, great heaven," I said, "the smallest logic——"

"Ah!" he answered, shaking his head, sadly, and looking at me with kind eyes. "Yes, logic is against me. Reason, too. The cause of the people, the cause of reform, of honesty, of cheap grain, of equal justice, *must* be a good one. And who forwards it *must* be in the right. That is so, M. le Vicomte. Nay, more than that. If the people are left to fight their battle alone,

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the danger of excesses is greater. I see that. But instinct does not let me act on the knowledge."

"Yet, M. de Mirabeau?" I said. "I have heard you call him a great man."

"It is true," Father Benôit answered, keeping his eyes on mine, while he drummed softly on the table with his fingers.

"I have heard you speak of him with admiration."

"Often."

"And of M. de Lafayette?"

"Yes."

"And the Lameths?"

M. le Curé nodded.

"Yet all these," I said stubbornly, "are nobles—nobles leading the people!"

"Yes," he said.

"And you do not blame them?"

"No, I do not blame them."

"Nay, you admire them! You admire them, Father," I persisted, glowering at him.

"I know I do," he said. "I know that I am weak and a fool. Perhaps worse, M. le Vicomte, in that I have not the courage of my convictions. But, though I admire those men, though I think them great and to be admired, I have heard men speak of them who thought otherwise; and—it may be weak—but I knew you as a boy, and I would not have men speak so of you. There are things we admire at a distance," he continued, looking at me a little drolly, to hide the affection that shone in his eyes, "which we, nevertheless, do not desire to find in those we love. Odium heaped on a stranger is nothing to us; on our friends, it were worse than death."

He stopped, his voice trembling; and we were both silent for a while. Still, I would not let him see how much his words had touched me, and by-and-by—

"But my father?" I said. "He was strongly on the side of reform!"

"Yes, by the nobles, for the people."

"But the nobles have cast me out!" I answered, warmly. "Because I have gone a yard, I have lost all. Shall I not go two, and win all back?"

"Win all," he said, softly—but lose how much?"

"Yet if the people win? And you say they will?"

"Even then, Tribune of the People," he answered, gently, "and an outcast!"

They were the very words I had applied to myself as I rode, and I started. With sudden vividness I saw the picture they presented; and I understood why Father Benôit had hesitated so long in my case. With the purest intentions and the most upright heart, I could not make myself other than what I was; I should rise, were my efforts crowned with success, to a point of splendid isolation; suspected by the people, whose benefactor I had been, hated and cursed by the nobles whom I had deserted.

Such a prospect might have been far from deterring some; and others it might have lured. But I found myself in this moment of clear vision no hero. Old prejudices stirred in the blood, old traditions, born of centuries of precedence and privilege, awoke in the memory. A shiver of doubt and mistrust—such as, I suppose, has tormented reformers from the first, and caused all but the hardiest to flinch—passed through me, as I gazed across the candles at the Curé. I feared the people—the unknown. The howl of exultation, that had rent the air in the Market place at Cahors, the brutal cries that had hailed Gontaut's fall, rang again in my ears. I shrank back, as a man shrinks who finds himself on the brink of an abyss, and through the wavering mist, parted for a brief instant by the wind, sees the cruel rocks and jagged points that wait for him below.

It was a moment of extraordinary prevision, and, though it passed immediately, and left me conscious of the silent room and the good Curé—who affected to be snuffing one of the long candles—the effect it produced on my mind continued. After Father Benôit had gone, and the house was closed, I walked for an hour up and down the walnut avenue; now standing to gaze between the open iron gates that gave upon the road; now turning my back on them, and staring at the grey, gaunt, steep-roofed house with its flanking tower and round tourelle.

Henceforth, I made up my mind, I would stand aside. I would welcome reform, and do in private what I could to forward it; but I would not a second time set myself against my fellows. I had had the courage of my opinions. No man could say that I had hidden them, but after this I would stand aside and watch the course of events.

A cock crowed at the rear of the house—untimely; and across the hushed fields came the barking of a distant dog. As I stood listening, while the solemn stars gazed down, the slight which St. Alais had put upon me dwindled—dwindled to its true dimensions. I thought of Mademoiselle Denise, of the bride I had lost, with a faint regret that was almost amusement. What would she think of this sudden rupture, I wondered. Of this strange loss of her *fiancé*? Would it awaken her curiosity, her interest? Or would she, fresh from her convent school, think that things in the world went commonly so—that *fiancés* came and passed, and receptions found their natural end in riot?

I laughed softly, pleased that I had made up my mind. But, had I known, as I listened to the rustling of the poplars in the road, and the sounds that came out of the darkened world beyond them, what was passing there—had I known that, I should have felt even greater satisfaction. For this was Wednesday, the twenty-second of July, and that night Paris still palpitated after viewing strange things. For the first time she had heard the horrid cry, "A la lanterne!" and seen a man, old and white-headed, hanged and tortured, until death freed him. She had seen another, the very Intendant of the City, flung down, trampled, and torn to pieces in his own streets—publicly, in full day, in the presence of thousands. She had seen these things, trembling; and other things that had made the cheeks of reformers grow pale, and betrayed to all thinking men that below Lafayette, below Bailly, below the Municipality and the Electoral Committee, roared and seethed the awakened forces of the Faubourgs, of St. Antoine, and St. Marceau!

What could be expected but that such outrages, remaining unpunished, should spread. The provinces within a week followed the lead of Paris. Already, on the twenty-first, the mob of Strasbourg had sacked the Hôtel de Ville and destroyed the Archives; during the same week, the Bastilles at Bordeaux and Caen were taken and destroyed. At Rouen, at Rennes, at Lyons, at St. Malo, were great riots, with fighting; and nearer Paris, at Poissy, and St. Germain, the populace hung the millers. But, as far as Cahors was concerned, it

was not until the astonishing tidings of the King's surrender reached us a few days later—tidings that on the seventeenth of July he had entered insurgent Paris, and tamely acquiesced in the destruction of the Bastille—it was not until that news reached us, and hard on its heels a rumour of the second rising on the twenty-second, and the slaughter of Foulon and Berthier—it was not until then that the country round us began to be moved. Father Benôit, with a face of astonishment and doubt, brought me the tidings, and we walked on the terrace discussing it. Probably reports, containing more or less of the truth, had reached the city before, and, giving men something else to think of, had saved me from challenge of molestation. But in the country, where I had spent the week in moody unrest, and not unfrequently reversing in the morning the decision at which I had arrived in the night, I had heard nothing until the Curé came—I think on the morning of the twenty-ninth of July.

"And what do you think now?" I said, thoughtfully, when I had listened to his tale.

"Only what I did before," he answered stoutly. "It has come. Without money, without soldiers who will fight, with a starving people, with men's minds full of theories and abstractions, that all tend towards change, what can a Government do?"

"Cease to govern," I said, tartly; "and that is not what anyone wants."

"There must be a period of unrest," he replied, but less confidently. "The combined forces of order, however, have always triumphed. And I don't doubt that they will again."

"After a period of unrest?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "And, I confess, I wish that we were through that. But we must be of good heart, M. le Vicomte. We must trust the people; we must confide in their good sense, their capacity for government, their moderation——"

"What is it, Gil?" I said, interrupting him with a gesture of apology. The servant had come out of the house and was waiting to speak to me.

"M. Doury, Monsieur, from Cahors," he answered.

"The innkeeper!"

"Yes, Monsieur, and Buton. They ask to see you."

"Together?" I said. It seemed a strange conjunction.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Well, show them here," I answered, after consulting my companion's face. "But Doury? I paid my bill. What can he want?"

"We shall see," Father Benôit answered, his eyes on the door. "Here they come. Umph! M. le Vicomte," he continued in a lower tone, "I feel less confident."

I suppose he guessed something akin to the truth; but for my part I was completely at a loss. The innkeeper, a sleek, complaisant man, of whom, though I had known him some years, I had never seen much beyond the crown of his head, nor ever thought of him as separate from his guests and his ordinary, wore, as he advanced, a strange motley of dignity and subservience; now strutting with pursed lips, and an air of extreme importance, and now stooping to bow in a shame-faced and half-hearted manner. His costume was as great a surprise as his appearance, for, instead of his citizen's suit of black, he sported a blue suit with gold buttons, and a canary waistcoat, and he carried a gold-headed cane; sober splendours, which, nevertheless, paled before two large bunches of ribbons, white, red, and blue, which he wore, one on his breast, and one in his hat.

HE SPORTED A BLUE SUIT WITH GOLD BUTTONS.

His companion, who followed a foot or two behind; his giant frame and sun-burned face setting off the citizen's plumpness, was similarly bedizened. But though be-ribboned and in strange company, he was still Buton, the smith. His face reddened as he met my eyes, and he shielded himself as well as he could behind Doury's form.

"Good morning, Doury," I said. I could have laughed at the awkward complaisance of the man's manner, if something in the gravity of the Curé's face had not restrained me. "What brings you to Saux?" I continued. "And what can I do for you?"

"If it please you, M. le Vicomte," he began. Then he paused, and straightening himself—for habit had bent his back—he concluded abruptly, "Public business, Monsieur. And to have the honour of conferring with you on it."

"With me?" I said, amazed. "On public business?"

He smiled in a sickly way, but stuck to his text. "Even so, Monsieur," he said. "There are such great changes, and—and so great need of advice."

"That I ought not to wonder at M. Doury seeking it at Saux?"

"Even so, Monsieur."

I did not try to hide my contempt and amusement; but shrugged my shoulders, and looked at the Curé.

"Well," I said, "and what is it? Have you been selling bad wine? Or do you want the number of courses limited by Act of the States-General? Or——"

"Monsieur," he said, with an attempt at dignity, "this is no time for jesting. In the present crisis inn-keepers have as much at stake as, with reverence, the noblesse; and deserted by those who should lead them——"

"What, the inn-keepers?" I cried.

He grew as red as a beetroot. "M. le Vicomte understands that I mean the people," he said stiffly. "Who, deserted, I say, by their natural leaders——"

"For instance?"

"M. le Duc d'Artois, M. le Prince de Condé, M. le Duc de Polignac, M.——"

"Bah!" I said. "How have they deserted?"

"Pardieu, Monsieur! Have you not heard?"

"What?"

"That they have left France? That on the night of the seventeenth, three days after the capture of the Bastille, the princes of the blood left France by stealth, and——"

"Impossible!" I said. "Why?"

"That is the very question, M. le Vicomte," he answered, with eager forwardness, "that is being asked. Some say that they thought to punish Paris by withdrawing from it. Some that they did it to show their disapproval of his most gracious Majesty's amnesty, which was announced on that day. Some that they stand in fear. Some even that they anticipated Foulon's fate——"

"Fool!" I cried, stopping him sternly—for I found this too much for my stomach—"you rave! Go back to your menus and your bouillis! What do you know about State affairs? Why, in my grandfather's time," I continued, wrathfully, "if you had spoken of princes of the blood after that fashion, you would have tasted bread and water for six months, and been lucky had you got off unwhipped!"

The inn-keeper quailed before me, and forgetting his new part in old habits, muttered an apology. He had not meant to give offence, he said. I was preparing to read him a lesson on this, when, to my astonishment, Buton intervened.

"But, Monsieur, that is thirty years back," he said doggedly.

"Why, you villain," I exclaimed, almost breathless with astonishment, "what do you in this galère?"

"I am with him," he answered, indicating his companion by a sullen gesture.

"On State business?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Why, mon Dieu," I cried, staring at him between amusement and incredulity, "if this is true, why did you not bring the watch-dog as well? And Farmer Jean's ram? And the good-wife's cat, and M. Doury's turnspit, and——"

M. le Curé touched my arm.

"Perhaps you had better hear what they have to say," he said softly. "Afterwards, M. le Vicomte——"

I nodded sulkily "What is it, then?" I said. "Ask what you want to ask."

"The Intendant has fled," Doury answered, recovering something of his lost dignity, "and we are forming, in pursuance of advice received from Paris, and following the glorious example of that city, a Committee; a Committee to administer the affairs of the district. From that Committee, I, Monsieur, with my good friend here, have the honour to be a deputation."

"With him?" I said, unable to control myself longer. "But in heaven's name, what has he to do with the Committee? Or the affairs of the district?"

And I pointed with relentless finger to Buton, who reddened under his tan, and moved his huge feet uneasily, but did not speak.

"He is a member of it," the inn-keeper answered, with a side glance at his colleague, which seemed to express anything but liking. "This Committee to be as perfect as possible, Monsieur le Vicomte will understand, must represent all classes."

"Even mine, I suppose," I said, with a sneer.

"It is on that business we have come," he answered, awkwardly. "To ask, in a word, M. le Vicomte, that you will allow yourself to be elected a member, and not only a member——"

"What elevation!"

"But President of the Committee."

After all—it was no more than I had been foreseeing. It had come suddenly, but in the main it was only that in sober fact which I had foreseen in a dream. Called the mandate of the people, it had sounded well; by the mouth of Doury, the inn-keeper, Buton assessor, it jarred every nerve in me. I say, it should not have surprised me; while such things were happening in the world, with a King who stood by and saw his fortress taken, and his servants killed, and pardoned the rebels; with an Intendant of Paris slaughtered in his own streets; with rumours and riots in every province, and flying princes, and swinging millers, there was really nothing wonderful in the invitation. And now, looking back, I find nothing surprising in it. I have lived to see men, one of the same trade as Doury, stand by the throne, glittering in stars and orders; and a smith born in the forge sit down to dine with Emperors. But that July day, on the terrace at Saux, the offer seemed of all farces the wildest, and of all impertinences the most absurd.

"Thanks, Monsieur," I said, at last, when I had recovered from my astonishment. "If I understand you rightly, you ask me to sit on the same Committee with that man?" And I pointed grimly to Buton. "With the peasant born on my land, and subject yesterday to my justice? With the serf whom my fathers freed? With the workman living on my wages?"

Doury glanced at his colleague. "Well, M. le Vicomte," he said, coughing, "to be perfect, you understand, a Committee must represent all."

"A Committee!" I retorted, unable to repress my scorn. "It is a new thing in France. And what is the perfect Committee to do?"

Doury, on a sudden, recovered himself, and swelled with importance. "The Intendant has fled," he said, "and people no longer trust the magistrates. There are rumours of brigands, too; and corn is required. With all this the Committee must deal. It must take measures to keep the peace, to supply the city, to satisfy the soldiers, to consider future steps. Besides, M. le Vicomte," he continued, "it will correspond with Paris; it will——"

"In a word," I said, quietly, "it will govern. The King, I suppose, having abdicated."

Doury shrank bodily, and even lost some of his colour. "God forbid!" he cried, in a whining tone. "It will do all in his Majesty's name."

"And by his authority?"

The inn-keeper stared at me, startled and nonplussed, and muttered something about the people.

"Ah?" I said. "It is the people who invite me to govern, then, is it? With an innkeeper and a peasant? And other innkeepers and peasants, I suppose? To govern! To usurp his Majesty's functions? To supersede his magistrates; to bribe his forces? In a word, friend Doury," I continued, suavely, "to commit treason. Treason, you understand?"

The inn-keeper did; and he wiped his forehead with a shaking hand, and stood, scared and speechless, looking at me piteously. A second time the blacksmith took it on himself to answer.

"Monseigneur," he muttered, drawing his great black hand across his beard.

"Buton," I answered, suavely, "permit me. For a man who aspires to govern the country, you are too respectful."

"You have omitted one thing it is for the Committee to do," the smith answered, hoarsely, looking—like a timid, yet sullen, dog—anywhere but in my face.

I STARED AT HIM BETWEEN ANGER AND SURPRISE.

"And that is?"

"To protect the Seigneurs."

I stared at him, between anger and surprise. This was a new light. After a pause, "From whom?" I said, curtly.

"Their people," he answered.

"Their Butons," I said. "I see. We are to be burned in our beds, are we?"

He stood sulkily silent.

"Thank you, Buton," I said. "And that is your return

for a winter's corn. Thanks! In this world it is profitable to do good!"

The man reddened through his tan, and on a sudden looked at me for the first time. "You know that you lie, M. le Vicomte!" he said.

"Lie, sirrah?" I cried.

"Yes, Monsieur," he answered. "You know that I would die for the seigneur, as much as if the iron collar were round my neck. That before fire touched the house of Saux it should burn me. That I am my lord's man, alive and dead. But, Monseigneur," and, as he continued, he lowered his tone to one of earnestness, striking in a man so rough, "there are abuses, and there must be an end of them. There are tyrants, and they must go. There are men and women and children starving, and there must be an end of that. There is grinding of the faces of the poor, Monseigneur—not here, but everywhere round us—and there must be an end of that. And the poor pay taxes and the rich go free; the poor make the roads, and the rich use them; the poor have no salt, while the King eats gold. To all these things there is now to be an end—quietly, if the seigneurs will—but an end. An end, Monseigneur, though we burn châteaux," he added, grimly.

(To be continued; NOT, as erroneously stated last week, to be concluded.)

A CHAT WITH MISS JEANNE DOUSTE.

As I climbed the staircase to Miss Jeanne Douste's drawing-room I heard the sounds of music—a piano, the song of a canary, and the voice of a woman occasionally joining in. When the door was opened a couple of toy-terriers broke into the chorus and a tame sparrow chirped noisily; but Miss Douste quickly silenced the boisterous greeting of her numerous pets, and I soon found myself pleasantly chatting with her on a variety of interesting subjects, music of course taking the foremost place.

It was Tosti, Miss Douste told me, who first "discovered" that she possessed a voice. "He quite by chance heard me sing at one of our concerts in the Prince's Hall, and he told me I should have a very fine voice if I studied. So I put myself entirely into his hands, and the result is 'Grëtel'!"

I could not but help marvelling that Miss Douste's voice had remained unheard so long; but she told me that, though she was always singing parts of an opera or humming certain airs at home, she never thought her voice worth cultivation.

MISS JEANNE DOUSTE AS GRËTEL.

"You see my career as a vocalist has been so short" laughed Miss Douste "that there is really nothing to tell you of any interest."

"The manner in which I obtained my engagement for 'Hansel and Grëtel' is rather funny. After Tosti had given me a few lessons he introduced me to Sullivan, and Sullivan took me to D'Oyly Carte, and *he* told the Carl Rosa Opera Co. many nice things about my voice, and then one day, a long time after the original introduction to Sullivan, I received the offer of 'Grëtel.' That was my first appearance in Opera, but I hope it will not be the last."

"There is no fear about that," I answered smiling. "Having once heard you Londoners will not be content until they have heard you again and again."

"And I shall be glad to stop in London now I have made my home here and gathered all my pets around me. I was born in this great city you know and am very fond of it, though the fogs are terrible. Yes; I have travelled a little. France—the home of my parents—Germany, and my sister and I have visited the greater part of the American continent. Everyone was kind to us there, and we were most successful."

Then Miss Douste showed me a few of the many charming tokens of friendship and respect she and her sister have received from all

sorts and conditions of people—great and small—in the musical world. She told me the following amusing story of her first introduction to Rubenstein:—

"I was quite a small child. He happened to be having supper. He took me on his knee in his rough yet kindly fashion, and continued eating. With his long thick fingers he rapidly dropped long green stalks of asparagus into his mouth. Every now and again in an absent yet forcible manner he pushed a stalk between my unwilling teeth. I hated 'grass,' but feared to offend the great man by refusing to eat. Oh, how miserable I felt! But since then I have grown fond of asparagus."

"Who is your favourite composer, Miss Douste?"

"Ah! I have many 'favourites.' Rubenstein, of course, and Bach and Beethoven. You are doubtless aware that my sister and I studied music entirely under Chevalier Bach."

"Are you not sorry to have given up your pianistic career?"

"Just a little, perhaps. Of course, the voice requires more care and attention than the 'hands,' and I cannot run about as I used to. But as long as I study music in any branch I am happy."

And, indeed, everyone who has seen Miss Jeanne Douste's "Grétel" can well understand this. It is rare one finds songstress, actress, and danseuse so happily combined in one person.

Miss Jeanne Douste is as charming off as she is on the stage. The musical world, or that portion of the musical world which understands and appreciates a beautiful voice—pure, true, strong—will ever be grateful to Signor Tosti for having been the means of letting us hear Miss Jeanne Douste as a vocalist.

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Printed for the Proprietors by Wyman & Sons, Ltd., 63, Carter Lane, Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.

TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL.

EDITED BY

JEROME K. JEROME.

VOLUME VI.

LONDON:
W. A. DUNKERLEY, HOWARD HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, W.C.

1895.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 66. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

WITH THE TURN OF THE YEARS.

BY

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

Illustrated by MAX COWPER.

TALL, steel-eyed, austere man was Philip Stanmore. A man keen in business, they would tell you in the City, but upright and fair dealing. Not a man, however, given to making friends. Life had not brought joy into his heart. The struggle had been hard and bitter. And now he had won the race, and could be called successful, he was too old to begin man's pleasures. He was just over forty years of age. Sentiment had flown away long ago. No time had been given him for books. He was too busy to cultivate acquaintanceship. A woman had never smiled upon him. No; he was only Philip Stanmore, the cold, determined, prosperous City merchant.

He lived in a gaunt, rambling sombre-looking place in Bayswater. The rooms were chilly; the furniture was dark. These things did not trouble Stanmore, for money-making had been the idol of his life. Yet the housekeeper would whisper to the cook that he watched the accounts very closely.

In the evening, when he walked home, he would quietly total up his wealth, and smile. He was a rich man. In the days that were dull and murky a cloud would sometimes float before his mind. Where would it all go when he passed away? He only sneered at charitable societies. He had no thought of leaving a legacy either to his cook or a crossing-sweeper. He was a very selfish man. Let others spend their money in helping the poor, and the ailing, and the thriftless. He was not so foolish.

He could never tell how it happened, but a desire, feeble at first, but growing strong as the months rolled round, entered his heart. At the commencement he only laughed, and pushed the thought from him. It was out of the question. But often his evening paper fell from his hand, and he watched the glow of the embers. His heart grew warm, and the stern features relaxed, and something like happiness crept over him as, in a reverie, he pictured what he might be. He could not throw off the desire. It took possession of his soul. It enveloped him. He was hungering to have a son—someone to bear his name and be kindly to him.

"Oh! my son," he would say, "how I would love you! You would be my one joy. I see you now, as you will be—as you must be! What a fine fellow you are! How tall and how strong! Yes, I am proud of you, my son! Let me hold your hand, my boy. That's it! Look at me. Be happy! I have much; but it is all yours. God bless you, my boy!"

Then, with a sigh, he resumed his evening paper. He could not read. His mind was in a whirl. He went to the window, and watched the heavy, lumbering omnibuses roll along the street.

"Well," he thought, returning to his chair, "what a fool of a man I must be! I am not married, and I don't know a woman who would marry me. I don't know that I want to be married. No doubt I would soon make some poor creature very unhappy. But I do want a son! Yes; I do want one!"

The paper was thrown aside, and he thought and dreamt it all over again.

Constantly he would ask himself the question—"Why not?" Why should he not marry? Other men had the joy; why not he? It was perplexing. Away, deep down in his soul, was a sentiment, almost crushed during these years. There was a great depth of love; but he had never known it till now. Unconsciously a change came, and the harshness of the man softened.

"I will have a son! I know I will have a son!" He was filled with gladness.

So he went into the world. He did not refuse invitations. Once he had a dinner-party at his house. He became kind and considerate. Gentle women and the charm of homely life were attractive. He could be a pleasant man.

And thus it was that at the end of two years he took Miss Florence Hutchinson to be his wife. She was a cold and stately lady. Stanmore told himself often he did not love her. His marriage was a plan to carry out his great desire. Miss Hutchinson would be a good mother to his boy.

As the months flew by Philip Stanmore knew happiness.

For many hours he would wander in the parks. He had very sweet reveries. What should he call his boy? A name, surely, that was noble and manly! When young men passed, he shook his head, and said, "Better than any of these—far better."

The time came for the arrival of his child. It was long and anxious waiting. No one took much notice of him. For the moment he was forgotten. There was hurrying backwards and forwards to the room upstairs.

"Ah! my friend," said Dr. Evans, "why be worried?

HE REMAINED CROUCHING.

It will be all right in another half-hour, and you will be the happiest man in all London, no doubt."

"I will!" said Philip; and then he passed into the little, enclosed garden.

It was a beautiful night. He could hear the roll of traffic along Westbourne Grove. He looked upwards, and tried to recall the names of some stars. He had never done so since he left school, and he had forgotten. Then he glanced towards his wife's window. There was a bright light cast against the blind. He was sad, and yet he knew he had cause for much thankfulness.

He stood bareheaded in the night air, leaning on the rockery. Peace settled upon him. The world might think him weak; but tears flooded his eyes. He made no endeavour to stop them. It was the first time as a man he had ever wept. He slipped upon his knee, and, burying his face in the palms of his hands, sobbed. "O God! I thank you. I have never thanked you for anything. But now, O God! I do thank you."

He remained crouching for a long time.

The light still shone in his wife's room. He entered the house.

"Why, man alive!" said the doctor, cheerily, "you look like a ghost! Here, let me congratulate you. Everything has gone well, and your wife is quite safe."

"And my son?"

"Your son! Why, it isn't a son, but a daughter."

Philip Stanmore said nothing. He turned into the library, and locked the door after him.

* * * * *

It was all darkness and bitterness of soul again. Never for a moment had he contemplated the possibility of a daughter. He felt cheated. This was not the bargain he had made. He saw sneers in the congratulations of those who had become his friends.

Once more he was a selfish, discontented man.

His feelings were unkind to his wife and to the little stranger. He blamed them when he knew there was no blame.

"A girl—only a girl!" he muttered. "After all these years of waiting; after so many hopes and dreams—only a girl! Oh, that I had never married!"

He was unreasonable. He was cold and stern. When he sat brooding, Mrs. Stanmore would watch his face and see dark thoughts. He never wished to look upon the child.

"Keep it out of my sight!" he once exclaimed, angrily, when Mrs. Stanmore brought little Madge into the library. "Why was it not a boy?"

His wife stood transfixed, and gazed curiously at him. Then she understood all. She did not bring the child to him again.

So year by year slipped round. There was an estrangement, perfectly conscious to each, but never referred to, between Mr. and Mrs. Stanmore. Madge was not even as other children. She was a cripple. The little limbs were twisted. She never laughed or ran about the house. She sat meekly, uncomplainingly, looking out upon the world with large frightened eyes.

"It is awful!" thought the father. "Keep her out of my sight."

When Madge was ten years of age her mother died. With tearless eyes Philip placed his wife away. His hair was quite grey now. His face was drawn. His eyes were always sad. The mouth was more firm.

He sent Madge to a girl's school in Derbyshire.

It was very lonely for him. Just like the old days when he was the keen, vigilant business man. But the

dreariness was greater than ever. Joy was so near to him, and then it had passed away.

Every Saturday he had a letter from his daughter. At first he took little notice. The letters were about her lessons, her music and drawing. They always closed with the expression, "With fondest love to my dear, dear papa." Occasionally he heard from the head mistress that Miss Stanmore was unwell. He replied she was to have every care. But in the letters Madge sent there was never allusion to her health. When she had been away for two years she wrote: "Are you not very lonely, papa, dear? Won't you let me come home in the holidays. It is so dreary here when all the girls are away. I could play to you and sing to you, and make you happy. Papa, it is such a long time since I saw you. I want to see you and to kiss you."

Philip smiled faintly. She wanted to kiss him! He wanted somebody to love him, but it should be a son. Yet the sting was not so great as in years gone, and he thought kindly of his poor little girl in Derbyshire.

"PAPA," SHE WHISPERED, "LET ME SIT ON YOUR KNEE."

At the end of the summer term she came home for the vacation. She walked with the aid of a stick, for one foot dragged. She did not notice the coldness of her father's greeting. She was soft and gentle of feature, and her hair, like her mother's, was very black. The eyes were large. She would sit and dream like her father.

A pang of pain shot through Philip's heart as he saw her climb the staircase. She never asked his leave, but she arranged the ornaments in his room, and in the evening, after dinner, she drew a footstool near to him, and sitting upon it would rest her head on his knee. They rarely conversed, these two. Before going to bed she kissed him on the forehead, and said, "God bless my dear papa."

On the night before she returned to school he kissed her.

* * * * *

The following year she came home again. Then Philip Stanmore went abroad. He had no desire, but his doctor told him he must have constant change to repel the attacks of morbid depression. So he planned a lengthened tour. He shut up the house in Bayswater, and made provision for Madge's welfare. He went away. He intended to be absent for two years. But a far longer time went by and he did not return. Madge would hear from him in distant corners of the earth just saying he was well. Five years elapsed before he again saw London.

* * *

He was just the same man as ever, only his hair was white, and sadness was settled firmly on his countenance. He rarely read, but he would go to the library and brood. The awful futility of his life! He was becoming an old man, and life seemed to have been quite wasted. If he only had a son how different it would have been!

Madge came home. She was in her eighteenth year. The sweet girl's face had become that of a sweet woman. The eyes were soft and loving. She was still lame.

She put her arm across her father's shoulder, and placing her cheek against his, said, "Now you will let me be your little housekeeper, won't you? I will make this dreary old place quite bright. In the evenings you will tell me all you have seen. I have learnt a great deal about geography. Whenever I had a letter from you I got a book out of the library about the place you were staying at. So you see we can have long, long chats, can't we?"

Madge put the house in order. She insisted on the drawing-room being quite refurnished. "What's the good of a father," she said slyly, "if he can't buy nice things? So, please, I want two sovereigns to buy flowers with, and you really must have a new piano. That is a tinkling old thing in the dining-room."

It was a new experience to Stanmore to be spoken to like this. He feigned rebellion, but a smile stole across his lips and he would give in.

When Madge was ill and near to death he watched her tenderly.

She came down to the library when convalescent, and sat on the stool by her father's side. The curtains were drawn, for it was a cold, foggy night. She looked long into the glowing fire. Her father's hand was against her cheek. She took it and kissed it. Stanmore did not move. His eyes were closed, and his mind was surveying the past twenty years.

Madge rose. "Papa," she whispered, "let me sit on your knee. I feel so tired to-night." She put her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

When Philip looked up he saw tears.

"What is it, my lassie?" he asked.

"Oh, father, you are so very, *very* good to me."

He lifted her gently and placed her in the large chair.

"One minute," he said huskily, "one minute!"

He felt a pulling at his heart, and he walked about the room quickly.

"Madgey," he said, "come here."

She went to him, the tall, stern, white-haired man.

"Madgey, do you love your father?"

"Yes, papa."

He took her hand.

She knelt by his side. There was only the tick of the clock to be heard.

Then Philip Stanmore, stooping over his deformed daughter, said with a new light in his eyes, and love in his voice—

"Better than all the sons on earth. God bless you!"

ART ON THE HOARDINGS.

A CHAT WITH THE MASTER.

It is impossible to estimate what place will be given in future ages to Jules Cheret. He is acknowledged not only Master, but originator and creator, of his own special form of art—that dealing with the pictorial poster; for he is, even in the brilliant school of which he is chief, *facile princeps*.

I found M. Cheret, busily superintending the actual production of a pictorial advertisement, destined to spread to the four corners of Paris the fame of a certain mineral oil. *Le Maitre*, as his friends call him, belongs to the tall, elegant type of Frenchman, and his figure, even when clad in a rough corduroy suit, bears a striking resemblance to that of the Marquis journalist, Henri Rochefort, for, although the artist is considerably the younger man of the two, his hair, like that of the famous duellist, is fast turning white.

M. CHERET.

"I am always pleased to see a Londoner," observed M. Cheret, smiling, "for it was in London that I spent some happy years of my youth. I suppose you know that I began life as a lithographer and designer? My first pictorial advertisement," he continued, in answer to a question, "was a sort of accident, for you know how difficult it is to make people take to anything new or fresh; and yet," added M. Cheret, meditatively, "I cannot say I am at all sorry for the time I spent in the workshop; it proved an invaluable training for my future career. You see, not one artist in a thousand knows anything about the practical reproduction of his designs, and he has to learn that part of his business painfully, by dint of hard experience and numberless mistakes. Now, thanks to my training as a lithographer, I easily surmounted these preliminary difficulties; I knew from the first exactly what each colour would produce, and how to place my light and shade."

"You are a great believer in colouring, are you not?"

"Certainly. I regard the colouring of an advertisement as being all-important; bright tints harmoniously blended first attract the eye, and draw attention to the whole composition. Personally, I work almost entirely with red, blue, and yellow; it is surprising all that can be achieved with these three tints. Of course, I often superpose one upon the other. People who look upon my advertisements find it impossible to believe that they are produced with the primary colours, and yet I rarely if ever make use of composite tints."

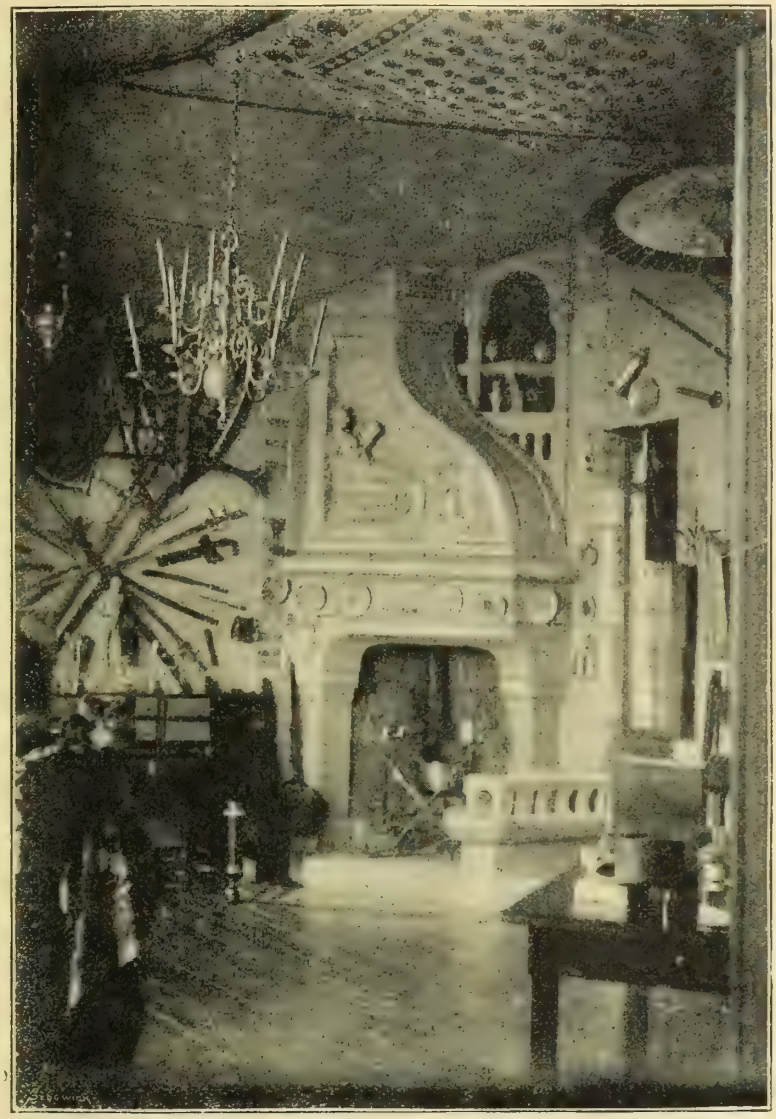
"You are not a lover of black and white?"

"Certainly not, as regards advertisements; you must remember that a poster is not meant to be looked at in a room. Now, something very striking and startling must be presented before people will take the trouble to look at it, far less to read what is written across it. You will notice I am talking exclusively of pictorial advertisements. Where anything in the shape of a picture or elaborate composition is concerned, the problem is very different; and when working with pastel—a medium in which I have become very interested of late—softness, as well as brilliancy and completeness of design, must be our first aim. Just now, much of my time is taken up by a number of frescoes, which I have

been asked to do for one of the reception rooms of the Hotel de Ville. Perhaps you are not aware that this splendid building will become in time a Temple of the Arts, for a number of painters, more or less well known," observed M. Cheret, modestly, "have each been given an order in connection with its interior decoration; and as we are all to be paid about £20 the square yard, no jealousy is possible. Among those who have worked, or are working, at the Hotel de Ville are Puvis de Chauvannes, Piquart, Gervex, Duez, and many others."

"And to return to the homely poster, M. Cheret, what do you think constitutes an ideal advertisement, apart from the wares advertised thereon?"

"Well, an ideal pictorial *affiche* should be as simple as possible, and I consider the introduction of at least one figure, and need I hardly say, that of a lady for choice, is indispensable; whenever it is possible this figure should be life-size. My own posters are never smaller than sixty centimetres by eighty-six, and my favourite size is two hundred and fifty by ninety; the figure should, of course, be elegant and brightly dressed in some striking costume, not likely to go out of fashion as long as the poster is to be in use. I always make a point of designing the lettering of the actual advertisement. I do not believe in black and white letters, but have no objection to their being very dark blue, red, or violet; this produces the effect of black without giving a jarring note."



CHERET'S STUDIO.

"I have heard, M. Cheret, that you are your own business manager; is that so?"

"Yes; I should not like my designs to be reproduced in any but my own ateliers," he replied, glancing affectionately at the huge stone at which he evidently had been working when I interrupted him. "Of course, I do not *enjoy* this part of my labours, but as I consider the reproduction—in other words, painting the designs on to the stone—as far more difficult and important than inventing a composition, I make a point of always doing it myself."

"And how many copies of each advertisement are distributed?"

"That greatly depends. I consider a thousand a fair number for a first order, but of late I have been giving up more of my time to pastels and serious compositions than to advertisements, for each poster takes a great deal of time; and after my design is entirely complete my real work is scarcely begun. Again, during the summer months, I always retire to the country or seaside in order to paint for my own pleasure the two things in nature I most admire—namely, flowers and sunsets."

"By the way, Monsieur, do you work from models, or are your dainty *Parisiennes* entirely evoked from out of your own imagination?"

"Almost all my figures are done *de chic*," he cried, laughing. "I do not feel the want of living models, although I am often inspired by the sight of a particularly smart or elegant looking group. I am never so happy as when at work, and my wife shares my tastes; in her I find my best critic, and she is also a great assistance to me in the business details of my work."

"And do you consider that there is a future for artistic advertisements, or will this materialist age become, as time goes on, more practical and less beautiful?"

"But in the matter of advertisement," observed M. Cheret, "the word beautiful spells practical. One of your English poets once observed that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' and surely an exquisite design strikes the imagination, and is more likely to linger in the memory than, say, the name of a patent medicine or ideal paraffin, written in black letters across a white ground. To produce an effect with the latter form of advertisement there must be constant repetition and irritating iteration, but a comparatively few good copies of a fine pictorial advertisement will stamp not only the name but the idea the advertiser wishes to convey far more quickly than the older method. I might add that this is especially the case where a

place of amusement is to be advertised; one of the first and most successful of my *affiches* was to make known a certain popular dancing hall. The public were amused at the sight of my three figures thoroughly enjoying a lively jig; I suppose they suggested brightness and gaiety, at least that was my object when composing my design; now there is not a single *café concert* or variety theatre that has not got a bright and sparkling pictorial advertisement to set forth its attractiveness."

"Do you make a point of making some connection between your composition and the place or wares it is to advertise?"

M. Cheret hesitated. "That is a difficult question to answer; I expect my clients to leave me absolute freedom in the choice and nature of the design, but I always submit what I have done to them before proceeding with the reproduction. In some cases it would be very difficult and almost impossible to suggest the object advertised in the picture, in others it is very easy; but," he concluded, smiling, "I generally find that my patrons are satisfied with what I have done for them."

"Do you work at any special hour of the day?"

"It would be hard to say when my working hours are over, for I am never so happy as when before an easel, either here, which is, as you see, more a workshop than atelier, or in the far distant corner of Paris, where I do my painting and work at my pastels; it is there that I am now elaborating my designs for the Hotel de Ville."

And then, greatly to my delight, M. Cheret and his kindly, beautiful wife drove me to the master's real workroom, a large, airy, hall-like studio, in which dozens of casts, all evidently taken from the better-known antiques, contrasted curiously with the very *chic* and up to-date pastels and water-colours which reposed in various stages of completion on the wooden easels standing about the atelier.

"My husband should have told you," said Madam Cheret, "that he is particularly successful when delineating children and young people."

"Yes," observed my host, "I delight in everything that is fresh, clean, and bright-looking. There is so little happiness and brilliancy in this world, surely it is something to be able to make the total larger."

"Well, Monsieur, you can certainly flatter yourself on having considerably added to the gaiety of nations."

"If I have, indeed, achieved this," he cried heartily, "neither my life or my life-work will have been wasted." And he added with characteristic good nature, "But I am by no means the only one. A great deal of admirable pictorial advertisement work is now being done, not only in Paris, but in London, and in one or two of the exhibitions held lately we have been able to see the astonishing development which has taken place in this modern form of art."

POSTER BY CHERET.

THE GREAT GOD PAN.*

There are probably many people who will put this book down with a shudder when only half way through it. It certainly is not a book that the average man will read at one spell. But the people who put it down half read will be sure to take it up again and finish it. When once the author has got his grip of the attention further resistance is useless. There are two stories in the book, and they are both artistically horrible, and, what is of more importance, absolutely original. The author completely convinces us for the time that his theories and experiments are all practicable, and with stories dealing entirely with the spiritual world this is surely high praise. So many of the remarkable events are told in the form of conversation by ordinary men, amidst ordinary surroundings, that it becomes an easy thing to lose sight of the author, and to read his chapters, not as fiction, but as reports of actual occurrences.

In the first of the two stories a Dr. Raymond endeavours to establish communication between the material and the spiritual world. To do this a young girl has to be employed as a sacrifice. An operation is performed, and the result leads to converting the woman into an insane beast. In this condition she gives birth to a strange monster with the outward form of a fair woman.

The author has gone down to that gloomy gulf which underlies the soil of human nature and has brought up a living shapeless figure that, though it is a thing of horror, fascinates us. Through its eyes we can almost see down to that strange swamp of evil from which the very roots of our own nature draw their sap.

The second story, though not so original as the first, is better constructed, and therefore stronger. The teller of the story sees a living thing, a creature from another world.

> While I was getting out my pouch, I looked up in the direction of the houses, and as I looked I felt my breath caught back, and my teeth began to chatter, and the stick I had in my hand snapped in two with the grip I gave it. It was as if I had had an electric current down my spine, and yet for some moment of time, which seemed long but which must have been very short, I caught myself wondering what on earth was the matter. Then I knew what had made my very heart shudder and my bones grind together in an agony. As I glanced up I had looked straight towards the last house in the row before me, and in an upper window of that house I had seen for some short fraction of a second a face. It was the face of a woman, and yet it was not human. You and I, Salisbury, have heard in our time, as we sat in our seats in church in sober English fashion, of a lust that cannot be satiated and of a fire that is unquenchable, but few of us have any notion what these words mean. I hope you never may, for as I saw that face at the window, with the blue sky above me, and the warm air playing in gusts about me, I knew I had looked into another world; looked through the window of a commonplace brand-new house, and seen Hell open before me.

The woman dies, how—no one can say. At the inquest one of the doctors who had made a post-mortem examination of the body was called. This is his statement:

> 'At the commencement of the examination I was astonished to find appearances of a character entirely new to me, notwithstanding my somewhat large experience. I need not specify these appearances at present, it will be sufficient for me to state that as I proceeded in my task I could scarcely believe that the brain before me was that of a human being at all.' There was some surprise at this statement, as you may imagine, and the coroner asked the doctor if he meant to say that the brain resembled that of an animal. 'No,' he replied, 'I should not put it in that way. Some of the appearances I noticed seemed to point in that direction, but others, and these were the more surprising, indicated a nervous organisation of a wholly different character from that either of man or of the lower animals.'

In a later chapter we have the life story of this woman's husband told by himself.

> Ever since I was a young man I devoted all my leisure and a good deal of time that ought to have been given to other studies to the investigation of curious and obscure branches of knowledge. . . . . My professional studies, however, and the necessity of obtaining a degree, for some time forced my more obscure employment into the background, and soon after I had qualified I met Agnes, who became my wife. . . . . I had learnt enough of the paths I had begun to tread to know that they were beyond all expression difficult and dangerous, that to persevere meant in all probability the wreck of a life, and that they lead to regions so terrible that the mind of man shrinks appalled at the very thought. Moreover, the quiet and peace I had enjoyed since my marriage had wiled me away to a great extent from places where I knew no peace could dwell. But suddenly, I think, indeed it was the work of a single night, as I lay awake on my bed, gazing into the darkness—suddenly, I say, the old desire, the former longing, returned, and returned with a force that had been intensified ten times by its absence; and when the day dawned and I looked out of the window, and saw with haggard eyes the sunrise in the east, I knew that my doom had been pronounced; that as I had gone far, so now I must go farther, with steps that know no faltering. . . . My experiments were many and complicated in their nature, and it was some months before I realised whither they all pointed, and when this was borne in upon me in a moment's time, I felt my face whiten and my heart still within me. But the power to draw back, the power to stand before the doors that now opened wide before me and not to enter in, had long ago been absent; the way was closed, and I could only pass onward. My position was as utterly hopeless as that of the prisoner in an utter dungeon, whose only light is that of the dungeon above him; the doors were shut, and escape was impossible. Experiment after experiment gave the same result, and I knew, and shrank even as the thought passed through my mind, that in the work I had to do there must be elements which no laboratory could furnish, which no scales could measure. In that work, from which even I doubted to escape with life, life itself must enter; from some human being there must be drawn that essence which men call the soul, and in its place (for in the scheme of the world there is no vacant chamber)—in its place would enter in what the lips can hardly utter, what the mind cannot conceive without a horror more awful than the horror of death itself. And when I knew this I knew also on whom this fate would fall. I looked into my wife's eyes. Even at that hour, if I had gone out and taken a rope and hanged myself, I might have escaped, and she also, but in no other way. At last I told her all. She shuddered and wept, and called on her dead mother for help, and asked me if I had no mercy, and I could only sigh . . . . . One night my wife consented, with the tears running down her beautiful face, and hot shame flushing red over her neck and breast, consented to undergo this for me. I threw open the window, and we looked together at the sky and the dark earth for the last time, it was a fine starlight night, and there was a pleasant breeze blowing, and I kissed her on her lips, and her tears ran down upon my face. That night she came down to my laboratory, and then, with shutters bolted and barred down, with curtains drawn thick and close so that the very stars might be shut out from the sight of that room, while the crucible hissed and boiled over the lamp, I did what had to be done, and led out what was no longer a woman. . . . . My wife had only asked one thing of me—that when there came at last what I had told her I would kill her. I have kept that promise.

This is not a book to be put into the hands of an imaginative child, and many people will find a prejudice against reading it at night. But to the jaded reader of novels, who is tired of the conventional plot and characters, this book will come as a most welcome change.

W. P.

* The "Great God Pan and the Inmost Light." By Arthur Machen. (John Lane.) 3s. 6d.

COST PRICE.

Marshal Lefevre, created Duke of Dantzic by Napoleon I. for his services in battle, was called upon one day by an old comrade who had not succeeded in the world. He seemed very envious of his friend's riches and beautiful house, and made unkind remarks about them to the Marshal. "Well, now," said Lefevre, at last, "you shall have it all, but at cost price. We will go down into the garden; I will fire at you sixty times; and then, if you are not killed, everything shall be yours."—*Memoirs of Mdme. de Remusat.*

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—You remember the mother's store of old buttons, don't you? She always kept them in a lovely cedar-wood box, and we used to laugh at her for preserving them. She says they remind her of dead-and-gone dresses, and of many an event and episode that she would long ago have forgotten had the buttons been discarded with the gowns. Well, the other morning, I discovered veritable treasures among them, for, as you know, this is very much a button season in dress, and the more quaint and antique these are the more suitable they are to the picturesque style of costume in vogue. There are half-a-dozen rococo silver buttons, which mother says I may have, two dozen of peculiar green ones set in rims of oxydised silver, and ten lovely ones in white pearl set in a trelliswork of fine gilding, and embellished in the centre with a very realistic-looking fly. These are just the very thing for the box-pleat so much worn at present, which promises to be almost an indispensable feature of a smart spring gown. Lilian Young has promised to sketch one for you, and I will send it on very soon.

Now please note the sketch herewith. It is done from a model by Worth, and shows the new (or revived) Princess shape at the back, and in front a perfectly new sort of tablier formed of small squares of lace folded cornerwise, and arranged above each other. Mother gave me her old Limerick lace shawl, the centre of which was all torn away, and with the remains of my beloved "Marguerite" brocade and the old silver buttons aforesaid, I have made myself a quite charming gown. I am beginning to feel quite conceited as a perfect paragon of successful economy. But I suppose the real tug-of-war will begin when there are none of the good gowns left to work up into agreeable réchauffés.

The bodice is square, with pointed magenta velvet fronts made loose over the lace, and held together at the waist with ribbon of the same colour, a button holding it at either side. Two more buttons appear on the velvet gauntlets of the elbow sleeves, and a draped collar of the velvet is worn round the neck. Under the lace is bright pink satin—ever so much lighter in tone than the magenta velvet. Please admire me when I tell you that this satin was once the lining of one of your own gowns, a rose-coloured crêpe, that you handed over to me when your trousseau was made.

I must tell you of some smart things I have lately seen, some at Niagara, and some at picture galleries. One was a short cape of brightest crimson velvet, lined with lime-green satin and finished with a frill of the same, veiled with fine cream-coloured lace. The yoke into which the fulness of the cape was set was made of black velvet, almost hidden by a network of chenille and jet, and finished at the neck with a rolled collar of the same, edged with black fox.

COSTUME AFTER WORTH.

A very fetching bodice was in fine jet work, with a yoke of white crystal beads, lined with rose-red silk, and a band of rose velvet round the neck. Like all the bodices of the present moment, this finished at the waist. People who have bought blouses at the cheap sales will have to cut off the basques, and make the seams fit in at the waist. This is very much more becoming to the figure than the basques, which were generally loose enough to obscure the pretty lines of the figure.

At the Skating I saw a tall, handsome woman in a closely-fitting black satin skirt, which spread out in many pleats at the hem, and was bordered with a band of skunk. Her blouse was striped sky-blue and white silk, and was finished at the waist with a broad band of black satin. A full band of velvet in a rather more decided shade of blue made a very becoming collar, and the toque was in velvet to match, with a garland of pink roses nestled into a creamy froth of soft lace.

We are by degrees settling into our tiny flat. It seemed hard to give up my lovely room that I had just had decorated so prettily, but we are going to be very cozy and happy in our little nest, and are determined to make the very best of things. After all, there is a certain pleasure in economy—so long as it has not to be carried to extremes. I feel so pleased when I have contrived some little thing to save mother's housekeeping purse from having to be too widely opened, and London is a wonderful place for this sort of thing. For every single article needed, not only in the household, but the wardrobe, there is a place where it can be got good as well as cheap. One has some difficulty at first in discovering the exact places where specialties are made of such things, and, as mother sometimes says, by the time we have fully learned the subtle art of economy, we

The LIST of APPLICATIONS will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, 6th FEBRUARY, and CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, 8th FEBRUARY, at 4 p.m., for Town and Country.

THE RHODESIAN MINING AND FINANCE COMPANY (Limited)

Capital £250,000; in 250 000 Shares of £1 each. Present issue 160,000 Shares, of which 40,000 will be allotted to the Vendor Company, fully paid, in part payment for the properties acquired, and the remaining 60,000 Shares are now offered for public subscription, but the Ordinary Shareholders of the Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited), have the prior right to allotment of 20,000 of such 60,000 Shares; 150,000 Shares are held in reserve, to be issued hereafter as the progress of the Company and the development of its properties may require.

Payable—2s. 6d. on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, and the remainder in calls of 5s. each, as and when required.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Sir GEORGE W. R. CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G., Chairman, Buluwayo Syndicate (Limited); Director United Rhodesia Goldfields (Limited); 50, Cornwall Gardens, S.W. (Chairman).

F. Lowrey, Esq., Chairman, New Kleinfontein Company (Limited); Director New Chimes Gold Mining Company (Limited); Geldenhuis Estate Gold Mining Company, etc.

Louis Campbell-Johnston, Esq., Chairman, Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited); 1, Iddesleigh Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

Herbert Knatchbull-Hugessen, Esq., M.P., Lynstead, Sittingbourne, Kent.

And one other Director to be nominated by the Vendor Company after Allotment.

BROKERS.—Messrs. Cutliffe, Ley and M'Culloch, 7, Adams Court, Old Broad Street, and Stock Exchange, London, E. C.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs Nicholson, Graham and Graham, 24, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS.—The City Bank, Ltd, Threadneedle Street, E.C., and Branches The Natal Bank, Ltd., 156 and 157, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS.—Messrs. Robert Williams and Co, London, Johannesburg, and Buluwayo.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Curtis, Thompson, Lucey and Co., Chartered Accountants, 15, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.

SECRETARY and OFFICES (pro tem.).—John Eustace, Esq., 10, St. Helen's Place, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed to acquire from the Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited), certain properties which that Company owns in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, in the territories of the British South Africa Company. Most of the mining properties have been selected by specially accredited agents of the Vendor Company, who spent considerable time last year exploring in the Chartered Company's territories, and examining, with expert aid, into the prospects of the country generally, and of the particular properties which came under their notice. They also equipped and sent out in various directions, under the command of competent and experienced prospectors, several exploring and prospecting expeditions. The properties acquired are so extensive that the Vendor Company, which is merely a pioneer Syndicate, finds it necessary for their proper development to hand them over to a larger undertaking possessed of ample working capital. The Company will employ part of its capital in making advances on approved Mining claims and other landed property, especially in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, where at present, as in all new and sparsely-populated districts, money is extremely scarce, and rates of interest are very high. It will also act as agent in London for Companies operating in South Africa or elsewhere.

The properties to be acquired by this Company are:—

230 Gold Mining claims, equal to nearly seven miles on the line of reef. Rights to locate 60 Mining claims in Matabeleland or Mashonaland.

100 square miles of specially-selected agricultural and timber lands in the district of Buluwayo (special grant from the British South Africa Company, subject to the formation of a Brewery and Distillery Company).

6 400 acres of land in Matabeleland.

5,280 acres, being 40 areas of 132 acres each, of recently-discovered Coal Lands in Matabeleland.

The Gold mining properties (230 claims in all) include several blocks upon which considerable development work has already been effected. They are situated mostly in the Selukwe, Belingwe, Gwanga, Umchimgwe, and Buluwayo districts. In regard to the Adventurers' Reef (40 claims), situated in the Umchingwe district, about 40 miles east of Buluwayo, and now in course of development, the Company's Managers in South Africa wrote under date December 27th, 1894, that they had ordered a drive to be put in at the 50 ft. level to cut through neighbouring workings; and on the 30th January last the Vendor Company received the following important cablegram:—

"Struck a very rich body of ore, 50ft. level; in width, 4ft. Assays average, per ton of 2240lb., six ounces.—Adventurers' Reef, Umchingwe district."

Among the Selukwe properties may be mentioned the Swan and Raven, 40 claims, running parallel to, and touching the well-known Dunraven property, belonging to the Willoughby Consolidated Company, of which Sir John Willoughby in his recent report wrote so highly. Messrs. Chalmers and Hatch (assistants to Mr. John Hays Hammond, the eminent mining engineer), speaking of the Dunraven property before the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, said, "It contains a number of quartz lodes, some of which are roughly parallel, others intersecting to form a network of veins. On the hillsides are some extensive old workings . . . several reefs of considerable dimensions have been discovered . . . . the gold is free, and is associated with the usual iron and copper minerals." Several of these lodes run through the Swan and Raven, and the development work on these claims, up to date, points to their being quite as rich as the Dunraven.

It is not intended that this Company shall continue to work all its properties; but as they are developed they will be sold to other Companies promoted by this Company, or otherwise, but it is proposed that in every case this Company shall retain a substantial interest therein. The property to be acquired is sufficiently large to warrant the formation of many subsidiary ventures.

The purchase price for all the above-mentioned properties has been fixed by the Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited), the Vendors to the Company, at the sum of £45,000, payable as to £40,000 in fully-paid ordinary shares of the Company, and as to £5,000 in cash. The Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited) will out of the purchase money pay all preliminary expenses up to allotment, except legal expenses and the cost of registration of the Company.

A contract has been entered into, dated February 4th, 1895, between the Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited) of the one part, and this Company of the other part, being the contract for sale to this Company. Divers other contracts and arrangements have been entered into by the Matabeleland Adventurers (Limited) in the ordinary course of its business, and also with divers persons in relation to the formation of this Company and the underwriting of a portion of its capital. The Company is not party to any of such contracts or arrangements; but in order to avoid any question being raised as to such contracts or arrangements falling within the provisions of the Section 38 of the Companies Act 1867, applications for shares will only be accepted upon the basis that applicants waive the insertion in this prospectus of the dates of, and the names of parties to, such contracts and arrangements, or any further compliance with the same Section than above set forth.

The statements in this prospectus are based upon information supplied by the Directors and Agents of the Vendor Company, and are verified by Statutory Declarations.

The above-mentioned contracts and declarations, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association, can be inspected by applicants for shares at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

One of the Directors, Mr. Louis Campbell-Johnston, is a director of the Vendor Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, Brokers, or to the Secretary, together with the amount payable on application. Where no allotment is made the sum so deposited will be returned in full, and if the number of shares alloted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment, and any balance will be returned. The Directors reserve the right to refuse to allot to any applicant for shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and at the offices of the Company.

"Get the **CRÈME DE VIOLET** sold by Le Frere et Cie. It is a splendid preparation for the skin, and if you will persevere in its use, you will find all those ugly spots and discolourations disappear, and in addition to this you will find the texture of the skin gradually improve, becoming soft and delicately tinted, the greatest ornament next to a sweet expression, that any face could have. The violet cream can be had through druggists or perfumers, or direct from the makers. If you have really been so foolish as to try cosmetics as a means of embellishing a faulty skin, you cannot do better than persistently use the Creme de Violet, for it will gradually do away with all ill effects left by the paint. It has a very delicious perfume of a refined kind."

"SUZETTE" in "TO-DAY."

Of Chemists and Perfumers; price **1s.** and **2s. 6d.** (see that the signature—LE FRERE ET CIE—is on the label); or sent direct, post free, in plain wrappers, 3d extra from—

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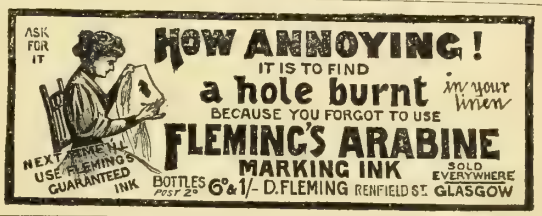

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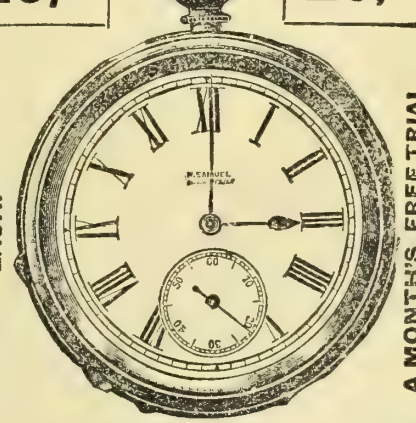

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shall be on the confines of a world where it will not be needed—so far as we can guess.

You should see us poring over the price-lists of the various stores and comparing them with each other. At one we find that tea at 2s. is better and finer-flavoured than that sold at 2s. 6d. at another. By buying our flour, barley, ground rice, haricots, oatmeal, and lentils direct from the miller we get a much better article at a lower price. And every week we acquire more knowledge of this science of economical housekeeping. I shall make an excellent wife for a poor man some day!

Apropos! We were talking of "The Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket, out at dinner the other evening, and some of the party were expressing their ideas. Adeline thought the nicest husband was he who gave his wife a liberal allowance, and bestowed upon her as little of his company as possible. Sentimental little Frances was horrified at this, and said she hoped her husband would be as much at home as possible; and as for money, it mattered nothing about that. Goose! But then she is in love.

The most amusing definition of an ideal husband was that given by Violet, who remarked that the nicest sort of husband to have is one who would be pleasant to live with and not very unpleasant to lose.—Your affectionate

Susie.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Breast of Mutton Curried.—Lay a breast of mutton in a stewpan, cover it with water, and simmer it slowly for an hour and a half; cut in slices a large onion and brown it nicely in a small frying-pan with a little butter, add to it a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder and a little salt; take the meat from the stock and stir in the curry and onion; put the meat back into it, and simmer slowly for an hour longer; then lay it on a hot dish and pour the gravy over it; if it is not thick enough, add a little browned flour, give a boil up and pour over the meat. Serve it with boiled rice.

Sprats à la Neapolitaine.—Butter a baking dish and lay the well-wiped sprats in it, sprinkling them well with pepper, salt, and a few drops of lemon-juice. Fill the dish in this way. Put bits of butter here and there all over the top, and bake the fish in a hot oven for an hour and a half. Serve the sprats in the same dish, with a napkin pinned round it.

The following recipe for frying fish in batter is the one practised by the London Board School cookery classes. Four ounces of flour, one gill of tepid water, one tablespoonful of salad oil, salt, and the whites of two eggs (these may be left out). Put the flour into a large basin with half a saltspoon of salt; stir in gradually the salad oil and tepid water. One ounce of butter or fat will do instead of oil, if more convenient, but it must be melted before it is added to the flour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them into the flour very lightly. In winter, clean snow can be used instead of the whites of eggs. All batter is the better for standing before it is used, but if you make it without any eggs it must stand about four hours. Take the fish you are going to fry off the bones, and cut it up into nice sized pieces; dip them into the batter, taking them in and out with a skewer, and fry them in boilnig fat.

C. R. writes:—"Grouse cooked as they do them in country houses in Wales will be found specially delicious. The birds should be carefully cleaned and trussed, and, before roasting, a dessertspoonful of finely-chopped beef suet should be put inside the bird, with a few grains of salt and red pepper. While roasting the birds should be well basted with some fresh butter and half a tea-cup of milk. They should be roasted quickly for half an hour, and served with a rich, brown gravy. No *sauce* of any kind should be put into the gravy, only a little celery, onion, and turnip in very small quantities. This should be served in a tureen, together with bread sauce, carefully made, with cream and fresh butter, and always mountain ash berry jelly. The jelly must be made as follows:—Place fresh-gathered berries in a stone jar and place in the oven until the juice is extracted. To every pint of juice add one pound of sugar; boil well, and pour into small jars. This will keep any length of time. (The rowan jelly can be bought ready-made at the Women's Gardening Association, 62, Lower Sloane Street.)

"JUST THE SOAP FOR YOUR BATH."

IVY soap

IT FLOATS!!

Is it not most annoying, when having a bath, to lose the soap or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither will happen with "IVY" Soap, which is always in sight floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "IVY" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water.

"IVY" Soap is a beautiful, white, "Milky" Soap, hard and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from irritating Chemicals. Gives a creamy lather, and is *SPLENDID FOR WASHING* Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing, and all delicate goods, the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common soaps.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A book I expect to do very well with is Rolf Boldrewood's "The Sphinx of Eaglehawk"[1]—a pocket volume in a pretty blue limp cover. Like most other books written by that ex-warden of goldfields, Mr. Tom Brown, alias Rolf Boldrewood, the scene is laid in a mining town, Eaglehawk—now a suburb of Bendigo—alias Sandhurst, the second inland city of Australia. The old male dramatis personæ—the police magistrate, the inspector, the murderers, miners, publicans and other sinners appear, but with them there is Winnie Charlesworth, Rolf Boldrewood's most charming heroine. She is a lady, beautiful, dignified, modest, yet content to take the rough post of barmaid at a goldfields' hotel, and able to do it without loss of dignity or modesty. Of course, in the end she marries her old lover, who becomes a baronet and a rich man as soon as a decent interval has elapsed after their marriage. I recommend this book as thoroughly suitable for a railway journey.

* * * *

I have been stocking also "The Honour of Savelli,"[2] by S. Levett Yeats, which looks, at the slight glance I was able to give it when the traveller submitted it to me, as if it might be rather a clever story on the lines of Mr. Stanley Weyman's delightful historical romances. I augur well of the book, because the short stories Mr. Levett Yeats brought out a year or more ago in Mr. Kipling's vein were so good.

* * * *

A thoroughly pleasant volume of short stories is Lady Lindsay's "The Philosopher's Window,"[3] of which A. and C. Black have recently brought out a new edition. It goes without saying that Lady Lindsay's society people are the genuine article, and her women are such womanly women. There is the same charm about her stories that one finds in Mr. Richard Pryce's delightful books, and there is that sort of under-current of sadness—hollowness—what is it?—which runs through the writing of Miss Beatrice Harraden.

* * * *

I am doing extremely well with Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Martin Hewitt, Investigator,"[4] a book of detective stories which created so much attention when they were appearing in the *Strand Magazine*, though they had the trying experience of following the detective stories of the great Sherlock Holmes himself. None of my subscribers hesitate in putting Mr. Morrison's detective stories next to Dr. Doyle's. Mr. Morrison, the author of the remarkably striking "Tales of Mean Streets" was one of Mr. Henley's *National Observer* men. He lives no longer in "midmost London's central roar" but in Epping Forest, which has long been a passion with him. He is still quite a young man, though he occupies such a large space in the public eye.

* * * *

I have been stocking a few copies of "Britannia's Bulwarks,"[5] an historical poem descriptive of the deeds of the British Navy, by Lieut. Charles Rathbone Low, whose "Great Battles of the British Army" and "Great Battles of the British Navy" are treasures in every properly-constituted boy's library. It begins with Sluys, and is carried up to date.

* * * *

A customer, a confirmed first-nighter, tells me that Mr. Frankfort Moore, who has christened his new volume of short stories, which Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. are bringing out, "Two in the Bush," is a brother-in-law of Mr. Bram Stoker, the popular treasurer of the Lyceum Theatre. Oddly enough, both brothers-in-law are appearing among the early numbers of Archibald Constable and Co.'s delightfully got up little Acme series Mr. Stoker's "The Watter's Mou'"[6] is already out, and Mr. Moore's Acme is promised at an early date. Both these gifted brothers-in-law are Irishmen. We have no wittier novelist than Mr. Moore.

The most important poem which has appeared in a magazine for many a long day is Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Passing of Muhammed, Prophet of Arabia," which takes up several pages of the February *Century*. I can only allow myself one brief quotation to show that his right hand has not lost its cunning :—

Ayesha—But the morn broke rose and gold,
And the cool air was like a spring to drink,
While on the way the footfalls of the folk
Made clatter, and the pigeons on the roof
Cooed, and the well-ropes creaked, awakening him.

* * * *

I do not think that Mr. Gibson's pictures in the same number bear out what I have so often heard my patrons maintain—that he is the most graceful living illustrator of society, though they are charmingly pretty; but I was very much interested in Mr. G. W. Sheldon's delightful and admirable article on the great American landscape painter George Inness. Mr. Sheldon, a very good customer of mine, is the London head of the great New York publishing firm of D. Appleton and Co., and the author of the magnificent "Woman in French Art," issued by the Appletons, with two hundred and twenty-five Goupil photogravures, one of the most sumptuously illustrated books I ever saw. I have imported a few direct from New York for customers, as they are not republished, I believe, in England. Mr. Sheldon, a prematurely grey man, with a typical American face, gentle, vivacious, and alert, is a very popular member of at least two of our literary clubs.

* * * *

I have just added to my library the two huge volumes of the "Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala."[7] They are full of entertaining anecdotes and curious reminiscences of the crowds of famous people among whom he has passed his busy and distinguished life. There are many interesting facts in his own career which most people have forgotten. How many, for instance, remember that for some time in his childhood the great journalist was totally blind, and that he began his career, not as a writer, but as an illustrator and an engraver of minute etchings. One of his illustrations at any rate has found an honoured niche—the one of Hogarth engraving a goblet in the *edition de luxe* of Thackeray.

* * * *

I have sold a good few copies of "Discords,"[8] by George Egerton, the young married lady who is responsible for the latchkey being the sign-manual of Mr. Lane's series of fiction. "Discords" show a distinct advance on "Keynotes" in literary finish. I think there was a good deal in what one of my patrons—a voluminous critic—said the other day: that if Mrs. Clermont, which is George Egerton's domestic name, showed discernment in choosing her subjects, there was no reason why she should not develop into an Oliver Schreiner. And he is not a man afflicted with a Nonconformist conscience either, only he likes the vices with which he is scourged to be pleasant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to many correspondents—the pamphlet on temperance, recently noticed in this paper, can be obtained from the author, Mr. F. Baker, Ely, Cardiff.

J. D. H.—You will be able to get a copy of "Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual" from Messrs. J. and M. L. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, London, W.C.

J. H.—There has been no key published in this paper.

J. B. H.—I do not know the address of the society you mention, nor can I find it in any directory.

1. "The Sphinx of Eaglehawk." By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan and Co., 2s.)
2. "The Honour of Savelli." By S. Levett Yeats. (Sampson Low, 6s.)
3. "The Philosopher's Window." By Lady Lindsay. (A. and C. Black, price not stated.)
4. "Martin Hewitt, Investigator." By Arthur Morrison. (5s.)
5. "Britannia's Bulwarks." By Charles Rathbone Low. (Horace Cox, 7s. 6d.)
6. "The Watter's Mou'" By Bram Stoker. Acme Series. (Arch. Constable and Co.)
7. "The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala." By himself. (Cassell and Co. 2 Vols., 32s.)
8. "Discords." By George Egerton. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY
THE CONDUCTOR.

Pursonally I cawn't sye as I'm interested in aggericulchur. I've growed spring unyungs an' mide 'em pye, though nort whart yer'd call on a lawge scile, but as fur aggericulchur in gineral I knows nutthink abart it. In course, ev'ry nar an' then yer gits the country fawmer up ter torn, fur the Aggericulchural Shows or sich like. I believe as theer's a gin'ral idea as any Lunnuner can beat a fawmer ; well, yee mye tike it from me thet 'e cawnt. They comes up 'ere with the noshing as we is a den o' thieves, and they ax accordin'. They knows jest wheer they wornts ter go, and they've wukked it all art on the map, and the odds is as they awsk a copper which 'bus they 'as ter tike. Yer cawnt kid 'em. Git a man ort o' the nor-west darn in the City fur the fust time and yer 'as a better chawnce. Treat a fawmer fair, an' pint art the hobjics of hinterest, an' then if 'e's 'ad a bit o' luck it mye be worth the price of 'awf-a-pint to yer. But as fur diddlin' of 'em, if yer think of tryin' it on, I gives yer the offus thet yer mye as well let it alone. Ah ! and I respec's 'em accordin'. In course, any little extry as mye come in my wye I'm ready tu tike an' thenkful. But all the sime, I 'as a 'igher opinyun of them as kin tike keer o' theirselves withart a nussmide ter look arter 'em So I'm alwise sorry to 'ear as these country-people ain't doin' as well as cud be wished. Pawtly it's the fault o' them rilewye comp'nies. Suppose a man 'as a pennuth o' bloomin' plums, they did ought to be wuth a penny to 'im. Natshrally if they costs three'ipence ter get 'em ter mawkit, an' a risk o' nort sellin' 'em when they're theer, them bloomin' plums don't pye fur the pickin'. If the rilewye comp'nies is willin' ter tike a word of advice in the sperrit as offered, they'll go a bit easier. Look at the Pawcils Post ; it pyes 'em, 'ere an' there, ter yoose 'orses instead of the bloomin' tin-kettle. 'orses is slower but they comes cheaper. So we 'as paircils brought inter Lunnun by coatch sime as it yoosed ter be in the ole-feshund dyes. I believe as there is plenty o' fawmers near Lunnun as mite chinge a losin' business inter a payin' one if they'd tike an 'int from the Pawcils Post. I mye be wrong, as 'Ankin alwise says when he means he's bloomin' well right, but I orffers 'em the surgestshing fur whort its wirth.

* * * *

Speakin' of 'Ankin reminds me as that pore young man 'as litely been goin' a bit too fur. A foo of us 'appened to be talkin' abart the Volunteers an' the night mawch an' the defence o' Lunnun. "I 'ite it," says 'Ankin," it mucks up the bloomin' treffic an' yer cawnt keep time no-'ow. An' whart's the bloomin' yoose ?" "Ah," I says, "you'd know thet if Hingland was invided," "Ho yus," says 'e, "and whart nyshun 's goin' ter invide Hingland ?" "None on 'em while we 'as ar Nivy," I allows. "Thet ain't it," says 'e. "If ar Nivy was bust up ter-morrer," 'e says with a bitter lawf, "'appy, 'appy Hingland, wouldn't be invided." "An' why nort ?" one man awsks. "Becos," says 'Ankin, "the 'ole bloomin' country ain't worth the trouble of fetchin' awye." Nar thur was a man thur as goes rarnd with a coal-cawt. 'E 'adn't said nuthink, but as soon as 'Ankin let art them artrijus wuds this man goes fur 'im. 'E was too 'eavy fur 'Ankin, an' so we seppirited 'em contrary ter the wishes of both. 'Ankin 'ad one in the eye 'arrever as 'll mawk him fur a bit. I kin only 'ope as it 'ull be a lessing to 'im. 'E 'as tu go 'bussing nar with a shide over one eye, lookin' a disgrice, and, as I said to 'im, 'e's only gort 'isself ter thenk fur it. Meny a time 'ave I advised that pore unfortshinit young man ter be a bit modderit an', speakin' gin'rally, ter cheese it. But 'arrever, 'Ankin is 'Ankin and thet's all yer kin sye abart it.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HYPNOTISED.

A CHAT WITH THE AQUARIUM TRANCE MAN.

In this happy age of pessimism, bad weather, and new women, the exhibition of a hypnotised man lying in a glass coffin is sure of the public approval. It was unfortunate that the doctors in attendance on the case at the Aquarium thought fit to have the man revived within twenty-seven hours of the commencement of the performance. Both the doctors agreed that the man Nolan had a weak heart. Certainly it was very feeble when I felt it, which was within a few minutes of his awakening. But Nolan was quite as disagreeable about his sudden resurrection as the doctors will probably be the next time anyone disturbs them in their beauty sleep.

"Look here," said Nolan to me, as soon as he had got out of his coffin, "I've had six years' training in the militia. Don't you think I should have been kicked out before now if I'd got a weak heart ?"

But the doctors still stuck to their opinions.

"Never mind about that," said I, "tell me how you feel when you are going off; of course you've been hypnotised before ?

"Dozens of times. As to my going off, well, at first the room starts moving—going round. Then it goes faster and faster, and then—well—it stops, and I'm off."

"Could you resist if you wanted to ?"

"No," he admitted, "I couldn't. Sometimes, when I've been to private parties, I've tried to keep my senses, and laughed at the men who had come to hypnotise me. But it's no use—they nab me all the same."

"Have you ever had an accident while under mesmeric influence ?"

"Well, yes—one or two. I was lying on a platform—hypnotised you know, and somehow I rolled over and caught fire at the footlights. My hair was burnt and my neck singed pretty badly."

"That 'touched you up a bit' ?"

"No, I didn't feel it until they brought me to. They've just told me that someone accidentally dropped a lighted match on my face when I was lying there"—pointing to the coffin—"half an hour ago."

"Had you any idea how long you had been off ?"

"No, I hadn't. I thought at first that I'd gone for my eight days. It was silly of 'em to wake me up."

"Do you ever dream when you are off."

"Not much. I think I must do a little though ; I've been to Portsmouth this time."

"How do you feel now they've brought you round ?"

"Oh, I'm all right. My lips get rather dry, that's all."

"But don't they give you anything while you're off ?"

"No, nothing."

"Cheap way of living ?"

"Yes," said Nolan, "and very pleasant.

"Do you think that so much hypnotism affects your health in any way ?"

"Oh, yes, it does me good. Why, when I'm lying asleep I get fat ; in fact I feel all the better for it."

"Then you haven't the slightest objection to being hypnotised as often as you can get an engagement ?"

"No," said Nolan, "I haven't. There's only one man in the world who could stop me."

"And that man is ?"

"My priest—I'm a Catholic. You may think it strange, but if he told me not to come I wouldn't, not if they offered me £100 a night to do it."

"Then you think he would object ?"

"Yes," said Nolan, "I know he would—he doesn't care about my performances."

"But he didn't object this time ?"

"I didn't give him the chance," whispered Nolan.

IN A "SECOND SMOKING."

Time, near midnight. A well-filled compartment on the District Railway, that, although labelled "Smoking," has an air of domesticity about it. People facing, converse loudly, or else glare at each other like newly married couples. Not a newspaper is visible, but several ladies are comfortably enjoying a sense of trespass. A few mild cigarettes alone betray the supremacy of man in his special sanctuary.

FIRST YOUNG BLOOD (*in light overcoat, with a plaid silk muffler, which he nervously readjusts every second, lest he should betray the effulgence of a white made-up necktie*). I say, old Chappie (*this in the tone of one who is ending a night of wild and whirling jollity*), Irvin' must have spent a lot of money on that show—looks like a Burne-Jones doesn't it?

SECOND YOUNG BLOOD (*who has no idea who, what, or why a Burne-Jones may be*). It's very high toned, and all that sort of thing, like the afternoon show. Good idea to run two fairy tales at the same place. I suppose they have the same actors in both.

FIRST Y. B. (*knowingly*). In Santa Claus No, I don't think Ellen Terry's in that. She was last year—wasn't she? No, it was Ellaline Terris, I remember. Wonder if it's the same actress with a change of name; looks like it, don't it? I haven't been. Have you?

SECOND Y. B. I took my people the other afternoon. (*This in a lordly tone, though he knows that his friend knows that he knows his friend knows—that he was taken by his mother for the annual January schoolboy treat.*)

FIRST Y. B. (*ignoring the facts*). One's people expect such a lot of takin' about, don't they?

SECOND Y. B. Yes. I had an awful sell last week. Took 'em to "The Shop Girl" as I thought, and it turned out to be some duffin' baby opera. Awful slow.

ELDERLY MAN (*in solemn inverness and soft felt hat, to his vis-a-vis, a soulful youth of thirty-six summers—all wet ones apparently*). That opera of Humperdincks, "Hansel and Grëtel," grows on one. There has been nothing like it since "Tristan and Isolde."

SOULFUL VIS-A-VIS (*contemptuously*). I thought you raved over the "Cavalleria." I never did.

ELDERLY MAN (*taken aback*). Yes! (*With a sudden inspiration.*) But that was Italian. One doesn't take Italian art seriously.

SOULFUL VIS-A-VIS. This is Ibsen and trombone, I suppose.

ELDERLY MAN'S WIFE (*fat and placidly vacuous*). I don't wonder my husband likes it; it's so pretty. Those dear angels, and the sweet old witch and the oven. It is as tuney as "Patience." You should go.

ELDERLY MAN (*glumly*). That is not the aspect in which it appeals to me; but the wonderful way in which the orchestra fulfils the function of the chorus in the old Greek drama.

LOUD YOUTH (*to his giggling fiancée opposite*). Let her blush in 'er own back-yard Ain't Herbert Campbell stunning. He fairly takes the bun as a New Woman.

HIS FIANCEE (*happy, but shocked*). What would ma say if she knew we had been to Drury Lane—she thought it was "Santa Claus"—she hates comic singers.

LOUD YOUTH (*with daring parody*). Let her "ate in her own back-yard."

HIS FIANCEE. Oh, Arthur, you are too funny. (*Both giggle.*)

SUPERCILIOUS LADY (*to her meek husband*). The next time you drag me in, I hope you will drive me home. After that superb lecture all this vulgar conversation jars on one.

HER ABETTOR HALF (*apologetically*). You are too intellectual, my dear (*hastily*). I mean you cannot expect everybody to rise to your level. They must enjoy themselves in their own way.

SUPERCILIOUS LADY (*sardonically*). I'd make them enjoy themselves if I had mine (*chuckles grimly over the programme she would set before giddy theatre-goers was her power equal to her will*).

FIRST YOUNG BLOOD. I liked "The Ideal Husband." "Vulgarity is the behaviour of other people" was a rattlin' good joke.

SECOND YOUNG BLOOD (*humbly*). It's a sequel to the New Woman, isn't it? I can't see the fun of those epitaphs. A Johnnie told me you had to wear a green carnation to see the jokes.

FIRST Y. B. Oscar's awfully clever. Everybody says so.

SECOND Y. B. (*doggedly*). He may be, but give me "Charley's Aunt" or "The New Boy."

FIRST Y. B. (*frankly*). Well, I didn't like to say so before, old boy, seeing it was your "bust" to-night, but "King Arthur" was a bit slow.

SECOND Y. B. (*cheering up*). So I thought.

LOUD YOUTH. Why shouldn't we go to the Empire and see the living pictures?

HIS FIANCEE (*shocked*). Oh, Arthur! How can you talk of such things before people.

LOUD YOUTH (*whispers something. His fiancée looks coldly out of the window. He grows nervous*). I say, Ethel! Never mind, we'll go to Olympia.

HIS FIANCEE (*brightening up*). Oh, Arthur, how funny you are!

ELDERLY MAN. "Guy Domville" is the best play I have seen for years. That's why it failed. Failure is the only proof of merit nowadays.

HIS SOULFUL VIS-A-VIS (*spitefully*). Has that been your experience? It is a comforting doctrine to hold.

ELDERLY MAN (*to pacify him*). I saw a very good notice of your new book to-night. I mean good as an advertisement.

SOULFUL VIS-A-VIS. Oh—in the "Meteor" (*conscious that he dictated it to a chum of his on the staff of the paper—pauses*). It was sympathetic!

ELDERLY MAN. I should hardly have called it that. I thought it was meant to be ironical.

SOULFUL VIS-A-VIS. Ironical! Why it said the book was far beyond the first volume of poems by Keats, Swinburne, or anybody.

ELDERLY MAN (*conscious of putting his foot in it*). Ah, I just read it hurriedly.

FIRST YOUNG BLOOD (*getting out—lets off a parting bon-mot with the manner of a brilliant epigram*). Shall you catch the 9.5?

SECOND YOUNG BLOOD (*catching the excitement and resolved to eclipse his friend by a still wittier last word*). No. I shall go by the 8.50.

LOUD YOUTH. Gus Harris is a chap to spend money. I wonder what "Dick Whittington" brings him in.

HIS FIANCEE. A tidy penny, I expect. (*They discuss the financial position of Sir Augustus as keenly as if they were his residuary legatees.*)

SUPERCILIOUS LADY (*to the pair with heads almost touching*). May I trouble you to allow me to pass?

LOUD YOUTH. Don't mention it. (*Straightens himself as she crushes by.*)

SUPERCILIOUS LADY. I didn't (*to her husband*). Have you my fan, and my opera-glasses, and the programme, and—(*door slams*).

LOUD YOUTH. She's dropped her fan. (*Picks it up, lets down window with a crash, and hurls it on the platform, where it catches the supercilious lady full in her face.*)

HIS FIANCEE (*expiring with half-suppressed giggles*). Oh, Arthur! How funny you are!

(*All subside to dozing reveries.*)

GUARD (*opening door suddenly*). All out, all out!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Tobacconists (commencing). See Illd. Guide (250 pgs.). 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

IN THE CITY.

MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

We said last week that the Press would have to stop the transfer of Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, and the Press has stopped it. It will be said by the apologists of the plotters that it was all moonshine, the idea that Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams was to be transferred. He went circuit last year; he has gone circuit this year; Judges like going circuit—it means change, and fuss, and allowances—and that is all. It may be that there is no conclusive answer to this defence, for we attach no credence to the statement of a Welsh contemporary about incriminating correspondence. But the fact remains that it was intended to transfer Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, and that a most grave mistake has been prevented by the protests of the Press.

In their desire to make it plain that in objecting to the transfer of this judge they cast no doubt upon the fitness of other judges some of our contemporaries have gone further than the facts warrant. No one questions the probity of any judge upon the bench, and as to the particular judge who has been named as successor to Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams in the Bankruptcy Court, he is known to be an exceptionally able and upright man. But Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams is the best judge for the Bankruptcy Court not only because his practice at the Bar, and his experience since, has made him very conversant with bankruptcy matters, but also because he alone of all the judges is disposed to act rather on the French than the English plan—to be something of the prosecutor as well as the judge. It will be said that this is against the spirit of our law, and so it is, but for all that it is what is wanted in the Bankruptcy Court. It is necessary that in that court the president should be something more than a judge; that upon occasion he should act as Public Prosecutor in a sense, as well as judge. And this is what Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams has done, and will do again. He is not content with a passive *rôle*, as other judges would be. For this reason he has incurred the wrath of men in high place, and in doing so has given the best proof that could be asked of his special fitness for the work with which his name has become indissolubly associated.

THE GROCERS' ASSOCIATION OF BIRMINGHAM AND TO-DAY.

We have before us a report of the meeting of this Association, called by Mr. Councillor Jarvis, who presided, and who, in his opening remarks, said that "he should be wanting in his duty to the Association, if he had not called a general meeting to consider the article in To-Day referring to the Bond Tea System in Birmingham." It will be remembered that To-Day said that grocers selling tea under this bond system ought not to be allowed to remain members of an Association whose object is the protection of legitimate trade. Mr. Jarvis can only reply that "some members of the trade, very much against their will, adopted the system in self-defence." And Mr. Boraston, whom we named as a member of the Association working under the bond system, could find no better excuse for his action. As well might the respectable tradesman give short measure because there are rogues in the trade who do not give full weight. The duty of honest tradesmen when they have to reckon with a trick like this bond trick is to appeal to the law, and to see that the law is strengthened if it is insufficient.

We observe that Mr. W. E. Fowkes, the secretary of the Grocers' Association of Birmingham, defended himself against "the imputations made upon him in the article in To-Day." We made no imputations. Our only statement about Mr. Fowkes was a statement of fact, viz., that James Frederick Edwards, the general manager of the Public Benefit Tea Association, was until recently a clerk to Mr. Fowkes.

Mr. Fowkes was preceded by Mr. J. Norris, to whom we referred in our article, and about whom it is necessary to say a word or two. Mr. Norris tells us that respectable grocers took up the system because the Public Prosecutor did not regard it as illegal. But Mr. J. Norris wants no encouragement from the Public Prosecutor to ignore the law of the land. We find that on the 23rd October, 1891, John Norris was at the Birmingham Police Court, where he was charged with an offence under the Margarine Act, found guilty, and fined £3 and costs. Undeterred by this lesson, the same John Norris was, on April 14th, 1893, at the King's Heath Police Court charged with the same offence, and fined £10 and costs. His brother, William Norris, is the founder of the Public Benefit Tea Association. He, too, has been convicted more than once of offences against the Margarine Act. Formerly in business with his late brother, A. J. Norris, there was a dissolution of partnership in 1880. William Norris became bankrupt in the following year.

We sympathise with the grocers who throughout the country have suffered such heavy loss from the bond system initiated by Nelson and Company, and supported for their own purposes by certain wholesale tea-dealers. To-Day has done more than any other paper to urge the authorities to action, and to put an end to tricks that are rapidly demoralising a great trade; but we contend, and we are sure the majority of the Birmingham Grocers' Association will agree with us, that grocers who have stooped to this bond dealing ought to be disqualified from remaining members of an association created and managed for the encouragement and protection of legitimate trading.

THE LONDONDERRY GOLD MINE, LIMITED.

We have received the following letter from the secretary of this company:—

3, Gracechurch Street, London,
January 31st, 1895.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of the 26th instant you state that "the promoters of the Londonderry have bought five claims surrounding the property, which were thought in the first instance to be included in those sold by the vendors to the Company, and although urged to start another Company to work these additional claims, Colonel North has very honourably added them to the Londonderry."

This statement is somewhat misleading, the facts being as follows:—As stated in the prospectus, the Londonderry Gold Mining Company was formed for the purpose of acquiring the Londonderry lease, which was supposed to contain an area of twenty-five acres. However, upon the issue of the lease it was discovered that the area pegged out by the discoverers only contained sixteen acres, owing to their mistaken measurements, and although the experts had reported on the sixteen acres only, thinking that it was twenty-five acres, and the rich discovery being also situated in the centre of those sixteen acres, Colonel North, the Earl of Fingall, and Mr. T. H. Myring, the vendors to the Company, being also large holders of shares in the Company, decided to set aside a considerable sum out of the purchase-money to acquire seven claims adjoining, and in the neighbourhood of the Londonderry Mine, and make a present of them to the Company. One of them contains the deep level of the Londonderry lode, whilst experts state that the Londonderry lode along its length continues through some of them, and that a separate valuable lode has been discovered on another.

The area of these blocks added to the area of the Londonderry make, as near as can be fixed at present, 130 acres.

At the outset there was no question of anything else but the Londonderry claim, and Lord Fingall, Colonel North, and Mr. Myring were under no obligation to give anything else. On the other hand other parties had at one time intended to bring out a company to work these seven additional claims for £250,000.

The shareholders, therefore, now possess a property, through the liberality of the vendors, about five times the area of that for which they originally subscribed.—Yours faithfully,

John H. Gretton, Secretary.

THE BALFOUR COMPANIES.

In our issue of June 9th, 1894, we wrote:—

> The Government have not only decided to prosecute certain persons associated with Jabez Balfour in the management of these Companies, they are ready to proceed at once, and any attempt on the part of the persons concerned to exchange the English climate for that of say, Argentina will only hasten matters.

And we went on to say that if Jabez Balfour succeeded in baulking the demand for extradition, "his associates, though deprived of the support to be derived from his presence among them, will still have the opportunity of making an attempt to convince a jury that they have been unjustly accused."

On Friday last it was authoritatively stated that Inspector Tonbridge is to return home by next mail. On Saturday it was announced that, at the instance of the Public Prosecutor, the Lord Mayor had granted summonses against the "associates" referred to above.

MR. H. J. SMALLMAN AND SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD, M.P.

We continue to receive from that excellent but very combative citizen, Mr. H. J. Smallman, batches of printed matter—and such batches!—bearing more or less directly upon his quarrel with Sir James Whitehead. We hope he will not send us any more, for life is short, and we know all about his quarrel with Sir James. It may well be that the Alderman's action with regard to the General Phosphate Corporation was in some respects open to censure. We think it was, and that if it had not been Mr. Smallman would have been hauled up for libel long before now. But, after all, Sir James Whitehead was a considerable loser by the company. Mr. Smallman complains that the Lord Mayor will not go into the matter, but most

people will think Sir Joseph Renal's refusal a proper refusal. If he is to arraign aldermen for their conduct as directors he will have plenty to do, and he will hardly begin with Sir James Whitehead.

WE have received complaints from shareholders in the French Mines, Limited. Started in 1891, the directors went to allotment with a very small subscription, and the result—liquidation—naturally followed in less than two years. This commenced early in 1893. In May 1894 a meeting was called but nothing was done, there being no quorum. The company had not been in existence very many months when the directors mortgaged calls and the company's funds. Perhaps the liquidator, Mr. John S. Piggott, of 26, Lombard Street, will let us know how the liquidation stands.

SHAREHOLDERS in the Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway may be interested to know that a Manchester broker is offering ordinary shares £10 fully paid at £6 10s. net per share. They are dear at the price.

We have to acknowledge a copy of the new issue of that most excellent periodical, "The Insurance Directory, Reference, and Year Book," published by our contemporary the *Post Magazine*.

With reference to a statement made at the dinner to Mr. Begelhole—that it was that worthy man who "with three shots from his revolver got free gold from quartz in Western Australia, this at Bayley's Reward," a correspondent writes:—"Why long before Bayley's was ever heard of free gold was being won from quartz by three stampers at 'Southern Cross,' and elsewhere in Westralia." Of course it was.

We remind shareholders of the Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company that the extraordinary general meeting will be held on the 11th inst. at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate House, Moorgate Street, E.C., at twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose of discussing certain proposals for reconstruction. A correspondent complains that "though the shareholders' committee and the directors appear to be working in harmony they send rival proxies."

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

JAMES BROTHERS AND CO.—We are informed that these "Bankers, Financiers," and the rest of it, have an ill-furnished room at 3, Bishopsgate Street Without. When our informant visited it there was a youth in charge.

HERBERT GROVES AND CO.—These people, with their fine promises of wealth to all who will entrust their moneys to them, operate from 9, South Street, South Place, Finsbury Pavement, where they have one small room at 4s. 6d. per week, near the sky. The staff consists of a small boy.

FRANCIS INGRAM.—A racing tout with a "system." This man dates from 3, Palace Gardens Mansions, W.

NEW ISSUE.

The Rhodesian Mining and Finance Company, Limited. Capital, £250,000.—This company has been formed to acquire valuable properties in Mashonaland and Matabeleland. Part of the capital of the company will be employed in making advances on approved mining claims and other landed property, especially in Matabeleland. The properties to be taken over by the company include 230 gold mining claims, with 100 square miles of specially selected agricultural and timber lands, besides several thousand acres of coal lands. Most of the purchase price the vendors take in shares. With sound management the company should do well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Callao Bis. A. E. J. (Widnes).—1. We have no faith in it. 2. The debenture bonds are a fair investment. **Otto Kopje.** —— We will bear in mind what you say. **Safe Investment.** C. A. C. (Manchester).—Much depends upon what interest will content you. **Purchase of Bonds.** GRANVILLE (Sheffield).—Yes, they can be purchased here. The lists of winners are published. **The Pneumatic Syndicate, Limited.** G. A. J. (Rotherham).—We will see what can be done. **Gold Mining Company.** CECIL (Leeds).—Sell for what you can get. **Empire Palace Shares.** EMPIRE (Dublin).—Sell. The managers were too smart when they closed the hall. The Alhambra is the gainer. You bought at pretty well top price. The dividend is payable quarterly. **Lottery Bonds.** INQUIRER (Hastings).—If you will send the numbers of your bonds, with stamped addressed envelope, to Messrs. Gerald Quin, Cope & Co., of 29, Royal Exchange, E.C., they will give you the information you want. **Discovery of Lode.** W. G. (Bingham).—No Sheba lode has been discovered outside of the Sheba proper. **Formation of Syndicate.** VICTIM.—Your proposal to form a syndicate to save your business is very absurd. On your own showing your firm is hardly solvent. **Payment of Cheque.** VINCIO (Midleton)—If you know the drawer to be in credit why not present again? **Claim for Goods.** H. G. J. K. (London).—The director could not recover for goods supplied unless special and formal authority was given for such supply. **Outside Brokers.** CUMBRIAN (Carlisle).—The company and the person you mention are amongst the best of the outside brokers, and either would treat you with perfect fairness. **South Australian Petroleum Fields, Ltd.** CRŒSUS (Glasgow).—We advise another selection. **Two Banks.** A.K.H. (London).—1. The Birkbeck is perfectly safe; the other you name is of no standing, but, so far as we know, it is quite solvent. 2. We do not like the Australian investment. **Sundry Questions.** W. A.—We write you under cover. SCOTIA (Keighley).—Most of the concerns you name are highly speculative. Some of them are being rigged to a price that has no relation to intrinsic value. **Machine Printing and Publishing Company.** OVERBURDENED (Oxford).—We have received the papers. They are having our attention. **The Montebello, Limited.**—It may be good enough, but the prospectus leaves a good deal to be desired. **Montgomeryshire Brewery Company.** W. (Shrewsbury).—We are obliged to you for the report you send us. A disgraceful business, as we showed many months ago. **African Coal and Exploration Company, Limited.** A.D.F.—Very speculative. F.H. (Bath).—The same answer applies to your question. **Reckitt's.** Thrifty (Bristol).—Quite safe. You have a first-class investment. **Zapopan Mines, Limited.** G. D. (Leicester).—We advise you not to touch them. Anyway, before you do so, read an article in the current number of the *West Australian Review* upon the subject, page 402.

INSURANCE.

The Norwich Life Union. C. B. A. (Perth).—This is one of the best offices, but as you tell us nothing of your circumstances we cannot say which table is that adapted for your needs. **Imperial Life Insurance Company.** R. R. S. (Darlington).—You may make your arrangements with this office in the fullest confidence that the instalments will be paid with prompt regularity as long as you live. **Fine Art and General Insurance Company.** SHARES.—The company has sufficient funds for its liabilities, and if a claim arises it will be fairly met. **An Assurance Company.** E. L. B. (Bayswater).—It has some good features, but they are to be found in almost every other Assurance Company. X. Y. Z. (Wandsworth Common).—Some of the figures are open to question. **Independent Order of Foresters.**—We have repeatedly warned our readers against relying upon the promises of this society. A STOUT SUPPORTER OF TO-DAY (Belfast)—See previous answer. We will answer your questions respecting the Metropolitan next week. **Purchase of Annuity.** SMALL INVESTOR (Northampton).—If you will give us particulars as to age, amount, etc., we shall be better able to answer you. **A Revolution in Assurance.** X. (Lincoln).—The heading a "Revolution in Assurance" given by the *Pall Mall Gazette* is absurd. Several offices have long had a similar scheme, but that the writer in the *Pall Mall* presumably does not know. A policyholder is not assured for the face value of the policy. You will notice that the actual sum payable has to be adjusted from time to time by the profits of the company.

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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The Press is not quite so useful an institution as Pressmen are apt to imagine. In fact, there are many able and experienced thinkers who hold that it is one of the greatest curses of the time. But occasionally it justifies its existence by doing good work; and just now it can take to itself credit, that in consequence of the outcry that has been made, Justice Vaughan Williams will in all probability be left to superintend the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court, and to be a terror to the swindlers and the fools whose chicanery and carelessness combined have degraded enterprise to the level of the three-card trick, and turned the City into something very little better than a third-rate Continental gambling hell. The attempt to disguise the real reason for the removal has been in keeping with the spirit of the whole job. Undoubtedly Justice Vaughan Williams has made himself extremely unpopular with "influential men in high position" who have come before the Bankruptcy Court, and with influential men who are waiting to come in the near future. Every honest man can reckon with much certainty on being extremely unpopular with very many "influential men in high position." I do not suppose that Nathan the prophet was at all a popular personage in court or ministerial circles during the reign of King David. These people who will speak the truth, which is generally so unpleasant, and which social life makes almost impossible, as we are told, never are favourites of any society. But we do not choose our judges with the idea that they shall be popular with the gentlemen in the dock, and we do not mean to have them removed on the petitions of the criminal classes, whether "men of influence" or not.

The conviction of a County Council inspector, named David Edwards, of attempting to levy blackmail upon the proprietor of the Rose and Crown public-house, St. George's-in-the-East, comes at an awkward moment for the electioneering prospects of the Progressive party. The Progressive party are trying to convince us that it would be a good thing for us to put ourselves entirely in their hands. "Give us the powers we require," say the Progressives, "and we will see to your morals, to your religion, to your amusements, to your trade and commerce, to your social relations; in short, we will organise and direct for you your life from the cradle to the grave." The Progressive party appointed inspectors a few years ago, to assist them in these laudable attempts. The duty of these inspectors was to go round disguised, and watch for an opportunity of bringing some charge against publicans and theatre managers. David Edwards, among other places, watched carefully the Rose and Crown, and, acting on his evidence, the County Council refused a licence to the house. It now appears that the price upon which David Edwards valued his information was three pounds. If that sum was paid by the publican, the evidence—we can imagine the character of it—was not to be given. If the publican would not pay the money, then he would have to reckon with David Edwards's evidence before the Council.

This is the class of man who is employed by the Progressive party of the London County Council to provide the evidence upon which it acts. The jury were of opinion that the Council should appoint persons of greater standing as inspectors of places of public amusement. But perhaps inspectors of greater standing would not suit the purposes of their employers quite so well. The members of the London County Council are not only judges in these cases, but they are advocates. A large proportion of them have deliberately stated their intention to shut up every public-house, and every place of amusement in the metropolis; if they cannot accomplish this at one *coup*, they go about it piecemeal, and for their purposes inspectors of high standing, whose evidence could be relied upon as truthful and just, might not be so useful. David Edwards happens to have been caught. Concerning the characters of the others of this delightful band of spies in the employ of the County Council we know nothing, except that they are drawn from much the same class, that they receive the same utterly inadequate wage, that their tenure of employment is held on much the same understanding—viz., that their evidence is to give satisfaction to the Jesuitical fanatics who are their masters.

And if three pounds are the amount upon which the County Council spies are willing to open up negotiations of this kind with an insignificant house such as the Rose and Crown, of St. George's-in-the-East, what may have been the sums suggested—for all we know, paid—by big West End hotels and restaurants, to whom a licence must be worth many thousands? The recent police revelations in New York have shown us what happens under a system such as the Progressive party are desiring to bring about in London; and they have also shown us that the collectors of the amount are not the only people who benefit by these disgraceful transactions. If Londoners know their own business they will see that they do not place themselves under the thumb of any council or any party, Moderate or Progressive. Human nature is not made honest; one of the chief animal instincts is the instinct to thieve. A child is taught honesty by slow degrees; and mankind in the bulk is kept honest by making the opportunities for theft difficult and dangerous.

A County Council, with one of its hundred hands on

every lever of London life, would obtain such power as to be practically independent of the law and also of public opinion. Indeed, Tammany Hall (and "Tammany Hall" can never be rubbed too much into the minds of Londoners at the present moment, for we are rapidly drifting towards it) proves this point up to the hilt. In another column will be found a letter from Mr. J. Williams Benn, in which that gentleman, desiring municipal purity as much as any of us, argues that the way to secure it is by giving the Council this vast extension of power. I publish this letter at length, as it gives the other side of the question; and I have taken the liberty of placing a few remarks of my own in direct connection with it.

The *Westminster Gazette* has lately been speaking some plain words on the subject of log-rolling; and it was perhaps about time that somebody having the interests of literature at heart should take the matter up. The most bitter sarcasm on log-rolling and log-rollers was penned by Mr. Zangwill in the story entitled "The English Shakespeare"; but the members of the log-rolling club are not very quick at seeing satire, and it is, therefore, rather a useless weapon with which to seek to chastise them. Log-rolling always has existed in every art, and at every period. A band of young journalists, who find the general public a little slow in appreciating their incursions into the field of literature, bind themselves together under a written compact, by which each one undertakes, in the paper or papers for which he writes, to praise every literary attempt made by every one of his *confrères*, upon the understanding that they, in their turn, will accord him the same service whenever he shall demand it; and the *Westminster Gazette* has been giving some extremely amusing examples of the so-called "criticism" indulged in by this mutual admiration society.

No particular harm is done, and the log-rolling gentlemen can always plead human nature as their excuse. The man who admires our work naturally appears to each of us a highly intelligent personage, and his opinion of us is apt to be reflected in our opinion of him. Nor is the public at all likely to be misled; for, as a matter of fact, it takes very little interest in literature as literature: if it likes a book, it reads a book; if it does not like a book, all the critics in the world will not persuade it to read that book. It has a brutal knack of paying only for what it wants, and seeing that it gets it. Our ardent young critics say that they are not praising each other to influence the public, but merely to secure lasting fame for each other. But it occurs to one that Fame has her own methods of acquiring information. The dear lady by this time must have been button-holed so often, and urged, as smilingly she has pushed her way through the crowded galleries of the generations, to say a good word for this great friend of Jones, and for this marvellous genius discovered by Brown, and for this wonderful work known only to Robinson, that she has probably learnt much wisdom in her day.

It always seems to me amusing—this desperate attitudinising of the artist, in his frenzied endeavours to catch the eye of Fame; his eagerness to live in the breath of his fellow-men for twenty years longer than another, for fifty years longer than a third. I can imagine the music of a fame that reaches one's own ears being sweet to a man; vanity is a strong component, even in the composition of the greatest of us; but to trouble whether the trumpet-blowing still sound, when his ears, if he hear at all, must be filled with far other sound, seems small. So far as the work is concerned, that is nothing to do with him; if the world has need of it, it will use it and remember it; if the world does not need it, then his friends have wasted their time in troubling Fame about the matter, and Fame would only be wasting her breath tooting above his grave.

I still continue to receive correspondence confirming the opinion I have been compelled to form concerning the character of the houses on the New Brighton Parade. I also continue to receive local newspapers, in which, while vigorously denouncing me for slandering the town, for seeking to take the bread away from a worthy body of tradespeople, etc., etc., and kindly suggesting actions for libel, they at the same time confirm my statements from their own observations, and suggest what a good thing it would be if the town were cleansed of the Ham-and Egg Parade. That there may be one or two respectable and legitimate houses of refreshment in the place, I, of course, do not deny. The proprietors of such should, in their own interests, urge the authorities to make one sweep of the foul haunts by which they are surrounded. For the present I have done with the matter To-Day has been useful in waking up the authorities, and the future action is for them

The opponents of research by vivisection have had much to say of late on the subject of anti-toxin. With most of the anti-vivisectionists' arguments we are familiar They say that we have learned nothing by this method of research; that operations on living subjects, being always performed without anæsthetics, are a needless torture, and that the men of science who make use of vivisection do so merely from bestial and revolting cruelty. The chief objection to arguments based on these statements is that the statements themselves are none of them in the least degree true. But there is another argument against vivisection which has not, I think, been so often employed by the eager people who oppose the practice. It is an argument, however which is based on a statement that possibly the anti-vivisectionists would hesitate to use.

The any and important discoveries which have resulted from experiments on living subjects have greatly enlarged our knowledge of diseases and the methods by which they may be treated. Briefly, they have tended to prolong human life. We may, if we like, boast with truth that our humanity does not permit the weakest to go to the wall; families which in ignorant and barbarous times would have simply died out have been enabled to increase and multiply. This may at first sight seem a very desirable result, one on which we may well congratulate ourselves; it is obvious, however, after a little thought that, so far from being desirable, it is absolutely deplorable. When Nature, wise and beneficent Nature, is left to herself, the weakest go to the wall and the fittest survive; there is no Pasteur in the jungle; man is the only animal that can profit from the serum of another animal rendered immune to a certain disease. Man has reversed the order of Nature, and compelled her to rescind her edict; but if

we think that Nature will not have her revenge in the end, we are much mistaken.

It is useless and absurd to say that vivisection has led to nothing; it is reasonable to fear that it will lead to too much. As one disease after another is taken in hand and rendered incapable of doing its proper work, men will live who would have been better dead, and the result will be a deterioration of the human race. Other causes, besides the advance of medical science, seem to be working towards the same end; the change now at work in the position of women is one of them; the want of change in our method with the criminal is another. But it is in the advance of medical knowledge that the chief danger lies; we have nothing to fear from the cruelty of science, but we may well dread its mercy. It is very commonly thought that the sanctity of human life is so great that the preservation of it is always desirable, but it is manifestly to the interest of the race in the future that this opinion should be modified.

Even at the present day this exaggerated notion of the sanctity of human life causes much terrible misery. A patient who is suffering agonies from an incurable disease, and must inevitably die in a few days, implores his doctor to give him something that will end his misery at once. I have been told that a merciful and courageous doctor does sometimes do what he is asked. I do not know whether there is any truth in this, but, of course, the law forbids it. So, too, an old man who has outlived everything—fortune, friends, even most of his own faculties—must not anticipate by a day the sentence of Nature. As has been often said, we deny to man as much kindness as we would show to a dog. I am acquainted with the arguments of the theologians against any such practice, and I am aware that it would seem to put great power into the hands of doctors. But in the one case, in arguing for mercy, I could not think that I was arguing against religion, and in the other it may fairly be said that the supposed murderous doctor would have no more opportunities than he has now.

Captain Atthill, of the Norfolk Regiment, draws my attention to the plucky conduct of Bandmaster Cummings, who, only waiting to remove his overcoat and sash, plunged into the river on the night of Thursday in last week, and rescued a drowning woman. This makes the third life that Bandmaster Cummings has saved. The Queen's uniform, if damaged, has to be made good by the soldier. I am sending Bandmaster Cummings, through Captain Atthill, a couple of guineas, and a medal will follow. I also thank Mr. Clarkson, of East Boldon, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for telling me of a brave rescue from drowning, accomplished by Mr. Stephen Renforth, of Gateshead. Renforth was sitting in his parlour, when someone rushed in to say that a man was overboard in the dock. Renforth, without a moment's hesitation, ran down to the shore, jumped into a boat, and paddled to where he thought the man would be. It was pitch dark at the time, and he could see nothing; but he came across a raft of timber, and it occurred to Renforth that the poor fellow might be underneath it. This seems to have been the case; Renforth plunged into the water, and succeeded in finding the drowning man and saving him. I am making a few technical inquiries into the case, and, on these proving satisfactory, as I am confident they will, I shall forward a cheque and a medal next week. The following subscriptions to the Gallantry Fund have been received since last week:—John Williams, Esq., £1 1s.; Gratitude, £1 1s.; W. Jones (annual), 2s. 6d.; W. Tynall, 9s.; Clapton Football Club, £2; Miss M. Smith, 2s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Mr. J. Williams Benn, of the London County Council, addresses me the following letter:—

Gladstone House, 203, Cable Street, E.,
January 29th, 1895.

To the Editor of To-Day.

Sir,

I am glad that you, from time to time, find space in your admirable journal for a few paragraphs on the work of our London County Council. Criticisms in the spirit of To-Day cannot fail to benefit any public body. As to my comments on Municipal Corruption in America, you ask, "Why the same thing exactly should not happen were the Progressive party on the Council given its point, and the Council allowed to become a vast employer of labour in London?"

My American experiences taught me this lesson—that there is most corruption where there is least *direct* employment of labour.

The contracts and "franchises" in the cities are generally subject to political influences, and in many cases the "aldermen" and boodlers live out of them. My contention is that if the middleman were dispensed with, and these works split up into departments, by direct employment there would not be the same chance for gigantic "jobs." Indeed, you supply me with the axiom which I wanted when you say, "I am no believer in the perfection of human nature, and human nature in a body is always ten times worse than human nature taken singly." Precisely, we have already found on the Council that we can escape the contractors' "ring," and produce as good work—taking the average—for less money.

If direct employment obtained in America the boodler could hardly go to the mason and say—"unless you give me half-a-dollar a week out of your wages I will get you discharged." But he can go to the contractor, and does, saying "unless you allow me so much per cent. you shall not get the work." There is something in your fear that a great army of municipal employés might only vote for those who would promise high wages. We have, however, the ratepayers' vote as a safeguard, and it must be remembered that the workers themselves contribute a large share to the rates. I would rather see the money go in high wages and I think you would, than in building up fortunes for contractors, or, as in America, in subsidies to interested politicians. At present there is no suggestion that any worker for the Council, other than the Deputy-Chairman, has been selected on party lines. If a census were taken of our staff at Spring Gardens I fancy that the majority would prove to be "Moderates." We never ask and we do not know the politics of those who serve us, either in the Works Department or in any other branch. When the Council commences that odious system of espionage, if it ever does, bring your editorial sledge-hammer to bear and please ask me to take a turn at the anvil.

Yours faithfully,
J. Williams Benn.

My reply is that the middleman would not be dispensed with; the name would simply be changed to foreman, or superintendent, or paymaster of the works. A five hundred-pound job would be done for a thousand; there being no competition between contending contractors, the public would never know whether five hundred or a thousand was a proper amount to be paid for this work. Hammersmith Bridge, for instance, it is said, could have been painted for a thousand pounds, instead of two thousand; and, indeed, we know it was painted for this sum by the much-abused contractors. The difference in the amount would be divided among the Council. The public in a vague way would feel sure that this sort of swindling was going on; but they would be perfectly unable to defeat the robbers at the elections. Without putting it into so many words, the workmen would say "Pay us extra wages; we will vote for you, and you need not be afraid of public opinion. Some of the money which would in this way go into the boodlers' pockets, would, of course, be subscribed in the shape of rates and taxes by a small proportion of the workers themselves, but their contribution to the booty would be infinitesimal compared with the amount paid by the shopkeeping and professional classes, whose votes would be utterly swamped by the great mass of the electorate interested in maintaining the condition of affairs under which they themselves could always hope to benefit; and the deliberate offer of a five shillings a week rise in wages would counterbalance in any workman's mind the reflection that his rates would go up ten or

fifteen per cent. in consequence. I quite agree with Mr. Benn that I would rather see the money go in high wages than in building up the fortune of a contractor; but I would very much prefer that it did not go in either way; that the workman was paid a fair living wage for his work; that the contractor was paid a fair percentage for his capital, his risk, and his experience; and that can only be secured by public opinion being omnipotent, and by jobbery being amenable to punishment. We want our councillors to be the very men to watch these things for us in the interests of the community as a whole; if they became the direct employers of some quarter of a million workmen they would simply become the servants of a class, compelled to do its bidding—and allowed to charge for it out of other people's pockets.

A YACHTING correspondent, a man with great experience in navigation, writes me as follows:—

> It seems to me to be much too hastily assumed that the *Crathie* was to blame for not standing by or going to the assistance of the *Elbe* in the late collision. If at the time of the collision the *Elbe* was going fifteen knots an hour, and it is improbable she was going at a less pace, she probably went on for at least two or three miles further before she sank. The speed of the *Crathie*, which was going in a different direction, was probably about eight knots an hour, but as her bows were smashed in, and her engines were stopped, it is probable that for at least a quarter-of-an-hour she was unable to leave the scene of the collision. By this time the *Elbe* was probably two or three miles off and out of sight and hearing. The crew of the *Crathie* consisted of only ten men, and of these perhaps three, or at most four, were on deck at the time of the collision. All their attention must have been devoted to their own ship for the first few minutes. The captain was quite right to back out of the *Elbe* and get clear of her as quickly as possible, and it must have taken at least a quarter-of-an-hour before he could get his engines started again and have turned his ship round to go to look for the *Elbe*. As his bows were smashed in he could not safely go more than three or four knots an hour, and he could not reasonably have expected to have overtaken her. As a matter of fact she appears to have sunk within twenty minutes and at least half an hour before the *Crathie* could have reached the place where she disappeared. The *Crathie* was, I think, considering the state of the weather, quite justified in turning back to Rotterdam for repairs. A little thought will show what a danger the *Elbe's* high rate of speed was to other vessels. She was passing through a fleet of fishing vessels on a dark winter's night, utterly regardless of whom she might come in collision with. Had the little *Crathie* been going a little bit faster, she would have been cut in two, and the *Elbe* would have passed on without hardly feeling the shock. How many small steamers and fishing vessels are sunk with all hands in this way every winter it is impossible to conjecture, but it should certainly be illegal for any steamer to travel after dark in winter, either in the North Sea or English Channel at more than ten knots an hour. In their confusion the *Elbe's* people seem to have shown the wrong coloured lights, and the crew of the little *Crathie* may have thought she was in less need of assistance than they were themselves.

NEWCASTLE TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.—I thank several correspondents for sending me full particulars, but they have not altered my opinion. W. P. S. M.—I confess it: Cambridge was on my pen. I think it must be an easy word to write. I differ from you as to the developing qualities of University life, but it is too big an argument for here. CONSTANT READER.—The doctor you name is a well known fanatic on this subject. You could easily show that everything is indigestible. Indeed, the *Lancet* has proved over and over again that every food and drink known to mankind is utterly ruinous to the system. And yet we live.

H. B.—The State has supplied the Church with some of its funds, but the property of the Church has been mainly the gift of private benefactors. There is no Act of Parliament which either "endows" or "establishes" the Church. I cannot quite understand the rest of your questions. The point as to how much of the Church funds were given direct from the State as a State is open to almost interminable argument.

NEWSHAM PARK.—When I was in the North a short time ago I inquired fully into the matter, and found that there certainty had been many genuine cases of dogs going mad in or near Liverpool. Knowing this I feel compelled to agree with the muzzling order.

J. O. B. (Northallerton), sends me a pamphlet in which an exceedingly silly Methodist parson denounces dancing as one of the most terrible crimes against God and man. This sort of twaddle, generally speaking, died out with the last century, but here and there some poor old stranded fossil remains to bring discredit upon his cloth. J. W. A. (Dublin), by the same post sends me a report of the Dublin Women's Temperance Association, in which the Rev. Dr. Moffatt suggests that the manufacture or sale of drink is one of the greatest sins that can be committed. Really I wonder a body of parsons do not hold a meeting and pass a vote of censure on God Almighty for having made only ten commandments.

R. M. draws my attention to the vigorous way in which the *Bromley and West Kent Telegraph*, which he tells me is a Gladstonian organ, attacks puritanical and pharisaical cant. A little more courage among journalists and we could do much to scotch if not to kill the curse of the country.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER points out to me how largely the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* depends for its interesting matter upon TO-DAY and other papers, from which it cribs. These papers live on other papers' brains and money, but there seems no way of stopping them.

TYPEWRITER.—Apply to Mr. N. Taylor, Chancery Lane, W.C. DICK.—I thank you for your interesting letter. HUMOUR.—The lecture is at Sale on the 11th, and at the Athenæum, Manchester, on the 20th. CINQUE PORT.—Thanks for your letter. See reply to M. M. G.

J. M. (Sheffield).—You are quite right; much more could be done by individual help and encouragement. These public ravings and intolerant attempts to employ physical force in a moral argument only defeat the end in view. F. G.—I was very much amused with your letter. In case of famine it might be economical.

J. S. (Smethwick).—Some of the gentlemen you name I know personally, with the writings of the others I am tolerably familiar. I certainly do consider some of them "wild-headed enthusiasts"; but with regard to Mr. Ruskin, will you kindly refer me to the passages in which he advocates State Socialism? Their ideals are admirable; the only thing to be said against them is that they are impossible to human nature. If we were discussing the building of an Utopia I should listen to them with respect, but their every plan proves them to be utterly unacquainted with the rudiments of human nature and the purpose of the world. My dear fellow, there is no royal road to happiness. All the Acts of Parliament, all the speeches, all the pamphlets, all the "isms" in the world won't make one man happy. Happiness is a thing inside us. What real benefit can be done by States and parties is not worth considering.

A. W. HALL.—The return half of an ordinary railway-ticket, on which is printed a statement that the ticket is available within one month of issue, is not available beyond that date, and the railway company can enforce that condition.

SCHOLASTIC.—The only way to perfect children in a language is to send them abroad. Any of the leading schools in France or Switzerland would give you testimonials to parents. I know some friends who have sent their little girl to a school in Switzerland; I could ask them about that one if you wish it.

C. L. D.—Australians do participate in all the advantages offered to subscribers, by payment of an extra shilling. For a year you can have TO-DAY sent you post-free, free accident insurance of £1,000 in case of death, and a lesser sum in case of injury, and we will also send you any book from our list "A." W. H. B., sends me from Brisbane an account of a savage fight among sailors. The battle arose out of an argument as to the respective merits of Captain Marryat and Mr. Clarke Russell, the nautical novelists. CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN.—It is rather discourteous to send an anonymous letter to an editor. If you cannot trust him do not write to him at all. I should like to take the matter up. Can you find two or three other men who have received similar enclosures? An isolated case is not sufficient to form an attack upon.

H. D.—I can hardly speak with knowledge of the review you mention. A library ought certainly to be open to all periodicals not outrageously in advance of public opinion. Theoretically its shelves should be free to everything that can be called literature, but practically it is useless attempting to go ahead of the age we live in. MEDICAL.—I thank you extremely for your kind letter of appreciation. Such correspondence makes editorship a delight.

A RESIDENT at New Brighton thanks me for exposing the abuses allowed to prevail there, and speaks in glowing terms of the advantages the town would possess, and the position it could easily take were it under proper municipal control.

DAMA (Belfast).—I am glad that TO-DAY was of so much help to you in passing the weary hours of your illness. You are young and there must be hope for you. Belfast I know has a bad reputation for sanctified pharisaism. The pamphlet is referred to in the "Diary of a Bookseller." T. G. D.—Thanks for your good opinion and amusing anecdote. I am glad the "conductor" was able to rescue you from the situation. M. M. G.—The vicar referred to, who attacked Sunday golfing, was the vicar of Rye; Ryde was a printer's error. J. M. P. (Liverpool).—I feel myself quite in agreement with the Rev. Mr. Adams; thank you for sending me the cutting. CONNIE.—I read your anecdote with great amusement, and your advice is certainly the best I have ever received to my thinking.

C. L. R.—You are considered in law to be a gratuitous bailee of the article in question, that is: you are liable only to use ordinary care in preserving it from damage, destruction, or loss. You were not bound to return the article until you received postage to cover the return. In view of the fact that you did not receive postage until three weeks after the receipt of the article, and that it was of such small bulk that it might easily be lost, I do not think you would be held liable. It would be wrong, however, to put any article sent in a similar way in the fire, as that would certainly make you liable.

(Several Answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—Have you ever seen one of the "final returns" that a country acting manager sends nightly to his principal in town? Well, after the statement of cash taken at the doors there invariably follows a brief note in the corner, "Weather, fine, cold; rain during afternoon. Opposition, Chevalier at music-hall; circus; political meeting at Corn Exchange."

I have a strong impression that this system ought to be imported into dramatic criticism.

Critics are only mortal after all. They do not always enjoy perfect health. They have their worries like other men, and consequently they are not always in the frame of mind to consider leniently the imperfect production of an unimportant play. Think how the terrific slating of some trifle would be explained by the simple foot-note: "Violent indigestion, heartburn. Bad stall; talkative neighbours. Quarter Day. Youngest daughter down with measles!"

Think, on the other hand, of the new light shed on the genial letting down of a fearsome failure by the comments: "Backed three winners at Sandown. Dined with the Duke. Excellent stall, next Arthur and Lady Mabel!"

I am moved to these considerations by the fact that on Saturday last I woke up with ghastly neuralgic headache. Brandy and soda would not better, neither would anti-pyrine soothe my infinite agony. When I got to Daly's Theatre in the evening I felt like "nothing, on a stick." I had to clamber across half-a-dozen people, a thing I loathe, to reach my seat, so, candidly, I was not in a frame of mind to form a favourable opinion of *An Artist's Model*. It was just the sort of day and just the sort of evening to try a man with a headache past all endurance.

So far as I could gather, the audience had come prepared to be pleased with everything. They cheered Sidney Jones when he entered the orchestra, they gave every member of the cast a splendid reception, and though the first act was very long, they evidently recognised that compression was an easy matter, and they waited patiently for the second act.

But it did not please them. Slowly—very slowly indeed—but surely the "comedy with music" settled down like a sinking ship. Boredom was followed by irritation, and finally when the end came a very large minority expressed their disapproval. One remark that came from the pit deserves to be recorded. While some were shouting "Author!" and others "No—no!" a voice exclaimed "*No!* It's a damn shame to call a man on to be hooted!" That very candid pittite put the author baiting question "in once," and the expression of his opinion would have convinced me, had I needed conviction, that those who call aimlessly for an author and those who hoot him are never the same people. I am sure that no good playgoer would ever condescend to the dishonourable trick of calling for an author and hooting him when he obeyed the call. An author after all is not a malefactor engaged in the perpetration of a crime. When he writes a play he tries to please the public, and the public know it. They are only too ready to be pleased, and to applaud his successful labours.

It must not be forgotten, however, that entertainments like *An Artist's Model* appeal to a class that does not bother itself much about first night or any other criticism. They are a wealthy class, and they will have what they want. It pays a manager to cater for them, as you can readily understand when you recall the runs of *Morocco Bound*, *In Town*, *The Gaiety Girl*, and *Little Christopher Columbus*. Shows on a distinctly higher artistic level, better pieces all the way round, plays that have taken infinitely more pains and trouble to write, have often enough failed to secure half as much popularity. An average first night audience is composed so largely of those who are experts at playgoing, that their verdict on such pieces as those I have named is not an absolutely final pronouncement. They tell you truly enough what they think of the show, just as they tell you what they think of *Mrs. Tanqueray* or *The Masqueraders*, but it strikes me that they sometimes forget that the people who will go to *The Gaiety Girl* ten or a dozen times, would not go to *Mrs. Tanqueray* more than once. You cannot judge every play from one fixed standpoint. One man's meat is another man's poison; and before you shout out "No, this play is bad," you might, perhaps, sometimes say to yourself, "I know I think it bad, but is it really bad when judged by the *Morocco Bound-In Town* standard?" No useful purpose is served in protesting that a thing is what it has *got* to be to suit certain tastes, and is not what you, individually, want it to be.

An Artist's Model, I admit, bored me profoundly; but, nevertheless, it contains many elements of success. Letty Lind's "Tom-tit" song and dance were delightful, and as street-boy in the first act she was charming. Marie Tempest sang exquisitely, and her voice has improved a good deal since she left us. Coffin also sang admirably, and Maurice Farkoa was excellent. Then there were the choruses of artists and their models, the quaint studio, the humours of Mr. Blakeley and Mr. Robson, which are sure to work up later on. The ballroom in the second act, with the majority of the men dressed as Yeomanry Hussars, was, of course, unfortunately like the big Hussars' ball at York, in *The Derby Winner*, which it did not in any way surpass. In fact, the Drury Lane scene had the advantage of being on a much more complete scale, while the sprinkling of red uniforms amongst the blue heightened the effect of the stage picture and gave to it warmth and relief. The best thing about the ballroom at Daly's was unquestionably the ceiling.

Plot is said to be of not much account in pieces of this class, but, personally, I put plot before everything. No matter how thin and simple your plot, a clear, definite plot atones for much. The plot of *The Gaiety Girl* was as plain as a pikestaff. What the plot of *An Artist's Model* is I am not prepared to say. How or why anybody in the play did anything I have not the faintest idea. But, perhaps, that was the fault, not of the author, but of my headache, and as I have got a section of that headache with me still I shall say no more.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

Chinese customs are the exact opposite of ours. We shake hands with our friends; they wag their own clenched fists. English women cover their heads when they go out; Chinese women keep theirs uncovered. An Englishman takes off his hat to salute people; a Chinaman keeps his on. An Englishman keeps his hair short; a Chinaman artificially lengthens his long plait. (The long plait and shaven forehead were imposed on the nation two hundred years ago by the Manchu conqueror.) We read our books from left to right; the Chinese from right to left. We write our names on the back of our books; they write them on the ends. In riding, we hold the bridle in the left hand; they hold it in the right. We ignore advancing years, but the Chinese glory in them. It is considered polite to assure your guest that from his or her appearance you would have supposed him or her to be much older than the age stated. We should not ask anyone how old he or she is, but it is a polite Chinaman's first question. In mourning, white takes the place of black. An Englishman takes his dog out with him; a Chinaman carries his caged singing bird. A Chinese bride and bridegroom wait upon their guests; and, last of all, the needle in a Chinese compass points to the south.

CLUB CHATTER.

An American reader sends me a letter with the expressive heading, "How to be decent—though English." The plaint is called forth by the critical—too critical—opinions on American men and matters of well-known English folk after they have enjoyed the hospitality of the country. "Possibly," he says, "we are a crude and illiterate people, lacking all the finer requirements of civilised life. Some of us wear low-cut collars and splay-footed trousers, instead of the present correct thing in Bond Street; some prefer pie with their breakfast, instead of marmalade and cold muffins." But the writer thanks God that he has never found a native vulgarian to rise, as Lady Henry Somerset did at a banquet, and attack William Waldorf Astor, when, as she must have known, he was at that moment in mid-ocean, travelling to the open grave of his wife.

This seems a little hard on an average Englishman or woman, who now finds for the first time that her ladyship's opinion is to be taken as representative of British thought. It would further console my correspondent if he could get a collected edition of Lady Henry Somerset's opinions on her own country. If he had no sense of humour, such a book would be a liberal education about England and the English. Again, he thinks it indecent that Mr. John Burns, after a week at Chicago, and with only such knowledge of things as could be derived from attending labour meetings, should describe that great city as "a pocket edition of hell," and afterwards amend it to "hell is a pocket edition of Chicago." Surely the writer must have failed to go and hear Mr. Burns.

I have heard him speak many times, and just one such remark as this is inevitable. Once he gets hold of it he never leaves it. It doesn't matter whether it is *apropos* of anything, but once he strikes the idea, he repeats it, pauses over it, polishes it up a few minutes later, and improves on it, and next day his speech is remembered for "the gilded popinjay," "the dynamite parcel post," "George Edwardes' box of cigars," or "the pocket edition of etc." Certainly Mr. Burns, as a guest, showed questionable discretion in making such a remark. It is not original, and has been used in regard to many things and places, but I could quite understand the member for Battersea rising indignantly if an American artist, speaking, of course, from an artistic point of view, described Battersea as "a three-volume edition of etc."

The writer of the letter throughout makes out his case in such pleasant and well-chosen language that I take it that he is a man of education, and, as such, not in the habit of reading American "society" prints. Otherwise he would blush at his temerity. Specimens of these precious journals frequently pass through my hands, and for wilful and disgusting attacks on the English aristocracy and stage-folk, I have never seen anything to approach them. Nor can I call to mind any noteworthy instance of any prominent American returning our hospitality with many flattering remarks. Mr. Bayard certainly did, but the whole of America seemed to rise as one man to smite him. The late Ward M'Allister, who led New York society, was well treated here, and went back and said our clubs were shabby, our manners boorish, our theatres despicable, and—unkindest cut of all—that we had no knowledge of how to dress. No doubt there is room for a good deal of international courtesy, but we should miss a lot of quiet fun.

This fine old English winter—so bracing to read about, so dirty and unpoetic to deal with—has brought back to popularity our old friend the golosh. Their conspicuous presence in the wardrobe of the Rev. Robert Spalding made people blush to own them; but during the last few days people don't seem to mind anything so long as they are warm. They are made invariably now without heels, and are held in place by a strap behind and another over the instep. But there does not seem to be any inclination to make them less ugly than of old, for they are as broad and flabby as ever. There is no doubt as to their usefulness, and, seeing what is done with indiarubber nowadays, I cannot see why, when worn with a pair of spats, anyone should be able to notice their presence at all.

Another fact that the cold has emphasised is the popularity of the full-lengthed ulster, which seems to have quite swept the Inverness out of the field. Although the weight of these coats has to be taken into consideration, they possess one advantage over fur, inasmuch as they can be worn at all hours of the day and night, while there are so many places where a fur coat seems out of place. Many men are meanwhile going in for the Canadian fur caps. In their full glory, when they are drawn over the ears, they certainly have a quaint appearance to the insular eye, but when it comes to a hat for skating, they have no rival.

Speaking of skating, I was told by a large dealer the other day that these spasmodic winters do not influence the sale of skates in the way that might be expected. People have got tired of taking the risk of a purchase, and prefer, if they cannot borrow a pair, to go to the pond on the off chance of being able to hire. One man, he told me, had from time to time invested in at least a dozen pairs, and the thaw had set in forthwith, and he had sold each pair at a loss. If you want to really enjoy skating, the best way is to get a pair of boots with skates permanently fixed. They give you confidence, and that grip of the ice that every skater appreciates. The market nowadays is flooded with cheap imitations on the "Acme" principle. The metal is bad, and the fastenings weak. On the pond in Regent's Park the other day, there seemed to me to be about as many of these skates running about on their own account as there were skaters. My advice to a skater is that if he cannot afford a really good pair of patent fastening skates, to stick to the old-fashioned wooden ones. They are, at least, serviceable and moderate in price.

To those who are sufficiently fond of skating to go far afield to get it, the telegrams received by the Association for the Promotion of Home and Foreign Travel will be interesting. Their representative at Amsterdam has wired:—"Ice very good here; everyone, young and old, is skating. There were 3,000 people at the Amsterdam Ice Club. Ice on Zuider Zee in good condition. Ice splendid on canals; fancy fair. Amsterdam, skating to Marken. Ice splendid; party simply enthusiastic; glorious sport." The Association's "Through Holland on Skates" parties are wonderfully popular. There is one, by the way, on the 6th inst.

A writer in a contemporary, dealing with men's clothes, says that the pyjama is completely ousting the night shirt. I mentioned this a long time ago, but I seem to have overlooked the principal reason. He says that they give anyone such an air of *gaminerie!*

It is not true, as stated in several papers, that the Welcome Club has been removed to Olympia. The old committee has started another Welcome Club at Olympia, but the old club remains at Earl's Court, with a stronger and more influential committee than ever.

Here is a point for the consideration of my friends on the N.C.U. Some time ago a new pneumatic tyre was invented. Certain advantages were claimed for it over all other tyres, and a friend, who is an expert in these matters, assures me that the claim is justified. The London agent approached a popular

amateur—one whose licence is granted without a question by the Union. He was asked to establish a record on it. He replied after examining it, "I can do that easily." "What price do you want?" said the agent, "Will £500 do?" The amateur laughed. "Nearer £1,000!" he replied.

So the negotiations were broken off, and the tyre is practically unheard of. Personally I don't care a button as to how an amateur increases his income. But I do object to the persecution of men who openly admit that they are earning their livelihood by their connection with a cycle manufacturer, and the easy way in which the "rats" of amateurism flourish and thrive. The cost to the public is enormous. The agent in question assured me that he could easily sell his tyres at £12, but that the moment some record is established on them, through this bribery, he will put them on the market at £17 and £20. Another thing he assured me of was that representatives of the cycling journals accept a present of a machine in exchange for a "good notice," and let the more straightforward dealers take their chance. There is something that should be inquired into somewhere, but I am afraid that the Union are not the people to undertake it.

Solo whist players should make a point of adhering to one uniform system of leads, more especially original leads. The advantages held by two partners who play in accordance with the established methods, against adversaries who do not, are very considerable. By the card originally led in a certain suit, a player tells his partner what he approximately holds in that suit. If the opponents are unfamiliar with this code, they are at a double disadvantage, for not only are they unable to understand the information openly conveyed from one adversary to another, but they are debarred the adoption of similar tactics on their own side. When two good and two poor players form a table, it is interesting to note how the experts adapt their play to the changing partnerships. When they are together, they scrupulously conform to the prescribed leads of regular whist; but when they are in opposition they abandon these methods for tactics which, while they are not likely to mislead an indifferent partner, convey as little information as possible to a skilful opponent.

Original leads by a proposer and acceptor, and, with one or two exceptions, by their opponents, should be those of whist. Against a solo or abundance, the neces-

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sity for the variation of a hard-and-fast rule is more frequent; but when that necessity is not obvious, the conventional system should be adhered to. It is perhaps superfluous to mention that the leads of a solo or abundance caller have no such significance, for, as a rule, his purpose is to conceal the character of his hand; and a misere has an entirely distinct system of leads, of which more anon.

The suicidal policy of a caller finessing for overtricks in solo whist, before he has assured the call itself, I again saw exemplified the other evening. The 8 of diamonds was turned up. First hand proposed, second and third hands passed, and the dealer called solo. The following were the hands:—

First: Jack, 10, 9, 7, 6—diamonds; King, Queen, 9, 8, 4—spades; 9—clubs; 10, 4—hearts.

Second: 2, 3—diamonds; King, Queen, Jack, 10, 5—clubs; King, Queen, 8, 7, 3—hearts; 6—spades.

Third: Ace, 8, 7, 6, 3—clubs; Ace, Jack, 9, 6—hearts; 10, 7, 3, 2—spades.

Fourth (caller): Ace, King, Queen, 8, 5, 4—diamonds; Ace, Jack, 5—spades; 4, 2—clubs; 5, 2—hearts.

First hand led the King of spades, second and third followed with 6 and deuce respectively, and the caller, thinking to make two tricks with Ace and Jack if first hand continued with the suit, played the five under the trick. First hand when on with the 4 of spades; second hand, having no more spades, trumped with the deuce, and led Jack of clubs. His play here was correct, the trumps being his only chance of injuring the caller if he were finessing, for if third hand held the ace—first hand obviously led from King, Queen—the caller would not be likely to hold any tricks in the suit, nor could second hand overtrump him with deuce and tray of trumps only. Third hand takes the trick with the Ace of clubs, and returns a spade, and second hand, trumping the caller's Ace of spades, goes on with clubs, and the caller, making only four out of his six trumps, loses his solo, which he could not possibly have done had he taken the first trick and drawn three rounds of trumps. The stakes on this occasion being two shillings each for solos, and threepence each for overtricks, the caller paid out six-and-ninepence, instead of receiving six shillings; so that he really risked and lost twelve shillings and ninepence in an attempt to win ninepence!

In solving solutions of last week's misere problem, I must ask competitors to simplify their papers as much as possible. The best plan is to locate the players as A, B, C, and D; A being the first player, B the second, C the third, and D the dealer. The turn-up card and the calls should then be specified, and each hand given in full. The play must then be detailed, each round being initialled by the player who leads, and an explanation of motives interpolated where the play varies from the usual routine.

What I expected has happened. Dawson, evidently under the impression that, whereas he has improved, Roberts has deteriorated, has challenged the champion, and has announced his willingness to accept 8,000 start in 24,000. This is 1,000 points less than Roberts has been conceding his opponents for many years, and I am of the opinion that Dawson will have cause to regret his boldness.

If it it true that Mrs. Langtry is severing her connection with the Turf, the number of lady owners will be reduced to three. Mrs. Lapidus confines her attention to racing under N.H. rules, but Miss Isabella Graham and Miss P. Betts generally manage to win a race or two during the legitimate season.

Mrs. Langtry's colours were registered in 1892, and with the late Mr. Abington presenting her with Milford, it was anticipated that the name of "Mr. Jersey" would at the end of the season appear high up in the list of winning owners; but unfortunately Milford turned out a rogue, and several other animals purchased by Mrs. Langtry also failed to realise their owner's expectations. Mrs. Langtry's winnings on the Turf are:—1892, £7,818; 1893, £2,332; 1894, £1,372.

There is just a chance—though a poor one, I admit—of the final for the English Cup being played in London this year; but I do not think it will be at the Oval. Sam Apsted, I know, does not wish the turf to be injured so late in the season, as it has not time to recover before cricket commences. Richmond and Plumstead are two suggested grounds; but neither would draw a gate like the Oval.

In view of the state of the ground at Dublin, on which England met Ireland in the Rugby International, criticism goes for little. Handling the ball was simply impossible; but, on the whole, the better team won. January and February are the worst months of the year from a climatic point of view, and it would be an improvement if the Internationals were brought off in March.

With such a formidable rival in public favour as the English Cup, the Amateur Trophy is not coming in for much notice. Several of the ties had to be postponed on account of the frost and snow last Saturday, and they will be played to-day. So far, the only clubs which have got through the first round proper are Shrewsbury, the Lancaster Regiment, and Crewe Alexandra.

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Which cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Cramp, Soreness, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pains in the Head, Pains in the Chest from a Cold or Cough, Pains in the Back, Weak Back, Pains in the Arms and Legs, Pains in the Feet, Chilblains, Corns, Muscular Soreness, and all Bodily Aches and Pains. It penetrates to the very seat of the disease and removes the cause of pain. It is safe and sure. Price 1/1½ and 2/6. Obtainable wherever medicine is sold.

Acts Like Magic!

CONQUERS PAIN!

The action taken by the Anti-Gamblers in America has disgusted many of the leading owners there, and American racehorses in England during the summer will be plentiful. The Americans have on previous occasions proved that their horses are up to the standard of the English thoroughbred, and a glance at the spring handicaps will show that Major Egerton holds the contingent forwarded by Messrs. Croker and Dwyer in very high esteem.

Without a doubt the most successful American invasion was the one made in 1881. In that year Iroquois, after running unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas, won by Peregrine, carried off the Derby, Prince of Wales's Stakes, Newmarket Derby, and Doncaster St. Leger. Iroquois was trained by Jacob Pincus, and in most of his races was ridden by Fred Archer. Iroquois as a two-year-old won £16,805.

Not only did Iroquois carry off two of our chief classic events in 1881, but Foxhall accounted for two of the principal handicaps of the year—viz., the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. He was then a three-year-old, and in the Cesarewitch won under 7st. 12lb., defeating eighteen others. His burden in the Cambridgeshire was 9st. I may mention that only two other horses have equalled Foxhall's performance, these being Rosebery and the French mare, Plaisanterie.

Mr. Keene, the owner of Foxhall, did not confine his attention solely to English races, but sent Foxhall across to France, and there the horse won the Grand Prize of Paris. Altogether Foxhall won £10,870, so the American brigade returned home well pleased with their campaign.

Everyone appears to be satisfied with the weight Mr. R. Mainwaring has apportioned Cloister, and if Mr. Duff only gives Escott orders to prepare the champion chaser for the Grand National, backers will not be long in making the horse a firm favourite. Mr. Duff himself will be sure to back his horse if all goes well. And what is to beat Cloister? No one seems to care to oppose him, although I hear that those connected with Fanatic are hopeful of overthrowing the crack. Fanatic belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, a staunch patron of racing under both rules.

The attention of the Football Association will rightly be directed to the action of Notts Forest, who have refused the transfer under League rules of Mr. Forman, an amateur player, who was foolish enough to sign a League form and help the Forest in their matches. Mr. Forman, as an amateur, is entitled to play for what club he likes, and this act of tyranny is not to be tolerated for a moment. League rules must not be allowed to interfere with the liberty of the subject, or to override the rules of the English Association.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. King.—They were printers' errors, and, luckily, did not affect the scheme of the game. Thank you for pointing them out.

S. D.—If A proposes and B, C, and D pass, A is at liberty to declare solo, or any higher call he may choose.

Bare King.—(1.) If your solo is overcalled by a misere you can amend it to an abundance or any higher call, and the same applies to an overcalled proposal, or even an acceptance. (2.) It was only a twelve trick abundance, and you should not have called an abundance déclarée, in which latter, by the way, there are *no* trumps, all suits being equal, and the caller leads out, no matter where he sits.

Oliver Halford.—You are right, it *is* unusual to see the proposer and acceptor not make a single trick; but your partner's was scarcely a first hand proposal, and yours was a very weak acceptance. It is, however, an interesting illustration of the possibilities of the game, and I may refer to it in detail later on.

The Major.

MARIE CORELLI AND HER CRITICS.

Readers of the *Idler* are already familiar with Miss Corelli's outspoken views on critics and literature generally through her contribution to the "My First Book" series. In the February number she further relieves herself on the subject in connection with her latest work, "Barabbas":—

"When 'Barabbas' was first issued by Messrs. Methuen in the library form of three volumes it had to contend against the then fashionable 'rage' for Mr. Benson's 'Dodo.' During a short period of time it seemed that the world-famous subject of Christ's life and death, which inspired Raffaelle's brush and Milton's pen, had no chance whatever against the cleverly-conceived sketch of a heartless society woman, for whom, according to the story, there existed neither truth nor honour. I was not discouraged by this; on the contrary, I watched the 'run' of 'Dodo' with interest. Brilliant as it was in many respects, I realised that it was a 'firework' novel merely, dealing with purely ephemeral phases of character; and that, as such, it would in due course be compelled, by the unwritten but exact laws of Art, to take its place with other similar ephemera. That I was right in this opinion is now proved. The critical faculty wrote strongly both for and against 'Dodo,' thus giving it the benefit of a divided verdict; but they were well-nigh unanimous in falling upon 'Barabbas' with what Mr. Coulson Kernahan described to me when speaking of the matter as 'brutal bludgeoning.' It was a veritable 'Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war!' The *Daily Chronicle* led off the attack with an article which, it is not too much to say, was the coarsest and worst-written piece of so-called 'criticism' it ever fell to my lot to read in any paper, daily or weekly. The 'reviewer' appeared literally to spit and splutter venom. He spared no pains to wilfully misrepresent my book, and give the public a deliberately false impression of its tendency and teaching, asserting that I had 'vulgarised' and 'degraded' the figure of Christ; and after declaring that 'wherever an opportunity can be made or found this author's pages are smeared with gore,' which, as my multitude of readers now know, was maliciously untrue, he proceeded to accuse me of 'blasphemy.' This indictment, though in itself serious, rather diverted me, seeing that it was brought forward in the *Daily Chronicle*. For that estimable journal had, not so long previously, invited and encouraged a long correspondence, called 'Is Christianity a Failure?' the very title of which is suggestive of irreverence, to say nothing of the letters published—letters grossly flippant in many cases, frequently blasphemous and openly atheistical."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS EDWARD III.

"I received a letter from Lady Mornington," writes Madame de Gontaut, "recommending to me her brother-in-law, Arthur Wellesley, who had just arrived at Cheltenham from India, where he had covered himself with glory. He knew no one, she said, it would be a charity to look after him. I was only too delighted to gratify her; he was brother to the Wellesleys whom I loved. My companion, Miss Upton, was far from sharing my enthusiasm. She was bored at the idea of entertaining a 'man whom nobody knew.' Without noticing her, I went to the pump-room, and ran down the list of arrivals. The name of Wellesley was upon it, and I read it aloud to my companion. A stranger beside me was reading too. He laid a finger on a name, smiling, and said, 'Madame de Gontaut?' Nothing could be more piquant. We had never seen each other, and knew one another already. We prepared to leave the pump-room. He offered me his arm, which I accepted. All of a sudden my garter came off, and fell at M. Wellesley's feet. I blushed crimson. To lose my garter, in broad sunshine, in full view, in England! M. Wellesley picked it up, and with a gracious smile, said, 'Now or never is the time to say "Honi soit qui mal y pense."'"

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER VI.

A Meeting in the Road.

HE unlooked-for eloquence which rang in the blacksmith's words, and the reassurance of his tone, no less than this startling disclosure of thoughts with which I had never dreamed of crediting him, or any other peasant, took me so aback that for a moment I stood silent. Doury seized the occasion, and struck in:

"You see now, M. le Vicomte," he said, complacently, "the necessity for such a Committee. The King's peace must be maintained."

"I see," I answered, harshly, "that there are violent men abroad, who were better in the stocks. Committee? Let the King's officers keep the King's peace! The proper machinery——"

"It is shattered!"

The words were Doury's. The next moment he quailed at his presumption. "Then let it be repaired!" I thundered. "Mon dieu! that a set of tavern cocks and base-born rascals should go about the country prating of it, and prating to me! Go, I will have nothing to do with you or your Committee. Go, I say!"

"Nevertheless—a little patience, M. le Vicomte," he persisted, chagrin on his pale face—"nevertheless, if any of the nobility would give us countenance, you most of all——"

"There would then be someone to hang instead of Doury!" I answered. "Some one behind whom he could shield himself, and lesser villains hide. But I will not be the stalking-horse."

"And yet, in other provinces," he answered, desperately, his disappointment more and more pronounced, "M. de Liancourt and M. de Rochefoucauld have not disdained to——"

"Nevertheless, I disdain!" I retorted. "And more, I tell you, and I bid you remember it, you will have to answer for the work you are doing. I have told you it is treason. It is treason; and I will have neither act nor part in it. Now go."

"There will be burning," the smith muttered.

"Begone!" I said, sternly. "If you do not——"

"Before the morn is old the sky will be red," he answered. "On your head, Seigneur, be it!"

I aimed a blow at him with my cane, but he avoided it with a kind of dignity, and stalked away, Doury following him with a pale, hang-dog face, and his finery sitting very ill upon him. I stood and watched them go, and then I turned to the Curé to hear what he had to say.

But I found him gone. He, too, had slipped away; through the house, to intercept them at the gates, perhaps, and dissuade them. I waited for him, querulously tapping the walk with my stick, and watching the corner of the house. Presently he came round it, holding his hat an inch or two above his head, his lean, tall figure almost shadowless, for it was noon. I noticed that his lips moved as he came towards me; but, when I spoke, he looked up cheerfully.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my question, "I went through the house, and stopped them."

"It would be useless," I said. "Men so mad as to think that they could replace his Majesty's Government with a Committee of smiths and pastrycooks——"

"I have joined it," he answered, smiling faintly.

"The Committee?" I ejaculated, breathless with surprise.

"Even so."

"Impossible!"

"Why?" he said, quietly. "Have I not always predicted this day? Is not this what Rousseau, with his 'Social Contract,' and Beaumarchais, with his 'Figaro,' and every philosopher who ever repeated the one, and every fine lady who ever applauded the other, have been teaching? Well, it has come, and I have advised you, M. le Vicomte, to stand by your order. But I, a poor man, I stand by mine and for the Committee of what seems to you, my friend, impossible people. Is not any kind of government"—this more warmly, and as if he were arguing with himself—"better than none? Understand, Monsieur, the old machinery has broken down. The Intendant has fled. The people defy the magistrates. The soldiers side with the people. The huissiers and tax collectors are—the Good God knows where!"

"Then," I said, indignantly, "it is time for the gentry to——"

"Take the lead and govern?" he rejoined. "By whom? A handful of servants and game-keepers? Against the people? against such a mob as you saw in the square at Cahors? Impossible, Monsieur."

"But the world seems to be turning upside down," I said, helplessly.

"The greater need of a strong, unchanging holdfast—not of the world," he answered, reverently, and he lifted his hat a moment from his head and stood in thought. Then he continued, "However, the matter is this. I hear from Doury that the gentry are collecting at Cahors, with some view of combining, as you suggest, and checking the people. Now, it must be useless, and it may be worse. For it will lead to the very excesses they would prevent."

"In Cahors?"

"No, in the country. Buton did not speak without warrant. He is a good man, but he knows some who are not. And there are lonely châteaux in Quercy, and dainty women who have never known the touch of a rough hand, and—and children."

"But," I cried, aghast, "do you fear a Jacquerie?"

"God knows," he answered, solemnly. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. How many years have men spent at Versailles the peasant's blood, life, bone, flesh! To pay back at last, it may be, of their own! But God forbid, Monsieur. Yet, if ever—it comes now."

* * * * *

When he was gone I could not rest. His words had raised a fever in me. What might not be afoot, what might not be going on, while I lay idle? And, presently, to quench my thirst for news, I mounted, and rode out

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on the way to Cahors. The day was hot, and the time for riding ill-chosen; but the exercise did me good. I began to recover from the giddiness of thought into which the Curé's fears, coming on the top of Buton's warning, had thrown me. For a while I had seen things with their eyes; I had allowed myself to be carried away by their imagination; and the prospect of a France ruled by a set of farriers and postillions had not seemed so bizarre as it began to look, now that I had time, mounting the long hill, which lies one league from Saux and two from Cahors, to consider it calmly. For the moment, the wild idea of a whole gentry fleeing like hares before their peasantry had not seemed so very wild.

Now, on reflection, beginning to see things in their normal sizes, I called myself a simpleton. A Jacquerie? Three centuries and more had passed since France had known the thing in the dark ages. Could any, save a child alone in the night, or a romantic maiden solitary in her rock castle, dream of its recurrence? True, as I skirted St. Alais, which lies a little aside from the road, at the foot of the hill, I had seen at the village-turning a sullen group of faces that should have been at that hour over the hoe; a group gloomy, discontented, waiting—waiting, with shock heads and eyes glittering under low brows, for God knows what. But I had seen such a gathering before; in bad times, when seed was lacking, or when despair, or some excessive outrage on the part of the fermier, had driven the peasants to fold their hands and quit the fields. And always it had ended in nothing, or hanging at most. Why should I suppose that anything would come of it now, or that a spark in Paris must kindle a fire here?

In fact, I as good as made up my mind; and laughed at my simplicity. The Curé had let his predictions run away with him, and Buton's ignorance and credulity had done the rest. What, I now saw, could be more absurd than to suppose that France, the first, the most stable, the most highly civilised of States, wherein for two centuries none had resisted the royal power and stood, could become in a moment the theatre of barbarous excesses! What more absurd than to conceive it turned into the Petit Trianon of a gang of rôturiers and canaille?

At this point in my thoughts I broke off, for as I reached it, a coach came slowly over the ridge before me and began to descend. For a space it hung clear-cut against the sky, the burly figure of the coachman and the heads of the two lackeys who swung behind it visible above the hood. Then it began to drop down cautiously towards me. The men behind sprang down and locked the wheels, and the lumbering vehicle slid and groaned downwards, the wheelers pressing back, the leading horses tossing their heads impatiently. The road there descends not in lacets, but straight, for nearly half-a-mile between poplars; and on the summer air the screaming of the wheels and the jingling of the harness came distinctly to the ear.

Presently I made out that the coach was Madame St. Alais'; and I felt inclined to turn and avoid it. But the next moment pride came to my aid, and I shook my reins and went on to meet it.

I had scarcely seen a person except Father Benôit since the affair at Cahors, and my cheek flamed at the thought of the rencontre before me. For the same reason the coach seemed to come on very slowly, but at last I came abreast of it, passed the straining horses, and looked into the carriage with my hat in my hand, fearing that I might see Madame, hoping I might see Louis, ready with a formal salute at least. Politeness required no less.

But sitting in the place of honour, instead of M. le Marquis, or his mother, or M. le Comte, was one little figure throned in the middle of the seat; a little figure with a pale, astonished face that blushed scarlet at sight of me; with eyes that opened wide with fright, and lips that trembled piteously. It was Mademoiselle!

Had I known a moment earlier that she was in the carriage and alone, I should have passed by in silence, as was doubtless my duty after what had happened. I was the last person who should have intruded on her. But the men, grinning, I dare say, at the encounter—for probably Madame's treatment of me was the talk of the house—had drawn up and I had reined up instinctively; so that before I quite understood that she was alone, save for two maids who sat with their backs to the horses, we were gazing at one another—like two fools!

"Mademoiselle!" I said.

"Monsieur!" she answered mechanically.

Now, when I had said that, I had said all that I had a right to say. I should have gone on with that. But something impelled me to add—

"Mademoiselle is going—to St. Alais?"

Her lips moved, but I heard no sound. She stared at me like one under a spell. The elder of her women, however, answered for her, and said briskly—

"Ah, oui, Monsieur."

"And Madame de St. Alais?"

"Madame remains at Cahors," the woman answered in the same tone, "with M. le Marquis, who has business."

Then, at any rate, I should have gone on; but the girl sat looking at me, silent and blushing; and something in the picture, something in the thought of her arriving alone and unprotected at St. Alais, taken with a memory of the lowering faces I had seen in the village, impelled me to stand and linger, and finally to blurt out what I had in my mind.

"Mademoiselle," I said impetuously, ignoring her attendants, "if you will take my advice—you will not go on."

One of the women muttered "Ma foi!" under her breath. The other said "Indeed?" and tossed her head impertinently. But Mademoiselle found her voice.

"Why, Monsieur?" she said clearly and sweetly, her eyes wide with a surprise that for the moment overcame her shyness.

"Because," I answered diffidently—I repented already that I had spoken—"the state of the country is such—I mean that Madame la Marquise scarcely understands perhaps that—that——"

"What, Monsieur?" Mademoiselle asked primly.

"That at St. Alais," I stammered, "there is a good deal of discontent, Mademoiselle, and——"

"At St. Alais?" she said.

"In the neighbourhood, I should have said," I answered awkwardly. "And—and in fine," I continued, very much embarrassed, "it would be better, in my poor opinion, for Mademoiselle to turn and——"

"Accompany Monsieur, perhaps?" one of the women said; and she giggled insolently.

Mademoiselle St. Alais flashed a look at the offender, that made me wink. Then with her cheeks burning, she said—

IT WAS MADEMOISELLE !

"Drive on!"

I was foolish. "But, Mademoiselle," I said, "a thousand pardons, but——"

"Drive on!" she repeated; this time in a tone, which, though it was still sweet and clear, was not to be gainsaid. The maid who had not offended—the other looked no little scared—repeated the order, the coach began to move, and in a moment I was left in the road, sitting on my horse with my hat in my hand, and looking foolishly at nothing.

The straight road running down between lines of poplars, the descending coach, lurching and jolting as it went, the faces of the grinning lackeys as they looked back at me through the dust—I well remember them now. They form a picture strangely vivid and distinct in that gallery where so many more important have faded into nothingness. I was hot, angry, vexed with myself; conscious that I had trespassed beyond the becoming, and that I more than deserved the repulse I had suffered. But through all ran a thread of a new feeling—a quite new feeling. Mademoiselle's face moved before my eyes—showing through the dust; her eyes full of dainty surprise, or disdain as delicate, accompanied me as I rode. I thought of her, not of Buton or Doury, the Committee or the Curé, the heat or the dull road. I ceased to speculate except on the chances of a peasant rising. That, that alone assumed a new and more formidable aspect, and became in a moment imminent and probable. The sight of Mademoiselle's childish face had given a reality to Buton's warnings, which all the Curé's hints had failed to impart to them.

So much did the thought now harass me, that to escape it I shook up my horse, and cantered on, Gil and André following, and wondering, doubtless, why I did

not turn. But, wholly taken up with the horrid visions which the blacksmith's words had called up, I took no heed of time until I awoke to find myself more than half-way on the road to Cahors, which lies three leagues and a mile from Saux. Then I drew rein and stood in the road, in a fit of excitement and indecision. Within the half-hour I might be at Madame St. Alais' door in Cahors, and, whatever happened then, I should have no need to reproach myself. Or in little more I might be at home, ingloriously safe.

Which was it to be? The moment, though I did not know it, was fateful. On the one hand, Mademoiselle's face, her beauty, her innocence, her helplessness, pleaded with me, and dragged me on—to give the warning. On the other, my pride urged me to return, and avoid such a reception as I had every reason to expect.

In the end I went on. In less than half an hour I had crossed the Valandré bridge.

Yet it must not be supposed that I decided without doubt, or went forward without misgiving. The taunts and sneers to which Madame had treated me were too recent for that; and a dozen times pride and resentment almost checked my steps, and I turned and went home again. But on each occasion the ugly faces and brutish eyes I had seen in the village rose before me; I remembered the hatred in which Gargouf, the St. Alais' steward, was held; I pictured the horrors that might be enacted before help could come from Cahors; and I went on.

Yet with a mind made up to ridicule, which even the crowded streets, when I reached them, failed to relieve; though they wore an unmistakable air of excitement. Groups of people, busily conversing, were everywhere to be seen; and in two or three places men were standing on stools—in a fashion then new to me—haranguing knots of idlers. Some of the shops were shut, there were guards before others, and before the bakehouses. I remarked a great number of journals and pamphlets in men's hands, and that where these were, the talk rose loudest. In some places, too, my appearance seemed to create excitement, but this was of a doubtful character, a few greeting me respectfully, while more stared at me in silence. Several asked me, as I passed, if I brought news, and seemed disappointed when I said I did not; and at two points a knot of people hooted me.

This angered me a little, but I forgot it in a thing still more surprising. Presently, as I rode, I heard my name called; and turning, found M. de Gontaut hurrying after me as fast as his dignity and lameness would permit. He leaned, as usual, on the arm of a servant, his other hand holding a cane and snuff-box; and two stout fellows followed him. I had no reason to suppose that he would appreciate the service I had done him more highly, or acknowledge it more gratefully, than on the day of the riot; and my surprise was great when he came up, his face all smiles.

"Nothing, for months, has given me so much pleasure," he said, saluting me with overwhelming cordiality. 'By my faith, M. le Vicomte, you have outdone us all! You will have such a reception yonder! and you have brought two good knaves, I see. It is not fair," he continued, with senile jocularity. "I declare it is not fair. But you know the text? 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than——' Ha! ha! Well, we must not be jealous. You have taught them a lesson; and now we are united."

"But, M. le Baron," I said, in amazement, as, obeying his gesture, I moved on, while he limped jauntily beside me, "I do not understand you in the least!"

"You don't?"

"No!" I said.

"Ah! you did not think that we should hear it so soon," he replied, shaking his head sagely. "Oh, I can tell you we are well provided. The campaign has begun, and the information department has not been neglected. Little escapes us, and we shall soon set these rogues right. But, for the fact, that damned rascal Doury let it out. I hear you told them some fine home-truths. A Committee, the insolents! And in our teeth! But you gave them a sharp set-back, I hear, M. le Vicomte. If you had joined it, now——"

He stopped abruptly. A man crossing the street had slightly jostled him. The old noble lost his temper, and on the instant raised his stick with a passionate oath, and the man cowered away, begging his pardon. But M. de Gontaut was not to be appeased.

"Vagabond!" he cried after him, in a voice trembling with rage, "you would throw me down again, would you? We will put you in your place by-and-bye. We will; why, Dieu! when I was young——"

"But, M. le Baron," I said, to divert his attention, for two or three bystanders were casting ugly looks at us, and I saw that it needed little to bring about a fracas, "are you quite sure that we shall be able to keep them in check?"

The old noble still trembled, but he drew himself up with a gesture of pathetic gallantry.

"We shall see!" he cried. "When it comes to hard knocks, we shall see, Monsieur. But here we are; and there is Madame St. Alais on the balcony, with some of her body-guard." He paused to kiss his hand, with the air of a Polignac. "Up there, M. le Vicomte, you will see what you will see," he continued. "And I—I shall be in luck, too; for I have brought you."

It seemed to me more like a dream than a reality. A fortnight before, I had been spurned from this house with insults; I had been bidden never to enter it again. Now, on the balconies, from which pretty faces and powdered heads looked down, handkerchiefs fluttered to greet me. On the stairs, which, crowded with servants and lackeys, shook under the constant stream of comers and goers, I was received with a hum of applause. In every corner, snuff-boxes were being tapped and canes handled; the flashing of roguish eyes behind fans vied with the glitter of mirrors. But through all a lane was made for me. At the door Louis met me. A little farther on, Madame came half-way across the room to me. It was a triumph— a triumph which I found inexplicable, unintelligible, until I learned that the rebuff which I had administered to the deputation had been exaggerated a dozen times, nay, a hundred times, until it met even the wishes of the most violent; while the sober and thoughtful were too glad to hail in my adhesion the proof of that reaction, which the Royalist party, from the first day of the troubles, never ceased to expect.

No wonder that, taken by surprise, and intoxicated with incense, I let myself go. To have declared, in that company, and with Madame's gracious words in my ears, that I had *not* come to join them, that I had come on a different errand altogether, that though I had repelled the deputation I had no intention of acting against it, would have required a courage and a hard-

ness I could not boast; while the circumstances of the deputation, Doury's presumption and Buton's hints, to say nothing of the violence of the Parisian mob, had not failed to impress me unfavourably. With a thousand others who had prepared themselves to welcome reform, I recoiled when I saw the lengths to which it was tending; and, though nothing had been farther from my mind when I entered Cahors than to join myself to the St. Alais faction, I found it impossible to reject their apologies on the spot, or explain on the instant the real purpose with which I had come to them.

I was in fact, the sport of circumstances; weak, it will be said, in the wrong place and stubborn in the wrong; betraying a boy's petulance at one time, and a boy's fickleness at another; and now a tool and now a churl. Perhaps truly. But it was a time of trial; nor was I the only man or the oldest man, who, in those days, changed his opinions, and again within the week went back; or who found it hard to find a cockade, white, black, red, or tricolour, to his taste.

HE PAUSED TO KISS HIS HAND.

Besides, flattery is sweet, and I was young; moreover, I had Mademoiselle in my head, and nothing could exceed Madame's graciousness. I think she valued me the more for my late revolt, and prided herself on my reduction in proportion as I had shown myself able to resist.

"Few words are better, M. le Vicomte," she said, with a dignity which honoured me equally with herself. "Many things have happened since I saw you. We are neither of us quite of the same opinion. Forgive me. A woman's word and a man's sword do no dishonour."

I bowed, blushing with pleasure. After a fortnight spent in solitude these moving groups, bowing, smiling, talking in low, earnest tones of the one purpose, the one aim, had immense influence with me. I felt the contagion. I let Madame take me into her confidence.

"The King"—it was always the King with her—"in a week or two the King will assert himself. As yet his ear has been abused. It will pass; in the meantime we must take our proper places. We must arm our servants and keepers, repress disorder, and resist encroachment."

"And the Committee, Madame?"

She tapped me, smiling, with the ends of her dainty fingers.

"We will treat it as you treated it," she said.

'You think that you will be strong enough?"

"We," she answered.

"We?" I said, correcting myself with a blush.

"Why not? How can it be otherwise?" she replied, looking proudly round her. "Can you look round and doubt it, M. le Vicomte?"

"But France?" I said.

"We are France," she retorted with a superb gesture.

And certainly the splendid crowd that filled her rooms was almost warrant for the words; a crowd of stately men and fair women such as I have seen only once or twice since those days. Under the surface there may have been pettiness and senility; the exhaustion of vice; jealousy and lukewarmness and dissension; but the powder and patches, the silks and velvets of the old régime, gave to all a semblance of strength, and at least the appearance of dignity. If few were soldiers, all wore swords and could use them. The fact that the small sword, so powerful a weapon in the duel, is useless against a crowd armed with stones and clubs had not yet been made clear. Nothing seemed more easy than for two or three hundred swordsmen to rule a province.

At any rate, I found nothing but what was feasible in the notion; and with little real reluctance, if no great enthusiasm, I pinned on the white cockade. Putting all thoughts of present reform from my mind, I agreed that order—order was the one pressing need of the country.

On that all were agreed, and all were hopeful. I heard no misgivings, but a good deal of vapouring; in which poor M. le Gontaut, with the palsy almost upon him, had his part. No one dropped a hint of danger in the country, or of a revolt of the peasants. Even to me, as I stood in the brilliant crowd, the danger grew to seem so remote and unreal, that, delicacy as well as the fear of ridicule, keeping me silent—I could not speak of Mademoiselle without awkwardness—the warning which I had come to give died on my lips. I saw that I should be laughed at, I fancied myself deceived, and I was silent.

It was only when, after promising to return next day, I stood at the door prepared to leave, and found myself alone with Louis, that I let a word fall. Then I asked him with a little hesitation if he thought that his sister was quite safe at St. Alais.

Why not?" he said easily, with his hand on my shoulder.

"The trouble is not in the town only," I said. "Nor perhaps the worst of the trouble."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You think too much of it, *mon cher*," he answered. "Believe me, now that we are at one the trouble is over."

And that was the evening of the fourth of August, the day on which the Assembly in Paris renounced at a single sitting all immunities, exemptions, and privileges, all feudal dues, and fines, and rights, all tolls, all tithes, the salt tax, the game laws, capitaineries! At one sitting; and Louis thought that the trouble was over!

(*To be continued.*)

AFTER THE PLAY.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

Ludgate Hill Platform, *eleven something p.m. Theatre-goers have hurried from West, and are waiting for train, Peckham way. A few tired, bored-looking engines stand about and smoke. The other platform is having a wash and brush up.*

"OH, I THINK IT WAS CAPITAL."

Cheerful Girl: Well, *I have* enjoyed meself a treat (*sits down with grateful sigh*). *I* never laughed so much before, not in all my life. I simply ache all over.

Companion (*relighting pale brown cigar*): Wasn't so dusty, was it?

Cheerful Girl: Oh, I think it was capital. The way the old man carried on when he thought he'd lost his boots amused *me*. I can't think how in the world, William, they make up all these bits, one after the other, as they do. Must 'ave a pretty good 'ead on 'em, whoever it is.

Companion: Oh, it's like everything else. You've only to practise at it long enough. I knew a chap once that sent a kind of a joke to *Odd Bits*—chap in our workshop he was.

Cheerful Girl: And did they print it?

Companion: Well, they didn't exactly print it, but——

Cheerful Girl: Oh, and wasn't that good where the young girl comes in and finds the two there and says—what *was* it she said? I wish I could keep these things in me 'ead. Mother's sure to ask me when I get 'ome. First thing after I get indoors and unpin me hat, mother'll say, "Well, Loo, what was it like?" And I shall have to set down and tell her all about it, and I can remember what they wear, but (*despairingly*) I can't for the life of me call to mind all what they say.

(*Makes room on seat for new comers*—Refined Damsel *and* Friend.)

Refined Damsel (*in evening dress and mackintosh cloak, speaking with much hauteur*): Well, *he* gets orders, you know, now and again, but he never gets them till *quite* the last thing, and then it's all hurry scurry to get ready, and it is *so* annoying, and you know how easy it is to get upset when you want everything just so, and *this* evening I gave the maid threepence to go out and buy some roses, and she hadn't come back when I started, and it makes you look so—well, unfinished, doesn't it? What *I* like when I go out is to have a flower in my hair and a flower at my waist, and two or three just here, and I *do* think it sets one off so, you know. The last young gentleman I was engaged to (I don't think you knew him, he's gone to live at Shepherd's Bush now) used to *send* me flowers, but this one somehow never seems to think of it, and *I* don't like to suggest it, you see, and so——

Spectacled Youth (*lecturing to another spectacled youth*): There's a certain definiteness, if I may so express it, about his acting, a preciseness if I may say so and an exactitude. Take Becket for instance.

Dogmatic Gent. (*interrupting*): You are talking of Irving, sir?

Second Spectacled Youth (*blandly*): Yes.

Dogmatic Gent.: You'll pardon my interrupting you, but you don't happen to remember Booth, I expect. Now he *was* a man if you like. Before your time, perhaps.

Second Spectacled Youth (*readily*): Oh, no, oh, dear no. Remember Booth quite well. Quite well.

Dogmatic Gent.: Well, sir, then tell me now your candid opinion (*with truculence*). Your candid opinion. Put Irving *here*, and put Booth *there*, and let them both play the same piece, and then tell me, sir, tell me which of those two the public would—er—flock to hear.

"DON'T TELL ME, SIR."

Second Spectacled Youth (*with diffidence*): Well, I

look on Booth as a man fairly successful in a certain line, but I don't regard him as a good actor.

Dogmatic Gent. (*testily*): Don't tell me, sir.

Second Spectacled Youth: He may manage the Salvation Army pretty well, don't you know, but as an actor, my dear sir, why his nose and his beard are all against him, and besides——

Dogmatic Gent (*with much annoyance*): Pah!

(*He turns away, second youth winks solemnly behind spectacles at first youth.*)

Breathless Woman: Well, you must know when the curtain first goes up there's a lot of girls there *on* the stage with baskets of flowers, and what not, and the music strikes up, and they begin to sing a—well, a chorus I s'pose you'd call it, and d'rectly they've finished in comes a girl in blue and white, and they talk, you know, and then the lot of girls go off singing their bit, and then the girl—the girl I spoke about—she comes down, and she begins to sing, and oh! she'd the loveliest voice *and* boots, my dear, you can possibly imagine, and she was as like in her manner—not her face or her voice or anything, but on'y her manner—to my poor sister who went to New Zealand fifteen years ago, her name was Annie, but she was a fine figure of a girl for all that, and she sends 'ome a illustrated paper *every* Chris'mas just to let us know that she's still about, you know—well, as I was explaining. (*Goes on explaining.*)

(*Two married ladies recognise each other. One, a limp lady, rubs her nose hard with handkerchief.*)

"IT GIVES ME THE FAIR MISERABLES."

Limp Lady (*with lachrymose air*): Oh! I don't often go out, Mrs. What-is-it, and when I do somehow everything seems to go wrong. I thought we was going to lose this train, but (*with a sigh*) we haven't. It's a wonder, I'm sure. No, I've been with my 'usband to the theatre—he's 'aving his pipe over there—but as I said to him just now before we come out of the place, it's reelly a waste of money. I said, "'Orace, believe me, we better be 'alf 'ave spent the money on something 'andy for the 'ome."

Neighbour (*cheerfully*): Oh, I don't know. It livens you up.

Limp Lady (*determinedly*): It don't liven *me* up. As I said to 'Orace, it's reelly nothing but a pack of nonsense from beginning to end.

Neighbour: That's what I like about it.

Limp Lady: Well, when I was in service before I met 'Orace and married him, I was a rare one for the theatres. Me and cook used to go out together. Cook used to say, "Well, Mary, what's it to be?" and I used to take up the paper and just what you may call scan it down, and I'd say, "Strand"—just like that—and cook 'd say, "Right you are," and that very evening off we'd go. My word! (*sighs*) they *was* times, if you like! (*Sighs again.*) Ah! if we only know'd when we was well off!

Neighbour (*with cheerful optimism*): Ah, well! there's worse troubles 'appen at sea, I always think!

Limp Lady: Ah, Mrs. What-is-it, you don't know. (*Neighbour, apparently not wanting to know, adroitly makes room for white-faced girl to sit between herself and Limp Lady.*)

White-faced Girl (*to male friend leaning on walking-stick*): Oh, I simply love the Adelphi, I do! I could go there night after night. Only I'm so silly, you know; I get carried away, in a manner of speaking, and I cry like anything. And then George—you know what a one George is when he's out—he makes fun of me, and—oh! but I *can't* help it really. To see the poor woman in the piece 'aving to put up with all she does, and then when her dear little child — poor little innocent thing! — comes up and says, "Mamma, mamma dear, aren't you happy?" just like a little child would, you know, and it—oh, well (*pats eyes with handkerchief and sniffs*) it gives me the fair miserables to think of it!

(*Sound of cheering and singing, it comes nearer.*)

Noisy Youths (*ascending staircase*):

"For we are the boys
That's fond of a noise,
And we're known as the ricketty, racketty crew."

First Noisy Youth (*to porter*): Stationmas'er, you're (*hic*) boozed.

Porter (*with much earnestness*): Wish to 'Eaven I was. (*Train comes bustling in. With the usual manner of tardy arrivals it insists on immediate attention.*)

Third-Class Passengers: Get in anywhere.

Noisy Youths: Now then, half-backs, *where* are you? Get a goal this time. (*Guard whistles.*) It's all right, referee. That wasn't a foul; you don't und'stand the game.

Porters: Plenty of room in front. Take your seats. 'Urry up there! (*They hurry up; engine whistles. It hastens with train across the bridge. Lights on platform are turned down.*)

Rideau.

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 67. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DEVIL'S OWN LUCK.

BY

"Z. Z." (LOUIS ZANGWILL.)

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.

EVERYWHERE, the heavy rain washed the little suburban streets. They had been listening to the steady downpour, and the occasional wild charges of the wind, and had nestled closer together, feeling that the cosy dining-room, with its neat walnut furniture and its warm curtains, was inexpressibly dear to them, now that they were about to lose it.

"Eddie, dear, you'd better go to bed and rest."

She laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and its light touch seemed to ease his care-racked brain. He sat bending forward into the warmth of the blazing fire, resting his chin on both hands, his elbows supported on his knees. The flame played upon him showing a bloodless and haggard face, with delicately-cut features and a fair moustache. There was just a suggestion of weakness about the grey eyes, now staring vacantly into the fire; a touch of effeminacy about the curves of the profile and the symmetrical sweep of the small chin.

Edward Poulton was in the toils of the pitiless law. For years he had sturdily and honourably done his share of the world's work; yet brutal forces, over whose reins he held no guiding power, set in motion by the very complexity of that civilization which has abolished the more merciful rack and thumbscrew, had caught him in their swirl as a reed is caught in a tempest's. With the proverbial stubbornness of his stock, he had buffeted bravely long after efforts could be of any avail, eyeing anxiously the while the black threat of the impending storm-cloud. Endowed with a fine sense of honour, the inability to pay his debts disgraced him more in his own eyes than in the eyes of his creditors and the world. Unfortified with callousness, indifference, or philosophy, he found the position intolerable, and every hour had its full meed of anguish. His nights had been restless and fitful, his dreams renewed the torture of his waking hours.

And now at last the unequal combat had ended with the inevitable result. To-morrow the bailiffs would come to take possession of their home. He would have put an end to his life but for his sweet wife and his two children. May had received the news of the calamity with resignation, and had kept cheerful for his sake, though her heart was leaden at the sight of his terrible despondency. The sunshine of her presence and sympathy was his sole stay, and now that the end had come, he yielded himself into her hands like a child. She had fed him and read to him, had tried to rouse him by speaking hopefully of the future. Once let all this bother be done with, she assured him, he would get on again quickly enough. But while he pressed her hand gratefully, he was thinking of the heavy discount at which brains stood in the market. It was already past eleven, the children had long since been put to bed, and now she was anxious he should get some sleep.

"I can't, May," he replied. "You go up and leave me here. I know I shan't sleep to-night, and it's no use trying."

"Nonsense, Eddie, you must go to bed."

Her hand slid along his shoulder till her arm was round his neck. She stooped and rubbed her cheek against his.

"Come, Eddie," she went on coaxingly. "Don't be foolish—for my sake."

He took her other hand in his. For the moment his face lighted up with a love, whose purity and beauty even the rude breath of the brutal city could not tarnish.

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"I want to stay here by the fire a little longer, May, darling," he said. "I'll be up in an hour."

"Promise me you won't sit up longer, dear," she insisted, still pressing close to him.

"I promise."

She still lingered, a tearful smile on her face. She was longing to tell him of the thirty golden sovereigns she had put by, literally in her stocking. Her feminine scepticism as to the reliability of banking institutions in general had impelled her for some time past to laboriously save a few shillings each week out of the housekeeping allowance. If Eddie's bank should break and his money get lost, there would be at least a little store for their immediate needs. It was the one secret he did not share; and she had always derived a subtle pleasure from the contemplation of her "stocking." Of late she had found it sweet to count over the little hoard. Though the present contingency was not the one against which it had been prepared, still it would help to tide over the time till Eddie could find some employment. In face of his heart-sickness, it was hard for her to keep silent. But she knew his unflinching—almost morbid—honesty too well, and there was just the possibility he might insist on the money being given up for his creditors. So, although sorely tempted, she did not yield.

"Good night, dear," she said a last, holding her lips to him.

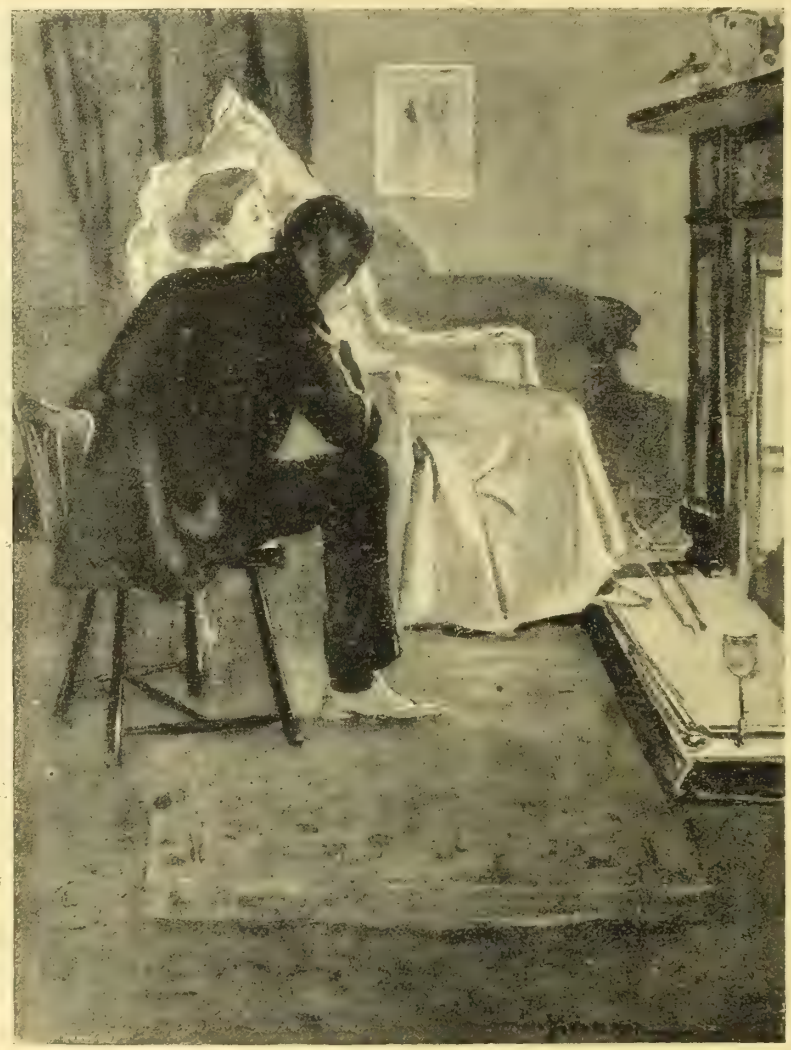
"Good night, my darling," he replied huskily. He drew her to him, and held her in his arms as if dreading to part with her. "God bless you," he said, as he kissed her. "You are all I have."

She smiled again, thinking of the heaven-sent meals she would provide for him in the modest apartments they would take.

"Kiss me again, Eddie," she said.

He kissed her again and yet again, then gently put her from him. "Do go now, dear."

"Good night, pussy," and she stooped to stroke her glossy, black pet that lay contentedly purring, curled up inside the fender; then in a moment she had softly glided from the room.



"NONSENSE, EDDIE, YOU MUST GO TO BED."

Left alone, Edward resumed his former attitude. For awhile a sort of stupor came over him, and he was conscious of nothing save the intensity of his own misery. Now and then he drew his breath with a quick gasp. He was roused by the sudden roaring and bubbling of the gas. Turned off in the rest of the house, the supply was too full for the one room. He got up and turned out the lights altogether; they were superfluous and involved waste. Besides, darkness was more suited to his mood. He did not resume his seat, but paced round the room, scarce noticing the quivering shadows weirdly cast by the flame of the fire that flickered lower each moment. He found some relief in moving about, and continued in his round mechanically. Soon he fell into reverie, diving back into the far past. It was pleasant to recall his hopes and aspirations, and the thousand and one things he had meant to do. If only he had directed his affairs differently at such and such a point in his career! He busied himself tracing each untried variation to some possible conclusion, convinced that the possible was the logical and inevitable. He found oblivion of the present in diverging from the main path of the actual into the pleasant byways of the might-have-been. In each the prospect was dazzling, for the imagination is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and has no need for stint. The pictures were enchanting; his vision of them was so intense, so all-absorbing, that he trembled with the excitement. By now he would have amassed at least a moderate fortune. He would have had a better house in town, and in the summer a second one up the river, with a tennis lawn; perhaps a little houseboat as well. May seemed born to preside over a big, hospitable establishment. He saw her moving amid her guests with her tall, stately figure, her well-poised head, her sweet face, her sparkling eyes, and her red, red lips; a gracious queen in filmy, gossamer robes, woven of purity by fairy looms, with just one rose in her snowy bosom, and a string of diamonds round her neck. May, dear May, how sweet and good she was, without a tinge of selfishness in her nature!

Oh, for a fortune to surround her with beauty, that he might feast his eyes on her happiness!

Yes, windfalls did come at times. Did not everybody keep alive such a secret spark of hope in the innermost heart? Suppose an enormous fortune should suddenly come to him! Eighty thousand pounds, for instance. Stranger things had happened. What could he not do with such a sum? He breathed hard. Why, even the half of it, forty thousand pounds, would be a tremendous heap! His fifteen hundred pounds or so of debts would be crushed out by a few strokes of his pen like a pigmy under the foot of a giant! His fifteen hundred pounds of debts—ah! He was abruptly shunted back to reality, and found himself on earth again. Without, the storm still continued, sounding loud against the silence of the slumbering suburb. The flame had died away and the red fire cast its glare into the room. In its warmth the sleeping Tom still purred, and two clocks ticked in emulous race.

"Forty thousand pounds!" he said aloud, as his bitterness resurged. "Why, I'd sell my soul to the Devil for just enough to get clear—and a bit over for May," he hurriedly added, with instinctive cautiousness, realising what had slipped from his lips.

"Splendid idea that!" he went on musingly, still pacing round with his hands in his trousers' pockets. "What a pity one can't do it nowadays! Not only we've done away with the Devil, but some say we've not even souls to sell."

The accounts he had read of the transaction, which had almost frightened him out of his wits in his childhood, came flashing back to him across the dead years. The supernatural had then possessed a morbid fascination for him, and he had hovered about the subject with nervous persistence. He recalled the details of the preliminaries; the black cat that had to be roasted alive, its heartrending shrieks unheeded by the pitiless vendor; the ball of fire that came rolling by; the accompanying discordance of the turbulent elements. He even remembered the essential condition that the cat must not have a single white hair, else the sacrifice were futile. He stooped over the sleeping Tom and regarded it fixedly, realising with a shock that it was fitted for the very purpose. May had more than once directed his attention to the unimpeachability of its tint. He saw the whole scene enacted before him vividly, and he fell into a morbid speculation as to its feasibility. Could such a transaction be really possible or was it all a myth? There was something so overpoweringly tempting about it, something so weird and unearthly, that it smacked of the Devil. Yes, the Devil was real—not the mere creation of man's imaginings! How dared he doubt it?

The thought held him in a spell. Each moment his excitement grew. His face was afire. Of a sudden he glanced round uneasily.

"After all, would I sell my soul to the Devil?" he asked himself doubtfully. "Bah!" He drew himself together determinedly. "No, I won't draw back now. It can't be much worse in hell than the hell I've been going through here. Come, Mr. Devil," he continued, raising his voice in grim invocation, half wishful, half credulous, that it might prove effective. "Won't you be tempted? For two thousand pounds I'll clench the bargain, there!"

In the tense, nervous condition into which he had now worked himself, his own words rang startlingly in his ears, inspiring him with a clammy fear.

For sole answer, a live coal dropped on to the hearth with gritty thud. By force of habit, he picked it up with the tongs, and was about to replace it in the fire, when his hand moved aside in answer to the suggestion of a fantastic impulse, and he could not resist touching the cat on the back with the red-hot coal. A sickening odour of burnt fur pervaded the air. Tom gave a shriek, and with a great leap was out of the room. Unnerved, he let go his hold of the tongs, and they fell with a boisterous clatter on to the fender. Almost simultaneously came the sweep of a sudden heavy gust, and the casements throughout the house made furious rattle. From without came the accompanying ringing crash of falling tiles. Startled by the din, he awoke to the perception that he had been guilty of an act of cruelty.

But this perception was dimmed by the disappointment he undoubtedly felt despite the underlying con-

TOM GAVE A SHRIEK.

sciousness of absurdity he had had all along. He had half expected to see the ball of fire flash by. He closed his eyes, and a luminous sphere, changing through all

the colours of the rainbow, hung in the darkness. He opened them again, and the sphere floated up from the ground, and lost itself in the thick shadows in the farthest corner of the room; then another but fainter one followed vaguely in its path. He remembered asking his nurse how the Devil looked, and her description of him as "all eyes." And the childish vision he had then formed recurred to him afresh—a squat, frog-like figure, made up of ten thousand eyes—eyes that had glared at him from the dark and made him scream. He could see the same squat figure standing over there by the door. Shapeless patches of colour hovered in black space, the room seemed to be full of moving shapes, of dim, flitting shadows. The air was alive with strange sounds and mysterious creakings. A continuous ringing was in his ears; his heart gave sharp, quick beats.

"I'm all unstrung!" he gasped, as the beads of a cold sweat stood out on his forehead. With a sudden bound, he cleared the door, rushed upstairs, and stumbled breathless into the bedroom.

An uneasy and feverish slumber came to him at last, protracted till long past his usual rising time. He was aroused by May, who had just kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"I'm so sorry, Eddie," she said, as she saw him open his eyes; "I didn't mean to wake you."

As she had herself been awakened by an abrupt exclamation from him, and had all night long heard him muttering incoherently, she was indeed vexed with herself. Her one care all along had been to get him through the trouble without his health breaking down.

"What time is it?" he asked, brokenly.

"Half-past ten, dear."

"As late as that! I must get up at once. Have they come yet?"

"No, not yet, dear." She knew only too well whom he meant. She hovered about a moment, then decided not to tell him of the letter waiting for him downstairs. Her, by now, practised eye had detected the subtle legal air that seemed to cling to the envelope. Why worry him needlessly? It could wait.

He dressed, and dragged his weary limbs downstairs. An unnatural, feverish light was in his eye. The thought that now the sheriff's officer might come at any moment with his attendant bailiffs made him revolt more fiercely than ever against the inevitable. The look of the hunted animal came into his face. He seated himself at the table, and May poured out his coffee.

"The children have gone to school as usual?" he casually observed as he sipped it.

"Yes, dear. They are paid for till the end of the term, so I thought it would be better for them to be out of the way."

He swallowed the coffee in gloomy silence, then asked for another cup.

"I suppose they'll be here directly." The remark indicated the trend of his thoughts.

"I've told Jane to open the door as soon as she sees them coming. She's upset at leaving us, poor girl. Oh! by the way, there's a letter for you."

She took it from the mantel-piece, where it had stood unnoticed by him, and handed it to him. He turned it over languidly, betraying no interest in it. For a moment his fingers toyed with it nervously, then he feebly jerked it back to her.

"Here, May. Just see what it's about. I'm too tired to open it."

She took it up, broke the envelope, and unfolded the letter. The red blood flooded her cheeks.

"'*Re* the late Thomas Oliver,'" she gasped.

"The *late* Thomas Oliver!" he repeated, in wonder. "What! Old Oliver dead? Old Tom Oliver—my godfather? Lucky dog, lucky dog! That man always had the Devil's own luck!"

But, fortunately, she did not notice his words, for the letter contained a piece of news so astounding that for the moment her faculties were deadened.

"He leaves you two thousand pounds, Eddie, darling!" she exclaimed, at length, trembling all over. "Look, Eddie!" She held the shaking sheet before him. "Thank God! we are saved!"

The writing swam before his eyes in a muddy blur. He roughly pushed the paper away in an excess of nervous energy.

"Thank God? Ha! ha!" he laughed. "Thank the Devil!"

"What do you mean, Eddie?" she asked, sharply, blanching at his strange demeanour.

"EDDIE!" SHE CALLED, IN DISTRESS.

"Oh! nothing, nothing! Don't bother me!" he mumbled, irritably, passing his hand across his face, as if to wave off a vertigo. He sat on in silence, his head sunk forward, his brow puckered, his eyes gaping vacantly, and his lips twitching, the while she watched him in speechless amazement. Unable to bear the sight any longer, she at last came over and stood behind him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Eddie!" she called, in distress.

He neither moved nor spoke. Her heart grew sick with anxious foreboding.

"Eddie!" she called again, and this time her voice was hoarse with fear and anguish.

"I haven't sold it! I haven't sold it!" he broke out, abruptly.

"You haven't sold it? What? I don't understand!" she half sobbed.

"I tell you I haven't sold it!" he repeated, fiercely. "I didn't mean it! I shall refuse the money!"

Her mind was in a whirl. She was thoroughly frightened now, and knew not what to say or do. What could he mean? Was it this Heaven-sent money he meant to refuse?

"Not the two thousand pounds?" she could only exclaim.

"Yes, the two thousand pounds! I tell you I haven't sold it! I shan't take the money."

"But we must take it, Eddie, dear!" she pleaded, making a great effort to be calm. "What is there against it? It is from your godfather."

"Godfather!" he shouted. "Devil-father, you mean! What! Are you, too, on the side of the Devil? Am I to be eternally damned, to keep you in fine dresses? You are just the same as the rest!"

She shrank back from him, shuddering. The letter seemed to burn her fingers. She let it fall.

"Eddie! Eddie!" she cried. "What are you saying? You are ill! Don't look at me like that! Kiss me, Eddie!"

He rose to his feet, and took her in his arms. Her head fell on to his shoulder. He placed his lips against her cheek. A racking pain shot through his temples, a loud hooting echoed in his ears. A ball of fire, bright and dazzling, rolled past him.

"You devil!" he hissed, as he set his teeth to.

"A-a-a-h!" Her scream rang piercingly through the house.

"Eddie!" she moaned, piteously. "What have you done?" She put her hand to her cheek, and withdrew it, covered with blood. "Oh, Eddie! Eddie! you've bit me! you've bit me!"

She struggled with him, and wrenched herself free of his grasp, and he fell back on his chair, gibbering wildly.

The bailiffs came a minute later to take possession and make their valuation. But they had other and unexpected work to do first.

IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

It is probably accidental, but still very appropriate, that one of the first warehouses to which the visitor comes on entering the London Docks is that where ivory and spices are accumulated. The whole place is filled with a strong odour of mace, and nutmeg, and cloves. On the ground-floor the ivory is collected. There are tusks from the Soudan, tusks from Western Africa, and some from India; some of them have been cleaned by the natives who collected them, others are deep brown in colour, being discoloured with the smoke of native huts, where they have long been stored, or perhaps with the soil of the desert where the elephant which used them dropped, and died, and rotted, and lay unseen for years. Some of the tusks show bullet-holes; sometimes, indeed, a bullet will enter the hollow part of the tusk, drop down into its narrowest part, and finally, if the elephant live long enough, be cut out of solid ivory, which has grown over it. One tusk suggests lamentable visions of a huge elephant suffering protracted agonies of what one must call toothache for want of a better word. A bullet has entered the tusk near the base, but the elephant has escaped its pursuers. In the course of years the wound has spread, and for a foot or more in length the tusk is all carious, like a rotten tooth. If the elephant had not been killed by the hunters, the huge mass of ivory would eventually have fallen off, and left him without defence in the event of its becoming necessary that he should at any time to do battle with his peers.—*The Windsor Magazine.*

THE DECLINE OF ENGLISH DUELLING.

The last duel—the last fatal one, at least—was fought in a field in Maiden Lane, in a solitary part of Holloway, in 1843. The district acquired considerable notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro. The former was killed. The duellists were not only brother officers, they were also brothers-in-law, having married two sisters. The coroner's jury on the inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder, not only against Lieutenant Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were acquitted. Munro evaded the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later he surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months' imprisonment. The neighbourhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary; a wide thoroughfare, known as the Brecknock Road, runs through it, and a rifle-ground beside the Brecknock Arms appropriately indicates the place where the final shot was fired.—*Chambers's Journal.*

AN INTERESTING FIND.

Considerable interest has been excited in Scotland by the discovery of a supposed "prehistoric cave" at Oban, which was found in excavating for the foundations of some new houses in that town. The cave, which was revealed in blasting a large rock, is of considerable size, and contains a very large amount of human bones, with loose sea-shells and other objects. A further critical examination of the cave seems to point to a different explanation of the presence of the bones and shells from that adopted at first. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, F.S.A., Scot., has examined the cave, and he has come to a conclusion regarding it which, while denying its archæological character, is of scarcely less interest than that originally assigned to it when first opened out. Dr. Stewart states that in his opinion the cave is of the same date and character as that of another cave which was discovered behind the Oban Distillery a few years ago. It never was, he believes, used as a dwelling-place, nor as a place of burial. All the shells and bones were, in his opinion, thrown up into the hollow of the rock by a marine inundation of very ancient date, or by some huge tidal wave, which seems to have overtaken and drowned the people then dwelling in rude huts close by the foreshores of the bay. Dr. Stewart made a minute examination of the shells, a few of which are not now to be found in the waters of the western seaboard. The presence of these shells seems to indicate an Arctic state of climate at the time of the suggested cataclysm.—*The Antiquary.*

REVIVAL OF THE CURFEW-BELL.

There is to be a revival of the curfew in Canada, and if it prove successful in the cities and towns of the Dominion it is not unlikely that it may be used in some parts of the United States. The law which has been enacted by the legislatures of Quebec and Ontario was drafted by the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, and provides that the municipal councils in cities, towns and incorporated villages shall have power to pass by-laws for the regulation of the time after which children shall not be in the streets at nightfall without proper guardianship. The law also provides that these councils shall cause a bell to be rung at or near the time appointed, as a warning, to be called the curfew-bell, after which the children so required to be at their homes or off the streets shall be liable to be warned by any constable or police-officer to go home.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MISS EXTRA-TURN.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Sydney Adamson.

THERE is a pause of a few minutes after the infant Charles Godfrey has finally closed his Gibus against the small shirt-front, and bowed himself off. The crowded, smoking, talking hall resents the pause. Two performances a night are given at Barling's, and the twopenny gallery knows that as this (the first) must close at 9.15, every moment is golden. The twopenny gallery whistles the Hoxton signal; it throws nutshells; it satirises the red and blue curtain; it reproaches the management bitterly.

"Pull up the blind, mister. Let's see wot you're a-doin' of."

"*Do* wike up there. You're snorin' something friful."

"Ply the gime, ply the gime." (This as though it were a slow match of football.)

The attendant, in brass-buttoned frock-coat, demands silence. When he obtains it, a shrill treble in the front row speaks an encouraging word.

"Don't you 'urry, mister. To-morrer night will do."

On the O.P. side a small board projects itself, and the hall groans as it reads:—

"EXTRA TURN."

"Thenks." The voice belongs to Shrill Treble, and speaks bitterly. "Thenks. I've 'ad some."

The curtain goes up, and a back cloth is let down. Back cloth presents a rather noble mansion, with gravel paths encircling a flower plot of amazing richness of colour, and a waterfall and a rustic bridge, and a youthful pair, arm-in-arm, looking into each other's eyes with much tenderness. The gallery says to the painted couple, "Norty! norty!" and settles down into something like quietude. A bell rings. The conductor of the band (of four) simultaneously bobs to his colleagues, draws bow across his violin, and stamps one foot. A confused prelude. It is played again, and at its fourth bar there hurries on the stage, with a flattering suggestion of having been running a long way, in order not to keep us waiting——

"Brivo!"

It is Miss Extra-Turn. Miss Extra-Turn, thin young lady in pale blue, somewhat flat as to figure, and with bare arms just a little angular and red at the elbows, but with a smile that atones for all. The hall revives at the sight of the smile. Miss Extra-Turn inclines her head genially, and coughs in a lady-like manner under cover of a blue-gloved hand. Then she sings:—

"You may talk of England's greatness in the brave old days of yore,
When Lord Nelsin fought, and Wellinton also;
And no doubt their 'earts were true, boys—staunch an' true onto the core—
When they sallied forth to meet the foreign foe.
But——"

(Now with much decision, as one who is forced, against her inclination, to speak her mind.)

"But I think that our brave soldiers and our silors nowadays
Are just as good as ever in a fight;
For our gallant tars will show 'em that Britannia rules the waves,
And our soldier boys will all defend the right."

Miss Extra-Turn commendably spares no effort to make her argument clear. She has set out obviously to administer a stinging reproof to the pessimistic school, and she means to do it effectually. When she says "soldier," she stands upright, and puts her hands down straight at the sides of her pale blue skirt. When she says "'earts," she slaps herself quite hard above the pale blue bodice. When she says "sallied," she starts so threateningly towards the conductor, that he dodges back, under the impression that his life is in peril. And when she says "de-fend the right," she clasps her hands, and looks upwards reverently, and, the notes being high, makes a wry face. In a general way, Miss Extra-Turn speaks the words accompanying high notes, and thus evades exertion. The words, "Defend the right," are, however, shrieked with a fine recklessness.

"'Old 'im! 'old 'im! 'old *'im!*"

It is Shrill Treble's interjection. He makes the suggestion as though Miss Extra-Turn's voice were a runaway horse.

"*Don't* let me ketch you again," begs the attendant. 'Cos if I do——"

"*I'll* look awfter that," answers Shrill Treble.

Three verses. At the end of each a chorus so easy to secure, that at the last Miss Extra-Turn is relieved from the necessity of either singing it or speaking it. The hall chants it loudly what time Miss Extra-Turn slaps herself, and hugs herself, and sallies forth to meet the foreign foe. As the end nears she bunches up her pale blue skirts, and backs to the exit—

"Boys that are so ready, faithful, true, and steady;
For England is good old England still."

Much enthusiasm. The gallery stamps; the front

SHE SPARES NO EFFORT.

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row kicks at the boarding. She returns immediately, and with beaming countenance, sends kisses to the enthusiastic gallery. Shrill Treble leans over and speaks in tones of languorous love—

"Oh, you cough-drop!"

"I shall ev to out you," says the attendant sadly, "I know I shall afore you've done."

The interval seems long without Miss Extra-Turn, but it is in effect but two minutes. Then the ring. Swift symphony. Comes Miss Extra-Turn; this time in yellow with a bunch of imitation roses at her breast.

"Si-lence there, if *you* please."

The hall is hushed.

"I don't like them flahrs," remarks Shrill Treble.

"And I don't like you," says the attendant definitely, "and if you don't——"

"Sil-ence there," repeats Shrill Treble.

It was a song of the order dramatic:—

"See the pore boy at his crossing,
Working hard to get his bread,
Everybody looks down on him,
Both his parents dear are dead
Suddenly——"

(Footlights down. A green, ghostly light is flashed on Miss Extra-Turn. She raises her hands in attitude of horror, and speaks impressively.)

Suddenly a horse comes bolting,
Carriage with the Lady Kate,
See the pore boy flies——"

(Pause with much dodging of head, as she peers into the auditorium; then triumphantly)—

"——he 'olds 'im,
Saves my lady——"

(Green light off. Miss Extra-Turn smiles with great relief.)

"——from her fate."

If this song has a fault (and even minor poets of the music hall are not perfect), it is that it possesses no chorus. This is why, despite the fact that each verse contains a separate agony and different coloured lime-light; despite, too, the fact that Miss Extra-Turn gets quite hoarse with excitement, there is less applause. When she goes off there is no recall, and consequently no envoy of kisses to the gallery.

"What ev *I* done?" demands Shrill Treble. He draws one arm across his eyes with much show of feeling, "She no longer loves me. She no longer loves me."

Shrill Treble's *entourage* is amused, but the attendant somehow does not seem to perceive the humour of the remark.

"For two pins," says the attendant threateningly, "for just about two pins I'd chuck you."

"He's got the needle," explains Shrill Treble to his friends (but he explains it warily, in a quieter tone), "and nah he wants pins."

"SHUNT!"

Prelude. Miss Extra-Turn once more.

Short skirts this time, indicative of increased gaiety of manner and a less profound attention to the problems of life. She wears a big straw hat, and bites one end of a belaced handkerchief to show how artless she is. It is a merry air:

"I *am* the shyest girl on earth,
I couldn't say boo to a goose,
I've been quite like it from my birth,
I never——"

It seems that dancing is not Miss Extra-Turn's *forte*. She sways gently to and fro, but it is only a movement, and there is no excuse for Shrill Treble's prompt request of "Over, *over*." Nothing, it is clear, is further from her thoughts than a somersault.

"Shy, shy, dreadfully shy,
I can't help it reely,
Oh my, don't wink your eye,
I'm such a little seely."

The gallery likes the chorus very much. It shouts it with amazing enthusiasm; at the third line of the refrain it winks as one man. When Miss Extra-Turn bows herself finally off there is much uproar. Above it all the voice of Shrill Treble insistently as one armed with authority—

"'Ornpipe, 'ornpipe."

The attendant comes heavily down the gangway. He taps Shrill Treble on the shoulder.

"You're a bit too funny," says the attendant critically. "Shunt!"

And takes his shoulder. Shrill Treble, resigning himself to the inevitable with excellent tact, affects to take from his pocket a non-existent watch of surpassing value.

"Grite 'eavens!" He is much astonished at the hour. "I must be off. Noin o'clock, and I promised to meet her at the stige-door at free minutes to. So long, you swells."

SORROW—A PICTURE.

One day my soul was dreaming in the light
Alone—save for the light's sweet company,
When Sorrow came and smiled and spake to me
Softly, as winds that whisper of the night.
Sorrow—but O, the lovely-orbed and bright
Unutterable eyes!—as if the trace
Of tears had made them sparkle. Was it right
Sorrow should seek me with that strange, sweet face?
The light seemed lovelier to my soul; the grace
Of rose-sweet dawns and tearful twilights blended,
Fell like a benediction on the place
And night was light—the beautiful, the splendid!
And when she left me all the light grew less
With a drear sense of loss and loneliness.

Frank L. Stanton.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—You can't imagine what a sensation the cloak worn by Miss Florence West makes in the last act of *An Ideal Husband*. It is very long, very full, and made with a train which almost covers that of her evening dress. The material is richest black satin, lined throughout with brightest poppy-red, also satin, the collar being so finished as to show the red in short interludes. There are two novel features in the lovely evening dress of white and gold brocade. It is Princess in shape at the back, and the sleeves are made long enough to reach to the wrists, where they are finished with small mediæval cuffs lined with red velvet. All the dressy women in London are going to see that gown and cloak!

But what I want to tell you about this week is the lovely ball at Warwick Castle. Eva went to it, and has come back in a state of enchantment. It was fancy dress, and the period was restricted to that of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The hostess was Marie Antoinette.

The completeness with which the arrangements were carried out may be inferred from the fact that even the servants' liveries and the dresses of the musicians were those of the period chosen. Most of the lights were wax candles; but in some of the rooms the electric light was arranged to simulate these, the only mode of illumination known at that time. The decorations were all consistent, both in ball-room and supper-room, where the fashionable substitution of small tables prevailed. The menu was as follows:—

Consommé de volaille.
Cailles sur canapés.
Petits poulets au cresson.
Côtelettes d'agneau Clamart.

Entrées Froides:
Filets de saumon Parisiens.
Suprême de faisans.
Poulets Medicis.
Asperges d'Argenteuil.
Sandwiches variés.

Entremets:
Macédoine de fruits au Champagne.
Pâtisseries assorties.

Fraises.

IN THE EARLY SPRING.

No one looked as lovely as the beautiful hostess, in her Marie Antoinette dress of Sir Peter Lely brocade, the lovely pearl-coloured ground of which figured in so many portraits done by the great artist that it is known by his name. It was flowered over with blossoms in pale and lovely colours, clustering about gold roses. The bodice was finished round the shoulders with a fichu of cream-tinted silk muslin, embroidered here and there with gold, and edged with gold lace of a light and airy texture. The blue velvet manteau de cour was embroidered all over with gold fleurs-de-lis, and on the powdered hair a bright blue velvet cap, embroidered in gold, and clasped with pearls and diamonds. A magnificent collar of diamonds encircled the shapely neck, and the manteau de cour was fastened on with a tiara of diamonds, drawn out to its fullest extent.

The Duchess of Sutherland also personated a Royal lady, the celebrated Marie Lesczynski, wife of Louis XV. The costume was white satin, embroidered lavishly with silver, and made with a stomacher of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds on the long, pointed bodice. The ruby velvet manteau de cour, gold-embroidered, was apparently upheld by a rivière of diamonds, and a duchess's coronet, also in diamonds, surrounded the rather low coiffure. Her young sister, Lady Angela Erskine, was dressed after an old family portrait of the Sutherlands at Trentham in white satin, with lace sleeves and a blue satin Gainsborough hat, with snowy plumes.

The charming Princess Henry of Pless wore a highly elaborate costume as Duchesse de Polignac. Her white satin gown was richly sewn with jewellery in turquoise, amethyst, and gold. The over-skirt was lined with pale blue, and, being turned back, showed this lining, all sewn with jewels to match the underdress. The young Princess wore diamonds and turquoise in her powdered hair. Her husband was dressed as a French officer of the period, the uniform being green, faced with scarlet, and piped with white, a rich gold embroidery following all the outlines.

The Earl of Warwick had not chosen the character of Louis XVI., but wore the uniform of an officer of the household of that unfortunate king, a long-tailed red coat, turned back with white cloth, and ruffled with lace at neck and wrists. The Earl of Lonsdale was dressed

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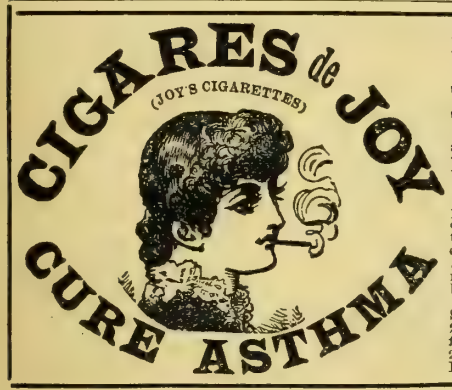

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OVERFLOW ADDITIONS.

IT has been found impossible to make room in the advertisement of the Patent **"OCTOPUS" Anti-Incrustator** and the **Patent "SANITARY" Sink Basket**, on the back page, for the names of the following firms of Ironmongers, and we beg to call the attention of our readers to the fact that they should be included in the list on that page.

London -
Wt. Hampstead E. & F. Harrowin, 114, West End-lane
West Norwood R. W. Hayward, 54, Knight's Hill-road [st.
Londonderry .. T. E. Osborne, 18, Shipquay
" .. T. & J. Smiley, Waterloo-pl.
Louth .. .. J. Morton & Son, 72, Eastgate
Lowestoft .. R. Leach, Harbour Stores
Luton .. .. W. L. Gates, George-st.
Maidenhead .. Stuchbery & Thompson, 63, 65, and 67, High-st.
" .. G. Butler & Sons, High-st.
Maldon .. .. Orttewell & Sons, Ltd
Manchester .. W. Wilson & Co., 50, King-st
" .. .. Robert Kitching, 109, Shudehill
" .. .. Samuel Turner, Waterfoot
" .. .. Leech Bros. & Co., 20, Old Millgate
" .. .. H. Luke, 14, Brazenose-st.
" (Withington) W. E. Bunn, 58, Wilmslow-rd
Mansfield .. J. & E. H. Birks [slow-rd
March .. .. Johnson & Co. [st.
Margate .. .. Coles Bros., 95 & 97, High-
" .. .. T. Bentley & Co., 31, High-
Market Drayton Frederick Gouldbourn [st
Market Harboro' J. Eaton & Co., 16, High-st.
" " E. W. Dicks, 5, Church-st.
Maryborough .. James J Aird, Main-st.
Maryport .. Exors. of P. Dodgson, Sen.
Mere (Wilts) .. Walton & Co. [house-st.
Middlesborough M. J. Ventress, 23, Sussex-st. [Zetland Works
" .. .. John Livingston & Sons,
Milford Haven .. John Francis, 28 and 29, Charles-street
Morecambe .. William Clarke, Pedder-st
Mullingar .. Mooney & Son, Earl-st. and Church-street-avenue
Naas (Co. Kildare) Wm. Farrell & Co.
Newark-on-Trent Mather & Tomlyn, Castle Gate & Kirkgate [way
Newbury .. Ernest Harris, 3 & 4, Broad-
Newcastle-on-Tyne Emley & Sons, Ld., 42 and 44 Westgate-rd.
" .. H. Walker & Son, Ltd., 55, Westgate-rd.
" .. J. & H. Harrison, 44 & 46, Grey-st.
Newmarket .. A. R. Golding
Newport (Mon.) R. Alger & Son, 160, Dock-st. & 44, Commercial-st.
Newport Pagnell John Odell
Newport (Salop) W. & R. S. Underhill
Northampton .. Johnson & Wright, Gold-st. and Woolmonger-st.
" .. Snow & Tansley, 13, The Parade
Northwich .. Poole Bros., Castle-st.
Norwich .. Theobald, Johnson & Burton, London-st.
" .. H. P. Colman & Co., Rampant Horse-st.
Nottingham .. Lewis & Grundy, Pelham-st. [Bar
" .. Geo. M. Webster, Chapel
Olney (Bucks) .. J. W. & E. Sowman, Market-pl., and 90, High-st.
Oswestry .. W. H. Lacon & Co.
" .. John Minshall & Co.
" .. George Tyley
" .. Edward Thomas & Co., The Cross [house-st.
Otley .. .. Jas. Suttle & Son, Court-
Oxford .. .. Gill & Co., 5, High-st.
" .. .. Geo. Wyatt & Son, 67, St. Giles.
Paignton .. W. W. Ellis, 14, Palace-av.
Paisley .. .. Robt. Eadie & Co., 12, High-st.
Parkstone .. Sadler & Sons, Station-rd.
Penzance .. Stimson & Taylor & Son, 31, Market-pl.
Perth .. .. Garvie & Syme, 42 & 73, High-st
Pontefract .. Caleb England, Market-pl.
Pontypridd .. W. H. Allen & Co., Market-sq. [st.
Portadown .. Jos. & Sarane, 16, Thom-
Preston .. .. J. Whitehead, 9, Fishergate
" .. .. J. B. Hallmark & Son, 114, Fishergate
Ramsbottom .. W. Jackson, 94, Stubbins-lane (late 7, Carr-st.)
Ramsgate .. Dyce & Judd, 24, Queen-st.
" .. .. C. Lidgard, 53 & 55, King-st.
Reading .. .. T. C. Williams & Sons, 8 to 10, London-st.
" .. .. G. T. Polley, 9, Duke-st.
" .. .. Geo. Hawkes & Son, 7, High-st
" .. .. Alfred Callas, 70, 72, & 74, Oxford-st.
" .. .. Jason, East & Sons, 10, Oxford-st. [st.
Redcar .. .. F. Cunningham, 36, High-
Redhill .. .. J. T. Marriage & Co.
Reigate .. .. J. T. Marriage & Co.
" .. .. J. G. & W. Batchelor, Holmesdale-rd.
Richmond (Surrey) Wright Bros., George-st.
Rickmansworth Beeson & Sons, Church
Ripon .. .. B. R. Wigglesworth, 27, Market-pl.
Roath .. .. W. H. Allen & Co., 246, Castle-rd.
Rochdale .. J. H. King
Rochester, Kent Collis & Sayer
Romford .. Norman Hall, Market-pl.
Rotherham .. Smith, Bros., Ltd., 115 & 117, High-st., and Broad-st. Parkgate
Ryde (I. of W.) .. W. & J. Woods, 26 & 27, Cross-st. [st.
St. Albans .. S. W. Brown, 3, St. Peter's-
" .. .. H. G. Leake, 6, Market-pl.
" .. .. S. W. Brown, 34, St. Peter's-st.
St. Ives (Hunts) Ulph & Ruston
St. Leonards .. Alderton Keen & Co., Lembourd [bam-lo.
" .. Braund & Amoore, 19, Nor-
" .. F. A. Holl, Silverhill
St. Neots .. W. Pentelow, Market-sq.
Salisbury .. Woodrow & Co.
Saltburn [illegible]

Sandwich .. Jacobs Bros., Market-st.
Scarboro' W. W. Lathbury, 106 and 107, Westboro'
Sevenoaks .. G. Humphrey, 132, High-st.
Sheffield .. H. Bramah & Son, 11, Fargate, and Chapel-walk
" .. W. Atkinson, 12, Ellesmere-rd.
Shipston-on-Stour Henry F. Sale
Shrewsbury .. Shuker & Son, 69, Wyle Cop
Sidcup .. .. E. Watkins, The Stores
Slough .. .. Duffield & Co.
Southampton .. Lancaster & Son, Ltd.
" .. G. Phillips & Co., 12, High-st, and 3, 4 & 5, East-st.
" .. J. J. Udall & Co., 36, Carlton-pl.
" .. Wm. Dibben, 23, Waterloo-pl. and 89, St. Mary's-rd.
" .. Chaplin & Roberts, Waterloo-place Bridge-st.
" .. E. Hart & Co., 7, 8, 9, & 11,
" .. H. B. Kent & Co., 43, Above Bar.
Southend-on-Sea T. Dowsett, High-st., and Alexander-st.
Southport .. J. C. Greenwood, 47, Eastbank st. [st.
" .. Rbt. M. Iddon, 38, London-
Southsea .. J. Southey, 43, King's-rd.
" .. Bowerman Bros., 35, Osborne-rd.
" .. T. C. Wheeler, 48, Russell-st., and 18, Somers-rd.
.. W. Knights, 5, Elm-grove
South Shields .. Dagleas & Sons
Stafford .. Thorn & Co. [Mary's-st.
Stamford .. J. W. Willcocks, 14, St.
Stockport .. R. & W. Brownswood, 33, and 36, Lower Hill-gate
Stockton-on-Tees Blakeborough & Rhodes, 57, High-st. [High-st.
" Birkbeck's Stores, 98,
Stoke-on-Trent W. H. Toder, Church-st.
Stony Stratford J. O. Parker, Market-sq.
Stowmarket .. William Folkard
Stow-on-the-Wold .. .. Henry Hollis
Stratford-on-Avon .. .. Newland & Stidolph, [High-st.
Strathaven (N.B) .. J. W. Jones & Co., Waterside-st.
Streatham .. Grubb & Willis, 120, Streatham High-road
Stroud .. .. A. Miller, Gloucester-st., Bath-st.
Sudbury (Suff.) .. Orttewell & Sons, Ltd.
" " .. Portway & Co.
Sunbury-on-Thames .. H. M. Brooke, Thames-st.
Sunderland .. Tonkinson & Bowdon, 10, Fawcett-st.
" .. R. T. Vaux, 12, Fawcett-st.
Sutton (Surrey) Holmes & Son, High-st.
Sutton Coldfield C. Fulton, The Parade
Swansea .. .. A. Patton & Co., Castle-st.
" .. .. S. Blundell, St. Helen's-rd
Teignmouth .. W. J. Burden, 6, Bank-st.
Tetbury (Glos.) .. J. W. Gardner
Torquay .. Holloway's Ironmongery Stores, 38, Fleet-st.
Tunbridge Wells S. E. Hayward
" Storey & Preston, 53, Calverley-rd.
.. Hopp Bros., 32, High-st.
Twickenham Gn. Dearyton's Stores
Ulverston .. T. H. Kendall, 27, King-st.
Ventnor .. .. Williams & Co., 113, High-st., & Spring-hill.
Walthamstow .. E. Bright, 111, Wood-st.
Walmer .. .. D. Mantle, Church-st
Wanstead (Essex) .. Hudson & Co., 1, Mornington-terrace
Wantage .. Kent & Son, Market-sq.
Watford .. .. Rogers Bros., High-st.
Ware (Herts.) .. Henry Wells, High-st.
Warwick .. J. W. Mann
Waterford .. Robert O'Leary, 4, Barron Strand-st.
Wellington .. Davies & Wilcox (Salop)
Wells (Norfolk) W. F. E. Mann
Westerham .. John Sibley
Westgate-on-Sea Coles Bros., 7, Station-rd.
West Hartlepool H. T. Laird Gibson, 3, Lynn-st.
Weston-super-Mare .. J. P. Curtis, 32, High-st.
Wexford .. R. H. Shaw & Co.
Weybridge .. Weybridge Furnishing Co., Queen's-rd.
Weymouth .. Pearce & Herbert
Whitchurch (Salop) .. W. H. Smith & Co.
Wigton .. .. J. Aird (opposite the Cumberland Fountain) [ferd
Wigtown, N.B. J. McRobert, Acnew-
Willenhall .. Henly & Co., Market-pl.
Wimborne .. Sansom & Son, High-st.
Winchester .. W. Stopher, 11A, Jewry-st.
" .. T. M. Kingdon & Co. 97,
" .. J. Lloyd & Sons [High-st.
Wisbech .. B. Walters, 199, Main-st.
Woking .. .. H. W. Gloster & Sons, Chobham-rd.
Wokingham .. W. H. Howard, Broad-st.
Wolverhampton J. H. Butler, Bell Works, Bell-st. & 44, Victoria-st.
Woodbridge .. Alfred Barnes
Woodford Green A. D. Stephens
Woolwich .. J. Frankling, 9, Albion-rd
Worksop .. .. Tom Marris, 84, Bridge-st.
Worcester .. G. Harrison, 89, High-st.
Worthing .. Thomas Page, 5, Southland 115, Montague-st.
" .. Duffield & Son, 33, Chapel-road
" .. W. W. Smith & Co., 93, Church-rd
Wrexham .. J. Colemere Gittins, 7, Hope-st.
Yeovil .. .. Neal & Williams
York .. .. B. & E. Bushell, Low Ousegate [Middlethorpe
" .. .. J. H. Shoulksmith, 59,
" .. .. G. W. Thompson, 22, Bootham.

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BRANCHES:

LONDON—23, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 18, Regent Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM—8, Stephenson Place.
MANCHESTER—100 to 104, Deansgate.
LIVERPOOL—61, Bold Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—St. John St., Grainger Street.
SUNDERLAND—Salisbury Buildings, 3, Borough Road.
LEEDS—9, New Station Street.
GLASGOW—96, Miller Street.
DUBLIN—1, Stephen's Green.
PORT ELIZABETH, Cape Colony—Lombard Chambers, Main Street.

as a beau of the time in coat and kneebreeches of ruby velvet, embroidered in gold over a long waistcoat of white satin, sewn with small flowers. His paste buttons were lovely and covetable, as were the diamond buckles on his Court shoes, his beautiful lace jabot held with a diamond clasp, and his jewelled sword-hilt. The Portuguese Minister never looked handsomer than in his scarlet and gold Mousquetaire uniform of the 2nd Company, carried out in minutest detail. The Earl of Rosslyn's Dragoon uniform of cherry colour and lavender was very pretty. His lovely wife went as a marchande coquette in a rose brocade striped with gauze, black gauze fichu and butterfly headdress. Lady Eva Greville wore a white satin Watteau gown flounced with lace and trimmed with bands of roses.

One of the loveliest dresses was worn by Miss Cornwallis West. It was copied from Alexandre Rostin's famous picture in the Louvre, of a young girl in Louis XVI. costume, decorating the statue of Love with roses; and another very lovely dress was that worn by Mrs. Graham Menzies, the skirt rose-pink satin, the bodice white muslin, with a wide sash of pale blue satin ribbon. A sweet little cape of petunia satin fell over the shoulders lined with blue satin, and the large blue satin hat was trimmed with petunia ribbons, ostrich feathers, and a diamond buckle.

Most of the ladies wore white kid gloves, instead of the lace mittens of the period, which are decidedly uncomfortable to dance in; but a few were guilty of the anachronism of donning tan-coloured suède, a very modern material, breathing of this latter half of the century.

The young Duke of Manchester went as a courtier in a coat of brocade actually woven in the reign of Louis XVI., the design showing gold feathers and pink roses on a background of warm cream colour. The lapels, collar, and pockets were richly embroidered in gold, as was his white satin waistcoat. The handsome Earl of Chesterfield wore pale blue corded silk, with a yellow brocade waistcoat, scattered over with pink rosebuds. The buttons were amethysts set in diamonds. Lady Mordaunt went as the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe in white brocade over pink satin.

It was the loveliest ball of our time, and fortunately for business, which was very slack, it has circulated very large sums of money. Milliners, dressmakers, tailors, wigmakers, and costumiers have been busy for weeks. Decorators have had their hands full of work. Caterers, too, have had a full innings. The strawberries for the supper cost one hundred pounds. The flowers were as abundant as they were beautiful. And so, good-night.—Your affectionate, SUSIE.

P.S.—I am sending a sketch by Lilian Young of a dress for early spring in tan-coloured crêpon, the cape being finished with black satin, the sides fastened down to show the white satin vest with box-pleat. Long ends of the satin fall over the skirt. The ruff is of black feather. The little bag is quite Parisian. The skirt and cape are lined with sky-blue silk.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIOLA.—You should become a member of the Household Service Register, 102, Brompton Road. By doing so, at a cost of one guinea yearly, you become entitled to obtain four servants free of charge, and your requirements will be advertised without payment in the Register. The Bureau is kept by a lady, Mrs. Leslie, and I strongly advise you to go and see her. It seems to me that she will end in solving the great servant difficulty, so wisely is she setting to work.

E. V.—A suitable dress for a widow to wear at a smart wedding would be black velvet, made with the relief of a white batiste square collar; or, if the widowhood be not too recent, some old lace. Sometimes widows, in the case of a near relative's marriage, leave off mourning for the day, and appear in grey or lavender, or even white, subdued by dark grey or black ribbons. But this is never done during the first year of widowhood.

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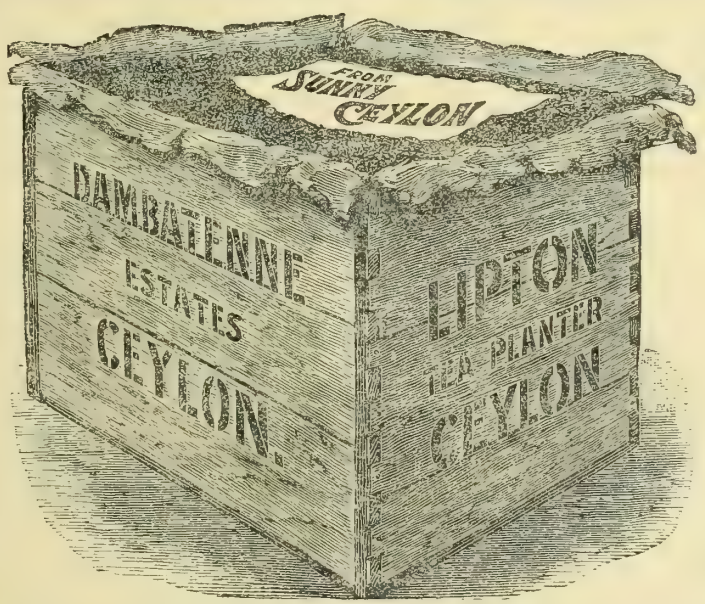

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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE. **AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.**

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

No letter I have received lately has given me so much satisfaction as the following from Mr. Charles Clark, a working-man in the North. It shows that the love of real literature is beginning to penetrate our English lower-classes, as it has long since penetrated those of Scotland and America :—

"I want to know if you can tell me, and if you will, the author of the following lines—

> "Is it a party in a parlour,
> Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,
> Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
> But, as you by their faces see,
> All silent, and all—damned?

I see Shelley ascribes it to Wordsworth, but I can find no trace of it there either in 'Peter Bell' or anywhere else. I think I also remember seeing it mentioned by Ollier in an anecdote of Lamb, and he also says the lines are Wordsworth's. I should be much obliged if you could help me in this."

* * * *

Each successive dinner of the New Vagabonds—so my Vagabond customers tell me—is more successful than its predecessor. Last Friday night they gathered up in great force, both as regards quantity and quality, to welcome the famous author of "The Raiders" and "The Lilac Sunbonnet," who towered a head and shoulders above them all. At any rate, his fair head and ruddy, healthy face did, and his huge shoulders were on a level with most of their heads. Among other guests were the Hon. Robert P. Porter, who, with a staff of 50,000 assistants under him, took the last United States Census, and Mr. Balch, ex-president, and one of the founders of the Clover Club, of Philadelphia, the best attempt at Bohemianism in the United States.

* * * *

Mr. Frankfort Moore took the chair, and introduced Mr. Crockett in one of his witty and excellent little speeches. Mr. Crockett made an admirable speech in reply, colloquial in its manner, but full of literary touches. Perhaps the thing which interested and surprised the audience most was his reminding them that the whole of his literary success has been accomplished in a couple of years. When Mr. Crockett sat down, Mr. Porter, whose name had been included in the toast, made a typical American speech, quietly brimming over with the sardonic American humour. He was a journalist, he said, before he received from President Harrison the job of counting the people in the United States, and he relapsed into a journalist the moment he knew how many there were. There was no corner of the United States which had defied his efforts except the Clover Club, which was so hospitable that no one in the room was able to count single. Mr. Balch afterwards made a very humorous little speech.

* * * *

One of my customers is quite a personage in the Horse Guards. He tells me that the Duke of Cambridge is taking a very great interest in Mr. Le Queux's book, "The Great War in England in 1897."[1] Immediately on its appearance he wrote to Mr. Le Queux in most flattering terms regarding the way in which the strategical problem had been dealt with, and declaring that the book, which had interested him very much, was one of the greatest value in showing the grave dangers to which England is exposed. Learning from the newspapers that two new editions (British and Colonial) are in the press, he has just written from Cannes another letter warmly congratulating Mr. Le Queux and expressing a hope that its success will be continued. Eight editions have been exhausted in six months, and it is now being translated into French for a Continental edition. I have just subscribed for the same author's Arab romance, "Zoraida," due on March 1st.

* * * *

Poor Francis Adams, who died just as he had come to the front in the big reviews, was the son of a doctor—the late Surgeon General A. Leith-Adams, F.R.S., LL.D., who published three interesting works upon geology and natural history, *i.e.*, "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India"; "Malta, and the Nile"; "Field and Forest Rambles"; the last giving his experiences with his regiment (the Cheshire) in Canada. I learn from Mr. Francis Adams's mother, Mrs. Leith-Adams, the novelist, who is a patron of mine, that her brilliant son was an alumnus of the famous old school of Shrewsbury—Sir Philip Sidney's school—and that the poem on Sidney, which we shall publish next week, was written while F.W.L.A. was at Shrewsbury at the age of fifteen. It has hitherto appeared only in the school magazine.

* * * *

Talking of Elizabethan worthies, I have just stocked one copy of the first part of the sumptuous edition of Spenser's "Faërie Queene,"[2] just brought out by Ruskin's publisher—Mr. Allen. It is edited by our leading bibliographer, Mr. T. J. Wise, and illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane [as Mr. Sladen, who has a passion for fifteenth century Italian pictures, puts it]—with the quaint beauty and poetical instinct which illuminate Sandro Botticelli's great pictures, such as the Primavera. It is gloriously printed, but as it only has paper covers, and each book costs thirty-one and six it is not much in my line of business. I have not, like my brother-in-arms Mr. Quaritch, the fat perquisite of supplying noblemen's libraries. But then I have no inner knowledge of rare-book collecting, whereas Mr. Quaritch is the leading authority.

* * * *

I have added Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Trail of the Sword"[3] to my library. It is an extremely graceful story dealing with the American Colonies and Canada in the days of the mighty Frontenac—of Louis XIV. and our Stuart kings. The local colour is fascinating—Mr. Parker has for English readers practically a virgin field, and both hero and heroine are charming. But, alas! they never marry—though one ought not to wish for another ending to the book—Mr. Parker's closing scene is so thoroughly graceful and original and unexpected. I, at any rate, who read to inhabit a fool's paradise for the time being, should somehow have liked Jessica and Iberville to have married. But Mr. Parker is truer to life. They would not have married. The characters are drawn with great subtlety and power.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. N. J.—One of the best text books on the study of the microscope is Dr. W. B. Carpenter's "The Microscope and its Revelations," published by Churchill at sixteen shillings.

W. L. E.—The 1839 edition of "Bradshaw's Railway Companion" is the one usually sought after by collectors. Mr. J. N. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, W.C., would give you about five shillings for your 1841 copy, if in good condition.

Durham.—A good guide for builders and contractors is entitled, "Erection of Dwelling-houses, with Estimates," by S. H. Brooks (Lockwood, 2s. 6d.).

A Regular Reader.—The speech is now out of print, but you might be able to get a copy from Mr. Turner, Law Bookseller, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Rhodaiklee.—Your edition of the "Pickwick Papers" is worth about ten shillings. Bertie.—I do not think there is a sequel, but the author introduces the same families into several of his novels, so they might be called continuations. Peach.—As far as I know there is no such book. F.S.—Dr. Carpenter's book, published by Churchill at thirty-one and six, would suit you, I think.

A "To-Dayite" wants to know what Cornish town was the original of "Q's" Troy Town. He had better write to A. T. Q. Couch, Esq., care of Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill, E.C.

1. "The Great War in England in 1897." By M. Le Queux.
2. "Faërie Queene." (George Allen, 21s. 6d.)
3. "Trail of the Sword." By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen, 6s.)

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I 'AVEN'T bin ter the Rile Aquerim myself, but I've 'eard abart a bit as they 'as theer. They tikes a man and they puts 'im inter a trawnce, which is a kind o' cross between bein' asleep and bein' dead. Theer the man lies, dye arter dye, seein' nutthink, 'earin' nutthink, knowing nutthink. Well, hall I can sye is I wish as they'd have took me and put me inter a trawnce larst week. So I do. I've bin feerly sick on it, and I should a bin a sight 'appier asleep. It ain't so much bin one thing in pertickler as a 'ole lot o' things together. The roads is bad; your fingers git so cold yer cawn't give a man chinge fur sixpence withart blowin' on 'em an' then droppin' it; your pipes is froze; your 'ealth is 'orrid. And then, on the top o' that, ev'ry silly idjut as gits on the 'bus mikes the sime remawk about the weather, and grins just as if he were the fust man as ever thought on it. Next time we is to 'ave a spell like this, let me be put inter a trawnce; this kind o' thing ain't wuth living for.

* * * *

Ah, and speakin' o' the weather, it's wunnerful 'ow some o' the sharp uns will tike advawntige of it tu do a bit fur theirselves. One arternoon lawst week there were a bit of a fog; I've seen it thicker, but still it were a good pline fog. Summun or other took advawntige of it—nipped inter a jooler's shop in Regent Street, pinched a few bits o' stuff, and were horf like a knife and lost in the fog afore the pore jooler could do anythink. There were a chap I 'eard tell of some years ago, 'e were stone broke. Well one frosty night 'e went tu one of them squares where there worn't too many coppers abart, mide a broad slide slap across the pivement, and covered it up a bit with a 'andful or two o' snow. Then 'e stood bye in a dore-wye and wited. Theer were three gents an' one old lyedy fell darn on thet slide. 'E went an' 'elped 'em up, and they all give 'im sutthink fur 'isself egscep one ole gent, and 'e nicked that gent's ticker and did a bunk. I wouldn't sye, yer know, as a man were justified in yoosin' 'is talinks in thet perticler wye. Still it's sutthink ter 'ave the talinks—ter know when yer 'as yer oppertoonity and mike the most on it. Ah, oppertoonity's a grite thing! Wheer are yer withart it? If 'Ankin 'ad only 'ad the oppertoonities, 'e might a bin Prime Min'ster this dye. Joodishusness is a qualerty as I possesses myself and vallies accordin', but it's joodishusness with a streak o' luck at the back on it as gits yer on in this world.

* * * *

So the *Dily Chronercle* 'as come art in pickshurs. They ain't pickshurs as I kin understan' the gen'rul 'ang of myself. But 'Ankin says thet's along of me 'avin' no tiste, which mye be posserble. Anywye they is pickshurs, and as sich mye be considud a noo deparchur. Them as is alwise jawing progressive should ack progressive, which the *Dily Chronercle* 'as done. 'Ankin were particler struck with the one as they 'ad on Monday lawst, entitled Libur, and bein' a man diggin' up swedes with a bulrush, while a byeby is settin' close by embricin' of its mother's foot—nice lawge foot too. As I sye, I 'aven't gort the 'ang of it. 'Ankin says it's allygoricle, and 'is old missus says it's ondesunt becos the figgers 'asn't enough clothes on. They mye be right or they mye nort. Any'ow, ten piges of that size and a thumpin' grite pickshur chucked in is abart as big a penn'uth as yer can git, and I've alwise bin one as went fur the big penn'uths.

Tobacconists (commencing). See Illd. Guide (259 pgs.), 3*d*. Tobacconists Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—ADVT.

MEN OF THE AGE.—MR. HENRY PORT.

MR. HENRY PORT,

Founder and Managing Director of the British Workman's and General Assurance Company.

MR. PORT has found his true vocation in the advocacy and promotion of Life Assurance, and has been one of the chief pioneers in the reforms that have made it popular and suitable to all classes. Mr. Port has been most intimately associated with the British Workman's and General Assurance Company, of which he was the founder, and of which he continues to be the inspiring genius.

We present our readers with a portrait of this distinguished philanthropist. The drawing is by Mr. Joseph Sargent.

The British Workman's & General Assurance Company, Limited.

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It is no longer exclusively an Industrial Life Office. It has outgrown its early purpose. The equity of its principles and the liberality of its terms have created a demand for larger assurances, and rendered it necessary to extend its original sphere of usefulness. An arrangement to this effect was completed two or three years ago, and the word "General" was added to the Company's title. Since that date a very large business has been done in the new as well as in the original department. The high appreciation of the Ordinary Department by the public is seen in the fact that in 7½ years the income has increased more than eight times. The funds have been augmented 52 per cent. during the last two and a half years. The total amount paid in claims amounts to £1,365,634.

For further particulars apply at Chief Offices, Broad Street Corner, Birmingham; at the City Offices, West Street, Finsbury Pavement; or of any of the Company's Agencies.

IN THE CITY.

MOORE V. "TO-DAY."

"The Jury have come to the conclusion that the plaintiff's cause of action, such as it was, is to be estimated at the ridiculous figure of one farthing. I mean ridiculous in the sense of conveying contemptuous opinion on the part of the Jury as to the cause of action in relation to which the plaintiff was suing. Under these circumstances I certify to deprive the plaintiff of his costs."—The Lord Chief Justice of England upon the finding of the Jury in Moore *v.* Jerome.

In our issue of July 28, 1894, there appeared the following paragraph:—

> "Aggrieved, apparently, at the references to him in the last issue of To-Day, Mr. Moore has thought fit to serve writs upon the proprietors of this journal. The writs are silent as to the character of the injury which Mr. Moore would have a jury believe has been done him; but presumably he takes exception to the statement of To-Day that his management of the Moore and Burgess Company was not a fortunate one for the shareholders. Whether issue is joined on that point or any other, the proprietors of To-Day will not balk Mr. Moore in his wish—if wish there be—to go into the witness-box."

Nor have they. For three days of last week the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury were trying *Moore* v. *Jerome and Another*, in which Mr. Moore sought to prove that To-Day had grossly maligned him in an article published on July 21, 1894, and asked for substantial damages.

It may be well to recapitulate the main statements of that article in so far as they affect Mr. Moore. We said that Moore engaged for the Moore and Burgess performance, after that entertainment had come into the hands of Moore and Burgess, Limited, players whose performances disgusted many of the best patrons of the Hall; we observed that Moore did much mischief before he and his people were dispensed with; and we charged Moore with treachery—treachery to the Company which had paid him and his partner £36,000 for his business, and was paying him £1,500 a year for management. These were the charges we made; these were the charges we went into Court to sustain; these were the charges upon which Moore asked the Jury for substantial damages. What was the answer of Judge and Jury?

So far as the first two allegations are concerned, the Lord Chief Justice directed the Jury that there was no libel, that the observations did not exceed fair comment upon a matter of public interest. But upon the third count the proprietors of To-Day found themselves in an awkward position. This third count, "the only serious thing in the case," to quote the Lord Chief Justice, charged Moore with conduct no honest, no decent man could be guilty of—with treachery to his employers. Now in the pleadings our Counsel, with the caution that is commoner with lawyers than with newspaper men, pleaded—and the construction of the paragraph gave countenance to the plea—that the word "treachery" was not intended for Moore but was meant for his subordinate Frizelle. In the case as presented to the Jury treachery was charged. In his own evidence Mr. Jerome said that whatever the literal construction of the words of the article, he considered that Moore's conduct had been treacherous, and witness after witness was called to prove it. Unfortunately, the pleadings were not sufficiently amended, and Lord Russell directed the Jury that if they were of opinion that the word "treachery" as used in the article, applied, as it was intended to apply, to Mr. Moore, it was libellous, and since justification had not been *pleaded*, let the evidence given in support of the accusation of treachery be what it might, "the only question that would remain as regards that" (the charge of treachery) "would be what damages Mr. Moore ought to have." Upon this ruling the Jury thought they had no option but to find that the proprietors of To-Day had been guilty of libel in using the word "treachery." What the Jury would have done had not the ruling of the Judge stood in the way was shown by the damages they gave. They were bound, obeying the judge, to find that To-Day had libelled Moore; they were bound, on that finding, to give him damages, and the damages they gave him were, to use Lord Russell's words, "estimated at the ridiculous figure, the contemptible figure of one farthing."

Upon this finding the Lord Chief Justice was asked to give Moore costs, but he, "with some reluctance," decided that the plaintiff should be deprived of his costs. Why reluctance? We will venture to say that no one who is acquainted with the character of the plaintiff, and who saw him in the witness-box under the cross-examination of Mr. Carson—who, by the way, should go far—will have heard with "reluctance" that upon the merits the Jury have found for To-Day. If Moore, whose own Counsel had to tell the Jury not to believe one part of his evidence, has to bear his own costs in a case in which a Jury have decided that he deserves no sympathy, we cannot quite understand the "reluctance" of the Lord Chief Justice to make him pay those costs.

And here, perhaps, we may be permitted, without suspicion of disrespect to one who has already proved himself a strong judge, and bids fair to leave behind him the reputation of a great judge, to express surprise that upon the second morning of the trial Lord Russell caused it to be intimated to the proprietors of To-Day that the other side might be satisfied with payment of their costs—an offer declined, much to his ultimate advantage, by Mr. Jerome. With respect, we submit that an intimation of that kind, made doubtless with the one desire of saving public time, places the litigant and his advisers in a very difficult position. And speaking of the saving of public time we may perhaps be permitted to make another observation upon Lord Russell's procedure in *Moore* v. *Jerome*. The case commenced at eleven o'clock on Wednesday, and the case for the plaintiff closed just before mid-day on Thursday. We had a great number of witnesses to examine, but, before our Counsel had gone far, Lord Russell intimated that the case for the defence, so far as evidence was concerned, must close that night. Again we respectfully submit that whilst it is the right and duty of the Judge to cut short irrelevant evidence, a new and doubtful departure is taken when he intimates that, let the evidence be relevant or not, it must close at a particular time.

BEN EVANS AND CO., LIMITED.

We have on more than one occasion advised readers in search of sound investments to subscribe to particular drapery companies. We gave this advice with respect to J. R. Roberts' Stores, Limited, whose £1 shares are now quoted 27s. 6d.—30s.; and Crisp and Co., Limited, whose £1 shares are now quoted 25s.—27s. 6d. Now we have Ben Evans and Co., Limited, brought out by the same people. This company has been formed to take over the drapery business, established upwards of twenty-five years ago, in Swansea, by Mr. Benjamin Evans, a business that has been described as the "Shoolbred of Wales." The share capital is £103,000, and there are £75,000 in Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures. The freehold and leasehold premises and plant are valued at £101,269, the net profits, taking the average of the past four years, are £13,036, and the price paid for the business is £133,750, so that the amount paid for the goodwill (£28,731) is very little over two years' purchase—a very moderate price. Mr. Evans is selling the business owing to failing health, but Mr. White, who has, under him, managed it for sixteen years, will be the managing director of the new company.

We often enough read in prospectuses glowing descriptions of businesses, and the men who are selling them—descriptions that require to be taken with a very big grain of salt. But as to Mr. Evans' position in Swansea, and the character of the new premises in which he carries on his business, we cannot have better authority than that of the late Lord Swansea, a hard-headed Swansea man, of great business experience, who at the opening of Castle Bailey Street, last November, spoke of Mr. Evans, "as our perhaps most prominent citizen," and "our most deserving and energetic follow citizen," and of his business premises as "a grand building internally and externally."

The profits as certified in the prospectus are ample to meet fixed charges and pay a handsome dividend upon the Ordinary shares, and the Board is a practical one. The Lord Mayor is one of the Trustees for Debenture-holders. For the rest we do not doubt that the share capital of Ben Evans and Co., Limited, will be largely over-subscribed, as was the case with Crisp and Co., Limited, and it will be noted with satisfaction that a substantial portion will be taken by employés and customers of the firm.

C. WINDOVER, LIMITED.

We have received the following letter from the chairman of this company. We have also been placed in possession of all the facts bearing upon the position of the company, and they con-

vince us that the advice given in our issue of February 2—advice to which our correspondent of last week took exception—is sound. A better offer than the £2 5s. made by the Messieurs Windover cannot be got, and rejection of that offer means liquidation, with sale of stock at break-up prices, and little or nothing for the shareholders. If, as our accountant correspondent seemed to think, the Windovers were plotting to get back the business into their own hands, careless of the just claims of shareholders, they would let it go into liquidation, when they might get it for a song. As it is, and partly for sentimental reasons that will easily be understood, they are giving some £15,000 for what remains of it. Mr. Bernard writes:—

> As I am the person appointed by the shareholders of this company to carry out on their behalf the purchase of the shares by the Windover family, and as the letter of an accountant in your current issue is calculated to mislead those unacquainted with the facts, I beg to enclose, for your information, the report of the general meeting at which such arrangement was proposed and approved, and a copy of the agreement which has been signed by Messrs. Windover. I venture to think that a perusal of these documents will confirm you in the opinion you expressed in your previous issue, that it is to the interest of shareholders, under the circumstances, to accept the terms offered.
>
> I wish particularly to draw your attention to the following facts:—
>
> (1) It is not the directors who offer to buy the shares, but three members of the Windover family, one of whom is a director.
>
> (2) The suggestion that the shares should be so bought came from the shareholders.
>
> (3) The negotiations with the purchaser were conducted by a committee appointed by the shareholders in general meeting; the committee were afforded all information for which they called, and the parties were at arms' length throughout.
>
> In conclusion, permit me to say that whatever may be the suspicion with which your correspondent regards purchases of shares by directors, I have an equal suspicion of the objects of any accountant who, under cover of anonymity, advocates in the Press the liquidation of a public company of whose affairs he is, on the most charitable hypothesis, totally ignorant.

GLENCAIRNS.

With fifty stamps at work during twenty-seven days in December, the Glencairn turned out 2,571 oz. of gold from the battery, besides 2,013 oz. more by means of the cyanide—total 4,584 oz. The official announcement explains "shortfall through stoppage of battery connecting new stamps." Well, the twenty new stamps causing the shortfall in December were connected, and during January crushing went on with seventy stamps for twenty-nine days—that is with twenty more stamps at work than during December, and with the whole seventy stamps at work two more days than in December. Reckoning the twenty extra stamps and the two extra days, an output of 8,000 oz. was predicted. Instead of an increase, however, there was a falling off, the total amount having been 4,413 oz., the battery having given 3,190 oz., and the cyanide 1,223 oz.

We have repeatedly warned our readers against putting money into this concern, but the shares, thanks to the boom in South African mines, have been rigged to a very inflated figure, and those who have been foolish enough to touch them of late will soon have reason to repent their folly. The contention of Mr. Barnato has all along been that profits would increase with the increase in the number of stamps. The exact reverse has occurred. The number of stamps was increased by twenty, and seventy stamps were working two days more in January than did fifty stamps in December, and yet the amount of gold won was 171 oz. less. Excuses for the shortfall were made both months, so whatever truth there may be in the one excuse in neutralised by the other excuse.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent, who signs himself "A Scotchman Resident in Paris," and who is a well-known man in commercial circles in that city. The letter is dated Paris, February 4th, and speaks for itself:—

> I get your paper regularly here. I have been amused at the correspondence you have had with Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., and have had the curiosity to-day to ask my bankers for their prices of the bonds which these gentlemen wish to sell to the English public at such extraordinary profits to themselves. The quotations are as under:—
>
> | | Prices. | |
> |---|---|---|
> | | Credit Lyonnais. | Cunliffe, Russell and Co. |
> | | francs. | £ |
> | Ottoman Bonds .. | 130 | 8 |
> | Panama Bonds .. | 122 | 7 |
> | Servian Bonds .. | 83 | 4 |
> | Congo Bonds .. | 92 | 5 |
>
> At 25f. to the £ anyone can make the calculation for himself. Messrs. C., R. and Co. say they will refund the price of the bonds at a difference of 5s. per bond; the Credit Lyonnais does so for 1f. 50c. to 2f.
>
> The moral of all this is that if any English people wish "to try their luck," they will do better to buy their bonds through any French bank which has an agency in London.

We endorse the advice given in the last sentence.

NEW ISSUES.

The Robinson Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £80,000.—Formed to acquire certain mining leases in the White Feather district, Coolgardie. Numerous reports from competent engineers testify to the value of the property. The purchase price is £60,000. The first 10,000 shares subscribed will be allotted for providing working capital. Lord Douglas of Hawick, better known as Lord Percy Douglas, is on the Board.

Ben Evans and Co., Limited. Share Capital, £103,000; and also £75,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.—Formed to acquire a thriving drapery business commanding the cream of the trade of Swansea and the Rhondda Valley. The net profits, as shown for the past four years, and facts referred to elsewhere, warrant the expectation of substantial dividends on the Ordinary share capital now offered to the public.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Safe Investment. L. A.—1. We cannot recommend Aerated Bread shares even at their present price. The competition the company has to reckon with becomes more formidable every month. 2. The Birkbeck Bank only gives a very low rate. 3. The other bank is financially strong. **Sundry Questions.** Enquirer (Newcastle).—1. Have nothing to do with these people. 2 and 3. We are not much in love with Moss-Litter companies. 4. A fair investment. 5. It is a large but declining business. Even the debentures are best left alone. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** Durham (South Shields).—We are inclined to advise you not to sell at the price offered, or anything near it. We advise you to buy more to average. If you sell now you will lose most of your £190; if you follow our advice you may by-and-by recover the whole of your present loss. We have authority for saying that the reconstructed company has been doing much better, and the publicity given to the management by the case of *Moore* v. *Jerome* should be of service in informing old patrons that the features in the entertainment objected to have been removed. Mind, we do not tell you that Moore and Burgess, Limited, is out of the wood yet. It is not, or anything like it. What we do say is that the business has improved, and that whilst at the moment it is suffering—as all caterers for the amusement of the public are suffering—from the weather, there are grounds for hoping that before very long the company will be within sight of dividends. **Stock Exchange Transactions.**—F. H. (Bath).—No. A poor man should not "dabble in stocks and shares." **Cunliffe, Russell, and Co.**—J. W. A. (Nottingham).—Your question is answered by a letter that appears in another column. **East London Stock.** H. H. (London).—No. **Sundry Stocks, etc.** J. H. T. (Paisley).—1 and 2. Hold. 3. Sell for what you can get. 4. The Universal Stock Exchange is perfectly sound, and will treat you fairly. 5. No connection. Have nothing to do with them. 6. We congratulate you upon getting the advance. It was essentially a matter for local men. We cannot help you to the further advance at the interest named. **Outside Brokers.** A. T. (Littleborough).—They are of no standing. Write again and let us know the result. **Clerks' Mutual Benefit Society.** J. H. (Stoke Newington).—We are not quite sure, but will make some inquiries and reply next week. **Company Promoter.** Company (Perth).—We know nothing of him one way or the other. **Safe Deposit.** R. H. B. (Rutherglen). — It is a 60 per cent. shop. **Investments.** Faith (Newcastle). — 1. We have very little faith in the likelihood of improvement. 2. We should sell and come nearer home upon any considerable rise. 3. It is a fair speculative investment. 4. The Brewery Preference shares you name are a good investment. 5. Do not buy any of these shares at their present or any other price except for a gamble. It is quite possible they may be rigged higher. **Options.** A Reader of "To-Day" (Darlington).—Have nothing to do with the people named in the advertisement. **Two Mining Shares.** J. O. (Burton-on-Trent).—We see no likelihood of much improvement in the quotation. **Manor Park Cemetery.** A. I. H. (New Barnet).—We remain of the opinion that they are worth £120, but that of course does not mean that you could get £120 in the open market. **Balkis-Eerstelings.** Subscriber (Belfast).—We can only say at the moment that we think it is pretty nearly time for shareholders to move in the matter. Subaltern (Brighton).—The same to you. **Wassau (Gold Coast) Mining Company.** F. H. S. (Norwich).—There is no quotation. **Price of Shares.** W. F. B. (Withington).—We see nothing in the correspondence to lead us to suppose that you are "not being fairly and honourably dealt with." The footnote on the transfer gives the explanation of the apparent discrepancy. When you return the transfer we have no doubt you will get a cheque for the selling price of which you were advised, less charges **Gigantic Wheel and Recreation Towers Company (Limited).** S. H. E. (Manchester).—1. Fairly good. It is, of course, a very speculative investment. 2. No quotation. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.**—D. McK. (Glasgow).—There is no London agency. The Agent-General for Tasmania has nothing to do with the lottery. **Lyons and Co. (Limited)**—L. O. (Lee).—Yes, we think them a fair investment.

INSURANCE.

Sickness and Accident Insurance Association. Margate (Trowbridge).—The company has plenty of funds and a substantial capital. You need not hesitate to insure in it. **Marine Insurance.** Portland. (Newcastle-on-Tyne). "The Stock Exchange Year Book" contains probably all you want to know. The Globe Marine, Limited, is a strong office, No. 3 fairly so. It also transacts Fire business. The Straits Insurance Company enjoys a good reputation. **A Certain Life Office.** J. C. A. (Birmingham).—It is not among the best. The expenses are high, the bonuses insignificant, and the administration very defective. **Endowment Assurance.** R. F. S. (Petersfield).—The Liverpool, London, and Globe is much the best office in your list. Indeed, we question if you would do better with any other office. Then take 1, 3, 4 and 2. Nos. 2 and 4 are likely to give much disappointment. **Three Policies.** W. T. (Dumfries).—For the first two policies the office that will serve you best is the Equity and Law, which you have numbered 4 and 5. For the Endowment Assurance take either the Scottish Equitable or the North British and Mercantile. Why not apply for an agency? We are not prepared to name an insurance broker. Half the so-called specialists know no more of this subject than you do. **The Trustees Insurance Society.** S. D. N. (Belfast).—The office in which you are insured, the Metropolitan Insurance Company, is a good one in every respect. Why then change? If you read To-Day you know what we think of the Foresters' Society. **Law Union and Crown Fire and Life Office.** N. (Sheffield).—A very respectable office, but its bonuses will not be so large in the future as they have been in the past. You can do better in some other offices. The stability of the British Empire Mutual is beyond question, but its bonuses are only moderate. **Scottish Union National Insurance Company.** X. Y. Z. (Newcastle)—You have made a good selection. The other concerns you mention are unsound in principle and in administration. One of these has no money to pay claims with, and the other frequently pays only after considerable delay. The Sickness and Accident Company's address is 24, York Place, Edinburgh. **Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.** Small Investor (Northampton).—This company realises a superior rate of interest on its investments, hence its low rate for annuities. It is a company of high standing.

Mr. Yates Thompson has bought *London*. Under the new management *London*, which has done excellent service to the metropolis during its brief career, will be enlarged and improved.

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If you want to laugh, go to Moore and Burgess'.
Immense Success of George R. Sims and Ivan Caryll's Operetta,
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For Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Foul Breath, Nervous Depression, Irritability, Lassitude, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Lowness of Spirits, Giddiness, &c.
As a General Family Aperient Medicine,
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
ARE UNRIVALLED.
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Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Scott's Pills as a family medicine. We have used them in our household for many years, and are never without them.
Yours faithfully, J. SELLARS.
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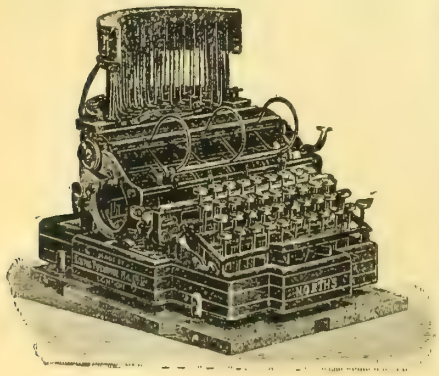

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The libel suit, by means of which Mr. "Pony" Moore hoped to vindicate his character from the grave charges that I felt it my duty, as a public journalist, to bring against him, is dealt with at length in another column, and I shall not speak of it in detail here. We lost a complete verdict in our favour by mere ruling of law. Lord Russell felt it necessary to tell the jury as regards the charge of treachery, that not having been stated in the pleadings (by a technical omission on the part of our counsel), they must dismiss from their minds all evidence on that point, and he directed them in plain terms that as far as that part of the libel was concerned, they must find for the plaintiff, and that the question, therefore, was merely one of damages. Thus legally compelled, willy-nilly, to find for the plaintiff, and damages being the only thing left for them to consider, they estimated these at one farthing, and there is an end of the matter.

To-Day has no wish to act the part of the light-hearted libeller. When we make charges against a man, they are charges that we have carefully investigated, and that we consider it is our duty to publish. Having made them, we do not, and we shall not, ever shirk our responsibility for them, or thwart any man fancying himself libelled by us from having our accusations sifted in open court. If it were not for the fear of the law of libel, and the terrible expense involved, there would be much less swindling and cheating of the public than there is at present. It is not that chicanery and roguery are not known; it is that newspapers generally hesitate to give the public their knowledge, for fear that if they tell the truth an emotional jury, worked upon by clever counsel, or a judge with a constitutional objection to the Press, will punish them for doing their duty. In the Moore case, I am left to pay my own costs. In other words, for telling the plain, unvarnished truth, in a matter where seventy-five thousand pounds of the public money was concerned, belonging to a thousand shareholders, mostly of the poorer class, who can ill afford to see their savings gambled with, I have to pay some three or four hundred pounds. I do not complain of this; it is the ordinary result of serving one's fellow-men, and I daresay before I have done I shall have paid much more for a like privilege.

Are cheap goods a boon to the producer? In other words, is free trade a blessing or a curse to a nation of manufacturers? The question has been asked with some force by Mr. Blatchford, author of "Merrie England," a gentleman of beautiful ideals but childishly impracticable methods. In arguing this question of free trade Mr. Blatchford has, beneficially for his cause, put his Arcadian dreams behind him, and has dealt with this world of strife and struggle as he finds it. Free trade, half-a-century ago, was the panacea for all human ills. Under free trade everybody was to be happy, healthy, wealthy and wise. To even now hint a word against it is considered rank blasphemy by the older school of political thinkers. But the young men everywhere are asking themselves if we have not given the drug sufficient experiment, or, at all events, whether the surroundings have not changed and the conditions altered to an extent sufficient to render a new treatment advisable.

Cheap food is excellent if you have the money to buy it; but a threepenny loaf is of very little value to a man with only three halfpence in his pocket, and of less value still to the man who has nothing. Free trade has given us cheap goods, and it has taken away employment from English workers to an alarming extent. If we were all consumers, living on an income derived from an investment in Consols, free trade could not be too highly praised; but our political guides forget that we have to earn our income as well as to spend it, and many of our leading industries are being completely killed by the unchecked competition of countries where, living being cheaper, labour is content with a much less wage.

In the measurable future it will be a question whether any English manufacturer can pay his way, and then what is to become of our army of workers? To offer them "a free breakfast table" will be no answer to a man looking for employment. Free trade has practically killed agriculture already, and made us of necessity a land of coal pits and smoky factories. That may be very good as far as it goes, but what is to become of us when free trade, having rendered it impossible for us to grow our own food, also renders it impossible for us to earn our living by manufacture? To save a few pence a yard on our wife's print frock we pay the price of thousands of out-of-work operatives in Lancashire. We hold up our hands in horror at the hard-hearted farmer, but it is we, my good friends, with our cheap loaf made from imported corn, who have driven the agricultural labourers to swell the useless swarm of unneeded life in our great towns, and who pay the few remaining on the land a starvation wage that does not enable them to keep themselves and their families from actual daily hunger.

I shall be told that all this has been thrashed out years ago; that the thing has all been settled and done with. But who are the people I have so kindly

"settled and done with it" for us? and will the members of the Cobden Club give me some proof of their superhuman wisdom that will force me to believe that when once they have considered a thing there is no further need for thought upon the subject? Catch-penny phrases invented to bamboozle votes from fools are our stock political arguments. The big free-trade loaf stuck on the end of a pole can win an election, but it does not fill the bellies of our unemployed thousands. Free trade has been of immense benefit—to the political wirepullers. It is time now that the subject was considered from the point of view of the nation.

Can anyone tell me how Sir Edward Burne-Jones's cartoon in the *Daily Chronicle* is going to assist the Progressives in the County Council campaign? It is a charming picture, representing a gentleman with his whole mind and eyes devoted to the useful and praiseworthy work of hoeing turnips; while a lady of singular beauty, but clad in a costume that must shock the McDougall eye, sits watching him. Does Sir Edward mean to suggest that our County Councillors should devote their time and attention to doing really useful work, to the exclusion of fussy interference with matters that they know nothing whatever about, and with which they are not asked to concern themselves? If so, I thank Sir Edward; and I would recommend his little lesson to the overblown spouters who think that the duty of the County Council is to relieve God Almighty from all trouble in running the universe. The real aim of these Progressive gentry is happily suggested by the *Chronicle*, when, in a moment of inspiration, it alludes to the Council as "London's foster-mother." That they mean kindly to us, we can have no doubt. They would feed us, clothe us, teach us, smack us, do all that a mother should for a foolish but beloved child; but, with all due respect to the *Daily Chronicle*, I do not think the London citizen requires a "foster-mother." It never occurs to these Radicals that the ordinary full-grown man is capable of managing his own life, without the impertinent interference of a body of shallow tub-thumpers, who have persuaded each other that they have absorbed into their body all the genius and all the goodness that is in human nature. With the *Daily Chronicle's* permission, I would suggest that the London citizen might dispense with these "foster-mothers."

The Marquis of Lorne's letter on so-called temperance reform deserves more lasting prominence than is likely to be given to it in a corner of a daily journal. "Prohibition," says the Marquis, "has been tried over and over again in the United States and in Canada, and has failed." And the Marquis of Lorne, we may remember, has had exceptional opportunities for studying the question in Canada. "It has failed," he continues, "not in one place, but in many places. Those who have voted for it have, on experience, voted against it, finding that temperance is not promoted by such measures. The temperance cause can be aided," the Marquis concludes, "by persuading men to enjoy in moderation good drink, and in punishing those who tempt men to drunkenness." To deprive men by force of drink is not to make them sober; it is to deprive them of the right of manhood—the right to judge for themselves, and to live their life according to their own ideas. It is a tyranny that the conscience of a Russian autocrat would shrink from decreeing. It cannot be accomplished until you have deprived mankind of the instinct of liberty, and reduced them to a state of utter slavery. To attempt it is only to irritate and anger them, and to make the word temperance a synonym for folly.

I suppose that in some happy future age we shall realise that the English climate is chiefly made up of exceptions, and shall prepare for them accordingly. At present we have gone from exceptional rains to an exceptional frost, and we have been absolutely unprepared for both. Of the two, the frost has, perhaps, done the most harm, and caused the most misery. Certainly the lists that have appeared of deaths through the severity of the weather have been appalling. But if the floods occasioned less—if any—actual loss of life, they did enough harm to property, and caused enough inconvenience to make it desirable that we should be prepared for exceptional rains. We keep up the pleasant fiction that we have a temperate climate. In summer we may be baked, in winter we may be frozen, in the autumn we may be washed away, but we still continue to devise houses that are absolutely unfitted to withstand either heat or cold. Traffic is at the mercy of snow or floods. And when any inconvenience is caused, property injured, or even lives lost, we console ourselves with the idea that this is quite exceptional, and will not occur again.

I do not know that we are much worse than other countries. In Italy they are prepared for great heat; rooms are darkened, windows are only opened at early dawn and in the evening. In that respect we have something to learn. But in Italy they refuse to believe in the cold, though they get it. The big rooms with chilly floors of brick or stone are heated by an open fireplace, which burns wood, and is almost useless. Here we might learn from north Germany, where double windows are as common as they are uncommon with us. In Russia and America, the heating of rooms is much better managed. But no—we flatter ourselves that this is a temperate climate. Our pipes in the house are still frozen; we get water from the standpipes in the streets, and spill enough of it to make the road impassable; a 'bus-driver dies at his work, or a postman is frozen to death; trains are snowed up; the thermometer for weeks never rises above freezing-point, and frequently falls twenty degrees below it. This, we own, is very distressing, but—and we make a great point of it—it never will happen again. And it always does.

One cannot, of course, expect to talk about plumbers and at the same time be taken seriously. The plumber, however, has the best of the joke. In weather like this, when one plumber meets another he smiles. When an ordinary house is built, the pipes are put where they will be most likely to freeze, and the tanks are placed, entirely unprotected, on the roof. Plumbers set that fashion, because they know that plumbers have to live. Sometimes the householder, getting nervous, and thinking himself wary, bids a plumber wrap the pipes in felt. Then the plumber goes away to some quiet place, where he can laugh without being disturbed. He comes back with a boy, a short piece of candle, and a strong smell of gas—plumbers always carry a smell of gas

with them—and wraps most of the pipe in felt, and charges. Of course, he leaves a part unwrapped; as long as the pipe freezes, and subsequently bursts, what does it matter to the plumber *where* it bursts?

It is generally considered to be necessary that every child should be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; if the child is ever to be a householder, he had better add to these essentials the elements of plain plumbing. Then, when he sees that all the pipes in a house must freeze with six degrees of frost, and that the house must then become uninhabitable until after a thaw, he will refuse to take the house; or, if it is his own property, he will sell or let it to his nearest enemy. But the thing has gone past a joke. We have advanced a little. In the old days houses were built without bath-rooms; it has since been seen that it is just as well to wash, and bath-rooms are as common as electric bells. Let us progress a little further, and build houses that will be habitable even in that exceptional weather which, in one form or another, is in England the general rule.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

F. R. S.—Child insurance is wrong because unless the child dies it is a dead loss to the parents, and therefore there can be no legitimate reason for a man insuring his child if he thinks about it. If a poor man loses his child—we are discussing the matter purely from a pecuniary point of view—he is practically the gainer. The one or two pounds necessary for the funeral expenses may drain his purse but he saves the child's keep, the child's clothes, and the child's schooling for the next ten or twelve years. If child insurance were limited to such small sums as the actual funeral expenses I would have nothing to say against it, though even in that case I think the parent insuring would show poor business aptitude, for he would have nothing to gain and everything to lose. The insurance company would only be paying him back his own subscriptions, and if the child lived the money would be lost to him entirely. My answer about reading was to a different correspondent. I meant that books were only second-hand knowledge, and that never really enters into us. General reading can only give highly superficial knowledge and smartness, and therefore I hold that reading for educational purposes is waste of time. One might as well seek to study navigation by looking at a gallery of seascapes. That much help to the imagination, to the emotions, and to the affections can be obtained from books I, of course, do not deny. Books are art, and it is to educate and strengthen the emotional side of us—which, for all we know, may be the only side worth considering—that art exists; but that is not study. No art will improve the mind. When we speak about broadening our culture we mean widening our sympathies, strengthening our imagination, deepening our emotional side. This is the work of art and literature, but a man might read all the histories in the world and yet know nothing of human instincts. He might read all the novels in the world and yet know nothing of human emotions. When a man says he learns from books he means that in the book he is reading he has his own unconscious thoughts rather suddenly revealed to him. It is a complicated subject, I confess, and I am not sure I have made myself plain. Your letter interested me very much.

R. L. S.—Perhaps the Queen's Westminster Corps (Queen's Hall, off Victoria Street, S.W.) would suit you; the uniform is grey with red facings, the entrance fee a pound, and the annual subscription five shillings. The London Irish Corps (headquarters, King William Street, W.C.) is an excellent body; the uniform is dark green, and I believe there are no fees whatever. Apply to the Sergeant-Major, at headquarters, in each case.

Brooklynite thinks that Judge Gaynor, who threatened to make the idiotic and monstrously unjust order against the Brooklyn tramways, depriving them of their charter because they could not work the cars, the men being on strike, acted quite rightly. "Brooklynite" says that the tramway companies have robbed the city, and that therefore Judge Gaynor's action would have served them right. I cannot agree with my correspondent on the subject of justice. An injustice is an injustice, whether directed against an honest man or a scamp, and a judge is supposed to administer justice, irrespective of persons. Two wrongs never yet made a right.

A. A.—I don't suggest that disestablishment would conciliate Dissenters, nor, in my opinion, is that the purpose for which it should be brought about. I consider an Established Church absurd for a nation of which the majority of the population are of a different denomination. Whether the Dissenters are conciliated or not may be important to the party wire pullers, but it is quite an indifferent matter to the public as a whole. I can see no benefit to the Church from its connection with the State. All the good it has done could have been done much better unhampered by worldly officialdom.

Cleek.—I should be delighted to see poor men playing cricket or football on Sundays. The "English Sunday" has done tremendous harm in making the working classes regard religion as their enemy and a thing that deprives them of rational enjoyment and cheerful lives.

Another correspondent writes me agreeing with my remarks on Sunday recreation, and says "Nothing can exceed the stagnation and hopelessness of a village Sunday. Loafing, gossip, disputation, and dulness is the order of the day."

P. C. sends me a cutting from the *Lancashire Evening Express*, containing another instance of the selfish and cruel bigotry which is usually found in the mind of the rabid teetotaler. It seems that Alderman Rutherford sent £50 to the suffering poor of Great Harwood, and asked some Nonconformist ministers to distribute it. These charitable gentlemen tried to prevent the money reaching the poor unfortunates, to whom it would have been a blessing.

Vagabond.—I cannot see that your letter disproves any of the statements made by other correspondents. A. L.—Artists were always thus, and always will be. W. S. (Newcastle).—What is the use of your writing me on a subject and then marking your letter "Not for publication"? H. B. N.—Perfection in any worldly matter is utterly impossible. J. H. L.—I really don't know. Why not write direct to the gentlemen themselves? A. W.—Thanks for letter and enclosures. J. R. K.—I am obliged to you for the information. A. W. H.—Your query was answered in last week's "Diary of a Bookseller." J. R. K.—I thank you for the information. A Constant Reader.—You would get your facts by applying to the Editor, *The African Review*, 10, Basinghall Street, E.C. J. C.—Thanks for your letter of appreciation. The matter has now been formally brought before the notice of the Kennel Club by some of the more influential bull-terrier fanciers, and the custom has certainly received its deathblow. A Correspondent sends me the following advertisement cut from the *Glasgow Herald*: "A Glasgow gentleman, whose home is neglected by its young women in favour of professional careers, is desirous of adopting as daughter a bright, good-looking little girl, preferably an orphan, about three years of age." T. G. D.—Thanks for your kind and amusing letter. I am glad the "conductor" was the means of ending a row so happily.

W. G.—The reverend gentleman evidently feels strongly on the subject, but I should say that such exaggerated language would rather weaken than benefit the cause of Establishment.

H. B. (Rochdale).—The charge against Mr. Rushworth having been dismissed, one is bound to assume that he was innocent.

W. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—If you refer to the announcement on the last page, you will see that by becoming an annual subscriber you will be able to obtain the accident policy you require at a reduction of 10 per cent.

W. S. B.—It is rather late for you to discover that To-Day is in antagonism to the teetotal party. I hate this party, and I have been attacking it ever since To-Day started, and I shall probably be attacking it up to the day of my death. I regard them as the greatest enemies to temperance that the devil ever introduced into the world.

E. E. (Bexley).—I dislike reading such advertisements, and I object to their being in papers that lie about for all to see. But what can be done? The birth-rate is undoubtedly too high, and Europe would be much better off if no family exceeded two or three.

A. D. and other correspondents tell me that there is a song called "The Ghost of Sherlock Holmes." Perhaps F. W., who inquired last week for this song, will note this.

T. E., R. W. G., and Others call my attention to some sensible and broad-minded remarks on teetotalism by the Reverend Dr. Rankin, of Muthill. The report says that "he criticised the teetotal position as an endeavour to raise up a thing into a virtue which was no virtue. It was based on a sham virtue. It was absolutely without foundation in Scripture, and this sham virtue people were trying to promote by violent and tyrannical means. . . He also referred to the system of reviling ministers of the Gospel who did not agree with these rabid teetotalers. "One of their methods of working was to get associated with divinity halls, and catch students when they were green and raw—especially students of dissenting places—and then go and say they had three-fourths or nine-tenths of these pledged for teetotalism at an early period of their lives, and before they were capable of properly judging for themselves."

X. writes me a most interesting letter discussing the communication of Mr. Benn concerning the County Council, which appeared in our last issue. The letter is too long to insert, but it shows the alarm with which a plain business man views the possibilities of a body of popularly elected men, of whose characters we can know nothing, getting into their hands the control of vast sums of public money.

Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL CLOSE AT OR BEFORE FOUR P.M. TO-DAY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, FOR LONDON, AND TO-MORROW, WEDNESDAY, AT TWELVE NOON, FOR THE COUNTRY.

WHITE FEATHER DISTRICT.—COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS.

THE ROBINSON GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

(FORMED TO ACQUIRE THE "COCKTAIL" AND "BURSTER" GOLD MINING LEASES.)

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862 *TO* 1890.

CAPITAL - £80,000,

DIVIDED INTO 80,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH. OF WHICH 30,000 ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR.

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WILBERFORCE BRYANT, Esq., Stoke Park, Bucks (Chairman).
Lord Douglas, of Hawick and Tibbers, late of Perth, Western Australia.
Herbert Palmer, Esq., Director Roodepoort Deep Level Gold Mining Company (Limited), &c.
Hon. H. J. Saunders, Member of the Legislative Council, Perth, Western Australia.
*F. A. Thompson, Esq., M.A.I.M.E., Managing Director, 54, Old Broad-street, E.C., Chairman White Feather Reward Claim (Limited).

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

LOCAL BOARD IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

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SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—Percival Tibbs, Esq., 54, Old Broad-street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire Mining Leases, No. 636, containing 18 acres, locally known as the "Cocktail," and No. 876 adjoining, and containing 12 acres, locally known as the "Burster," situate in the White Feather Mining District, Coolgardie, West Australia, about 1½ miles N.N.W. from McAuliffe's Reward Claim, now being successfully worked by the White Feather Reward Claim (Limited), and to amalgamate and work the two properties as one large mining area of 30 acres.

The property has been inspected and reported upon by:—

Messrs. F. Bissenberger, Mining Manager; W. H. C. Lovely, M.A.I.M.E., N. W. Harper, Mine Manager, Fraser's Gold Mine, Southern Cross; and F. H. Backhouse, M.A.I.M.E. The statements contained in this Prospectus are based upon their reports, and the report of G. R. Fearby, M.E., M.S.E., Coolgardie, Western Australia, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, given below, full copies of which accompany the same.

G. R. Fearby, M.E., Member of the Society of Engineers, Coolgardie, Western Australia, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in his report dated 23rd November, 1894, on the "Burster" Mine, White Feather, states:—

There are two reefs exposed on the surface. . . . .

No. 1 Reef has been opened up in different parts of the mine—over a distance of 150 ft., and in places is sunk upon to a depth of from 7 ft. to 10 ft. In these trenches the reef is from 3 in. to 1 ft. in thickness. The quartz I tested (which I took from this reef) will yield 5 oz. to 6 oz. to the ton.

No. 2 Reef is 50 ft. to the south of No. 1 Reef. It is opened out by a cutting of 16 ft. in length by a depth of 9 ft.

In this cutting the reef is from 10 in. to 1 ft. 2 in. in width, and the quartz, which I tested, will give a return of 5 oz. to the ton.

About 40 ft. to the south of No. 2 Reef a shaft has been sunk to a depth of 54 ft. In this shaft, at a depth of 38 ft., the No. 2 Reef was cut, and was driven upon westwards 3 ft., and shows gold freely. The reef is well defined, and making stronger, not being so decomposed as in the cuttings above referred to.

At a depth of 46 ft., a leader 5 in. wide has been cut. At a depth of 52 ft. No. 1 Reef has been cut. I thoroughly tested the quartz at this depth, and the gold shows freely in every part of the reef. At the depth of 54 ft. a drive has been started to the south on the west reef that was cut, being No. 1 Reef.

This reef is running on the flat, with a slight underlay to the south. This drive is in fully 36 ft. The quartz is making larger and stronger in a southerly direction. . . .

All the veins (four in number) are converging towards one another at this depth (54 ft.), there being only from ten inches to a foot of rock between them, and, in my opinion, will join and form a good solid reef of from 4 ft. to 5 ft. in width. . . .

I estimate the stone at grass from 100 to 200 tons. Some of this stone is exceedingly rich in gold, and is visible to the naked eye. I should think this stone will yield quite 5 oz. to the ton.

I also estimate in the mine itself that there are 2,000 tons of quartz in sight. The gold is distinctly visible, and goes right through the stone. This quartz will also yield 5 oz. to the ton. The 2,000 tons can be raised very cheaply, as the ground is soft. I have examined a good many mines in and around Coolgardie, and, with the exception of the sensational mines, I have not seen a property I like so well. The rock is decomposed diorite, in which country the reef is sure to live, and consequently the "Burster" Mine may be regarded as of permanent value.

A cable report has been received from Messrs. H. J. Saunders and Co., stating result of a report to them by Mr. F. H. Backhouse, M.A.I.M.E., upon the "Burster" and "Cocktail" Claims, White Feather, to the following effect:—

Backhouse reports "Burster."—There are two veins embraced in this property; small parallel vein runs north east and south-west; the vein dips at an angle of 60 degrees. . . I estimate the amount of ore in sight at 2,500 tons, assays 3 oz. per ton. The vein has been proved to a depth of 50 ft. . . Have driven level south-east, a very large ore body exposed. Vein is almost horizontal, assays 22 dwts. per ton; valuable property. "Cocktail" Continuation "Burster's" reefs. I estimate the amount of ore in sight at 1,500 tons, assays 2 oz. per ton. Also vertical vein to a depth of 30 ft. The width of the vein, 3 ft. Strongly advise amalgamation of Claims.

Cable received from the Hon. William Clarke,
29th January, 1895:—

"Burster.—In driving along the course of the vein west have struck very rich ore."

For Contracts see full Prospectus.

Applications for Shares must be made on the Form below, or on the one accompanying the Prospectus, and sent to the Bankers of the Company, or to the Secretary, together with a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share.

In case there is no Allotment of Shares the deposit will be returned in full.

London, 6th February, 1895.

This form to be filled up and sent entire to the Bankers, Messrs. Prescott Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell and Co., Limited, 50, Cornhill, London, E.C. together with a remittance of 2s. 6d. in respect of each Share applied for.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

THE ROBINSON GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

To the Directors of

THE ROBINSON GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers, Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell and Co., Limited, 50, Cornhill, London, E.C., to the account of The Robinson Gold Mines, Limited, the sum of £
being a deposit of Two Shillings and Sixpence per Share on
Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept and pay for the same or any less number, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated the 6th day of February, 1895, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I agree with the Company as Trustee for the Directors and other persons who may be liable, to waive any fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, than is contained in the said Prospectus.

Ordinary Signature.....

MUST BE WRITTEN DISTINCTLY.

Name (in full) .....
Address (in full) .....
Profession or Occupation .....
Date.....1895.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—The Alhambra balance-sheet is out, and a very interesting document it is. The directors are able to announce that instead of a loss of £5,000 they have now made a profit of £3,000

But they do not propose to pay a dividend.

As sound and careful financiers they want to wipe out their loss before they do anything else. This they will very soon do if their business is conducted as admirably and vigorously as it is at present. After that any fluke in the way of a novel attraction will send them booming up into the big per cents.—so stick to your shares. Remember, the freehold of the Alhambra increases in value daily. The shareholders own the freehold. They have always an absolute security for their invested capital.

The position of the Pavilion is almost as good. They have a reserve of over £11,000, and they pay a dividend of seven per cent. And they also are wise in their generation. They once paid sixteen per cent. A big reserve on a falling dividend is a useful thing to have about the house. I don't suppose that their dividend will fall much lower, but the fact remains that a music-hall depression is prevailing, and until it passes directors are wise to "sit tight" on their cash-boxes.

I will give you more particulars of other music halls shortly, when you will see for yourself how curiously, and, so far as one may judge, how unaccountably patronage fluctuates at music halls. At one moment all London goes to one particular place. Then something happens, and the place is practically deserted. The entertainment may be the same, that is, may be just as good as ever it was, indeed may be better, but that does not signify. The unwritten decree of a frivolous fashion goes forth, and the "White-Tie Brigade" goes elsewhere.

The most curious part of the business is that theatres and music halls seen to be governed by totally different laws. When about three years ago the influenza, the weather, and the death of the Duke of Clarence combined with the Ibsen controversy to empty the theatres, the music halls were crammed. Now, if the conditions I have mentioned induced people to abandon one form of amusement, why did they not also abandon the other? I don't know. The ways of the public are wonderful. As "Dagonet" tells us in the *Referee*, he went last week to a theatre where only two rows of the pit were occupied. Well, on Thursday last—the night of the terrible frost—I was in a theatre where a serious play was the attraction, and the pit was so full that people were standing all round the back of it. And, mark you, the play in question has already run for nearly five months.

The stalls and the pit, however, seem to obey entirely different impulses. Under certain circumstances apparently the patronage of the stalls is a certainty. At Daly's, for example, the libraries did a three months' "deal" before *The Artist's Model* was produced. As you possibly do not know what a library "deal" is, I will explain it to you.

Fees for booking seats in advance at theatres have long since been abolished, mainly because the transactions in the box-office were in ready money. People who buy seats at the Bond Street and other libraries still pay a booking fee, because as a rule they do *not* pay ready money. A smart man about town, or a great society lady, always has a regular account at some well-known library, and only pays it once a year—and not then always. The libraries, however, settle with the theatres for the seats sold fortnightly or monthly. The library system is therefore a system of credit for seats at the play. The theatres allow the libraries five per cent. on their sales. That is to say, the libraries pay only ten shillings for a ten-and-sixpenny stall. But they charge their clients a shilling or eighteenpence for booking. Therefore they make fifteen or twenty per cent. on each stall. But to earn this profit they have to give long credit, and occasionally they make large bad debts. This being so, they do all they can to make more than twenty per cent. They usually hold their seats on the sale or return principle; but in order to get a larger percentage out of the theatres they will sometimes *guarantee* to sell a certain number of seats every night if the theatres will allow them ten per cent. instead of five, and will also resign their seats in the very best positions. There are two reasons why a theatrical manager should do what they want. Firstly, if he is sure of receiving the price of, say, two-thirds of his reserved seats for a couple of months he can laugh at failure. Even if his play is hopeless he will have time to prepare another without incurring much, if any, loss. Secondly, it is in the power of the libraries to "push" a play. When a man goes into a Bond Street library and asks for a stall at the Oddity, and finds he can't get it, he has rarely made up his mind where else he wants to go. An insidious suggestion that "the new play at the Jollity is a great success, sir," generally ends in a Jollity stall being sold. The man wants to go somewhere; and if he can't go to the Oddity he goes where he is recommended. The theatrical manager therefore "works in" with the libraries as much as possible. They push his play. He gives them an extra percentage.

Plays of *The Gaiety Girl* class are what the libraries love. They know that they can be altered, twisted, changed, songs can be cut out, others can be put in, dances can be introduced, and the show worked up even if it is a first night failure—always granting, of course, that the management is popular and enterprising. After the success of *The Gaiety Girl*, Owen Hall's next effort was from a library point of view a comparative certainty; a certain class of audience would flock to it no matter how it was received, or how it was criticised. And therefore the libraries did a *three months'* "deal" at Daly's.

This puts the management on velvet. If all efforts to work up the play fail, Sarah Bernhardt arrives to commence her season. If the play succeeds it can be transferred to some other house.

I do not regard the library system as a healthy one myself, as I believe all systems of artificial credit are bad. But there it is, and there it will remain for some considerable period.

Whether the libraries will do a "deal" at the Comedy over *A Leader of Men* I do not know. It is a very uneven but interesting play, and the author, Mr. Charles E. D. Ward, has very decided dramatic ability. His faults are mainly those of inexperience. His strength, however, is unquestionable. He perceived the theatrical potentialities of the Parnell divorce case, and he has paraphrased them. He has also been not unmindful of the possibilities of the problem treated by H. A. Jones in *The Bauble Shop*. The politician, at a critical moment in his career, torn between passion and power, is always an impressive figure. Mr. Ward's hero, however, has for a clever man a marvellous aptitude for misunderstanding people and things, and the simple expedient of asking anyone to tell him in a few plain words what something means never occurs to him. The mere fact that the woman he loves has gone out for a drive without leaving a lengthy explanation behind her drives him into paroxysms of jealous agony. And so, though we are told he is a very dominant, masterful man, we are not always ready to believe it.

The play was very warmly received and the acting was admirable. Wyes made quite a hit in a small character part, and both Marion Terry and her brother Fred were admirable. *A Leader of Men* is a play you

Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph

CLUB CHATTER.

I went down to the Aquarium on Saturday night to see and envy the man who for six days had enjoyed a peaceful dreamless slumber through fog, snow, and ice; and, if necessary, to extend my sympathy to him on being once more aroused by Professor Morritt to the sad realities of life. He looked very ghastly lying in a coffin-like box. The eyes were those of a dead man, and there was nothing in his appearance, as he slept, to indicate that he was only a showman's toy and not actually a corpse.

He woke hard. Mr. Morritt palmed his face and shouted that it was all right, but he never moved, and I could not help thinking that there was a look of fear both in the faces of Mr. Ritchie, the manager, and Mr. Morritt, when, even after a second attempt, there was no perceptible movement. Then, by degrees, forecasts framed themselves into facts, and the man came back and blinked and stared, mumbled, and slowly grasped the situation. The last thing he remembered was eating his dinner on Monday, but he did not seem to realise the fact at all that he had knocked an active week out of his career. It was then announced that he was going to drink some patent stimulant, but I fancy I heard Mr. Ritchie whisper that it was brandy.

It has now been shown that a man can remain for a week in a hypnotic trance, dead to pain, dead to thought, dead, in fact, for all practical purposes. Well, the fakirs of India have proved that, any time for the last few hundred years, and Sir Benjamin Richardson has given readers of To-Day many interesting facts dealing with this. So there does not seem very much left to prove. But it was claimed by Mr. Morritt that he had materially aided science, and that hypnotism could take its place as a substitute for anæsthetics in cases of surgical operations. Here I join issue with Mr. Morritt, and I cannot help thinking that he would have done better to have treated the whole matter as a show, and a good catchy show.

There is no prospect of hypnotism ever getting into the hospital. In France, where these things are treated with much more serious thought than they ever attract in England, hypnotism is practically under a ban. It has been alleged that hypnotism affects the brain of the subject, and the law looks very severely on its exponents. No doubt, in excess, anæsthetics have the same effect; but in the latter case you know that you are being treated by a skilled man, and the very fact that Mr. Morritt's first subject had to be aroused by doctor's orders, after a fairly good night's rest, leaves a doubt in my mind as to whether every mesmerist would have the necessary knowledge of the state of the heart and the general health.

Mr. Morritt has certainly proved his case. Therefore, I say, he should be employed by the South-Eastern Railway Company for their suburban traffic. A man who could give you oblivion as the weary hours rolled by in doing a five-mile journey would be a public benefactor. Possibly on a Channel steamer he would be equally welcome, and critics at matinée performances of young writers' tragedies should fight for his services. Beyond that, it proves, as I have said, nothing but what we knew, and demonstrations of this character are not soul-stirring.

Speaking of the Aquarium, when I was there on Saturday I noticed a regretable incident. A number of members of the staff of the Chinese Embassy were seated at a table, dressed in the national costume. Some soldiers, noticing them, started in a behind-the-back fashion to chaff them by saying, audibly, "Wei-Hai-Wei." This is not square dealing with a beaten nation, and, coming from men wearing Her Majesty's uniform, is more than an average insult. I do not know who the soldiers were, but there were some dozen or so present, wearing a Volunteer's uniform, and belonging to a Surrey corps.

Some misunderstanding seems to have been caused by my remark about bicycle tyres last week, several writers asking me whether the price I quoted was for the machine complete or simply for the tyres. I don't think any cyclist could have misunderstood me, for the price plainly showed that I meant a machine fitted with these tyres.

I have heard of a man's character and habits being detected by a good many things, and the latest would seem to be the handkerchief. The borders are now being decorated with playing cards, with racehorses, with golfing sticks, and yachting flags. I know that for many years handkerchiefs have been sold on the Surrey side of the water adorned with beautiful illustrations of criminals, but I can't quite understand why Bond Street has gone there for ideas. On the other hand, I think the idea of enamelling ash trays, cigar cases ,and even toilet articles with the racing colours of famous owners is distinctive and pretty.

The cold has not been without its advantages. Several merchants who had stocked heavy goods despaired after Christmas had passed of getting rid of them, but the run on them has lately been so great that they have sold out, and, sometimes, at famine prices.

I am told by the designer of one of the best-known Scotch cloth mills that they are at their wits' ends in trying to forecast the favourite patterns for next spring and summer. For his own part he fancies that checks and strong contrasts in Glen Urquharts will be all the rage. After the run on serges, and the taste for mixtures and solids, he tells me that he believes checks with blacks, browns, and good clear whites will be wanted. I have said before that nothing definite is likely to be known until the end of this month, but for my own part I do not mind hazarding the opinion that we shall find the favourite colour for the coming season to be a brown.

Two brothers, the Magees, played in the Rugby International for Ireland. For the benefit of those who are fond of statistics of this kind, I subjoin a complete list of the names of brothers who have together championed their respective countries. For England we have had the Gurdons (Richmond F.C.), the Birketts (Clapham Rovers F.C.), the Hunts (Manchester), and the Grahams (Wimbledon). Scotland has had the Irvines, the Walkers (Fettes), the Don Wauchopes, and the Neilsons. For Wales, there have played together the brothers James (Swansea), and the Goulds. For Ireland there were the Greenes (Dublin), the Rosses, and the Magees.

The sentence of six weeks' closure of the Arsenal ground by the Football Association will be approved by all footballers, except the local partisans of the club.

By a *lapsus calami*, I last week, in referring to the Forman case, attributed the tyrannical conduct to Notts Forest, instead of Derby County. The slip was evident, and could deceive no one. Still, I am obliged to "An Old Crock," who writes calling my attention to it.

Everton draws the biggest "gates" of all the League clubs. The takings for the last five months have totalled up to over £6,000. It is probable that the remaining League matches to be played will bring this up to £8,500. If Everton is lucky enough (as seems probable) to get into the semi-final of the English cup, the total will be £10,500. By the addition of

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS WILL BE CLOSED at or before 4 p.m. on 15th of February, 1895, for Town; and the following Morning for country.

BEN EVANS AND CO. (Limited).

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

SHARE CAPITAL, £103,000, divided into 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and 3,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.

DEBENTURE STOCK, £75,000 5% **First Mortgage Debenture Stock.**

The Debenture Stock will be secured by First Mortgage to the Trustees for the Debenture Stock Holders on the undermentioned freehold and leasehold premises, and by a floating first charge in their favour on the undertaking and general assets of the Company. The Stock will be registered in the Company's Books and be transferable in sums of £10, or in multiples of £10. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid half-yearly thereon from the 1st January, 1895, and a full half-year's interest will be payable on the 1st July next.

The Stock will be redeemable at 110 per cent. by twenty annual drawings, commencing on the 1st January, 1910, or the whole amount may be paid off at the same rate by the Company at any time after that date on giving six months' notice.

After payment in each year of a dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, the surplus profits, subject to the provision of a reserve fund, will be divisible in equal moieties between the Holders of the Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

46,700 Ordinary Shares and £32,100 Debenture Stock have already been **subscribed for by the Directors, Employés and others** (exclusive of what may be allotted to the Vendors as part of the purchase price in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus), and will be allotted in full.

Applications at par for the remaining Ordinary Shares, and at 105 p.c. cent. for Debenture Stock, payable as follows, may be lodged with the Company's Bankers—

DEBENTURE STOCK: 10 per cent. on Application; 20 per cent. on Allotment; 75 per cent. on the 1st of March, 1895.

ORDINARY SHARES: 5s. on Application; 5s. on Allotment; and 10s. on the 1st of March, 1895.

The whole amount may be paid up on allotment under discount at 3 per cent. per annum.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCK HOLDERS.

Sir JOSEPH RENALS (Renals and Co.), 108-109, Fore Street, London, E.C.
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DIRECTORS.

JAMES JACKSON, J.P., Director J. R. Roberts' Stores, Limited.
GWILYM EVANS, J.P., Pencastell, Llanelly.
JAMES PARKER, 1, Whittington Avenue, London, E.C.
JOHN WHITE, Swansea, Managing Director.

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THE GLAMORGANSHIRE BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, Swansea, and Branches.

BROKERS.

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E. J. EVANS, 47, Corn Street, and Stock Exchange, Bristol.
J. W. COURTIS and Co., Bank Buildings, Cardiff.

AUDITORS.

PERCY MASON and Co., 64, Gresham Street, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

ALFRED R. GERY, 2, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.

SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND OFFICES.

THOMAS NEVELL, 26, Leadenhall Buildings, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to purchase, as a going concern, the well-known business established upwards of twenty-five years ago, in Swansea, by Mr. Benjamin Evans, who has recently retired owing to failing health.

The business is one of, if not the most prosperous in South Wales, and has from very small proportions steadily grown until it has acquired its present position. It is admirably situated in the important Commercial Centre of a very populous and thriving district, and includes departments for Drapery, Linens, Dress Materials, Silks, Costumes, Ladies' Outfitting, Mantles, Millinery, Men's Mercery and Boys' Outfitting, Furniture, Carpets, Ironmongery, Boots and Shoes, Sporting requisites, and most other articles in household and general requirement.

Owing to its constant and rapid growth it became necessary to rebuild the principal part of the premises, an improvement which has taken nearly two years to accomplish, and Castle Bailey Street, in which the property is situate, formerly a narrow street, has now, by the widening of the road, been converted into one of the most important business thoroughfares in the town. The present magnificent building, which has been constructed with special regard to the requirements of the business, and is shown by the enclosed sketch, represents one of the finest structural elevations erected in connection with the Drapery Trade.

The importance of the opening of the new buildings in November last was specially recognised by the Corporation of Swansea, when the Mayor and Town Council, accompanied by the late Lord Swansea, and other prominent men in the district (as will be seen from the enclosed reprints of speeches), attended at the premises to formally declare them open.

The present circle of customers is very numerous, and the increase in their number, since the completion of the new premises, is the best proof that the public appreciate the convenience and comfort afforded them.

The business has, in addition to the custom derived from the inhabitants of Swansea, the population of which exceeds 100,000, for many years been a great attraction for visitors from the immediate neighbourhood, and from districts 25 or 30 miles distant. The direct facilities afforded by the opening of the Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway to the large population residing in the Rhondda Valleys and other neighbouring centres of South Wales industries, cannot fail, in the opinion of the Directors, to have a beneficial influence on the business, and to largely increase the numbers contributing to its trade.

The premises consist principally of freehold property, situated at Nos. 15, Castle Square; 2, 3, 4, and 5, Castle Bailey Street; 1, Temple Street; 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Caer Street; 36, 37 and 38, Goat Street; Warehouse in Temple Lane; Stables and Dwelling House in Frog Street; and of the following leasehold property, viz.:—Nos. 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7, Temple Street, held on leases for terms of not less than 17 and up to 23 years at the low annual rental of £790, besides a short lease at a rental of £70 per annum of 46, Castle Bailey Street, opposite the main building, and used as a depôt for sporting requisites.

The continuous window frontage of more than 370 feet affords admirable space for the display of the extensive assortment of goods sold in the establishment, and the rebuilding of the premises has more than doubled the area of the floor accommodation, bringing it up to considerably over 2 acres, thus affording ample room for the anticipated increase of trade.

The chief aim of the firm has always been to provide for their customers in Swansea and South Wales an establishment which for extent and quality of the stock kept, and the fashions and novelties exhibited, should occupy a place in the first rank in the country, and the success of the business in a large measure is due to the superior organisation of all departments, and to the principle adopted of selling at a small profit.

The number of employés, including the heads of departments, exceeds 350, and it is proposed to make a judicious and liberal allotment of the capital to such applicants, as well as to customers, so that they will have a direct interest in the increasing prosperity of the business. Mr. Benjamin Evans, the founder of the business, has also applied for a substantial part of the Share and Debenture Capital of the Company.

The approximate present Market quotation ruling for such investments is an indication of the appreciation in which investments in similar successful concerns are held:—

Debentures, comparing with the present 5 per cent. issue, which is redeemable at 110 per cent.

Harrod's Stores, Ltd., £1 Shares, 7*s.* 6d.—8*s.*; 5 per cent., redeemable at 105 per cent.—110—112.

D. H. Evans and Co., Ltd., £1 Shares, 32*s.* 6d.—35*s.*; No Debentures issued.

J. R. Roberts' Stores, Ltd., £1 Shares, 27*s.* 6d.—30*s.*; 5 per cent., redeemable at 105 per cent.—106—107.

Crisp and Co., Ltd., £1 Shares, 25*s.*—27*s.* 6d.; 4½ per cent., redeemable at 105 per cent.—105—106.

John Barker and Co., Ltd., £1 Shares, 37*s.* 6d.—40*s.*; 4½ per cent., redeemable at par—116—119.

The actual outlay in connection with the freehold property, buildings, fixtures, fittings, carts, horses, vans, dynamos, electric lighting apparatus, furniture, gas engine, hydraulic lift, etc., has been £95,485
The leasehold premises are of an estimated value of 5,784

Making together £101,269

towards which amount the Corporation of Swansea have contributed the sum of £16,000 in consideration of Mr. Evans undertaking the widening of Castle Bailey Street.

The business, together with the benefit of all contracts made and profits accruing from the 1st January last will be transferred to the Company, and the book-debts outstanding at that date will be collected by the Company for account of the Vendors, who will, on the other hand, discharge all liabilities up to the same date, whilst the stock-in-trade is to be purchased at cost, in accordance with the firm's estimated stock books, plus the actual outlay on goods manufactured on the premises.

Messrs. Percy Mason and Co., the well-known accountants, of Montague House, 64, Gresham Street, E.C., certify the average annual net profits for the past four years ending 28th February last to be £13,036 18s. 10d.

Although the building operations have only quite recently been completed, the business has promptly responded, and Mr. Ben Evans has shown his confidence in its future success by agreeing to guarantee that the net result of the *current* financial year will not be less than the above axerage.

The sales have within the last ten years increased by about 50 per cent., and the increase in the net profits exceeds this percentage. With the growing popularity of the business, the greatly enlarged and embellished new premises, and the publicity created by its conversion into a Joint-Stock Company, by which a direct interest therein will be given to employes and customers, there is every reason to anticipate a similar if not greater ratio of progress in the future.

Taking the average net profits of the two years before building operations were commenced viz., £14,934, as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay—

5 per cent. Interest on £75,000 Debenture Stock .. £3,750
7 „ „ „ on 100,000 Ordinary Shares .. 7,000 } £10,750

leaving a surplus of £4,184 available for additional dividend or reserves.

The value of the freehold and leasehold properties, furniture, fixtures, &c., alone exceeds the amount of the Debenture Stock, irrespective of the value of the stock-in-trade and other working capital amounting to £45,000, and consequently not only the Debenture issue, but also the larger part of the Ordinary Share Capital is represented by solid tangible assets. The annual interest payable on the Debenture stock will, as shown above, absorb less than one-third of the present net earnings of the Company.

It will also be seen that, compared with recent similar issues, the price paid for the goodwill has been fixed at a very low figure.

Application will be made for a settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange.

Applications for Debenture Stock and Shares, on the forms accompanying the prospectus may be lodged with Lloyds Bank, Limited, London, Swansea, and branches, or the Glamorganshire Banking Company, Limited, Swansea, or their Branches, with a remittance for the amount of deposit.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitor.

London, 12th February, 1895.

HIGH-CLASS ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.
MRS. GRABURN 13, Bonchurch-road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

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Cantrell & Cochrane's
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Medals Awarded.
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FOREIGN ORDERS
Specially prepared to suit the Various Climates.

season tickets and shares in the Lancashire cup ties, the grand total, representing the gross income of the club, will be £12,000, which will be a record.

The Ladies' football club is being well boomed, and Lady Florence Dixie, its president (should it be presidentess?), has been giving her views on it in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. With regard to the dress question, one can agree with her ladyship, but I am afraid that few persons will consider the rough-and-tumble game of football quite the thing for young women, especially as it is intended to make a public show of it. Rational dress may be very well for a lady cycling, but were lady cyclists to take to racing on the path, then the public would probably express disapproval. I understand that Miss Nellie Honeyball's teams are to give an exhibition at Crouch End towards the end of the month.

Since his remarks concerning the stay-at-home backer, the Duke of Portland has come in for rounds of abuse, and his Grace was certainly ill-advised in speaking with such scorn of people who, despite what he says to the contrary, have the welfare of the Turf as much at heart as he has himself. How many race meetings did the Duke of Portland attend last year? Very few, and some unkind person went so far as to insinuate that his Grace absented himself owing to the fact that his horses were not winning many races.

Of late years few owners have won more valuable stakes than the Duke of Portland, but he does not appear to be anxious to act as a steward of the Jockey Club, and it is even stated that he proposes to discontinue entertaining his friends during the progress of such meetings as Lincoln, Nottingham, and Doncaster.

Seeing what severe weather we have experienced of late, sportmen are naturally very eager to discover what Lincolnshire and Grand National candidates are likely to go to the post in anything approaching racing trim. For the benefit of intending speculators, I may mention that from reliable information to hand, I shall expect to hear that Hayhoe will, after all, rely on Medicis, whilst The Owl is at present in much better condition than Macready.

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GREAT SALE OF OVER 200,000 SILK TIES.

MUST BE CLEARED AT ONCE.

All Shapes—The DERBY (for self tying), the STRAND BOW, the WATERLOO KNOT, etc.

Three Assorted Silk Ties **1s. 7d.** Six, **3s.** post free. Twelve, **5s. 9d.** post free.

Magnificent value. Usually sold at 1s. each.

SUPERIOR QUALITY—Three for **3s.**, Six for **5s. 9d.**, or Twelve for **11s.**

VERY FINEST QUALITY—Three for **6s.**, Six for **11s.**, or Twelve for **21s.** post free.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

Ladies should send for our Dress Patterns.

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THE OLDEST LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY!

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This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

"STIMULANTS AND DIETETICS," an elegant pamphlet, post free on application to

WM. STENHOUSE & CO.,

WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

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UNIVERSAL STOCK EXCHANGE, Ltd.,

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THE following epitome of leads in plain suits practically covers the requirements of solo whist. Trump leads will be discussed on a future occasion.

When you are opening from a fresh suit, of which your highest cards are—

Ace, King, with or without others; or King, Queen, alone or with others—lead the King.

From Ace, and *not less* than four other cards of the suit (without the King); or from Ace, Queen, Jack, with or without others—lead the Ace.

[It is sometimes advisable for a proposer or acceptor to lead Queen from Ace, Queen, Jack, and others. This is generally towards the end of a hand, when he has no card of re-entry, and fears that his partner has no more than two of the suit, and will be unable to help him. But with only one trick wanted to make the call he would play Ace.]

From Queen, Jack, 10, with or without others—lead the Queen.

From King, Queen, Jack, and *not less* than two more cards of the suit—lead the Jack.

From King, Jack, 10, with or without others—lead the 10.

From any combination not enumerated above, lead the fourth-best card of the suit; or, if you are compelled to open from a suit of less than four, lead your smallest, unless the highest card is the Jack or 10, when you should lead that, as it would not be likely to deceive your partner, and might help him should it happen to be his good suit. The latter is a forced lead, and should only be resorted to when you have no more promising alternative.

THESE leads must be thoroughly mastered, and consistently adopted in play, or solo whist is but little better than the contemptuous term of "glorified nap" applied to it by some of its detractors. For a really valuable treatise on this particular phase of play there is no better modern authority than "Foster's Whist Manual," which I would strongly recommend every solo player to study in conjunction with Dr. Pole's "Theory of Whist," referred to last week.

MESSRS. KAPP AND PETERSON, of Dublin, have sent me one of their patent pipes to smoke when I am playing whist. It is certainly far and away the best pipe made on scientific principles that I have tried, and carries out its contract—to keep the nicotine and moisture out of the mouth—to the letter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INTRO.—The substitution of a petite misere for the proposal and acceptance seems to be a hash-up of the Kimberley game and Boston, and does not strike me as being an improvement, although it doubtless has interesting features. The exclusion of proposals and acceptances would greatly lessen the popularity of solo whist.

A. L. THOMAS.—A printer's error. I am obliged for your kind expressions.

THE MAJOR.

A LOVE SONG.

WHERE Love built his humble nest,
Tired and thankful did I rest.
Sweeter rest there could not be,
Though the black night covered me!
And Love whispered: "Art thou blest?"
And I answered: "Love is best!"

Where Love built his nest I knew
Thorns beneath the rose-leaves grew,
Sweeter roses could not be,
Though the keen thorns crept to me!
And Love whispered: "Art thou blest?"
And I answered: "Love is best!"

So, with Love abiding still,
I am Love's, to do his will;
So his lips on mine are laid—
So his hand my couch hath made!
Still he whispers: "Art thou blest?"
Still I answer: "Love is best!"

FRANK L. STANTON.

THE RED COCKADE.

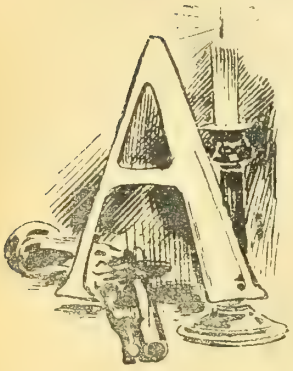
BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER VII.

The Alarm.



T that time, a brazier in the market place, and three or four lanterns at street crossings, made up the most of the public lighting. When I paused, therefore, to breathe my horse on the brow of the slope, which rises beyond the Valandré bridge, and looked back on Cahors, I saw only darkness, broken here and there by a blur of yellow light; that still, by throwing up a fragment of wall or eaves, told in a mysterious way of the sleeping city.

The river, a faint, shimmering line, conjectured rather than seen, wound round all. Above, clouds were flying across the sky, and a wind, cold for the time of year—cold, at least, after the heat of the day—chilled the blood, and slowly filled the mind with the solemnity of night.

As I stood listening to the breathing of the horses, the excitement in which I had passed the last few hours died away, and left me wondering—wondering, and a little regretful. The exaltation gone, I found the scene I had just left flavourless; I even began to find it worse. Some false note in the cynical, boastful voices and the selfish—the utterly selfish—plans, to which I had been listening for hours, made itself heard in the stillness. Madame's "We are France," which had sounded well enough amid the lights and glitter of the salon, among laces and fripons and rose-pink coats, seemed folly in the face of the infinite night, behind which lay twenty-five millions of Frenchmen.

However, what I had done, I had done. I had the white cockade on my breast; I was pledged to order—and to my order. And it might be the better course. But, with reflection, enthusiasm faded; and, by some strange process, as it faded, and the scene in which I had just taken part lost its hold, the errand which had brought me to Cahors recovered importance. As Madame St. Alais' influence grew weak, the memory of Mademoiselle, sitting lonely and scared in her coach, grew vivid, until I turned my horse fretfully, and endeavoured to lose the thought in rapid movement.

But it is not so easy to escape from one's self at night as in the day. The soughing of the wind through the chesnut trees, the drifting clouds, and the sharp ring of hoofs on the road, all laid as it were a solemn finger on the pulses and stilled them. The men behind me talked in sleepy voices, or rode silently. The town lay a hundred leagues behind. Not a light appeared on the upland. In the world of night through which we rode, a world of black, mysterious bulks rising suddenly against the grey sky, and as suddenly sinking, we were the only inhabitants.

At last we reached the hill above St. Alais, and I looked eagerly for lights in the valley; forgetting that, as it wanted only an hour of midnight, the village would have retired hours before. The disappointment, and the delay—for the steepness of the hill forbade any but a walking pace—fretted me; and when I heard, a moment later, a certain noise behind me, a noise I knew only too well, I flared up.

"Halt, fool!" I cried, reining in my horse, and turning in the saddle. "That mare has broken her shoe again, and you are riding on as if nothing were the matter! Get down and see. Do you think that I——"

"Pardon, Monsieur," Gil muttered. He had been sleeping in his saddle.

He scrambled down. The mare he rode, a valuable one, had a knack of breaking her hind shoe; after which she never failed to lame herself at the first opportunity. Buton had tried every method of shoeing, but without success.

I leaned down while he lifted the foot. My ear had not deceived me; the shoe was broken. Gil tried to remove the jagged fragment left on the hoof, but the mare was restive, and he had to desist.

"She cannot go to Saux in that state," I said, angrily.

The men were silent for a moment, peering at the mare. Then Gil made a suggestion.

"The St. Alais forge is not three hundred yards down the lane, Monsieur," he said. "And the turn is yonder. We could knock up Petit Jean, and get him to bring his pincers here. Only——"

"Only what?" I said, peevishly.

"I quarrelled with him at Cahors Fair, Monsieur," Gil answered, sheepishly; "and he might not come for us."

"Very well," I said, gruffly, "I will go. And do you stay here, and keep the mare quiet."

André held the stirrup for me to mount. The smithy, the first hovel in the village, was a quarter of a mile away, and, in reason, I should have ridden to it. But, in my irritation, I was ready to do anything they did not propose, and, roughly rejecting his help, I started on foot. Fifty paces brought me to the branch road, and, making out the turning with a little difficulty, I plunged into it; and lost, in a moment, the cheerful sound of the jingling bits and the murmur of the men's voices.

Poplars rising on high banks on either side of the lane made the place as dark as a pit, and I had almost to grope my way. A stumble added to my irritation, and I cursed the St. Alais for the ruts, and the moon for its untimely setting. The ceaseless whispering of the poplar leaves went with me, and, in some unaccountable way, annoyed me. I stumbled again, and swore at Gil, and then stopped to listen. I was in the road, and yet I heard the jingling of bits again, as if the horses were following me.

I stopped angrily to listen, thinking that the men had disobeyed my orders. Then I found that the sound came from the front, and was heavier and harder than the ringing of bit or bridle. I groped my way forward, wondering somewhat, and a faint, ruddy light, shining on the darkness and the poplars, prepared me for the truth—welcome, though it seemed of the strangest—that the forge was at work.

As I took this in, I turned a corner, and came within sight of it, and stood in astonishment. The forge was in full blast. Two hammers, at least, were at work; I could see them rising and falling, and hear, though they seemed to be muffled, the rhythmical jarring clang as

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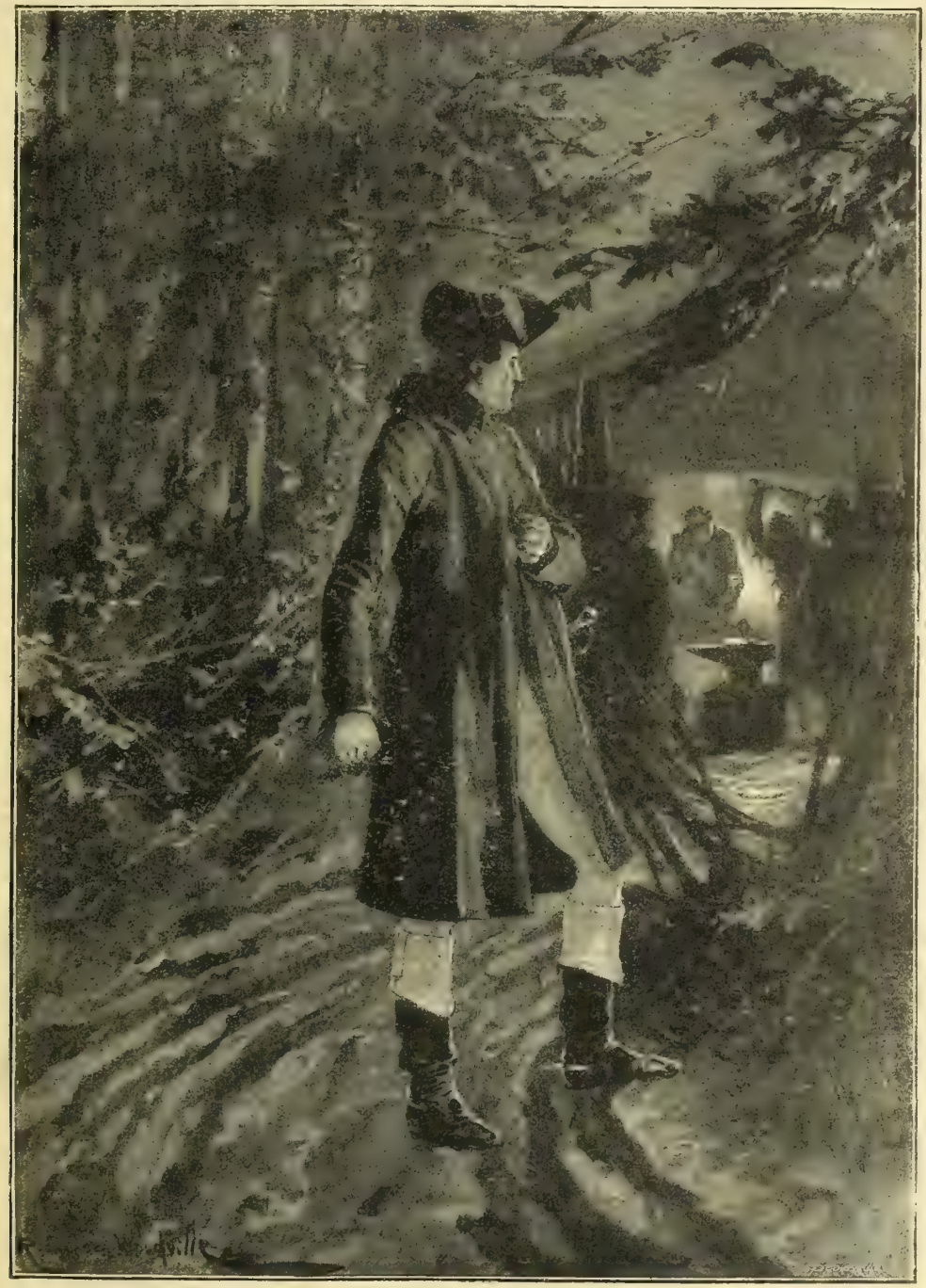
they struck the metal. The ruddy glare of the fire flooded the road and burnished the opposite trees, and flung long, black shadows on the sky.

Such a sight filled me with the utmost astonishment, for it was nearly midnight. But something else I saw astonished me still more, and fortunately made me pause. Between the point where I stood by the hedge and the forge a number of men were moving, and flitting to and fro; men with bare arms and matted heads, half-naked, with skins burned black. It would have been hard to count them, they shifted so quickly; and I did notwithstanding the occasional jar of the hammers, an air of ferocious stealth marked their movements.

For a moment I stood rooted to the spot. Then, instinctively, I stepped aside into the shadow of the hedge, and looked again. The man who acted as the leader carried an axe on his shoulder, the broad blade of which, as it caught the glow of the furnace, seemed to be bathed in blood. He was never still—this man. He moved from group to group, gesticulating, ordering, encouraging. Now he pulled a man out of one troop and thrust



I STOLE A LITTLE NEARER.

not try. It was enough that one half of them carried pikes and pitchforks, and that one man seemed to be detailing them into groups, and giving them directions; and that, him forcibly into another; now he made a little speech, which was dumb play to me, a hundred paces away; now he went into the forge, and his huge bulk for a

moment intercepted the light. It was Petit Jean, the smith.

I took advantage of the momentary darkness which he caused on one of these occasions, and I stole a little nearer. For I knew now what was before me. I knew what all this meant—blood, fire, outrage! flames rising up to heaven, screams startling the stricken night. But I must know more. I went nearer, creeping along the hedge, until no more than twelve yards separated me from the muster. Then I stood still, just as Petit Jean came out again, to distribute another bundle of weapons, clutched instantly and eagerly by grimy hands. I could hear now, and I shuddered. Gargouf was in every mouth. Gargouf, the steward, coupled with grisly tortures and slow deaths, with old sins, and outrages, and tyrannies, now for the first time voiced, now to be expiated!

At last, one man cried aloud, "To the Château! To the Château!" and in an instant the words changed the feelings with which I had hitherto stared into immediate horror. I started forward. My impulse, for a moment, was to step into the light and confront them—to persuade, menace, cajole, turn them any way from their purpose. But, in the same moment, reflection showed me the hopelessness of the attempt. These were no longer peasants, dull, patient clods, but maddened beasts; I read it in their gestures and the growl of their voices. To step forward would be only to sacrifice myself; and with this thought I crept back, gained the deeper shadow, and, turning on my heel, sped down the lane. The ruts and the darkness were no longer anything to me. If I stumbled, I did not notice it. If I fell, it was no matter. In less than a minute I was standing, breathless, by the astonished servants, striving to tell them quickly what they must do.

"The village is rising!" I panted. "They are going to burn the Château, and Mademoiselle is in it! Gil, ride, gallop, lose not a minute, to Cahors, and tell M. le Marquis. He must bring what forces he can. And do you, André, go to Saux. Tell Father Benôit. Bid him do his utmost—bring all he can."

For answer, they stared, open-mouthed, through the dusk.

"And the mare, Monsieur?" one asked, at last, dully.

"Fool! let her go!" I cried. "The mare? Do you understand? The Château is——"

"And you, Monsieur?"

"I am going to the house by the garden wing. Now go! Go, men!" I continued. "A hundred livres to each of you if the house is saved!"

I said, the house, because I dared not speak what was really in my mind, because I dared not picture the girl, young, helpless, a woman, in the hands of those monsters. Yet it was that which goaded me, it was that which gave me such strength that, before the men had ridden many yards, I had forced my way through the thick fence, as if it had been a mass of cobwebs. Once the other side, in the open, I hastened across one field and a second, skirting the village, and making for the gardens which abutted on the east wing of the Château. I knew these well; the part farthest from the house, and most easy of entrance, was a wilderness, in which I had often played as a child. There was no fence round this, except a wooden paling, and none between it and the more orderly portion; and from the latter a side door opened into a passage leading to the great hall of the Château. The house, a long, regular building, reared by the Marquis's father, was composed of two wings and a main block. All faced the end of the village street at a distance of a hundred paces; a wide, dusty, ill-planted avenue leading from the iron gates, which stood always open, to the state entrance.

The rioters had only a short distance to go, therefore, and no obstacle between them and the house; none when they reached it of greater consequence than ordinary doors and shutters, should the latter be closed. I shuddered to think how defenceless all lay; and how quickly the wretches, bursting in the doors, would overrun the shining parquets and sweep up the spacious staircase.

The thought added wings to my feet. I had farther to go than they had, and over hedges, but before the first sounds of their approach reached the house I was already in the wilderness, and forcing my way through it, stumbling over stumps and bushes, falling more than once, covered with dust and sweat, but still pushing on.

At last I sprang into the open garden, with its shadowy walks, and nymphs, and fauns; and I looked towards the village. A dull red light was beginning to show among the trunks of the avenue; a murmur of voices sounded in the distance. They were coming! I wasted no more than a single glance; then I ran down the walk, between the statues. In a moment I passed into the darker shadow under the house, I was at the door. I thrust my shoulder against it. It resisted; it resisted! and every moment was precious. The angle of the house now hid the approaching lights and deadened the voices of the crowd, but I could imagine only too vividly how they were coming on; I fancied them already at the great door.

I hammered on the panels with my fist; then I fumbled for the latch, and found it. It rose, but the door held. I shook it. I shook it again in a frenzy; at last, forgetting caution, I shouted—shouted more loudly. Then, after an age, as it seemed to me, I heard halting footsteps coming along the passage, and saw a line of light grow, and brighten under the door. A quavering voice asked—

"Who is it?"

"M. de Saux," I answered, impatiently. "Let me in. Let me in, do you hear?" And I struck the panels wrathfully.

"Monsieur," the voice answered, quavering more and more, "Is there anything the matter?"

"Matter? They are going to burn the house, fool!" I cried. "Open! open! if you do not wish to be burned in your beds!"

For a moment I fancied that the man still hesitated. Then he unbarred. In a twinkling I was inside, in a narrow passage, with dingy, stained walls. An old man, lean-jawed and feeble, an old valet whom I had often seen at worsted work in the ante-room, confronted me, holding an iron candlestick. The light shook in his hands, and his jaw fell as he looked at me. I saw that I had nothing to expect from him, and I snatched the bar from his hands, and set it back in its place myself. Then I seized the light.

"Quick!" I said passionately. "To your mistress."

"Monsieur!"

"Upstairs! Upstairs!"

He had more to say, but I did not wait to hear it. Knowing the way, and having the candle, I left him, and

hurried along the passage. Stumbling over three or four mattresses that lay on the floor, doubtless for the servants, I reached the hall. Here my taper shone a mere speck in a cavern of blackness; but it gave me light enough to see that the door was barred, and I turned to the staircase. As I set my foot on the lowest step the old valet, who was following me as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, blundered against a spinning wheel that stood in the hall. It fell with a clatter, and in a moment a chorus of screams and cries broke out above. I sprang up the stairs three at a stride, and on the lobby came on the screamers—a terrified group, whose alarm even the doubtful light of a tallow candle, that stood beside them on the floor, could not exaggerate. Nearest to me stood an old footman and a boy; their terror-stricken eyes met mine as I mounted the last stairs. Behind them, and crouching against a tapestry-covered seat that ran along the wall were the rest; three or four women, who shrieked and hid their faces in one another's garments. They did not look up or take any heed of me; but continued to scream steadily.

The old man with a quavering oath tried to still them.

"Where is Gargouf?" I asked him.

"He has gone to fasten the back doors, Monsieur," he answered.

"And Mademoiselle?"

"She is yonder."

He turned as he spoke; and I saw behind him a heavy curtain hiding the oriel window of the lobby. It moved, while I looked, and Mademoiselle emerged from its folds, her small, childish face pale, but strangely composed. She wore a light, loose robe, hastily arranged, and had her hair hanging free at her back. In the gloom and confusion, which the feeble candles did little to disperse, she did not at first see me.

IN A TWINKLING I WAS INSIDE.

"Has Gargouf come back?" she asked.

"No, Mademoiselle, but——"

The man was going to point me out; she interrupted him with a sharp cry of anger.

"Stop these fools," she said. "Oh, stop these fools! I cannot hear myself speak. Let someone call Gargouf! Is there no one to do anything?"

One of the old men pottered off to do it, leaving her standing in the middle of the terror-stricken group; a white pathetic little figure, keeping fear at bay with both hands. The dark curtains behind threw her face and form into high relief; but admiration was the last thought in my mind.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "you must fly by the garden-door."

She started and stared at me, her eyes dilating.

"Monsieur de Saux," she muttered at last. "Are you here? I do not—I do not understand. I thought——"

"The village is rising," I said. "In a moment they will be here."

"They are here already," she answered faintly.

She meant only that she had seen their approach from the window; but a dull murmur that at the moment rose on the air outside, and penetrating the walls, grew each instant more sinister and menacing, seemed to give another significance to her words. The women listened with white faces, then began to scream afresh. A reckless movement of one of them dashed out the nearer of the two lights. The old man who had admitted me began to whimper.

"O, mon Dieu!" I cried, "can no one still these cravens?" For the noise almost robbed me of the power of thought, and never had thought been more necessary. "Be still, fools, no one will hurt *you*. And do you, Mademoiselle, please to come with me. There is not a moment to be lost. The garden by which I entered——"

But she looked at me in such a way that I stopped.

"Is it necessary to go?" she said, doubtfully. "Is there no other way, Monsieur?"

The noise outside was growing louder.

"What men have you?" I said.

"Here is Gargouf," she answered promptly. "He will tell you."

I turned to the staircase, and saw the steward's face, at all times harsh and grim, rising out of the well of the stairs. He had a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other; and his features wore an expression of dogged anger, the mere sight of which drew fresh cries from the women. But I rejoiced to see him; at least he betrayed no signs of flinching. I asked him what men he had.

"You see them," he answered, betraying no surprise at my presence.

"Only these?"

"There were three more," he said. "But I found the doors unbarred, and the men gone. I am keeping this," he continued, with a ferocious glance at his pistol, "for one of them."

"Mademoiselle must go!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders with an indifference that maddened me. "How?" he asked.

"By the garden door."

"They are there. The house is surrounded."

I cried out at that, in despair; and on the instant, as if to give point to his words a furious blow fell on the great doors below, and awakening every echo in the house, proclaimed that the moment was come. A second shock followed; then a rain of blows. While the maids shrieked and clung to one another, I looked at Mademoiselle, and she at me.

"We must hide you," I muttered.

"No," she said firmly.

"There must be some place," I said, looking round me desperately, and disregarding her answer. The noise of the blows was deafening. "In the——"

"I will not hide, Monsieur," she answered. Her cheeks were white and her eyes seemed to flicker with each blow. But the maiden who had been dumb before me a few days earlier was gone, and in her place I saw Mademoiselle de St. Alais, conscious of a hundred ancestors. "They are our people. I will meet them," she continued bravely, her lip trembling. "Then if they dare——"

"They are mad," I answered. "They are mad! Yet it is a chance; and we have few! If I can get to them before they break in, I may do something. One moment, Mademoiselle; screen the light, will you?"

Someone did so, and I turned feverishly, and caught hold of the curtain. But Gargouf was before me. He seized my arm, and for the moment checked me.

"What is it? What are you going to do?" he growled.

"Speak to them from the window."

"They will not listen."

"Still I will try. What else is there?"

"Lead and iron," he answered, in a tone that made me shiver. "Here are M. le Marquis's sporting guns; they shoot straight. Take one, M. le Vicomte; I will take the other. There are two more, and the men can shoot. We can hold the staircase, at least."

I took one of the guns, mechanically, amid a dismal uproar; wailing and the thunder of blows within; outside the savage booing of the crowd. No help could come for another hour; and for a moment in this desperate strait my heart failed me. I wondered at the steward's courage.

"You are not afraid?" I said. I knew how he had trampled on the poor wretches outside; how he had ground them down, and misused them through long years.

He cursed the dogs.

"You will stand by Mademoiselle?" I said feverishly. I think it was to hearten myself by his assurance.

He squeezed my hand in a grip of iron, and I asked no more. In a moment, however, I cried aloud—

"Ah, but they will burn the house!" I said. "What is the use of holding the staircase, when they can burn us out like rats?"

"We shall die together," he answered ferociously. And he kicked one of the weeping, crouching women. "Be still, you whelp!" he said. "Do you think that will help you?"

But I heard the door below groan, and I sprang to the window and dragged aside the curtain, letting in a ruddy glow that dyed the ceiling the colour of blood. My one fear was that I might be too late; that the door would yield or the crowd break in at the back before I could get a hearing. Luckily, the casement gave to the hand, and I thrust it open, and meeting a cold blast of air in a twinkling was outside; on the narrow ledge of the window over the great doors, looking down on such a scene as few châteaux in France had witnessed since the days of the third Henry—God be thanked!

A little to one side the great dovecote was burning, and sending up a trail of smoke that, blown across the avenue, hid all beyond in a murky reek, which the flames now and again flickered hotly. Men, busy as devils, black against the light, were plying the fire with straw. Beyond the dovecote, an outhouse and a stack were blazing; and nearer, before the house, a crowd of moving figures were hurrying to and fro, some battering the doors and windows, others bringing fuel, all moving, yelling, laughing—laughing the laughter of fiends to the music of crackling flames and shivering glass.

I saw Petit Jean in the forefront giving orders; and men round him. There were women, too, hanging on the skirts of the men; and one woman, in the midst of all, half-naked, screaming curses, and brandishing her arms. It was she who added the last touch of horror to the scene; and she, too, who saw me first, and pointed me out with dreadful words, and cursed me, and the house, and cried for our blood.

(*To be continued.*)

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

There is an alley which runs down to the Seine, in which it is said that every Paris Revolution has broken out. Standing at its entrance, I saw three or four shots fired, and dark forms with guns moving in the alley, and then came General Changarnier, with his cavalry, and made a charge before which I fled. I had to dodge more than one of these charges during the day. In the Faubourg Saint-Antoine there was an immense barricade, made of old beds, waggons, stones, and rubbish, guarded by a dense crowd of insurgents, of whom I was one. At least three thousand were singing the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Chant des Girondins.' There was a discharge of muskets, and fifteen fell dead close to me, while the mob never ceased their singing, and the sounds of that tremendous and terrible chorus, mingled with the dying groans and cries of the victims, and the roar of the great bell of Nôtre Dame. It was like a scene in an opera. Next day we tore up the paving-stones, and barricaded the Rue de la Harpe. While fighting, I had many a chance to shoot a soldier, but I must confess I felt an invincible repugnance to do so. The poor devils were only unwillingly led against us; we knew, unless they came over to our side, all would be up with us. All at once we heard a terrible outcry down the street. There was a tremendous massing of soldiers there, and to defend that barricade meant death. I confess that I hesitated one instant, and then ran headlong to join the fight. Merciful God! the troops had fraternized with us and they were handing over their muskets to the mob, who were firing them in the air. The scene was terribly moving. My men, who had expected to be shot, embraced, and kissed the soldiers, and wept like children. We had conquered. And the Revolution had marched sternly on through years of discontent to the year Forty-eight, and France at one desperate bound had again placed herself in the van. — *Leyland's "Memoirs."*

In "To-Day" *for* March 9, *a second series of* Reminiscences of a Lawyer's Clerk, *by* Herbert Keen, *Author of* My Landlady's Stories, *will be commenced.*

ANCIENT MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

BY

LAURA B. STARR.

In browsing about among some old books I find the record of many quaint and curious ceremonies, rites and customs connected with the marriage ceremony. Customs which have been in vogue since early Jewish days and the time when Cecrops introduced marriage to the Athenians.

Among the Jews certain days were fixed for betrothal and marriage, thus the fourth day was appointed for virgins, and the fifth day for widows. To-day the Jewish spinsters and bachelors celebrate their marriages on Wednesday, while those who have previously been married celebrate their nuptials on Sunday. The custom of making presents from the man to the woman has come down to us from the days of Isaac and Rebecca. We read that he sent her as pre-nuptial gifts massive earrings and bracelets, and "jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment."

In the seventeenth century the Jewish bridegroom sent to his bride a "matrimonial cincture or girdle with gold buckle, and she in exchange sent a similar article to him, but hers had a silver buckle." At the close of the ceremonies, which were rather lengthy, the Rabbi took a glass of wine, and rehearsing prayers he tasted it and gave it to the couple to drink. If the bride were a virgin he used a narrow glass, if a widow a wide one was used. Many of the modern Jews still retain the old custom of shattering glasses and other vessels, by dashing them on the ground after the ceremony. This may denote the frailty of life, or foretell good fortune and plenty, or it may be to remind the people of the destruction of Jerusalem.

In Sparta, under the laws of Lycurgus, marriage was a duty, and old bachelors were stigmatized, and obliged to walk naked in the winter through the Market Place, singing satirical songs on themselves. There would be rather a rattling among the dry bones if such a law were in force to-day.

In Athens, the bride was conducted from her father's house to that of the bridegroom, in the evening, that time being chosen to conceal her blushes. In Bœotia and other places the axle-tree of the carriage was burned upon the arrival at the bridegroom's house, as a symbol that the bride was not to return, or to go abroad. Among the Greeks, a law of Solon required that the bride and groom should, on entering their bridal chamber, eat a quince together, to indicate that their mutual relationship should be sweet and agreeable.

A Spartan woman covered her face with a veil as soon as she was married and never went abroad without it. At Sparta, Crete, and Olympia virgins were permitted to be spectators of the gymnastic contests, while married women were denied this privilege. The revolting daughters of the present day should make use of this argument in their favour. A queer Grecian anthem was performed at the end of the services; the bride was conducted to her husband's abode, and there she was carefully lifted across the threshold by her parents. Among the Albanians the nuptial bed forms a conspicuous feature of the bridal procession.

Among the Greeks a wedding is often called a "crowning," because crowns made of olive branches, surrounded with white threads interwoven with purple, were used at the marriage. The Roman bridal wreath was made of verbena gathered by the bride herself; she wore a veil, which was of a bright yellow colour, the same as her shoes. In dressing for the wedding the bride's hair was parted with the point of a spear, in memory of the Sabine virgins who were espoused by violence. Whenever animal sacrifices were made the gall was taken out, that no bitterness might follow the union. We read that before the bride entered her new abode she wound wool around the door-posts, and anointed them with lard or wolf's fat in order to avert enchantment.

The ancient Etruscans were married in the street before the door of the house, which was thrown open after the ceremony. The Syracusan virgins used to go in procession to the Temple of Diana preceded by musicians, and accompanied by tigers and leopards. The ancient Scythians would not marry a maiden who had not killed an enemy. The Rhodians sent for a bride by the public crier. In Chaldea on the wedding-day the priest came into the bridegroom's house and built a fire, which, if the couple wished to live together happily, they never let go out.

The Babylonians and Assyrians put their daughters up for sale on certain days of the year, and the money received for the handsome ones was given to those less favoured. The Mahomedan Copts kill a sheep as soon as the bride enters her husband's house, and she is obliged to step over the blood, which is made to flow upon the threshold of the door. The Fez husband does not go out until the seventh day after the ceremony, when he buys a fish and brings it and casts it at his wife's feet as a token of good luck. There is a custom peculiar to many Eastern countries of covering the bridegroom's forehead and brow with gold coins. Among the Nasamones, a people of Barbary, the only ceremony of marriage is that of drinking out of each other's hands.

Burckhardt writes that the marriage ceremony among a certain Bedouin tribe is very simple. "The marriage day being appointed, the bridegroom comes with a lamb in his arms to the tent of the girl's father, and there cuts the lamb's throat before witnesses. As soon as the blood falls upon the ground the ceremony is complete." The people of Georgia and Circassia go through a most peculiar rite at the beginning of the ceremony: "The bride and the rest of the party are conducted to an apartment, in the middle of which is a pitcher of wine and a vessel full of bread dough, standing upon a carpet. As soon as she has entered the room the bride kicks over the wine and scatters the paste with her hands about the apartment."

At Malabar the bridegroom's feet are washed with milk by a young relation, who also puts a silver ring upon his toe. The people of Navis marry by tying thread around the neck of the woman. Among the Burmese the couple eat out of the same dish, and taste and exchange with each other a mixture of tea leaves steeped in oil, which is the form of sealing all contracts. In many countries the connubial knot is tied with the corners of the garment, of the pair.

It was once the custom among the Russians for brides to present husbands on their wedding-day with a whip of their own making as a token of submission. Marrying a second time was not a crime, but still not quite reputable. A man taking a second wife was not allowed to go inside the church door, he could only step into the porch; and he who was so carnally minded as to marry the third time was excommunicated.

Among the bridal gifts in Sweden in olden times were a shield, a sword, and an axe, that the bride might have weapons for defending herself from her husband's blows if necessary.

The customs of Finland are most curious. The groom's best man is chosen to do the honours of the occasion, and he is called the "orator." On the day after the wedding he takes a pair of the bridegroom's breeches and strikes the bride with them, telling her at the same time to be fruitful. In Prussia and other parts of Central Europe, we read that it was a regular practice to throw broken crockery at the doors of newly married people.

Peacocks' feathers were the distinctive ornaments of persons attending weddings in Dalmatia. The groom's male friends ran to his father's house to tell the news of completion of the ceremony, and whoever arrived first

was presented with a kind of towel embroidered at the ends.

A usual gift from a bride to the groom in Ireland in early days was a pair of bracelets made of her own hair. Natives of the Isle of Man carry salt in their pockets when they marry, as that is considered to be lucky; they also walk three times around the church before they enter it.

In early days in England the bride was led to the bridegroom by a matron who was called brideswoman, followed by many young women who were called bridesmaids. On the morning after the wedding the new husband gave his wife a morgengabe, or morning gift, which was for her individual use and was the ancient pin-money.

Gosson writing at the end of the sixteenth century says: "In some countries the bride is crowned by the matrons with a garland of prickles, and so delivered unto her husband, that he might know how he hath tied himself to a thorny pleasure."

The giving of gloves at weddings is a very old custom; in early days in England the bride gave gloves during the dinner time to the men who had escorted her, as rewards for their services. A singular custom was that of a bride being compelled to pay toll. In the reign of Edward II. it was ordered that marriages taking place in the forest of Skipton, in Yorkshire, should be subject to a toll. Thus: "Every bride coming that way should either give her left shoe or 3d. or 4d. to the forester of Crookryse, by way of custom or gaytcloyes!"

Among the many superstitions concerning marriage there is none more thoroughly believed than the one of which Herrick speaks in Hesperides:

"While that others do divine
Blest is the bride on whom
The sun doth shine."

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 68. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

BY

E. LYNN LINTON.

Illustrated by SYDNEY ADAMSON.

PRETTY girls with good fortunes and susceptible temperaments need careful guardianship in smart hotels, where society is mixed and credentials are not always forthcoming. Harpies of both sexes abound; and more than one good bag has been made for the benefit of the fowler and the ruin of the victim—always under cover of fine manners and high-sounding names. This being so, it was a little doubtful if Mrs. Brand was the right kind of guardian for Ida Maynard. A ladylike woman who had less self-respect than complaisance, and whose capacity for belief was as large as her power of discrimination was small, had a burden of responsibility rather heavier than she could bear in the charge of a pretty young person of romantic tendencies and a handsome income. And more than one of Ida's old family friends lamented the chain of circumstances which had given her into Mrs. Brand's nerveless hands as the sole guardianship she had. So far, however, no harm had come to the young heiress with a chaperon who never thwarted her, but also who never knew when the ice was thin or when there were rocks ahead.

The hotel was crowded, and the company was of the gayest. Butterflies sporting with one another among the flowers best expressed their general condition, and, because the place was so overflowing and the *salle-à-manger* had not space for universal segregation, the small tables usually given up to two or three were perforce tenanted by five or six. Whence resulted intimacies which were sometimes dangerous even when most delightful. Owing then to this congestion the *maître d'hôtel*, with bows and apologies, begged to be allowed to place three charming people at the table of the young heiress and her chaperon. They were all that he had of most *comme il faut* on his list; and he was sure that in asking this accommodation he was doing nothing that would be displeasing to madame or mademoiselle.

That evening, then, at dinner three strangers were at Ida's table, and the mental stock-taking began.

Imprimis, a tall, handsome Englishman about thirty-two or three, with fine features, a good carriage, good manners if somewhat overbearing, and the unmistakable look of one who had seen service of some sort. Secondly, a soft-voiced young Italian with the caressing eyes and soft, seductive ways of his country; accompanied by, thirdly, his mother, a typical southerner, graceful, indolent, astute and fascinating. The Englishman was Gerald Frobisher; the Italian was Il Barone di Siena; his mother was la Principessa di Certosaria. They were all noticeable because of manner, dress and general appointments; and soon this special table became the cynosure of the room, as rumour magnified the fortune of the young heiress and the social standing of her companions.

In the sweetest ointment lurks at times that intrusive fly. Through the most harmonious combination of circumstances strikes the jarring note of unpleasant friction. And this little coterie, formed by chance, was no exception to the rule. The jarring note came

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from the Englishman. From the first he seemed to have translated his condition as a compatriot into the privileges of a friend and the duties of a guardian. He drew an invisible line of possession round Ida and Mrs. Brand, and before they well knew that he had cast his shoe over them he was the master of the situation. He made no overt demonstration of authority, such as the world could see and comment on. He simply gave them to understand that they must not do such and such things, and that it would be better for them—indeed, it was imperative—that they should follow his advice.

As his strong will coerced Mrs. Brand's weaker mind he had things on the whole pretty much his own way—which was not always Ida's. Yet somehow, willing or unwilling, she had to go as Gerald Frobisher ordained; and bit by bit she felt her liberty slipping from her without ever coming to the moment when she could make a stand and say: "I will not."

On the other hand, the young baron and his mother, the princess, were the very heart and soul of complaisance. They seemed to live simply for Ida's pleasure. They had not a wish which was not la signorina's—not a thought extra to her service. Whatever they might propose had but one object—the pleasure or convenience of la signorina, for whom, had they the power, the very elements should be ruled to render service and tribute. Always suave and amiable, they made a decided contrast with Gerald Frobisher, who was generally the very reverse of amiable, with a certain arbitrariness of manner—a certain subacidity of accent, that was less reassuring than threatening—less enticing than compelling. "The bear," the princess used to call him in her pretty Italian way—her very distaste more caressing than Gerald's praise; and—"Ah! he is your typical Englishman who does not understand love, and would beat his wife or sell her for so much and so much"—as the young baron would say, with that little shudder which expresses so much—generally adding: "Per Bacco! that is not the way we Italians treat our women! We Italians know how to treat women as they should be treated—with love and gentleness and courtesy and indulgence; but, most of all, with love!"

And when he said this his velvet-brown eyes would look into Ida's with something behind and within which made that erstwhile frank and half-unconscious young woman drop hers to the floor, overpowered by she knew not what. All that she did know was—it was something pleasant, yet something that made her feel part afraid and part ashamed, and especially desirous that Gerald Frobisher should not see.

The day was glorious—a day when youthful spirits were not to be confined within the four walls of a house, nor yet between the hedges of an hotel garden. It was a day for amusements, expeditions, adventures, what not—one of the kind which holds the promise of some undeclared joy like the secret perfume lying within the closed bud of the lily—one of those when Prince Charming is on his way, and the princess is setting forth in her golden chariot to meet him—when the young feel and the old remember, and the joy of living has no flaw from either regret or despair.

"This is the right day for the old Schloss," said Gerald Frobisher, at breakfast.

He spoke with the manner of command rather than suggestion—ordaining for the others according to his own ideas of fitness, without reference to their wishes.

"Just!" said Mrs. Brand, complaisant as usual.

"It would be rather jolly," said Ida, not caring to agree too enthusiastically, but secretly charmed with the idea. "What do you say, princess?" she added, turning to the Italian as if it were a foregone conclusion that those two, who were their table companions, should also be their comrades in the day's pleasures.

Gerald's keen eyes flashed impatiently, and his stern mouth hardened to a line.

"Five is an impossible number," he said, as if to himself; but everyone heard, though no one took up the challenge.

"It will be lovely," said the princess, smiling in her sweet way. Her eyes and her smile took in the whole company. "Giulio had already suggested this little journey to me. I am glad that Mr. Frobisher has fallen in with the idea so amiably."

"Pardon me; I have fallen in with no idea from the baron or anyone else," said Gerald ill-temperedly. "I was not aware that the baron had any ideas—on the subject," he added, as a rider to the original proposition, and when he thought the sarcasm had had time to strike.

The young man laughed, and showed his small, white, pointed teeth, like a row of little shark's teeth gleaming beneath his silken moustache.

"Ah! my friend," he said gaily. "A life spent in shooting rhinoceroses and bears is not the best school for the knowledge of mankind. We who live in cities have the advantage over you men of sport and the chase. We have humanity as our books. You study only the habits of bears and buffaloes."

"We learn a little about men, too," said Gerald slowly. "We have to deal with slaves and thieves, cowards and adventurers of all kinds. We learn their ways pretty accurately, I assure you."

"No doubt," said the baron, retreating in good order, but adding, as his last shot—"This, however, proves my point. These slaves and cowards, etc., do not make up the general society of ordinary European drawing-rooms. Hence you must allow us stay-at-home citizens to have some advantages; and among them you must grant us the knowledge of our own world of gentlehood and the best traditions of good breeding and social diplomacy."

"What time shall we start?" said Ida, to create a diversion.

These dangerous fencings and bitter double meanings were always going on between the two men—a duel as yet with the foils only; but the young heiress was beginning to fear a more serious collision, as the animosity between them was daily growing more apparent and more extreme. How long it would continue restrained within the due boundaries of courtesy remained to be seen. As things were, it continually looked as if it would break loose like a flood, and carry devastation and destruction into the little settlement they had formed among themselves.

Gerald looked at his watch.

"Be ready in half-an-hour," he said shortly.

"That will be a little too quick for me, Mr. Frobisher," said the princess, again smiling as if the very soul of sweetness were lodged in her handsome body. If they could have read her heart and thoughts! "I am not so energetic as you English. I want a margin for deliberation."

"If your margin throws us too late we cannot go at all," said Gerald unpleasantly.

IT WAS TIME TO RETURN.

"We must not inconvenience my mother," said the baron with a fine air of filial piety and conventional courtesy.

"Of course not," said Ida.

Whereupon the young Italian leaned over to the pretty girl, and said "Thank you, signorina!" with effusion, holding out his hand as one under the influence of strong emotion. Looking into the flushing face of the girl with a world of tender meaning in his eyes, he said, speaking to his mother, but still looking at Ida; "The signorina always does and says exactly the right thing at the right moment and in the right way. Is it not so, my mother?"

"Assuredly! She is a saint!" said the princess.

Gerald rose abruptly from the table.

"Very well," he said, holding his head straight and high. "I will give you a quarter's grace, princess. I will order the carriage for the half-hour, when I shall expect you all to be ready."

"If our proceedings inconvenience you, my friend, I will take command of the party," said the Italian, with a manner suggestive of the heathen Chinee, it was so bland and so childlike.

Gerald disdained to reply, save by a look that was decidedly contemptuous—as contemptuous and as essentially insulting as a blow would have been. Then he strode out of the room, and worked off a little of his spleen on the unoffending hall-porter, who chanced to cross his path.

Mother and son exchanged looks.

"Our friend is not in the best of humours to-day," laughed the baron.

"Are all English gentlemen like that?" queried the princess. "And yet"—correcting herself—"how foolish to ask such a question, when I know so much better! Who, indeed, knows so well as I the charm of the English character? Was not my own dear mother an Englishwoman?"

"They are adorable," said the baron with fervour. "Who that knows them would not love them?—for the sake of one!" he added, in a low voice, those velvety eyes looking into Ida's with the love and softness, the passion and the prayer he knew so well to throw into them—"for the sake of one, loving all!"

"Had we not better go and get ready?" said Mrs. Brand, with the fear of Gerald Frobisher before her eyes.

"Yes, let us go," said Ida in a half-relieved, half-embarrassed kind of way.

And again mother and son exchanged glances, and the smile that just lifted the corner of each well-shaped but over-fleshy mouth meant "Good so far." "Winged if not yet bagged" would have been an Englishman's formula.

The morning had passed into the early afternoon without untoward accident of any kind—unless Gerald Frobisher's temper might be called untoward. Never remarkable for amiability, to-day it was of the vilest kind to be found. His rough life and adventurous ex-

periences seemed to have hardened him to so much granite—granite, abraded at all four corners and full of jagged edges and wounding spikes. It served, however, to bring out into greater relief the sweet courtesies and graceful plasticities of the baron, whose whole energies seemed devoted to the one desire to please and entertain the signorina—to do as she desired—to anticipate her unspoken wishes and make her feel that she was the main object of his thoughts and the—as yet undeclared—mistress of his heart and life. His gentleness, his unfailing good humour, the skill with which he parried Gerald's rougher onslaughts—but in the parrying inflaming the Englishman's anger still more, thus putting him for ever more and more in the wrong—his caressing eyes and musical voice, his subtle tenderness, all stole over Ida as some irresistible charm, some powerful spell spoken by a potent magician. For one of the few times in her young life she contemplated her wealth with a glow of pride and delight, and rejoiced that she was free, rich, and the mistress of her own destiny.

All this Gerald saw and understood. And the feelings which this knowledge roused in him were akin to those with which he had defied a savage chief at the head of his tribe, stalked a rogue elephant, circumvented a man-eating tiger, fought single-handed with a cobra, or looked for whipsnakes in the grass that he might crush them before they had power to sting. In the baron he recognised his enemy, whom yet he despised, and forthwith set himself to destroy, with the same feeling if not by the same methods as those with which he had destroyed these others in the jungles and the wilds.

The object of the expedition had been accomplished. They had seen the Schloss and heard the legends; peered into the dungeons and admired the view from the battlements; eaten their luncheon spread on the trestled tables of the courtyard; talked platitudes with an air of profundity; skirted by intense feelings with an air of indifference; and done all that people in their circumstances are wont to do. And now it was time to return—Ida always between the two men who were battling together for her possession with as much fierceness, and to the same purpose, as if they had been fighting with clash of steel, not mere fire of words. Fortune hunters both of them, they were the Scylla and Charybdis of the girl's perilous voyage. Into whose hands so ever she might fall she would fall to her enduring sorrow.

They were not adventurers of the vulgar type—that is, adventurers in the sense of holding a different social position from that which they assumed. They were gentlemen of good family; but fortune-hunters to whom the income was of more account than the woman, and who made pretence of a love they did not feel. For Gerald's somewhat brutal attitude of command was love-making in his way—a way analogous to that of the savage who first knocks his intended wife senseless and then carries her off to his own hut in the bush—his conquest, lover, wife, and victim all in one.

She had her choice then between the two. In Gerald she would find a spirit of domination that would crush her to the earth—a materialistic, unpoetic kind of nature that would leave her soul as arid as the parched sands of the Libyan desert—a tyrant, a master, a conqueror. In Giulio di Siena she would have infidelity, intrigue, jealousy, and what to an Englishwoman, accustomed to much open-air exercise and absolute freedom of movement, would be practically incarceration. In the princess she would have a mother-in-law who would rule her with a rod of iron, and never take her to her heart as a daughter; who would persecute her to become a Catholic; who would ridicule her English ways and decry her nationality; who would make up for her husband's neglect by a system of espionage which would not leave her one shred of spontaneous freedom; and who, in all of whose persecutions here and glacial barriers there, would be joined by her married daughter, La Conaessa Maria del Sole, who would repeat and exaggerate all that her mother might say and do. Of the two the balance of unhappiness would be on the side of the Italian; but neither man would treat her well, and in a marriage with each alike would be her misery.

The two aspirants had nearly come to that duel, with the buttons off, which seemed as if it must eventually take place, over the fifth seat of the carriage, which meant who should sit outside with the coachman. The friction had been so great, and the courtesy-disguise so thin, that the princess had half-laughingly proposed drawing lots for the chance. But perhaps because she had proposed it, perhaps because he disdained to put himself in any sense on an equality with the despised Italian, Gerald had rejected this arrangement. With as much haughtiness as sullenness he had ended the contest by mounting the box—whence he revenged himself by turning round and engrossing, so far as he could, Ida's whole attention by his persistent talk. He spoke to no one else. If the princess or the baron cut into the conversatien, he ignored each as if neither existed—save when obliged to answer a question directly addressed to him; and then he answered in a monosyllable; and his voice was more like a bear's growl than even before. If it were the baron who spoke to him on any subject independent of the matter in hand, he contented himself with a reply that effectually put a stop to all such advances, for this time, at least. He was more unpleasant than could have been believed, as the princess said in her pretty broken English, and, so far as he could, he spoiled the day's pleasure for all concerned, anxious as he was to punish all and sundry for the infliction of that undesired association. For this, too, as for some other things, the baron owed him more than one; and in his own mind resolved to pay his debt with interest. The only difficulty was—How could he pay that debt? The Englishman was stronger than he, and braver. And stabbing in the back, in the dark, was not apparently very feasible.

The way from the Schloss led down to the valley by a road cut in the side of the mountain. A mass of rock and unscalable escarpments rose sheer from the path above—a precipice with eternity at the bottom fell sharply down below. The road was full of these acute angles and hazardous curves so well known to continental travellers—angles and curves which were veritable death-traps, and where the marvel was that anyone should escape with his life. Two half-broken, loosely-harnessed horses, mainly guided by the voice of a voluble and vociferous coachman, who held his reins as slack as a bunch of ribbons in a cotillon, were the locomotive agents of the carriage, in a transit where the chances of disaster were as innumerable as there were flowers on the broad ledges of inaccessible rocks. Yet tragic occurrences were as rare as the passing of a herd of chamois or a fight between an eagle and a vulture in the sky. Rains had washed away some of the edges—both of the cliffs above, whereby the road was strewn with stones that rolled as the horses stepped on them,

and of the outer line against the sharp decline below. Still, they had gone up in safety in the morning, and they supposed they should come down in safety in the afternoon. The horses, if loosely handled, and not broken according to our ideas, were familiar with the road; and the coachman, for all his outlandish methods of driving, knew his work.

Something startled them. The horses, used to the road as they were, sure-footed, and, as a rule trustworthy in their own wild way, suddenly broke loose, and took matters into their own keeping. Disdaining bit and bridle, they tore down the steep incline, the shouts of the terrified driver maddening them still more, and the hand of Gerald Frobisher on the rein of no avail. They had taken the bit between their teeth, and their teeth were strong. The danger was imminent. They were close to the worst bit of the road, where the most careful driver, doing all he knew, could never be quite sure of safe steering. Now, as things were, destruction seemed inevitable.

THEY STROLLED ABOUT THE HOTEL GARDENS.

The princess shrieked, and flung her arms abroad, calling on the saints, and adding to the horror of the moment by her ungovernable terror. The young baron was in a state of collapse. Almost fainting, speechless, motionless, his eyes closed, his form drooping, he lay as if half dead. Ida sat perfectly still, her eyes wide open, as if she were watching how things would go; and Mrs. Brand, looking into vacancy, moved her lips in silent prayer. The carriage swayed from side to side, and one wheel hung over the abyss, when Gerald leaped from the box, and at the risk of his life somehow managed to secure the bridle of the off horse, and by sheer force of strength stopped him in the plunge and flung him back on his haunches. His grasp missed would have sent them all to the bottom of the abyss together. As it was, they were safe, through his gallant action, gallantly performed; and, however unpleasant his temper might have been, he had undoubtedly saved them all from destruction.

But the contempt with which he grasped the baron by the shoulder and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat; the driver meanwhile having got to the head of his horses, with whom he was reasoning and arguing, pointing out the error of their ways, and the folly, as well as wickedness, of which they had been guilty — the superb tone of disdainful superiority with which he said: "Come, baron, pull yourself together, like a man! Your precious life is in no danger — no thanks to you for yourself or the others. *You* were not too frightened, I can see," he added, turning to Ida, and speaking with more genuine admiration than he had ever yet shown to her. "You are English, and know how to face danger with courage!"

"It is well to be without nerves," sobbed the princess. "We southerners have susceptibilities which you cold northerners want."

"They are inconvenient things at times," said Gerald significantly.

By now the baron had recovered, and could take part in things as they were.

"I can face a bullet!" he said, quite as significantly. "Where my mother and la signorina are concerned I confess I lose my head. Had I been alone you would have seen a different man."

"Possibly," said Gerald with a sneer. "Meanwhile, the man we have seen has not contributed much to the safety of the ladies for whom he professes so much regard. We can judge of the unseen only by the seen."

"We will speak of this again," said the baron with meaning, lightly touching his own breast.

"At your pleasure," said Gerald, measuring him from head to foot with eyes that spoke more than lips could have done. It was as if they had said: "*Reluctant to meet you?* I, the crack shot of the African wilds and the Indian jungles, afraid to face a nerveless coward like you?"

All that evening the Englishman waited for the challenge which never came. When dinner was over he strolled about the hotel gardens, and made love to Ida in his domineering trenchant way. But the baron and his mother did not appear. They had been at the table d'hôte dinner, where Gerald had almost insulted the young man—where Ida had been now cool and now sorry as her mind dwelt now on her young lover's cowardice and now on his charms. But after dinner they had vanished into space, and no message came to any of the group. Ida was restless and of uncertain mood. She sometimes laughed almost hysterically and sometimes was near to tears. The brutal strain in Gerald's character had never rasped her as it rasped her to-night and in her heart she hated him as if he had been a murderer. When she saw that, for sure, the Italians would not come back this evening, she, too, slipped away with an aching heart and a temper nearly as bad as Gerald's.

"The one a brute and the other a coward," she said to herself; "and the coward the best of the two!"

The next morning mother and son had gone, and a sweetly-worded note to Ida from the princess told the reason of this sudden flight. They went, it said, because they saw how things were between her, la signorina, and Mr. Frobisher. He was her lover and she loved him. The baron's heart was broken; he loved the signorina to distraction; but he was too delicate to interfere in a thing already arranged—and his only duty was flight. Might all the saints bless the sweet young English girl whom they, her Italian friends, would never forget!

When he heard of this sudden flight Gerald laughed aloud.

"That cur! that coward!" he said, contemptuously. "He has shown his true colours at last, and we are well rid of him. Now, Ida, we can be happy, and you will be my wife before the year is out."

On which strength came to the girl through her very terror.

"Your wife?" she said, her large eyes wide open and full of horror. "I would rather die first! If I cannot marry the baron I will marry no one else, and certainly not you who treated him so ill!"

So there it was. The fortune-hunters were baulked of their bag, and the young heiress escaped the Scylla of brutality and the Charybdis of deception. She went home a sadder if not a wiser woman, free to bestow herself and her fortune on whom she would—as, when the right man came along, she certainly would.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY'S TACT.

One day last year during the festivities which celebrated the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy, the German Emperor was driving with King Humbert through the streets of Rome. There was no parade. The two monarchs were merely taking an airing. Presently Wilhelm, who is much more fond of ceremonial than Humbert happens to be, turned to the King and said—

"Let's call out the troops for a salute!"

King Humbert suggested that it was hardly practicable; that it was not the custom to call out the Italian troops merely to salute the King.

"Why!" exclaimed the impulsive German monarch with a laugh, "you are the King! Can't you call out your own troops when you like?"

"Oh," replied the King, not caring to have the issue pressed, "here comes Marguerite; we will ask her!"

The Queen's carriage, with Her Majesty and the German Empress, was following, so they waited for it. Then the King, with a quietly humorous show of deference, referred the matter to the Queen, who took in the predicament instantly, and, gravely addressing the Emperor, said: "You see we are close to the Vatican, and I fear it would alarm the Pope if we were to call out the troops. He is not accustomed to such displays under his windows, and I should not like to alarm the dear old man."

There was no salute that day.

I have heard Queen Marguerite called "the personification of charity." When one of her friends advised her to be economical, "because one never knows what may happen," the Queen replied: "No; what comes from the country must go back to the country!" She is an enthusiastic and discriminating patron of art, and has done much to encourage lace manufacture and the production of silk embroidery in Italy; she is actively interested in founding industrial schools for girls; she contributes liberally to hospitals, and orphan and blind asylums, and goes to the children's hospitals, and tells stories to the youngsters, and brings them toys.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE MAJOR AND I.

The Major and I, in the summer,
When twilights were tender and still,
Oft wandered down there by the waters
That flow by the judge's old mill.

Right often we sat there discussing
The various features of life,
I fond of romance, and the Major—
A practical man—with a knife!

"Now, here," he would say, "is a flower;
It's extract is worth a good deal—
If the botanists knew—" and he'd crush it
As if the poor thing couldn't feel!

"The water is talking," I tell him,
"And singing a song as it goes;"
"Tut, tut," says the Major, and coldly
He keeps on dissecting the rose!

"The trees with their beautiful banners
Are glassed in the water," I say;
"Yes," the Major replies, "in this section
A saw mill would certainly pay"!

Thus we talk, and he calmly reduces
My dreams till no longer they please;
He'd ruin a world full of roses
And cut down the last of the trees!

Frank L. Stanton.

In "To-Day" *for* March 9, *a second series of* Reminiscences of a Lawyer's Clerk, *by* Herbert Keen, *Author of* My Landlady's Stories, *will be commenced.*

CIVILISATION IN PROGRESS.*

Tonga, where the Rev. Shirley Baker—known in Australia as the Burly Shaker—had his remarkable diversions as a prime minister, travesties representative institutions by the absurdity with which details are carried out. Take for instance, the promulgation of

MR. BAKER'S WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.

He instructed the criers to cry the preamble and a *résumé* of the Act—That whereas certain birds, particularly specified, were of public utility as the destroyers of worms fleas, and other noxious insects, they are not to be killed on pain of heavy penalties. But the crier's version was: "Hear me, all people. It is the command of the Government—worms, fleas, and all creeping things are useful; so also are birds, therefore it is ordained that they shall not die; whosoever shall kill any bug, or flea, or worm, or bird, or other such thing, shall be grievously punished." It is right to say that the Tongans received the order without surprise, for the protection of insects seemed to them quite as reasonable as the protection of birds, or indeed as any other of Mr. Baker's statutes.

or the description of

A TONGA CABINET MINISTER.

"I know," he cries. "I have not been to my office for a week. And why? Because I am alone in the world. You talk of work; well, I have been at work—my work is to fill my stomach." He clutches the organ in question with both hands. His eyes roll, his false teeth shut with a snap, and he hisses over them. "I have no wife, no sons, no daughters. Who is to fill my stomach for me? Why," he cried, as the whole piteousness of the situation thrust itself upon him, "it's empty now. Order me to do what you will and I will do it, but only feed me." He sat down choked with his impassioned burst of eloquence. The Premier suggested that a convict should be told off to catch fish for the minister, and dig his yams. This was a straw to the drowning financier. "Yes," he cried, "give me a prisoner—two prisoners, or even three to feed me, but I think that it will want four; feed me, and I will sit in my office all day." It was eventually decided that Goschen should attend his office on alternate days, and upon this understanding Campbell withdrew his resignation. Goschen can scarcely write his own name, much less add up figures; but he is the king's nephew, and receives £120 a year as Treasurer, and no money can be paid out of the Treasury except in his presence.

The police in Tonga have very fine titles, they are classed in three ranks—

The *Inisipeketa* (inspector) with a salary of £30, the *polisi* (policeman) with £20, and the *kateta* (cadet) with £10 a year. Kubu has hit upon the happy idea of letting promotion depend upon individual activity, as shown by the number of prosecutions instituted by each man.

This being the case they found the most profitable duty in which a policeman could engage was the detection of flirting, which Mr. Baker in his paternal solicitude (he was a Nonconformist missionary as well as Prime Minister, Treasurer, and Auditor-General) had made an indictable offence. The police were highly indignant when Mr. Basil Thomson, the author of this diverting book, and a son of the late Archbishop of York, removed it from the list.

Even more extraordinary was the

TREASURY ORDER SYSTEM.

Let us trace the career of one of these "Treasury Orders" now before me. It was drawn on January 7th, 1889, in favour of Sekonaia Tuhetoka for twenty-seven dollars, probably a quarter's rent of one of the leases in Haapai, since it is indorsed 'Department of Leases.' It bears Mr. Baker's signature lithographed, besides Sateki's name as *Minisita Peimasita* (Minister Paymaster), and S. E. W. Baker's as clerk to the Premier. Tuhetoka has long ago forestalled this money at the nearest store, and he hands over the "Treasury Order" towards the reduction of his score in the hope that it may so far soften the heart of the merchant as to procure fresh credit for him. In March the storekeeper buys a cartload of copra from a native, and tenders Tuhetoka's "Treasury Order" in payment; and a week later the man hands it to the tax clerk in settlement of his poll-tax, now two years in arrear. It is written in the law that the sub-treasurers shall not cash "Treasury Orders," but it is nowhere forbidden to receive them as revenue. So the clerk gives him a receipt in full for his taxes (?), and the revenue books show the country to be twenty-seven dollars richer for the worthless paper which has never been debited as expenditure. Then the Premier's descent upon the subtreasury is made, and the "Treasury Order" finishes its mendacious career in the waste-paper basket in Nukualofa.

And—

THE ETC. IN MR. BAKER'S BUDGET.

Items such as "Police uniforms, hardware, parliamentary expenses, tanks, medicines, building materials, lime, etc., £769 6s. 2d.," flung together in heterogeneous incongruity, provoked speculation as to what the "et-cetera" might comprise, and when the vouchers disclosed the fact that groceries (£35 19s. 2d.), Mr. Baker's subscription to the Northern Club, Auckland, his son's cab, tram, and boat hire (£46), and boots and shoes (£2 9s. 9d.), were included, it was felt that the search had not been in vain.

At one time there was a cricket boom in Tonga, but as the natives would play from fifty to seventy a side, and the matches often ran into weeks, it was felt that the industries of the Islands would suffer. When fresh revenue was needed even Mr. Thomson entered into a deal with an eminent foreign stamp dealer, and issued a new set of postage stamps. When the Kelly gang was terrorising Australia they had a bushranging boom, but the bushrangers grew so tired of the bush to which they had taken after some childish outrages, that they committed suicide. Mr. Baker had hit upon the idea of allowing the people who took the collecting-plates round in church to dedicate them to some living or dead dignitary, in order to make the relatives contribute. But even this was brought to a fiasco by a young chief dedicating the collection plate to his favourite dog.

The crowning grotesqueness was perhaps at

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

It is an anxious moment for the newly-appointed Sergeant-at-Arms, Kubu's brother, Kalauta, who is charged with the duty of finding room for everyone. The "Representatives of the people" (as the Constitution calls them), are packed into the benches on the right side of the House above the gangway: the nobles on the left behind the Treasury bench, where sit the Cabinet Ministers, headed by Goschen, who, in a naval frock-coat and check trousers, gives a tone of elegance to the whole Ministry. The next front bench has with difficulty been reserved for the suite of the High Commissioner, whose British uniforms are thrown into shade by the magenta satin gowns that clothe the portly forms of the Princesses Charlotte and Anna Jane behind them. On the crimson daïs is the King's gilt chair, and beside it the royal crown, the heaviest in the world, reclines upon its cushion supported by a three-legged table. The crown was bought by the late Premier from some merchants in Sydney, and but for the verdigris in the flutings, might very well pass for gold.

The suspense is broken at last by the rattle of saluting arms, and the blare of the Tongan National Anthem. Kalauta shouts "*Koe Tu'i!*" and we all rise as the king strides into the room soberly clad, almost erect for all his ninety years, the one dignified figure in all this motley assembly of his subjects. A sovereign who wields absolute power may well tire of pomp and circumstance after his ninetieth year. He is followed by his aides-de-camp, George Finau, dressed in the uniform of a British admiral, and Taufaahau in that of a colonel of the Colonial Defence Forces. . . . . The speech consisted of the usual Ministerial platitudes, congratulations upon "*our cordial relations with the other Powers*," and promises for the future. The allusion to the past was very brief. He, the king, gave thanks to God that these clouds were happily dispersed, and left it to the Legislature to provide for the future by revising all the laws and regulating finance. Convinced that their efforts in pursuit of civilisation would not be crowned with complete success until they had mastered another language besides their own, and that national prosperity could not be assured unless the population ceased to decrease; he had provided them with a schoolmaster for their minds, and a doctor for their bodies. In conclusion, he commended them to God, and trusted that there would be no more dissension between the Churches—the expectation which, in the present temper of the missionaries, is, of all those contained in the Royal Speech, the least likely to be realised. The king interrupted the Speech twice, telling the reader impatiently to speak up.

Like the late Mr. H. H. Romily, Mr. Thomson has a very observant eye for the ridiculous, and the consequence is that they both amuse us thoroughly, while they give us an insight into the very interesting problem of the civilisation of the Kanaka, which will probably result in the said Kanaka being civilised off the face of the earth.

D. S.

* "The Diversions of a Prime Minister," by Basil Thomson. (W Blackwood and Sons, 15s.)

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—Crinoline is openly advancing upon us in leaps and bounds, without even the precaution of an ambuscade. It is not agreeable to look forward to, is it? Meanwhile skirts grow wider and wider, the hems are wired, the pleats stuffed with horsehair, and every imaginable device is employed to produce that fluted roundness in the perpendicular folds that is the indispensable feature of this season's dresses.

We are to be more than ever parti-coloured, it seems. An evening dress worn at a big dinner-party in town this week had a white satin skirt, pink satin bodice, and pale blue velvet sleeves. And one of the newest coats seen at the Wimbledon Skating Club on Saturday had the body in sealskin, the sleeves and revers in Persian lamb, and the collar in sable.

DRESS FROM PETER ROBINSON'S.

What high revels the skating world is enjoying this winter! We have been all over London and its suburbs during the last week with different friends, hunting out the best places to skate on. In our sweet innocence we tried the Round Pond one day, but soon left. The rowdy element was in the ascendant. A portion of the Long Water, roped off from the general public, proved very much pleasanter, and well worth the small charge made. A girl was there skating in a remarkably pretty silver-grey corduroy, trimmed with chinchilla, and turned back from a pink satin box-pleat blouse. Her grey felt hat was edged with chinchilla and trimmed with roses. Another wore a bright emerald-green cloth coat and skirt with an orange velvet blouse, showing its box-pleat down the centre of the former. Large buttons of jet and green enamel acted as studs. A touch of orange in the smart brown felt hat gave the toilette completeness.

Another day I went with the Brownes to the Paddington Recreation Grounds, and we found the ice perfect. Once or twice we fared further afield, trying Richmond Park and Wimbledon, so you see we have had a perfect carnival of skating.

I am not tired of it—who would tire of so agreeable an amusement? But I heartily wish the thaw would come. There is illness in every family we know, without one solitary exception, and one never knows where these violent chills will end. We are almost thankful that we have no longer our pretty house, but live in a flat; because the heating of it all through is such a comparatively easy matter. I pride myself very particularly on the way I manage. Just half-way down the corridor, on which all our rooms open, we have an Ardent lamp going day and night, and it warms the air delightfully, besides being one of the most radiantly comfortable-looking things you can possibly imagine. In the larder we have a Defries lamp, which, without being turned up to its fullest capacity, just keeps the food from freezing by mellowing the air. Each bedroom has either a gas stove or a safety oil stove, and the consequence is that throughout the whole flat a decidedly agreeable temperature reigns.

Economical? Well, no. It is not economical in one sense. All this expenditure of oil and gas means money, but it surely means wisdom and prudence to spend it on them instead of on the doctor and his medicines.

If it chance to be weather like this for the Drawing Room, there will be plenty of work for the doctors. I should think the Queen would, for once, allow her faithful subjects to be admitted to the Palace, instead of shivering for an hour or so in their carriages on the Mall; and, perhaps, too, the barriers that keep them away from those tantalisingly bright fires may, for once, be removed. And, the thin end of the wedge once inserted, would it not be nice if Her Majesty would direct the officials to offer the shivering ladies the hospitality of hot tea?

I feel sure she would, if she could only realize what they endure; but she is by nature debarred from doing so. The Queen enjoys cold weather as much as the majority of her subjects delight in balmy airs and lovely summer, which seems elusive and unreal as a phantom in all these bitter frosts.—Your affectionate Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patty.—You are young, Patty! Don't deny it: admit the soft impeachment. And what a delightful thing it is to be young, though we do not quite realize what a delightful thing it is until youth has left us. It is only because you are young that you are troubled with those red hands. Don't wear tight gloves or tight sleeves. Wash the hands always in tepid water, never in hot or cold, and spend a good three minutes in drying them. That is a too often neglected precaution. If you can't get them dry enough with the towel, finish them off with a piece of fine flannel.

AN INCIDENT DURING the LATE SNOWSTORM.

(Drawn by J. W. T. MANUEL.)

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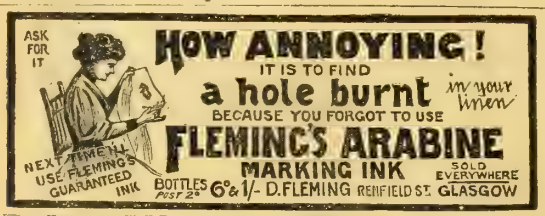

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Middle Age.—Yes, it is hard, and each of us has to fight our solitary battle alone in this matter. Let me quote for you some charming lines on the subject that I met with in an American magazine. They are by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop :—

Yet Am I Old.

I never knew that I was old—
Like truth in dreams that truth yet seemed—
Until the honest "photo" told
Me I was old!

As children turn from ghostly dark,
As our hearts chill at barbarous tales,
We will not look, we will not hark,
Our age to mark!

We know our hope has broken wing,
We know we shall not miss the world
But all is nothing to the sting
The old lines bring!

Yet, after all, whence once we bow
Submissive to the iron fact,
We find that life can, even now,
Enthrall, somehow!

Eyes that are kind o'erlook the grey
That shimmers on our whitening head
Kisses from lips we love delay
Joys but a day!

Sordello.—The slices are cut as thin as a wafer and rolled back with a knife. It is not difficult, for the bread is so thin that it naturally curls up.

Madame.—You can discharge a servant for refusing to do her work, or for gross impertinence, but you must pay her wages up to the moment of sending her away; and, if she chooses to summons you, the burden of proving that she merited discharge would rest on you. You can easily discharge a servant at any time by paying her money up to the end of the month. This is much better than turning them out at a couple of hours' notice, with only just the amount they have earned.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Okra or Creole-Gumbo Soup is not nearly so well known in England as it deserves to be. I have just tried it and found it a great success, and something quite new. Tins of okra can be obtained of Mrs. A. W. Marshall, 30, Mortimer Street, W., and the method of using the contents is as follows :—Fry together three-quarters of a pound of veal, half pound of ham, one pound of tomatoes, and one large tablespoonful of lard. While this is cooking add salt and pepper and a little onion or garlic. Let the whole cook for about one hour over a slow fire, then add the can of okra (which you have taken care to keep warm by immersing in hot water), also one can of shrimps. If too rich a little warm water may be added. Let the whole cook for about six minutes and serve up.

It has long been one of our family maxims : "When in doubt play Queen of Puddings." Here is a good recipe for it, and the beauty of it is that the materials needed for it are usually to be found on the premises : Place in a bowl half a pint of fine breadcrumbs, the grated rind of a lemon, one ounce of good butter, three tablespoonsful of castor sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, stir gradually on to these ingredients one pint of boiling milk. Butter a piedish and put at the bottom an inch thick layer of jam (raspberry, strawberry, or blackberry being the best), and on the top of this pour the mixture already prepared. Bake in a moderate oven until set and slightly browned —then before serving fill up the dish with a nice cup custard, and if to be served cold, whipped cream floating on the top of this prettily garnished makes it a dainty-looking and much appreciated sweet.

Cardoons are a vegetable not generally known. They are in season from October to March. They are rather like globe artichokes, but the long inside stalk is the only portion eaten. They can be boiled by soaking the sticks previously in cold water, then rubbing them with a cut lemon and throwing them into milk and water in an enamelled saucepan. An iron one would turn them black. They are served with melted butter. Another way of cooking cardoons is to stew them in pieces about two inches long in veal stock with a glass of sherry or sauterne, a small bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, a little flour and butter for thickening, and the juice of half a lemon. The botanic name is *cynara cardunculus*.

The terrine or earthenware pot in which Luxette is prepared and cooked is now enclosed in a hermetically sealed tin box in place of the outer cardboard box used hitherto. In this form the article does not touch the tin, the lard covering is dispensed with, and it may be safely stocked for home use or export without any fear of deterioration. The tin box containing the terrine is easily opened by the simple removal of the metal band, thus leaving a perfect box to retain and cover up the earthenware pot, whilst only part of its contents are used. If you have any trouble in obtaining Luxette, you must send the name of your grocer to Mrs A. B. Marshall, School of Cookery, 30, Mortimer Street, W., and she will communicate with him with a view to his keeping it in stock for sale at the advertised price, in order to save postage, which has to be charged on single pots sent out.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Pore ole 'Ankin's been done—done brarn. It 'appened this wye. Theer were a boy as went by the nime o' Ginger, in cornsequence of 'is 'air bein' carrots; and 'e'd bin annoyin' 'Ankin fur some time, 'e 'ad. 'Ankin 'ad orfun spoke ter me abart thet boy. 'Im and some others would wite till 'Ankin were a punchin' tickuts on the top o' the 'bus, and then they'd jump onter the step ter git theirselves a free ride, and, in course, as soon as they seed 'Ankin comin' darn again' horf they'd bolt. 'E'd tried ter cop 'em scores o' times. Once, 'owever, 'e took a lump o' coal hup onter the top o' the 'bus, with 'im, and when thim boys gort onter the step 'e went ter drop it on 'em. 'E missed thim and 'it a lyedy as were jest comin' art from inside. Do whort 'e would 'e couldn't cop them boys. Theer were a lot on 'em, but Ginger were the wust and frequentest. Well, one dye lawst week 'Ankin looks over from the top o' the 'bus an' sees Ginger a settin' on the step as cool as a cowcumber, crackin nuts an' chuckin' the shells inter pawsin 'ansoms. 'E didn't see 'Ankin, and 'Ankin come darn quick and jest managed to collar 'him. "Gort yur at lawst!" says 'Ankin, "and I'll give yer a lessing this time." So 'e storps the 'bus and 'ands over Ginger to a copper fur defrordin' o' the comp'ny by ridin' on a 'bus withart pyin' 'is fare. "Nar, then," says the copper ter Ginger shawp-like, whort do yer mean by it? Whort did yer get on that 'bus for?" "'Cos I wanted ter ride ter To'm-Court-Road," says Ginger. "Well, then, if you rides on 'buses you'll 'ave ter pye the fare. Why didn't yer pye?" "'Cos," says Ginger, "I wasn't never awst, I dunno whort 'e's gettin' at. I've 'ad the money witin' fur 'im this lawst 'alf-hour." Yer might a knocked 'Ankin darn with a 'ymn-book, 'e were so took a-back. 'E'd mide cocksure that Ginger were lawkin', sime as yooshall. "And is this hall you're stoppin' the traffic an' wistin' my time fur?" says the copper ter 'Ankin. "Give the boy 'is ticket, and be ashimed of yerself." Pore ole 'Ankin! It worn't no treat to him' that worn't. That boy Ginger never so much as grinned. 'E'd got 'Ankin proper, an' that were all 'e keered abart. As yooshally happens when anythink goes wrong with 'Ankin, 'e 'as become more aggerivited in 'is perliticel opinyuns than ever. 'Is remawks the sime night on the subjic of Chymeberlin was a disgrice.

* * * *

I see as the other dye they found a chap settin' in the Edgweer Road with nutthink on 'is feet. In course, all the pawsers-by was likely to pity 'im and give 'im sutthink fur 'isself. The coppers searched him, and farnd on 'im three pairs o' socks, a pair o' boots, and nigh on ite bob in money. Nar that's the kind of man as jolly well wants 'is 'ead punched, an' I should enjoy the doin' of it. 'Ere we 'as plenty o' real genyine distress along o' this bloomin' weather, an' any amount of appeals ter the public fur 'elp. If the public gits took in by a dirty frord like that it'll get too suspicious to 'elp the genyine. 'E gort off with a caution, bein' charged with a pline drunk an' not with beggin', and I'm sorry for it. Genyine distress don't get such a clinkin' lot of 'elp horffered it that it can afford ter 'ave the show spiled by that kind o' blaggud. Mye 'e be copped agin, and copped soon, an' git six months of the best!

Advice free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). See Illd. Guide (259 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—Advt.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

I have often wondered where in the world Mr. Kipling got his name of Rudyard. A certain Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire earned the distinction of a paragraph in the *Chronicle* last week by freezing itself two feet thick. Has it the further distinction of being Mr. Kipling's godparent? Perhaps his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, or his aunts, Mrs. Poynter and Lady Burne-Jones, would enlighten me on this point.

* * * *

Artemus Ward once remarked that Burns was a good poet, but could not spell a bit. In running through Mr. Rhys's interesting preface to the lyric poems of Robert Burns (just brought out by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)—the prettiest edition of Burns which I have ever stocked, I was reminded of the fact that either the poet or his father couldn't spell his own name, for whereas the immortal ploughman signed himself Robert Burns, his father, the peasant farmer, signed himself William Burness.

* * * *

For years the best book on Japan I had on my shelves was "The Mikado's Empire," by the Rev. W. E. Griffis, D.D., whose "The Religions of Japan from the Dawn of History to the Era of Meiji" is about to be issued by Hodder and Stoughton. These were the publishers, whose reader discovered that remarkably successful writer Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

* * * *

When I first saw Mrs. Hinkson, whose "Day of a Maid" is about to be published by Lawrence and Bullen, she was Miss Katherine Tynan, and lived at Whitehall, Clondalkin, a little way out of Dublin. I met her at a tea-party given by a professor at Trinity College, who asked me, I fully believe, in order that his books might be displayed on the counter of at least one London bookshop. Mr. Hinkson, whom she married, was also a Trinity College man. They now live at Ealing. In those days Mrs. Hinkson was known chiefly as a writer of graceful and rather devotional poetry, published by Mr. Kegan Paul.

* * * *

One of my most constant customers is Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G., who has the courage to publish the first number of his new magazine, which is to consist entirely of high-class fiction, on the 1st of April. Perhaps he has chosen this date because even fools read fiction. Anyhow he was never wanting in courage. Englishmen who were in Portugal during the anti-British riots a few years ago will not easily forget how the dignified chairman of the Authors' Club, who was then their Consul-General, and whose outspoken utterances had made him peculiarly an object of offence to the Portuguese students and larrikins, went about by day and by night as usual—alone and unarmed with anything except a cane. And it was his pluck and perseverance which have brought the Authors' Club to its present pitch of prosperity.

* * * *

The Crockett dinner of the Authors' Club was, my customers tell me, the most entertaining the members have ever enjoyed. Mr. Crawfurd, who has made so many neatly-turned speeches to compliment guests of the evening, certainly never spoke better, and Mr. S. R. Crockett, the guest of the evening, who was received with rounds of applause, made a most spirited speech in excellent taste—quite the best speech ever made by any of the guests whom the club has entertained—from M. Zola, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Maarten Maartens downwards. And then Mr. Frankfort Moore laid the first stone of a new career with a speech which everyone describes as admirably delivered and simply bubbling over with wit. It was a long speech, but provoked roars of laughter from beginning to end, and when Mr. Moore sat down people knew that at his second attempt at a set speech he had found himself every whit as brilliant a speaker as he was a writer.

* * * *

Among the members present were Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., Sir Somers Vine, Sir Frederick Abel, Mr. H. Irving, Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, Mr. M. H. Spielman, Mr. Trevor Battye, Mr. Fred. Upton, Mr. A. J. R. Trendall, C.M.G., Mr. Harry Jones, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Horace Cox, Col. J. C. Dalton, R.A., Mr. A. P. Watt, Mr. Cardwell, Rector of Soho, Mr. G. Herbert Thring. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G., was in the chair, and Mr. Douglas Sladen in the vice-chair. Mr. William Nicholl, the celebrated tenor, sang four songs with a delicacy and finish which evoked prolonged applause, and Mr. Fred. Upton gave the guests of the evening some entirely new wrinkles in the art of novel writing by reciting a couple of his condensed novels.

* * * *

Gyp, whose "Leures Amies" has just been brought out by Calmann Levy, is a countess. Why can't we produce a literary countess? Some of our countesses' autobiographies would be highly interesting.

* * * *

The roll of doctors' and doctors' wives who write *belles-lettres* swells steadily. Dr. Gordon Stables must be very popular, for I have letters from all parts of the country to know why I forgot to include him at first. I must now add the names of the well-known Kensington novelist, Mrs. Parr, author of "Dorothy Fox," "Adam and Eve," etc., wife of Dr. George Parr; Dr. Samuel Smiles, the genial author of "Self-Help," "The Lives of the Engineers," etc., who after studying medicine practised for a time as surgeon, I forget at this moment where; and the late Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, the poet.

* * * *

One of the favourite literary topics of the day is the over-production of our most popular authors. Mr. Crockett, Mr. Weyman, Mr. Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Anthony Hope have had advice—and remonstrances—on that subject ladled out to them, which Mr. Crockett has shown to be unnecessary in his instance. The announcement that Mr. Clark Russell will have the "Convict Ship" in the *People*, "The Tale of Ten" in the *St. James's Budget*, and "A Heart of Oak" in *Good Words*, running almost simultaneously, will probably bring him similar attentions. But though they appear together their production has been spread over three or four years.

* * * *

As all who are behind the scenes know, the great papers make their arrangements for serials a long way ahead. Mr. Crockett, for instance, is booked up to 1898. This is an extreme case, but two years ahead is nothing out of the way. I understand that Mr. Clark Russell had the singular ill-luck to sell two of these stories in the first instance to firms which have collapsed—so when they had to be re-sold they had lost their precedence—and the crop of three years was sold in one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. P. S.—You will find some good recitations in "Voice, Speech and Gesture," a large volume recently published by C. W. Deacon and Co.

Tsedre.—The Grammars of Lindley Murray and Mason are both very good. There is a shorter one by Morris, published by Macmillans in their Shilling Primer series.

S. M. E.—"On the Stage and Off," was the first.

The author of *John Halifax* was Dinah Muloch (Mrs. Craik). They will tell you at the *Saturday Review* Office which number contained M.R.'s article on Robert Louis Stevenson.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1895, and will close on THURSDAY AFTERNOON, at 4 o'clock, for Town, and on FRIDAY, at the same time, for the Country.

Applications for shares may be sent in writing to the Secretary of the Company.

Extract from cablegram, dated Coolgardie, 31st January, 1895, from Mr. J. Howard Taylor: "Have struck rich ore in the upper part of mine, the richest ore we have yet found; developments in the lower levels opening up splendidly.

LINDSAY'S EXTENDED (EAST) GOLD MINES (Limited).

(Coolgardie Gold Fields, Western Australia).—Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.—Capital £65,000, divided into 65,000 shares of £1 each, of which 21,000 shares will be allotted to the vendors in part payment of the purchase consideration, and the balance, namely, 44,000, are now offered for subscription, payable 2s. 6d. per share on application, 5s. on allotment, 2s. 6d. one month after allotment, and the balance, if required, in calls not exceeding 2s. 6d. per share, at intervals of not less than two months.

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PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed to acquire and work the two mining blocks, Nos. 125 and 396 (now 1,480), having an area of 28 acres or thereabouts, situate about 40 chains north of Coolgardie Township, and west of Bayley's Reward Claim respectively.

From the sketch accompanying the prospectus it will be seen that these blocks adjoin on the eastern side those of Lindsay's Gold Mines (Limited), and arrangements are in contemplation for mutual development upon such reciprocal principles as, while safeguarding the separate interests of each company, will effect important economies in administration, crushing arrangements, and notably in the conservation and utilisation of water.

The property has been reported upon by the following, viz.: David Lindsay, F.R.G.S., Mining and Licensed Surveyor, M.S.A., Inst. Surv., M.R.G.S.A., J. Francis Markes, F.G.S., F.G.S.A., A.M.M.A, (one of the vendors), and Captain Thomas Fowler, mining engineer to the New Victoria Gold Mining Company, Coolgardie, and full copies of their reports, upon which the prospectus is chiefly based (the originals whereof have been furnished by the vendors), can be seen at the offices of the solicitors of the company.

LEASE 125.

Mr. David Lindsay says: "No 1. shaft, on the southerly part of the lease, is 41 feet deep, with a drive along the reef to the south for 21 feet. The reef here is 5 feet 6 inches wide, with fine gold showing in the face and in the stones overhead.

"Eighty feet west is No. 2 shaft, which is an irregular-shaped hole 10 feet deep in a formation of quartz and mullock 11 feet wide, with a northerly strike and an easterly dip of about one in two. The whole of this is good crushing stuff, carrying coarse and fine gold freely. Coarse pieces of gold are sticking out of the quartz in many places. 170 ounces have been obtained by crushing in a small hand mortar. This formation is highly payable. The country is soft and decomposed. 20 feet further north the formation is again exposed, and really rich specimens are to be obtained, coarse gold showing freely.

"On bearing 35°, which is evidently the strike of this formation, being parallel to the main outcrop at 210 feet, a solid body of quartz is just exposed, apparently dipping east, and about 10 feet wide. It is not possible yet to estimate the size."

"The main outcrop of reef carrying such a large body of stone showing fine gold, and the parallel formation 11 feet wide, carrying rich specimens of gold, as well as fine gold, freely disseminated through the stone, render this property one which may be characterised as a safe speculation, and out of which the investor may confidently expect to receive dividends as soon as a machine is erected to treat the stone."

Mr. J. Francis Markes, also speaking of Lease 125, of which he made a very careful inspection in July, 1894, says: "The ridge separating Pig Flat Gully and Hogan Gully runs through it, and the two reefs at present opened outcrop on the top of the ridge, and run north and south into these gullies, which were famous, in the first days of Coolgardie (1893), for the heavy alluvial gold found in them. They are still the principal alluvial workings near Coolgardie, and very many thousands of ounces of gold have been taken from them. Unfortunately, no exact record has been kept of the yields, but old hands now working here estimate it at 30,000 to 40,000 ounces, much of it, no doubt, having come from the reefs on this lease."

Speaking of the Northern part of the property, he says: "The site of this discovery is on the line of the West Reef now thoroughly opened on the surface by the prospectors who, on the top of the ridge, 422 feet from the North boundary, have struck extraordinarily rich gold at 8 to 10 feet deep. . . . The whole width of the present face, 8 or 9 feet, carries gold, and the full width of the formation is not yet exposed. On the West side of the shaft very rich stone has been struck, and some 200 ounces of gold were dollied out by the owners in a short time. I brought down a quantity of this stone with the pick, and got many beautiful specimens very similar in appearance to some of the rich stuff in Cockshot and Everard shafts, in Bayley's Reward."

Captain Fowler, in his report, dated 11th August, 1894, after pointing out the similarity of the formations on this property with those of the famous Indicator country at Ballarat, says: "Should my anticipations prove correct, and an Indicator be found adjacent to the flat veins or flows of quartz, you have a mine of untold wealth, and one that I should prefer to scores of those that have come under my notice as investments of great promise."

The results of his tests of the value of the ore he notes as follows: "About 7 lbs. weight taken from all parts, and sampled, 1 lb. weight put through by careful panning turned the scale at 1½ grs., equal to 7 ozs. per ton. That taken from face to big 10 feet excavation, where gold was seen plentifully, gave a return, under same conditions, of over 28 ozs. per ton.

LENGTH OF REEF.

Mr Markes says: "Both reefs appear to run the full length of the lease, 15½ chains, or 1,023 feet. North, on Lease 168, they are also being worked."

"On Lease 159, the property of Lindsay's Gold Mines (Limited), adjoining west, a reef is being worked 132 feet from the boundary, its underlie being east into 125."

LEASE 1,480.

Mr. Lindsay says: "Lease 396 (now 1,480), containing 16 acres, has a surface practically untouched, save for the alluvial workings. A shaft 60 feet deep has been sunk upon or near the supposed line of reef. The large area contained in this lease should make it a valuable prospecting property, and doubtless other reefs besides the main one will be found when looked for. The leases adjoining it on the south-east and west are working on good reefs, and some of which must strike through this block."

Captain Fowler says: "And last, though not least, the acquisition of Lease 396 (now 1,480) is of great importance."

WATER.

Mr. David Lindsay says: "Want of water will not be a difficulty, as it will be obtained at 250 feet."

Mr. Markes says: "Can be conserved either on the surface, the gullies mentioned affording great facilities, or by a water shaft."

TIMBER.

Mr. Lindsay says: "Timber is to be obtained in the vicinity, and the property is situated within one mile of the proposed railway terminus."

Mr. Markes says: "Timber is plentiful for miles around."

STONE AT GRASS.

Mr. Markes says: "At the surface workings and shafts there were, at the date of my inspection (July, 1894), some 30 to 40 tons of stone. That at the west reef is estimated to contain at the rate of 8 ounces per ton, which is probably a fair calculation."

GENERAL REMARKS.

Mr. Markes says: "The property has one of the best prospects on Coolgardie (excepting, of course, the phenomenal mines). Its situation between two wonderfully rich alluvial gullies, the workings in which extend right on to the lease, is unequalled on the field, and alone justifies the expectation of rich returns, while the splendid stone already struck confirms this opinion."

A cablegram from Mr. J. Howard Taylor, the vendors' representative, dated Coolgardie, 31st January, 1895, states: "Have struck rich ore in the upper part of mine, the richest ore we have yet found; developments in the lower levels opening up splendidly."

The special correspondent at Coolgardie of the "Perth Enquirer," in the issue of the 3rd August, 1894, says: "I have just inspected Lease No. 125, which comprises 12 acres. . . . On this property a massive line of true quartz runs right through the block. . . In the stone in excavations at both the north and south ends, I found fine and coarse gold visible in the solid stone. . . . About 80 feet, and parallel with the main reef is a lode of reef formation divided by bands of mullock, the bands of stone varying from 10 inches to over 2 feet wide. This quartz carries beautiful rich nuggetty gold in the solid stone. . . . . From this excavation over 200 ounces have been taken. The largest vein of quartz here— which is over two feet thick—carries splendid gold in the solid. . . Tracing this line of reef across the country, it seems to me to correspond in its continuity with the Big Blow, and to be an outcropping, or rather, an upheaval, of the same deep reef. . . . I regard this is a valuable property, which should yield payable gold with remunerative returns over outlay from the commencement, if properly managed."

The vendors, William Davis, John Bruce Nixon, and James Francis Markes, have fixed the consideration to be paid for the property at £50,000, payable as to £3,000 in cash, £21,000 in fully-paid shares of the company, and the balance in cash or shares, at the option of the directors, subject to the provision of sufficient working capital, for which 15,000 shares are reserved for subscription.

As showing the faith of the vendors in the merits of the property, they have consented to accept the whole of the purchase consideration in shares, at the option of the directors, subject to a nominal fixed payment of £3,000 in cash.

The following contracts have been entered into: (1) dated the 14th July, 1894, and made between William Davis and John Bruce Nixon of the one part, and James Francis Markes of the other part; (2) dated the 26th January, 1895, and made between the said William Davis and John Bruce Nixon of the first part, the said James Francis Markes of the second part, and Alfred Henry Oxenford, as trustee for this company, of the third part; and (3) dated the 28th January, 1895, and made between the said William Davis and John Bruce Nixon and James Francis Markes of the first part, the said Alfred Henry Oxenford of the second part, and Charles Crisp of the third part, whereby, in consideration of defraying the preliminary expenses of the company, and of other services, the said Charles Crisp will be entitled to a specified participation in the above consideration.

These contracts, together with the original reports, and plan mentioned in this prospectus, may be seen at the offices of the solicitors. Other contracts have been entered into for the guarantee of the necessary capital, but to none of which this company is a party. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of such contracts, and to have waived their right (if any) to any further particulars of the same, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to either of the company's bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. The allotment will be made as early as possible after the subscription is closed, and in cases where no allotment is made the amount deposited on application will be returned at once, without deduction. If the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment, so far as necessary, and any balance will be returned.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the bankers, solicitors, auditors, and at the offices of the company.

London, February, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

MOORE V. "TO-DAY."

We have to thank numerous correspondents for kind and congratulatory letters upon the result of this litigation. "The verdict of the jury," writes one correspondent, "the head of a well-known firm of solicitors, "as well as the decision of the Lord Chief Justice, furnish a complete vindication of the articles in To-Day," and that appears to be the general impression. We have also to say to several correspondents who suggest that the readers of To-Day should among them subscribe our costs, and offer to head the list with substantial sums, that we are none the less sensible of the kindness that prompts these offers because we are unable to act upon their suggestion. To be quite accurate, we are only able to accept one of these offers, and that the smallest. A very young lady—but not too young to appreciate To-Day—has been permitted to send us from Brighton a farthing—a very dirty farthing, but not too dirty, as she thinks—to cover the damages awarded Moore by a jury of his fellow-countrymen. That farthing we keep.

THE LONDON AND NORTHERN ASSETS CORPORATION.

The general meeting of this and the sister corporation—the London and Northern Debenture Corporation—will be held after we go to press this week, and we defer all but one or two observations upon their present position. We direct attention to the very unsatisfactory character of the accountants' certificate, which is identical in the two Reports, and which runs as below:—

> We have examined the foregoing balance-sheet and revenue account, with the books, securities, and vouchers of the corporation, and hereby certify the same to be correct in accordance therewith. The assets have been valued by the directors. We are not in a position to value the same, but we are of opinion that further provision should be made for depreciation beyond the present reserve fund.

Now, upon the value of the assets it depends, of course, whether the corporation is solvent or not, and the auditors tell us that they are not in a position to value them. But they must know something about their value, because they say that they dissent from the opinion of the directors—that the reserve fund is "sufficient to meet any ultimate deficiency that is possible upon the realisation of the investments." But if the auditors are right, and the directors wrong in this matter, the 5 per cent. dividend ought not to be paid, because it has not been earned.

We do not express an opinion as to whether auditors or directors are right, since, as we write, we are without the necessary data. But we hope that at the meeting on Tuesday the directors will see their way to give information as to the value of the assets, for some of the securities held are of very doubtful value. As here—

	Par Value.
1. Hemp, Yarn and Cordage Company, 471 £5 preference shares	£2,355
2. Calderbank Steel and Coal Company, 565 £10 preference shares	5,650
3. Calderbank Steel and Coal Company, 1228 £10 ordinary shares	12,280
4. Mortgage Insurance Company, 250 ordinary shares	2,500
5. London and Northern Debenture Corporation, 3,315 ordinary shares	6,630
	£29,415

The first of these companies is in liquidation, and no information is obtainable as to the value of the assets. The second company has paid no dividend since 1891, the third was in liquidation last year, and the shares of the fourth are at twenty-five per cent. discount, and would be difficult to sell in any considerable number at that.

Here, then, we have close upon £30,000 locked up in securities that, with the exception of the last, are practically unsaleable. At what price do these securities stand in the books of the company? We hope shareholders will press for information on this point, made doubly necessary by the very unsatisfactory form of the auditors' certificate.

THE BOND TEA TRICK.

The questions put by Mr. F. C. Frye to the Home Secretary, on Tuesday last, were very much to the point. Mr. Frye wanted to know why Sir Edward Bradford has made no attempt to suppress the pernicious Bond Tea System, to which To-Day has so repeatedly directed attention, and all Mr. Asquith could say in reply was that he does not know of cases where the police "have failed to take action when they could have done so." Now for the facts.

In almost every great town, other than London, in England, the police have prosecuted bond tea sellers, and in no single case have they failed to get a conviction. Why is it that in London the police have left it to a private trade association to take action? Some months ago the Federation of Grocers' Associations made strong representations to the Public Prosecutor, and, acting upon these representations, Mr. Cust caused it to be intimated to heads of police throughout the kingdom that they would do well to warn bond tea sellers to discontinue selling, and if the warning was ignored to prosecute. That was something—a good deal. But Sir Edward Bradford has done nothing. Twice the secretary of the Federation of Grocers' Association's wrote to him urging him to move in the matter, and there was not even a reply. The secretary of the Association made a third communication, and to this a reply dated February 12th, which reached the Association only on February 14th, came, in which it was explained that the delay in answering was due to inadvertence." Inadvertence! If there was nothing but inadvertence it is odd, to say the least of it, that the matter was only remembered after notice of a question in Parliament had been given. And what a reply it is!—

> The matter to which it (the letter that was overlooked by "inadvertence") related has been engaging his (Sir Edward Bradford's) attention, and although the ingenuity shown by certain tea companies in endeavouring to set up lotteries without violating the Lottery Acts makes police action somewhat difficult, the Commissioner hopes to put an end to such illicit trading in the metropolis.

Truly a pretty production! The "ingenuity" of "certain tea companies" has not been sufficient to prevent their being convicted and punished in the country as "rogues and vagabonds," but to prove any such charge in London is, in Sir Edward Bradford's opinion, "somewhat difficult." The Grocers' Association found no difficulty in convicting Nelson; but the task that this private association found easy is too much, it seems, for the head of the Metropolitan Police.

THE WEST LONDON BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

It is a little surprising that until now no leading joint-stock bank has had its head office in the West End of London. The West London Banking Company will remove that anomaly. Brought out with a capital of £2,000,000, and a strong board, this new banking company breaks away from the old lines in material particulars. In the first place one half the capital is in cumulative fully-paid preference shares, and entitled to a dividend of 5 per cent. per annum. These preference shares will represent a very desirable investment. Being fully-paid, they remove the chief objection of investors to bank shares, namely the heavy liability attached to most of them. Then, again, the West London Banking Company will meet the legitimate and general complaints of bank shareholders—that they are not given sufficient information as to the position of the bank. A detailed list of the stocks, shares, bonds and debentures held by the bank as investments of its funds will be attached to the yearly balance-sheet, and quarterly summaries will be issued in a new and improved form, which will give the fullest possible information as to the financial position of the bank. It will be noted, too, with much satisfaction, that the articles of association require that the reserve fund shall be a real reserve. Its amount will be separately stated in each balance-sheet and quarterly summary issued to shareholders, and the whole of it must be invested in Consols.

These are excellent features, and should commend the company to the support of the public. Moreover, the board of directors is a very influential one from the social point of view, and should be able to influence a good deal of West End business to the new bank.

THE LANCASHIRE WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED.

We hear that the forthcoming report of this company will show very satisfactory progress. Although registered in 1888, and paying good dividends, little is known outside Lancashire of the company, which is unique in its way. There are plenty of watch companies in the United States, but the Lancashire Watch Company is the first of its kind in this country. The late Lord Derby, one of the shrewdest men in the kingdom, was a large shareholder in the company, and speaking at the inauguration ceremony in January, 1890, he said:—

> We saw what the Americans had done, and we could not see any reason why we in Prescot should not do the same. Capital is cheaper here than on the other side of the Atlantic. Labour also is cheaper than it is likely to be in the new country, and as for industry, invention, and ingenuity, they have never been deficient in Lancashire, or here in Prescot.

And further on in the same speech, Lord Derby said :—

> In the working of this company there has been nothing that will not bear the light. No guinea-pig directors sit at the board, no promoters have filled their empty pockets at the expense of the *bona-fide* investor. All has been straightforward and above-board. There is an old story that there are some speculations like a cold bath, very healthy if you do not stay in too long. Now, ours is not one of that sort. I mean to stay in it, and I shall recommend all my friends to do the same.

Praise from a man of higher worth or influence no company could want, and now that shareholders are about to be made acquainted with the result of another year's working, and application for a quotation will soon be made to the Liverpool and London Stock Exchanges, we think the time opportune to draw attention to a sound home undertaking which promises to go far to win back to England a trade that for many years has been passing with ever-increasing rapidity to foreign countries.

C. WINDOVER, LIMITED.

WE have received a letter from our correspondent, "One Interested," in reply to Mr. Barnard's statement of last week, but this letter concerns itself rather with showing that the business was a rotten one when bought than with proving that it would be unwise to accept the offer of the Messrs. Windover. The main question for shareholders is not whether they paid too much for the business, but whether liquidation—that being the only alternative to sale—will give them more than they will get if they accept the offer of the Windovers. Our correspondent does not attempt to prove that this would be the case.

WE learn that forty-eight summonses have been taken out against a well-known London butter dealer for infringements of the Margarine Act.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE have to acknowledge receipt of a copy of "Brewery Companies" (the *Statist* office, 51, Cannon Street, E.C.), originally published as a series of articles in our able contemporary, the *Statist*. The information has been carefully revised up to date, and we hope to make more extended reference to this very useful and really interesting book next week.

We have also to acknowledge a copy of Mr. Dunsford's very useful *Stock Exchange Handbook* (Follett Dunsford, Royal Exchange, Leeds). The handbook is admirably arranged, and carefully compiled. We recommend it to investors.

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

Hay and Foster, 10, Copthall Avenue, E.C.—These people ask the public to take shares in what they call the Co-operative Turf Association. They estimate the profits of the association at 416 per cent. per annum, and this profit does not appear to Messrs. Hay and Foster "excessively high." We hope no reader of TO-DAY will try to get it by applying for shares in the Co-operative Turf Association.

The Monochrome Portrait Company, Ealing, W.—These people promise an "artistic monochrome portrait free of charge," and a "richly-engraved aluminium gold watch" free of charge, to any person "who will distribute a few of our circulars amongst their friends." Some two or three years ago a very similar dodge, without, we think, the watches, was "worked" for some time. Finally the police looked in.

NEW ISSUES.

The West London Banking Company, Ltd. Capital £2,000,000 divided into 50,000 Ordinary Shares, and a like number of 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares. Formed to carry on banking business in West London, with new and desirable features, as explained elsewhere. The Company is promoted by the Banking Securities Corporation, which for its services takes 1½ per cent. of the nominal amount of the present issue of capital (£1,000,000) to be paid out of the premiums received on the present issue of preference shares.

Lindsay's Extended (East) Gold Mines, Ltd. Capital £65,000. Formed to acquire and work two mining blocks in the Coolgardie district. The plans accompanying the prospectus show two reefs exposed, on which a good deal of work has been done, and the reports of experts speak highly of the property. The Company is brought out by the promoters of Lindsay's Gold Mines, which was favourably received by the public, and four of the Lindsay directors are on the board of the new Company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The Commereial Bank of Australia, Ltd. MEDICUS (Manchester).—We write you under cover. **Costa Rica Pacific Gold Mining Company.** A. S. T. (West Hartlepool).—1. No; there is no chance of selling. The amalgamation can hardly worsen your position. 2. Little or nothing, we fear. **Lodgings Investment Syndicate.** E. H. T. (London).—We know nothing about it. **Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company.** DEVONIA (Bideford).—No. Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year Book" will give you all salient particulars. **Lancashire, Yorkshire and East Coast Railway Company.** F. G. F. (Newcastle).—"Mean and despicable" are terms more applicable to your letter than to our observations upon this undertaking. Will you buy at £6 10s.? **Hemp, Yarn and Cordage Company.** INTERESTED.—(Broughty Ferry).—No information can be got from the syndicate. The reconstruction scheme has not been carried through. We may be able to give you some further information shortly. **Henry Gaze and Son, Ltd.** J. B. (Kilmarnock).—£100,000 seems a very big price for the business, and the prospectus does not convince us that it is not very excessive. **Printing Company.** L. Z. Z. (Colchester).—It is an old-established business of good character, but we are not prepared to recommend purchase of its shares. **London Bank of Australia.** CRISBROOK (Maidstone).—We will answer next week. **Two Gold Mines** J. O. (Burton-on-Trent).—We do not like either of them. **Londonderry Gold Mine.** HERBERT (Sandbank).—Those who should know say the price will go higher, but it would be a very speculative purchase. **An Exploring Syndicate.** G. N. H. (West Derby).—Have nothing to do with it. **Sundry Shares.** A. D. F. (Liverpool).—We have no information respecting Nos. 1, 2, and 4. We advise you to sell No. 3. The corporation is doing little or no business, and has much of its money invested in very risky securities. **Sundry Bonds.** FOREIGN LOTTERY (Mettley).—Of the lot we should prefer Town of Paris. **Five Per Cent.** J. W. (Grimsby).—There is no bank that will give you 5 per cent. for your money, or anything approaching it. The "bank" you name is a sixty per cent. shop, and we cannot advise you to leave your money with it. You should buy shares in some sound home industrial concern, such as T. Wallis, Ltd. **Provident Association of London.** BONDHOLDER (Birmingham).—Yes, we have seen it, and any opinion given by *Truth* upon a commercial matter deserves attention, but we do not agree with this particular opinion. The article implies, if it does not directly charge, fraud in the management of the Association, and the same insinuation has often found place in the pages of *Truth* during the last six years. We know of no justification for it, and we say this after giving somewhat close attention to the affairs of the Association. We do not think Mr. Labouchere will succeed in obtaining a Parliamentary inquiry. He has tried before and failed, and will fail again unless he has other facts than those given in *Truth*. He suggests fraudulent management, but does not offer a tittle of proof. No doubt there is a good deal of dissatisfaction, but that is no new thing, and it is quite natural. A man has taken out a bond for thirty years, he has paid, we will say, for three or four years, and from one cause or another he decides not to pay any longer. Upon that he makes application for surrender value, and is told that there is none. Thereupon he cries aloud that he has been cheated, whereas if only he read the conditions printed at the back of his bond, he would find that no claim for surrender value is recognised when payments have not been made for five years. Or he has paid for five years, and he only gets one-third of the sum he has paid, when he thinks he ought to get much more. But here again, if he would only read the printed conditions, he would see that the Association has done what it contracted to do. It may be unwise to take out bonds under the conditions described, but that is quite another matter. It may be that men have been persuaded to take out bonds upon misleading statements of agents, but where is the evidence that the agents of the Association indulge in looser statement than the agents of other companies? What has to be shown if the management at headquarters is to be justly censured is that canvassers are encouraged to make such statements, and that care is not taken at headquarters to make the conditions of membership clear. We do not think that can be shown. We have never seen the proofs, and probably we have seen more complaints than have ever reached *Truth*. Among other things Mr. Labouchere wants to know the number of bonds paid off. No bonds have been paid off in the sense in which he uses the term, and for the simple reason that as yet none have matured. As for the solvency of the Association, the opinion of no newspaper man, be it that of Mr. Labouchere or another, is worth twopence. But we cannot forget that some five years ago the books of the Association were handed, at the instance of the *Star*, to one of the most eminent firms of accountants in the City of London, with instructions to make an exhaustive enquiry, and the result of that enquiry, which took months, and cost the Association over £1,500, was a certificate from Messrs. Whinney, Hurlbatt, and Smith that the Association could pay over 22s. in the £. Since then a quinquennial period has passed, and Mr. Ralph Hardy, one of the most eminent of living actuaries, has reported that the financial position of the Association is sound. We cannot go behind these authorities and join *Truth* in asserting without evidence that the Association is not financially sound. We agree with Mr. Labouchere that the Association should publish a revenue account. We have often urged it to do so, but because it does not we are not warranted in arguing that it cannot meet its obligations. If you or anyone else will send us documentary evidence in support of the allegations and insinuations of *Truth* we will examine it with an open mind, but we do not want more complaints that bondholders have tired of paying and cannot get back all that they have paid in, and that agents have behaved after their kind. **Boudard Peveril Gear Company.** W. H. (Tynemouth).—The calls will have to be paid unless you can prove misrepresentation. As to the other questions of your letter we will reply under cover. **Mining Shares.** YARG (Dublin).—We advise you to take your profit. The rise in the other mining shares you name has little to do with intrinsic value. "**Debenture Notes.**" F. M. G. (Tunbridge Wells).—It is of course open to you to offer them to the public. Whether they would be silly enough to take them is another matter. We think it highly unlikely. **Outside Brokers.** RONCUR (Hexham).—We advise you to have nothing to do with these people. **Balkis-Eersterling.** H. M (Cloves).—We have nothing of a reassuring character to say about this business. We entirely agree with what you say about the call. **Abaris Mining Company.** S. W. (Edinburgh).—All you say is true, but we do not see how we are to help you. **Sound Industrial Company.** A LONE WIDOW.—When you send us your name and address we shall be pleased to answer your questions. **Chemists' Co-operative Company.** —— (Bradford).—We take note of what you say. **Outside Brokers.** J. B. (Manchester).—Better go to a member of the House. **Balkis-Eersterling.** E. A. G. E. (Dorchester)—We cannot recommend your to buy. **Madras Railway Stock.** IRVINE (Bath).—You would have the guarantee of the Government of India, and you could hardly want anything better than that. **Ben Evans, Limited.** A MAN FROM SOUTH WALES (Llanishen).—We are much obliged to you for your very interesting letter. **Westinghouse Air Brake Company.** BRAKE (Kensington).—1. The company pays large dividends. We know nothing about the other. 2. It should be not difficult to pay 7 per cent. for money which is lent out at 60 per cent. 3. We do not know the patent agents you name.

INSURANCE.

Securities and Accident Insurance Company. G. W. G. (Exeter).—There is a company doing business under this title at 24, York Street, Edinburgh. **Endowment Assurance.** SUBSCRIBER (London).—We fear your first letter miscarried. You will probably do better with the New Bridge Street office. It affords perfect security.—**Fire Insurance.** B. T. S. (Bath).—The rate you now pay is not too high for the risk. We do not know the firm you mention. We have inquired of others and it does not seem to be known. The course taken by it to obtain business is most unusual. Probably the firm represents some Continental and American Fire offices, some of which are "wild cat," and none of which have any funds in this country. Most of them leave us when the losses begin to fall in. **Endowment Assurance.** G. E. T. (Huddersfield).—You will not do better with any office than with the Equity and Law. **Star Life Office.** POLICY OWNER (Liverpool).—You have not stated the material facts. We may be able to advise you if you send us the policy for inspection, together with the last two or three letters received from the office. They shall be returned. **National Provident Institution.** G. M. (Inverness).—This company is all that you describe. Take out the policy by all means. **Sickness and Accident Insurance Company.** C. W. L. (Shipley).—This company will answer your purpose much better than the ———. We consider both management and security to be better. **Independent Order of Foresters.** J. H. H. G. (Edinburgh).—We cannot undertake to look up files for you for back numbers. You should read TO-DAY. **Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.** S. T. (Sheffield)—We do not think you could do better. **The Rock Life Assurance Company.** SIGNATA (Malvern Wells).—It may be recommended for your purpose. It is in every way a very respectable and sound office. **Boiler Insurance and Steam Power Company.** W. N. (Whitley).—1. Yes; perfectly safe. 2. Your client will hardly "improve on the Scottish Widows' and United Kingdom Companies fire insurances."

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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

We always hope—especially we who are moral, and virtuous, and in every way fit examples to our fellow-men—that the gambling spirit will decrease within the human heart. I believe the Egyptian monarchs were most anxious that this should occur, and many among the Roman Emperors spoke strongly on the subject. But I cannot quite agree with the Duke of Portland in thinking that all betting might be done on racecourses, and that the stay-at-home bettor alone should be suppressed. The City clerk, the printer's apprentice, or the shop-boy has not his lordship's opportunity for attending race meetings, and if the instinct is to be permitted at all, I do not see why he should be denied his small excitement because he is compelled to spend the day in London, and not within the enclosure at Ascot. The truth is, life for many of us is dull. We crave for a little excitement. A day spent over a bank ledger and a meat tea at Brixton do not give us all we require in existence. You may point out the folly of hoping to win money by betting, but you will never deprive the young citizen of visions of what he could do with a ten-pound note, supposing the particular outsider he has backed at 50 to 1 should happen to romp in a head in front of the favourite.

He may lose his few shillings; but, for the life of me, I cannot see that in the interest, the excitement, the pleasurable anticipation, and the nervous dread, he does not gain something of almost as much value to him. When he indulges in this very natural propensity to an extent that interferes with his work, and seriously eats into his income, he shows himself an ass; but then it means that he is an ass, and would play the ass in some other way if this particular outlet were denied him. The shilling that the omnibus-conductor ventures on the Derby, and the half-crown that the shopman puts on his "fancy" really do very little harm if the man is sensible and able to control himself, as a man should be in all things. Energetic natures cannot live without some excitement, and betting, kept within reasonable bounds, seems to have been invented by Nature to counteract the monotony of civilised existence. Anyhow, moralise as we like about it, the instinct will be co-existent with human nature. The only thing, so it seems to me, is to urge a man to be moderate in this as in all things: never to play nap for more than penny points when his income is thirty shillings a week, and never to bet more than four times a year on horse-racing—to be, in short, his own master, and not a slave.

I do not know whether I stand by myself in this matter, or whether other playgoers are beginning to think with me, but I am growing satiated with stage luxury. The magnificence amid which stage people live is palling upon me. The gorgeous furniture, the sumptuous liveries, the extravagant costumes, are beginning to have the same effect upon me as might be produced by a long course of greasy cooking. Everybody in stageland now is a duke or a baronet at least. Their houses make one feel that one is walking through Maple's show rooms, and their women folk are always dressed like Chicago pork millionaires' daughters. Occasionally, in my humble way, I am invited to minor crushes at the houses of what the society journalist would call "the upper-ten." I know my nosts to be people considered wealthy, and some of them can even boast titles not altogether unfamiliar in English History; but their halls and corridors I find poor and dowdy compared with the "back pink drawing-room at Sir Joseph Tomnoddy's." Even could the aristocracy afford to furnish their mansions at a cost of seventy or eighty thousand pounds (which would be a cheap estimate for the whole house, judging from the sample room shown on the stage), I am inclined to think that they would consider such ostentation bad taste; they might think it to be a piece of snobbery more congenial to the ideas of a retired draper.

And who are the people who wish to see this display of gaudy luxury on the stage? It must be painful to people of taste; to the wealthy themselves it must appear ridiculous and overdone. I can imagine its giving pleasure only and solely to the suburban snob, who likes to fancy that he is getting an insight into the habits and manners of the aristocracy, and to the servant-girl, whose idea of ducal existence is gained from the "London Reader," and who would consider a Mayfair breakfast-parlour that was not furnished in Louis Quatorze style, at a cost of five thousand pounds, and a Mayfair breakfast served by anything less than four footmen in pink silk stockings as improbable. The women's dresses are often still more ridiculous. The broken-hearted heroine, who has not slept a wink all night, in consequence of her husband having eloped with her sister, or some trifle of that sort, comes down into the drawing-room to cry, in a gown that must have taken her five-and-twenty minutes to get into. Her life is over; nothing that this world can give her will ever more bring a smile to her face; but she goes off and dresses for lunch in a still more expensive frock. If she be representing a very poor person, a governess, or a lady's maid, she is satisfied with some little idea of Russell and Allen's or of Redfern's, at a cost, say, of forty guineas; but if she be a well-to-do person, then it takes the President of the Royal Academy and six milliners from Paris to give any idea of the way she dresses.

It tires me—these cloak-rooms, with their statues by Canova, their marble staircases, their carved oak galleries, their gilded ceilings, their mirrors, their ormolu tables, their Persian carpets, their buhl writing-tables, their solid gold coal-scuttles, their Sèvres flower-pots, and their Gobelin tapestry curtains. I yearn for a drawing-room with a loo table, six books, and a case of wax flowers on it. I want to see a woman dress as the ordinary commonplace woman, whose husband's income is thirty or forty thousand a year, does dress; and to meet a stage family that only keeps two footmen. But I suppose I shall never realise these desires. Clapham and Brixton and the servants' hall like style; and so long as they wish it I suppose managers will continue to show us the "upper-suckles" wallowing in stage luxury.

I have always felt that the new illustrated journalism was the greatest deterrent of crime that an all-seeing Providence has as yet invented to check the evil instincts of humanity. Often as I have felt inclined to murder a relation, poison a critic, or strangle an after-dinner funny man, have I been restrained in my mad impulse by the reflection of the figure I should subsequently cut in the *Illustrated Police News*, and of the feelings of contempt and loathing that would be excited in my descendants by glancing over back numbers of the Sunday newspapers, and seeing the sort of man their ancestor was supposed to be. In this sense, illustrated journalism is a boon and a blessing to mankind; but I do think it ought to stop in its career of punishment at murderers. No other crime is sufficiently heinous to justify the torture that the lightning artist, combined with the quickly printing rotary machine, can inflict upon a fellow creature.

The recent Moore *v.* Jerome case has, unfortunately for me, attracted the attention of the journalistic artist; and, if my opponent has not hurt me much in pocket, he can have the satisfaction of feeling that he has deprived me of every shred of vanity, given delight to my enemies, and sorrow to my friends. To the *Daily Graphic* portrait of myself, I make no great objection. I look a comfortable fifty-eight, and my weight should be twenty-two stone; but the artist, no doubt, feels that he cannot give the public too much of me. *Lloyd's* has branded me to its two or three million readers as one of the most quaintly-conceived bits of humanity that a curiosity-collector could ever have dreamed of; while a cutting from another Sunday paper has been sent to me by a lady, to whose hospitality I am about to become indebted, with the friendly request that if I have altered to such an extent, will I kindly arrive late at night? There are young children about the house, and, coming upon them unprepared, I might inflict on them a mental injury years would not eradicate. The terrors of the law courts have been multiplied a million-fold by the illustrated newspaper.

The police regulations for theatre traffic are rising from farce into the position of a public nuisance. The plan of operations adopted by Scotland Yard authorities seems very simple. One grinning idiot is placed at one side of the exit doors to prevent any cabman from coming near the theatre; and another ass stands opposite to him, to see that no coachman draws up when called by his people. This state of affairs is maintained for about half-an-hour, while the unfortunate theatre-goers stand shivering on the pavement: while if the night be wet, the fun is, of course, greatly increased for the spectators. At last the police move away, and the cabs and carriages coming rapidly up, as they might have done at the very first, the playgoers are able to get home. Instructions seem to have been given to the men merely to do as much as they can to annoy the public, and prevent cabmen from earning fares. The regulation of street traffic, perhaps, like interference with murder in the streets of London, is a thing about which Sir Edward Bradford does not care to trouble himself; but, in that case, the public would be greatly benefited if he would leave the matter entirely alone; he does not receive a salary to play practical jokes on the citizens.

Last week a woman was given the option of a fine of £25, or one month's imprisonment, for having obtained money by pretending to tell fortunes by palmistry. Her fees were low, she lived in a street off Cheapside, and she received domestic servants as clients. In the meantime some who advertise in high-class papers, and more who trust to private influence and recommendations, carry on precisely the same business in the West End of London, apparently with immunity. It is often said that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; in this case it will be noticed that the fortune-teller who takes half-crowns from servants is looked after more closely than the fortune-teller who takes guineas from the wealthy—in a word, that the poor are better protected than the rich. But this case suggests other and more important considerations. Firstly, in an age which is pre-eminently rational, the business of fortune-telling, whether by palmistry or some other means, is apparently on the increase; such cases as the one I have quoted are common enough in the daily Press. How are we to account for this?

It may be accounted for very simply. The man of science and the logician may have set their mark on the age, but the world is still not inhabited exclusively by logicians or men of science. The woman who pays a palmist to tell her whom she will marry is not rational, though she may exist in a rational age. And she exists as much in the upper classes as in the lower; as far as belief in the paid prophet is concerned, you may find as great silliness "in Belgrave Square as in the neighbourhood of Seven Dials." And there is another thing to be said: superstition gives no challenge to reason, and, even if it did, reason would refuse a duel with so despicable an antagonist. Reason may attack a faith, but a superstition is unworthy of its steel. True, we may say that superstitions are utter nonsense; but we do not think it worth while to show why they are nonsensical. Consequently, the superstitious people think that certain things are matters of opinion, and their own opinion is as good as another, when, in reality, these things are matters of fact.

But a second difficulty arises. I have no doubt that among the many readers of To-Day there are some who would tell me that they themselves or their friends have had their fortunes told, and that what was prophesied has come true. I do not doubt that this may be so; what I do doubt—in fact, deny—is that they got any-

thing supernatural for their half-crown. There are three reasons why fortunes may sometimes be told correctly. One is a question of chance—if anybody tells fortunes frequently, it is much more likely that he will sometimes be right than that he will always be wrong. Secondly, there is the question of suggestion, where the fortune-teller foretells something which depends upon the volition of his client rather than on circumstance; it is possible—even likely—that the client will do just what it was foretold he would do, acting, as he believes, on his own initiative, but, as a matter of fact, under the force of suggestions. I come to the third and most important reason why the fortune-teller sometimes hits the mark.

Everyone would acknowledge that it is possible to some extent to judge character from appearances. Without any special study one can frequently conjecture accurately from a man's face his character, temperament, or profession. There is no doubt that very much may be learned, too, from a careful observation of the hands, when the observer has made a study of palmistry. I do not think that the palmist can foretell the future from noting the lines on the hands, but I believe that he can tell something of a man's character and temperament in this way, and given this knowledge he may be able to conjecture from it, more or less, what the man's future is likely to be under normal circumstances. It would be surprising if the palmist did not sometimes make a good shot, but as he obtains his fees from his clients by pretending to possess definite knowledge, and the clients pay their fees under an impression that this knowledge is obtained by supernatural means, the business is really fraudulent, and the law is quite right in putting a stop to it.

The *Daily Chronicle* continues to carry on its campaign with ardour and pictures, and the County Council is still compared to a choice variety of female blessings. I suppose our hearts ought to throb the faster at the sight of the exterior of Battersea gymnasium or Mr. Walter Crane's suggestion for a Lord Mayor's show, but with some of us the enthusiasm is slow in coming even where it is assisted by descriptive letterpress. Doubtless the County Council has had the ice swept, and is careful about inflammable oil, and so on and so on; it is all very good and indisputable. But the danger which threatens us is not the danger that we may be looked after insufficiently; what we have to fear is that we shall be looked after too much. In making a good citizen, there is a chance that one may spoil a better man. In the New London everything may work most excellently and most mechanically, but the loss of individual independence has to balance against the possession of many rules and regulations, however wise and motherly they may be.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Sheffield sends me a cutting from a local paper showing how a clergyman of the Church of England took upon himself to prevent a large number of starving children from receiving soup and bread from the hands of a publican. I am sorry to see a clergyman of the Church of England degrading his cloth by such contemptible and anti-Christian intolerance and spite. How little times have altered since the days when the Samaritans were regarded as the black sheep of Israel—so much so that Christ was censured by the Rev. C. F. Knight's predecessors for speaking to one of their women, while it was left to one of that race to succour the man fallen by the wayside. To-day our Pharisees are not content with merely passing by on the other side—their virtue even necessitates that they should drag the Samaritan away from good work.

William Livesey, who describes himself as the "eldest son of the father of tectotalism," writes me on the subject of the Veto Bill:—"The electors in 999 places out of 1,000 will scout vetoism and vote for reduction in number. I have been closely watching the veto movement, and hesitate not to say the veto-ing of all the publichouses in any place in England will never secure a majority of two-thirds required by the Act. Hence the whole affair when looked at thoroughly is, from a temperance standpoint, a complete delusion; and with the additional option and the exemptions in the seventh clause of the Government Bill, with both those in the Bill, I don't think the trades men need trouble themselves very much. Their present policy should be to get the Bill 'watered down.' They will easily get five years 'grace' in place of three years. Mr. Bruce gave them ten years. I intend, if the Bill ever gets 'on its legs,' to suggest to some M.P. a little alteration which I think will easily get adopted, if done quietly, and which will render the securing a poll a far more difficult operation. . . . But I don't expect I shall get a chance. The temperance people may wipe the perspiration from their foreheads and open their eyes to see what simpletons they have been to subscribe above three-quarters of a million of money, and give forty years of time in following one of the greatest delusions of modern days."

New Brighton Resident thanks me for having exposed the abuses allowed to prevail in this town. This correspondent also goes on to tell me that it is quite unsafe to walk along the sand hills in the neighbourhood because of the presence of prowling tramps who terrify and blackmail the solitary walker. Altogether New Brighton seems to want a little attention paid to it.

X. Y. Z. asks me what reading I should recommend to give a man a sound education. It all depends upon what is meant by a sound education. What some people would call a sound education would be the result of from twenty to thirty years' work, and would involve the reading of some five to six thousand volumes. Let "X. Y. Z." make up his mind first as to which particular subject he wishes to study. Then it would be easy to direct him to the books connected with that subject.

Fairness tells me that the Church of England has started a Nurses' Guild, hospital nurses being encouraged to join it on the understanding that if they do, when they desire to get private employment, a clergyman of any town in which they may be residing will use his influence to obtain it for them. "Fairness" asks me if I do not think this unfair to the other nurses who may not be members of the Church of England. I think it always unfair for religion to force herself into matters with which she has nothing to do, and to seek—as she is for ever doing—to make faith a mere saleable commodity. The Church of England is no worse in this respect than fifty other denominations. They are all tarred with the same dirty brush. It is contemptible; it is anti-Christian; it is an insult to the founder of their religion: and it encourages lying and false profession. For myself I would rather pick up a nurse from the gutter than hire one on the recommendation of a minister of any creed. Priests never have been happy except when they have had their fingers in every human pie.

C. W.—To a certain extent the Church of England is supported involuntarily by people who do not believe in its doctrines. There is no getting over this elementary fact. Perhaps you have never had to pay tithes. In some of the Eastern counties the Church charges on the land are so heavy that no one will take farms even at a gift.

Eleven Men in Buckram ask me to explain how it is that women are hastening in bringing about the deterioration of the human race. I should say by tight-lacing, unhealthy feeding, novel reading, and arguing.

W. W. (Bootle).—If you will start by telling me what is humour, I should find no difficulty in answering your question. As I have not the faintest idea what humour is, and have never come across any human being of any intelligence who could define it, I am somewhat hampered.

G. J. W. (Hull) writing with reference to the refusal of the Blackburn Nonconformist minister to distribute charity from the hands of a brewer, which I commented on last week, says:—"I am a Wesleyan, and an advocate for temperance, but I cannot express the disgust I feel at the conduct of the contemptible creatures—ministers of the Gospel—God save the mark!" If one could only get these narrow-minded bigots to see the injury they are doing to the cause of religion!

Touring Manager asks me to take up the grievance of theatrical companies having to travel on Sundays against the awful railway arrangements by which neither refreshment nor waiting-rooms are open. The other Sunday, he tells me, his company travelled from eleven to four, during which time they could get nothing to eat, neither was there a single ladies' room available.

E. W.—Offences against property have always been punished with much greater severity than offences against a person. It is one of the scandals of the English law.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

The Banking Securities Corporation (Limited), 26, Pall Mall, London, S.W., invite Subscriptions for the Shares of this Bank.
The Lists will be opened on TUESDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, and close on WEDNESDAY, 20th, for London, and THURSDAY, 21st, for the Country.

THE WEST LONDON BANKING CO., Ltd.

CAPITAL - - - - £2,000,000,

Divided into 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £20 each, and 50,000 5 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £20 each

FIRST ISSUE - - - - £1,000,000,

25,000 Ordinary Shares of £20 each at par, and 25,000 5 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £20 each at £2 premium, payable as follows, viz.:

ORDINARY SHARES.—£1 on application, £2 on allotment, and £2 on 1st June, 1895.
The Ordinary Shares will be entitled to receive as Dividend four-fifths of the annual profits remaining after payment of 5 per cent. on the Preference Shares, and after setting aside any balance the Directors may deem it advisable to carry forward. The other one-fifth of profits is to be carried to the Reserve Fund.

PREFERENCE SHARES (issued at £2 premium).—£2 on application, £4 on allotment (including £2 premium), £4 on 1st June, 1895, £4 on 1st August, 1895, £4 on 1st October, 1895, and £4 on 1st December, 1895.

The preference shares, which are to be fully paid up, will be entitled to receive a fixed cumulative preferential dividend of 5 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and will rank, both as regards dividends and capital, in priority to the ordinary shares.

DIRECTORS.

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Secretary.—E. J. Goodman (*pro tem.*).
Temporary Offices.—26, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

THE WEST LONDON BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, has been incorporated in order that the residents in that locality may have the opportunity of keeping their accounts at a local bank, in which they may also become interested as shareholders, for notwithstanding the great wealth and increasing business of the district, there is no leading joint stock bank having its head office in the West End of London.

It will be one of the objects of the Bank to take advantage of any opportunities that may occur for absorbing existing banking businesses on equitable terms.

This Bank will be established on the principles advocated by Mr. William Gillett, who originated and carried out the system of Country Bankers' Clearing. The new features recommended by Mr. Gillett, in his "Suggestions respecting Joint Stock Banks," are:—

1. The division of the Capital into Ordinary and Preference Shares.

2. The insertion of such additional clauses in the usual Articles of Association as will have the effect of providing the maximum amount of security to the Shareholders and Customers of the Bank, viz.:—

(a) The limitation of advances to be made for long periods, to a specific proportion and description of the Capital of the Bank, viz.:—To the amount paid up from time to time on the Preference Shares.

(b) The compulsory investment of the Reserve Fund in Consols together with the Dividends received from time to time thereon.

(c) The issuing of quarterly Summaries of the accounts of the Bank in a new and improved form, in addition to the Yearly Balance Sheet, so as to afford the fullest information as to the financial position of the Bank, and sending a copy of the same to each Shareholder on the register.

(d) The voluntary winding up of the undertaking if at any time the Auditors should certify that the losses incurred in the business and not made good out of the Reserve Fund or otherwise, equal or exceed the amount paid up on the Ordinary Shares.

The following, among others, are the provisions which illustrate the principles above mentioned and which will be adopted by the Bank, and are incorporated in the Articles of Association, viz.:—

ORDINARY SHARES.

Art. 21.—The Ordinary Shares shall be of the value of £20 each, but not more than £5 shall be paid up on each Share. The remaining £15 per Share shall constitute a reserved liability, and shall not be charged or called up except in the event of the Company being wound up.

PREFERENCE SHARES.

Art. 23.—The Preference Shares shall be of the value of £20 each, and the holders of the Preference Shares shall be entitled to receive a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5 per cent. per annum on the capital paid up thereon, and the Preference Shares shall rank, both as regards Dividends and Capital, in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

Art. 24.—The dividends on the Preference Shares shall be paid half-yearly, and if the profits for any half-year shall prove insufficient to pay the full dividend, the amount necessary to make up the deficiency shall be taken from the reserve fund, and if at any time the amount standing to the credit of the reserve fund shall not be sufficient to make up the 5 per cent. for any half-year, then the holders of the Preference Shares shall be entitled to have the deficiency made up out of subsequent profits.

Art. 26.—In case of the Company being wound up, the full amount paid up as capital by the holders of the Preference Shares and also any Dividends due and unpaid, shall be repaid out of the Assets before any payment is made to the holders of the Ordinary Shares.

It is provided by the Articles that the total amount of Preference Shares issued shall not exceed the nominal amount of the Ordinary Shares issued.

LIMITATION OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS.

Art. 5.—Where any three or more of the Directors object to any advance being made by the Company, or credit allowed to any person, firm, or Company, or an advance having already been made, desire the same to be withdrawn, the matter shall be considered at the next meeting of the Directors, and no further advance shall be made or credit allowed to that person, firm, or company, or the advance already made shall be withdrawn, according to the decision of the Directors.

Art. 115.—No investment shall, under any circumstances, be made in the shares of any company having an unlimited liability, nor shall any joint transactions be entered into with any person or firm, or company which may involve the Company in an unlimited liability.

Art 116.—None of the funds of the Company shall be applied in the purchase of or in lending or on shares of the Company.

Art. 117.—No loans or advances shall be made for periods exceeding twelve months beyond the total amount paid up as Capital on the Preference Shares.

RESERVE FUND.

Art. 118.—A Reserve Fund shall be formed—

1st. By placing to its credit the premiums received on any shares of the Company that may be issued less any expenses incurred in the issue thereof.

2nd. By placing to its credit one-fifth of the net annual profits of the Company, as specified in Article 122.

3rd. By placing to its credit the Dividends that may be received from time to time on the amount standing to the credit of the Fund.

Art. 119.—The amount standing to the credit of the reserve fund shall be invested in Consols, and the amount of the reserve fund shall be separately stated in each balance sheet and quarterly summary issued to the Shareholders.

On the winding up of a bank, it has often been found that the amount nominally standing to the credit of the reserve fund has been mixed up with the other assets, or has been employed as capital.

BALANCE SHEET AND QUARTERLY SUMMARIES.

Art. 138.—A detailed list of the Stocks, Shares, Bonds, and Debentures held by the Bank as investments of its Funds shall be appended to the Yearly Balance Sheets.

Art. 140.—In addition to the yearly balance sheet, a summary of the accounts of the Bank shall be made out at the end of each quarter and signed by the Chairman and two other Directors, or by any three Directors. The summary shall be printed and a copy sent to the address of each Shareholder as entered in the Register, and shall also be published in one or more of the London papers. A copy shall also be put up in a conspicuous position at the Head Office of the Bank, and at each of its branches.

The summary shall give on one side the total liabilities of the Bank, and on the other side shall state:—

1st. The amount of cash in hand, at call and short notice, and the amount invested in Consols and other British Government Securities.

2nd. The amount of Loans and Bills falling due and receivable within six months, and the amount invested in Stocks, Shares, Bonds, Debentures, and Securities other than British Government Securities.

3rd. The amount of Loans and Bills falling due and receivable between six months and twelve months.

4th. The amount of Loans and Advances made for periods beyond twelve months.

It shall be the constant duty of the Directors in dealing with the Funds of the Bank to see that as far as practicable the following proportions are observed, viz.:—

1st. At least two-fifths of the total Funds of the Bank (other than the amount paid up on the Preference Shares) shall be kept in Cash, Loans at call and short notice, and money invested in Consols and other British Government Securities.

2nd. Not more than two-fifths shall be kept in Loans and Bills falling due and receivable within six months, and investments in Stocks, Shares, Bonds, Debentures, and Securities other than British Government Securities.

3rd. Not more than one-fifth shall be kept in Loans and Bills falling due and receivable between six months and twelve months.

It is believed that a statement in the form above proposed would be satisfactory to many who find it difficult to understand the ordinary balance sheets of a Bank.

The Directors are of opinion that the adoption of the system of Preference Shares, fully paid up and without further liability, carrying a fixed cumulative preferential Dividend, and with a priority as regards Capital and Dividends, will attract a large number of investors who have hitherto avoided Bank Shares as an investment on account of the liability attaching thereto, and that the present issue of Preference Shares at £2 premium will yield a safe return of 4½ per cent. per annum to the investor, while at the same time the division of the Capital into Preference and Ordinary Shares will probably enable the Directors to declare much larger Dividends on the Ordinary Shares than those at present paid by the leading Banks in the kingdom.

The only contract entered into is one dated 21st January, 1895, between The West London Banking Company (Limited) and The Banking Securities Corporation (Limited), respecting the expenses incurred in the formation and establishment of the Bank.

By this contract it is provided among other things that The Banking Securities Corporation (Limited) shall defray all expenses of every kind whatsoever, up to and including the first allotment of Shares, including Brokerage and the Government Duties, and also undertake to pay all expenses of any kind whatsoever if the Directors do not proceed to allotment, in order that the deposits may be returned in full to the subscribers. The consideration to be paid to the Banking Securities Corporation (Limited) in respect of these and other services is fixed at one-and-a-half per cent. upon the nominal amount of the present issue of Capital, viz., £1,000,000, such amount to be paid exclusively out of the premiums received on the present issue of Preference Shares.

After providing for the amount payable to The Banking Securities Corporation (Limited), as above stated, the premiums on the present issue of Preference Shares will be credited to the Reserve Fund, and The West London Banking Company (Limited), will, therefore, commence business (should the whole of the present issue be subscribed) with its Capital intact, and with a Reserve Fund of £35,000 invested in Consols.

If the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus application money will be applied in reduction of the amount payable on allotment; and where no allotment is made the deposit money will be returned in full.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation on the Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Banking Securities Corporation (Limited), 26, Pall-mall, or from the Brokers or Solicitors to the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares will also be forwarded, free BY POST, on sending Name and Address to the Banking Securities Corporation (Limited), 26, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—If this beastly frost does not break soon several theatrical managers *will*.

The most popular entertainments are playing to little more than their expenses, and wherever the attractions are doubtful the business is simply deplorable. Illness, moreover, is rife in the Profession, and nearly every cast reeks of understudies. They have no understudy for George Edwardes at the Gaiety, truly, but George is exceedingly unwell. He is confined to his room with influenza, and is not expected out for several days. The case of Harry Nicholls, at the Adelphi, is worse, I regret to say, for he has been ordered to take a rest, which will probably extend to the autumn. The after effects of typhoid in his case have left lung weakness, which requires constant care just at present. Johnny Toole was so evidently ill on Wednesday, when he produced Lumley's new farce, that I don't propose to say anything about the show at present. On Thursday he did not appear, and on the same night, at the St. James's, both Miss Vanbrough and Miss Rose Leclercq were nearly vóiceless. *The Importance of Being Earnest* was a very amusing show for all that. There would probably have been more money in it if Oscar has condescended to as much conventionality as he usually permits himself in his more serious work. The Stage is the Stage. A curtain is a curtain. "Why don't you go away?" "Because I have not finished my tea!" is *not* a curtain. A first-night audience may like this sort of thing, but the audience at the St. James's was an audience that understand Oscar, and it came to be amused at his eccentricities. Paying audiences on other nights will probably gaze in blank astonishment on things that outrage their cut-and-dried ideas of fitness.

I cannot, however, imagine an audience that would not be moved to roar with laughter at Oscar's farce as a whole. His first act is especially bright. The dialogue is effervescent, witty, and almost natural. In the second and third acts, Oscar has remembered Gilbert. Still, this does not very much matter when the result is a couple of hours thorough and hearty amusement. I am not going to bore you with an analysis of the plot, because the plot is the sort of plot that you must take or leave. If you consider it seriously for a single instant you won't enjoy the play.

Directly the frost breaks and the frozen money in the public pocket thaws sufficiently to flow theatrewards again there will be plenty of bustle and commotion in Stageland. Before Waller and Morrell leave the Haymarket they will give one or more performances of Claude Carton's new play, which deals with politics. The scenery is being pushed forward, and one set, which includes a very real built out conservatory, you find a triumph of setting. At the Court rehearsals will shortly commence of Godfrey's farce in which Mrs. John Wood will appear. A sort of syndicate is being formed to carry on the Court and purchase Mrs. Wood's interest. The directors, I am told, will include Bancroft, Pinero, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and possibly John Hare. Nothing, however, has been definitely settled at present.

At the Garrick, Pinero's new play is being actively rehearsed. Mrs. Campbell plays a lady who believes in Socialism, but objects to Christianity and children, the result of holding such views is naturally a little startling, but I believe that she reforms or repents at the finish. Whatever you may think of the morals, you will find the play more powerful and impressive than *Mrs. Tanqueray*. The only thing I am wondering about is what Mr. Pigott will think of it.

Charles Cartwright's idea of entering on management in April is for the moment off. I expect, however, that he will make a start in August. The new Adelphi drama, by Chambers and Lumley, will be ready, so I hear, by March—which probably means a production at Easter.

High Jinks, or whatever it is going to be called, will be out at the Prince of Wales directly, and *Little Dick Whittington*, by Sims and Caryll, is due at the Avenue.

Now that is a fair amount of novelty to go on with, isn't it? Curiously enough, the more enterprise the theatres show the more the music halls adhere timidly to their old paths. There is nothing very much worth seeing to be seen at any one of them, bar the two big ballets at the Empire and the Alhambra. The reason for this is simple—all the best music-hall artists are at this time of year engaged in the London and provincial pantomimes. But why should not music-hall managers prepare for the inevitable emergency?—Your affectionate Cousin, Randolph.

SKATES AND SKATERS.

A CHAT WITH A CHAIR-MAN.

The morning was still young, but the Serpentine was crowded, and an equally large crowd awaited the good pleasure of the chair-men to release them from the shore. They did their work quietly and without hurry, with a knowledge of their powerful position, for nowadays no one seems to take the trouble to put on their own skates, or possibly through the rareness of the ice everyone has forgotten how to do it.

I was allotted to a young man who strongly reminded me of one of Mr. Chevalier's lighter creations. He had just finished with a contingent from a girls' school.

"Cawn't stand them jobs," he said. "They comes down in a batch, and you takes 'em one awfter the other, and an old donah stands and watches you, and then gives you a few coppers, and thinks she's done the show prawd. Then they thinks they've made a friend of you for life, and keeps coming back to have the straps toightened, and skate up quietly from behind and fall over you as though they was playing leap-frog."

I asked him who were his best customers.

"Oh, the chaps that comes with girls. They chats to the girl, and I say something friendly about the soize of her foot, and there's a bob for a certainty. The queerest old fellow I ever knowed is an old 'un who comes here every morning, and 'as skated every day that I can mind when there has been any ice on Serpentine. He's got one of them old-fashioned pairs of skates with turn-up toes, and he won't let anyone touch them. He borrows my chair, and screws them on, as though he was never goin' to toike them off this soide of the groive. Then he stawts off, and you never see him again till noight, when he wraps them up in poiper and goes 'ome. He always gives me a couple of shillin's every time, and leaves a drink at the pub for me."

"By the way, what do you reckon to make in a day?"

"Well, this winter's bin the best I remember. That bit of a breakdown at fust disappointed them, and when it came hot and strong they flocked down. It's a jolly soite better than four years ago, 'coz then everyone knew they were soife for a good spell, and went to where the oice was clean. I reckons on a good doiy to make the best side of 'arf a thick 'un. But, as I said just now, I don't care for them shipping orders with gals' schools."

I asked his opinion on skating to-day and formerly.

"It's queer," he answered; "but, you know, the toffs cawn't skate like the wukking clawse. Look at the lads how they cut about; but them in the fur coats, they goes about as though they was on hot bricks, and afraid to roast their feet too quick. No, skating ain't what it used to be, and none of the young 'uns can come up to the old hands. Them patent skates ain't no clawse; they does most of the skating on their own account. See them all over the place, and 'arf-a-dozen claimin' each one. No; give me the good old wooden ones.

"Well, a pleasant toime to you, sir. And thank you.—Well, it is dryish work, and I don't mind if I do direct'y."

CLUB CHATTER.

The proceedings at Newmarket on Saturday, when the Jockey Club stood indicted for permitting gambling, were possibly the most farcical that have ever been heard in a court of justice. The Club wa charged with allowing ready-money bookmakers to ply their calling on the course. Every mortal man knows that this is done, and yet the defendants sat down and compelled the League to go in for facts and details, as though they had heard for the first time of the existence of such a man as a bookmaker. This is all very well, and is a capital joke. The defendants stuck their tongues in their cheeks, so did the magistrates, so did counsel, and when it was all over there was a round of applause, and everyone went away satisfied. The joke was relished, and in this dreary weather one would wish that Mr. Hawke would bring one such action every day.

Still, I must admit that I think that the Jockey Club are not working properly. Why don't they go straight to this quaint organisation, and say, "Look here, we know there is ready-money betting going on on the race-courses. But the public won't have anything to do with your proposed interference. You say the Act of 1853 applies to racecourses. Well, we will fight you in the higher Courts." This would be a sportsman's answer to one of the most ill-conceived pieces of meddlesomeness that we have come across, even in England, for years. But, no; the Club goes on, and shuffles out of the question on technical grounds, and meanwhile they keep on giving way. At first they prohibited the display of betting lists. That was one victory for the League; and now they cap all by refusing to fight the battle out in the public interest, and at the same time notices are being posted at meetings announcing that there is to be no ready-money betting.

Surely they know that public opinion is behind them; but how long are they going to keep it if such a powerful spokesman as the Duke of Portland is allowed to get up and suggest that what is necessary is to prevent betting off the course. This is more than the League asks. I remember when all this chatter about suppressing betting was going on in Paris. It was on the eve of the Grand Prix, and everyone was wondering what Longchamps would look like without the pencillers. Well, they were there next day as merrily as could be, in lines on lines—women bookmakers as well as men. The authorities, backed up as they were by the military, failed hopelessly, and to-day the bookmaker, regarded in the light of an irrepressible evil, flourishes merrily. If this can go on in France, what is to happen in England, where sport is a characteristic of the race.

I should personally like to see bookmakers licensed, and I should, as I have said before, welcome the establishment of the *pari mutuel*, with a percentage of the profits deducted for the poor and the benefit of the rates in the districts where the races are held. Meanwhile, I do hope that the club will adopt a firm stand, and put a stop to these ridiculous proceedings. These kinds of crusades are the result of an appreciation of philanthropic inertia. No one connected with the society cares what they are fighting about, but they must fight about something. The heathen has been done already, so has drink, so have our morals, and, accordingly, these excellent gentlemen, with a sprinkling, I suppose, of old ladies, started to reform bookmakers. They wanted an advertisement, and they have got it, and cranks are applauding them. Now they have had their little advertisement, and it is time for the Jockey Club to see that common-sense gets a chance.

I saw a novel pipe-case the other day. It consisted of two leather caps—one to go over the bowl, and one to fit on to the mouthpiece. The two were kept in their places by an ingenious arrangement of elastics. As far as practical utility goes, the new case is certainly on a par with the old cumbersome box that we know so well.

The long frost has proved a sorry time for the strangers in our midst at the Zoological Gardens. There seemed a generally subdued look on every face last Sunday, and the keepers told me that they were beginning to chafe under the long confinement indoors. No animal, curiously enough, is more disgusted than the rhinoceros. He makes no attempt to hide his regret at losing his constitutional stroll, and his neighbours, the elephants, are in accord with him. The latter, by the way, have lost much of the arrogance they affect in the summer months towards the would-be donors of biscuits. Now they get on to the tops of their tubs in order to put you to as little trouble as possible in reaching their trunks, and they show remarkable nimbleness in dodging their heads to catch contributions hurled at their open mouths.

In the monkey-house there is a similarly chastened appearance. They have ceased to regard the eating of nuts and sugar as simply one of the obligations the authorities impose upon them, and now climb down to a soul to greet the children. No member of the family seems more humbled than the big fellow, so familiar to frequenters of the Zoo from his unerring aim when in pursuit of eye-glasses or meerschaum pipes. He took pieces of the hard elephant biscuits and nibbled them gratefully. Outside the birds were having a lively time in fighting the sparrows who came in flocks to steal their food, but the most disconcerted animal of the lot was the sea-lion, who had been frozen out of his pond for over a week. The only one specimen in the whole place that seemed profoundly indifferent was the owl. He sat and winked his amber-circled eye, and tucked himself up warmly, and stared and stared straight into space. It says something for the care of the authorities that in spite of the exceptional weather there is practically no illness in the Gardens.

I have to thank Mr. H. D. Edis, of Fulham, for calling my attention to a shabby piece of plagiarism from this column in the *Standard*, of New York. In a December issue I devoted some space calling attention to idiotic novelties in match-boxes. This was lifted bodily by the sheet without acknowledgment, and signed "O. Oswald." It is not the first time that paper has stolen from To-Day; illustrations having been reproduced and the names of fictitious artists put to them. The theft is the more annoying, as I am sure that no reader of To-Day would care to be seen in a forty-acre field with a copy of the *Standard* lying about.

If the cropping of dogs' ears had not been made an illegal act, the article on the subject which appeared in last week's *Stock-keeper* would probably have opened the eyes of justice to the horrible cruelty of the practice. The article in question gives us a fair idea of how the ears of dogs were mutilated, and the accompanying illustrations of a dog prepared for cropping, and the instruments employed in the operation, are sufficiently horrible to make one feel glad that such pictures will be impossible in the future. At Cruft's Dog Show, last week, there was one uncropped bull terrier exhibited in the novice class. In appearance, of course, he differed enormously from his companions, though certainly not to his own disadvantage. It was not the fault of his uncropped ears that he could get no further than "Highly commended."

Some weeks ago I mentioned in these columns that the latest fad of the Parisian gilded youth was to have his umbrella fitted with a heavily jewelled handle. Now I notice that many of the best shops in Bond Street are

FOUND AT LAST.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma is one of the most difficult of diseases to treat successfully. It is a singular fact that hitherto very little, if any, progress has been made in the general treatment of Asthma. The medical profession seems to have ignored this distressing disease, or at least to have thought very little about it. The administration of obnoxious nostrums through the stomach has never yet cured a single case. There is not an atom of reason in the adoption of this mode of treatment. Asthma is a spasmodic affection of the bronchial tubes of the lungs. The true treatment for Asthma must be by inhalation. In this way the remedy at once reaches the real seat of the trouble. It acts instantaneously. It promotes free and easy expectoration, loosens the phlegm, and, even in the most severe cases, cures the diseases. Within a comparatively recent period Dr. R. Schiffmann, a recognised authority and specialist in Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, and Croup, has prepared for these diseases a remedy known as "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure." With this there is no waiting for results. Being inhaled, its action is immediate, direct, and certain, and has effected cures where every other treatment has failed. Most chemists have it on sale in two sizes, retailing at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per package; or should any chemist not have it or decline to order it for a sufferer, a package will be sent, post free, on receipt of the amount by Dr. R. Schiffmann's British Depot, 32 and 33, Snow Hill, London, E.C. A most convincing list of testimonials and pamphlets will be sent free to my address.

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"CLUB SODA"

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showing umbrellas of this description, with the idea, I suppose, of making them fashionable in the coming season. I do not think, however, that they will catch on here. The actual frame and material of the umbrella is too often of an inferior quality to enable the manufacturer to turn out an umbrella with an expensive handle for the same price that he has been accustomed to produce the more plebeian article. At any rate, if these expensive handles do become popular, the umbrella thief will stand a good chance of being detected and receiving the punishment usually meted out to the ordinary area sneak.

The coming hat this season will be brown in colour, with a high crown and rather a close, narrow brim. The band and bindings will be of a darker shade, and the appearance of the hat is decidedly smart.

It is difficult to invent a novelty in head wear, but an enterprising manufacturer is making an attempt by introducing bi-coloured and variegated hat-bands. The only hats to be so ornamented at present are those made in soft felt; but if the idea catches on, no doubt it will be extended to others. A sober-looking black silk hat decorated with a green-and-yellow band would certainly be a decided novelty in the Park. Talking of hat-bands reminds me that the hats now worn at the Riviera have enormous rolled bands, which give them a very picturesque appearance, especially when the colour of the hat is a steel-grey.

A correspondent asks me the best way to cure a cold. There are probably as many remedies as there are colds, but one of the best is the wearing of a woollen abdominal belt. A doctor tells me that the use of one of these belts would obviate half the ills that this severe winter is responsible for. In this, as in other minor complaints, prevention is the best cure.

I have never heard of a cricketing paper coming down on a writer for saying that a batsman made a huge score with so-and-so's bat, and forgetting to mention the ball, nor of a shooting journal that talked of the madness of a man in praising a gun and forgetting the cartridges, but the cycling journalists are particular in these matters. I have been accused of being "spoofed," "fooled," "bluffed," and goodness knows what else because I spoke of some tyres the other week and forgot to mention the handles, the axle, the spokes, the saddle, the gear, and the oil can as being equally important in the make-up of a machine. There is no law to prevent men going out of their way to indulge in a game of voluntary misunderstanding, and there is no harm in them explaining the principle to their readers. Next to counting the vowels in Shakespeare, it seems to me one of the most mirth provoking and exhilarating games for the winter evenings that I know of.

Although in a proposal and acceptance, when the adverse side is left with only one trump against you, the best, you abandon the trump lead at once, this is not always advisable. Say that your partner has no trumps, one long-established suit (of which you have only one card left), and presumably no card of re-entry. Here if you play the single card, and the holder of the master trump ruffs the suit, your partner will be unable to come in again. But if you have more than one trump, or one only and certain cards of re-entry, you should play trumps, and your single card will subsequently reinstate your partner.

Mr. Oliver Halford has favoured me with his recent experience of a proposal and acceptance in which the callers did not take a single trick. Although the first hand proposal was scarcely justified and the acceptance was wofully weak, both declarations were such as are often seen called and not unusually made.

Small spade turned up. A (first hand) proposes on four spades, nine the highest; Ace, King and two small hearts; King, Queen, eight of clubs; and two small diamonds. B (second hand) accepts with King and three more spades; Queen, Jack, ten, nine, hearts; Jack, ten, nine, clubs; and King, Jack, of diamonds. The following hands pass. A leads a small trump, B follows with King, C discards a small heart, and the dealer, taking the trick with his Ace, returns Queen, Jack and ten of trumps, with which he draws all the adverse trumps and still retains one in his own hand. He then leads a small diamond, his partner having first discarded hearts and then clubs. B plays King of diamonds which C takes with the Ace, plays back Queen, with which he catches the Jack, continues with the ten and three more best diamonds, then the Ace of clubs, and his partner's trump takes the last trick.

Mr. Halford does not mention whether slams were paid for at this particular table, but this again brings up the vexed question of what is a slam. I have always understood it to mean the thirteen tricks made by one side, whether it be that of the caller or his adversaries—the abundance déclarée call being, of course, excepted. Double overtricks, and at some tables double the stakes also, are generally paid for slams, the details being a matter of custom or pre-agreement.

But although the callers invariably claim the excess when they make the slam they resent paying double price when, as in the instance narrated above, they fail to make a single trick, and the thirteen tricks are taken by their opponents. They practically ask, with Poor Joe, "Ain't I unfort'nit enough for yer?" and I have never yet seen the adversaries insist upon the double

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Chief Officer Mutton, of the ss. Braganza, says:—"In the early part of the year 1882, I felt a pain in the region of the right hip, which rapidly developed into a pain so intense that at times I could not walk ten yards without halting. Medical men, both in England and on the Continent, pronounced it sciatica; they prescribed for, and signally failed to give me the slightest relief. At last I determined to give St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial.

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amount. This is only sentiment without reason, but it has become crystallized into law, and so the general acceptation of a slam is when the thirteen tricks are made by the declaring side.

A correspondent—"G. T. R."—wishes to know if, when the dealer and first player are partners against the proposer and acceptor, and the dealer has turned up a King, whether the first player should lead a small trump. I know of no exception save when first hand has the Ace only, when he should lead that, as he may otherwise be compelled to cover the King. If the King be supported the small trump lead gives it a certain trick, whereas if it were led through by the fourth hand it would probably be captured if second hand held the Ace.

The other occasions where the adversaries of the proposer and acceptor are justified in attacking the callers by leading trumps are, roughly (1), when the declaring hands are cross-ruffing; (2), when your partner is free of trumps, the callers have ceased leading them, and you see no chance of successfully ruffing—you here bring out two for one; (3), with first-class all-round cards in the strange suits. The callers must have proposed and accepted mainly on trumps, and you must try and prevent the trumps being utilised simply for ruffing; (4), and of course when you have best trumps against the callers.

"Knave of Clubs" asks for the settlement of a point in dispute which has certainly never been contemplated by any existing code of laws. First hand passes; second calls misere; third passes, and, before the fourth hand has declared, the first hand leads out against the misere call. Fourth hand goes abundance, and rightly calls the irregularly played card. He takes the first trick, and then leads out without pre-announcing what is his trump suit. Second hand then objects to the validity of his call; and "Knave of Clubs" requests me to put the matter right.

The answer to this is that an abundance caller must specify his trump suit before a card is led out to the first trick; but should an adversary lead out before he has so announced it he must do so before he plays to the trick, or his call is invalid. In the case in dispute the abundance call is nullified, and the misere caller has a perfect right to proceed with his declaration, and call every exposed card, and should he decline to play it the cards must be re-dealt.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KINGSTON (Jamaica).—(1) The batsman was not out for hitting the ball twice. (2) He is allowed to strike the ball a second time to guard his wicket. (3) He was out for attempting to get a run.

THE MAJOR.

AN UNLAWFUL INTERFERENCE.

BY

G. FLAMBRON.

Illustrated by PENRYN STANLEY.

We had been talking for an hour of Trade-rights and Supply-and-demand and various other shibboleths, and had been collectively contemptuous of "this Socialist rot," and the Old Timer had smoked reflectively through it all with never a word.

But at last we perceived by the strenuousness of his puffs that the spirit was moving him. So we sank into expectant silence, because when this Old Timer did speak it was always good to listen.

"That's all very well," he said, "that talk about Trade-rights, and all the rest of it, but it doesn't always work out fair. Now up in Cariboo in 1860——"—(we drew our chairs closer in, and dropped our pipes that we might hear him the better)—"yes, in 1860—or might be '61 now—I'm not sure which. However, that year I bore a hand in a racket that I've never repented of, but it was an unlawful thing all the same.

"It was just at the height of the Cariboo rush, and a whole crowd of us had got through to the new camp at Barkerville, and made up our minds to winter there rather'n face the Canyon trail again. The road hadn't been built then, and you bet that was just an all-fired trail, that was! I reckon that out'n every hundred men that started from the head of navigation at Yale that year, not more'n a dozen got through. Of the others seven or eight would get smashed or die of water or whisky in the Canyons, and the rest would go back to the coast and curse the country. But there was twenty or thirty thousand men at one time or another in that rush, so even still, as I said, there was a whole crowd of us did get through; and for the time we had left to work in the prospects were really favourable.

"I did well myself. In fact, in them first few weeks I did better than ever I did afterwards; and that made me, like lots more, unwilling to go out for the winter.

"Now, when once the snow comes on in that British Columbia back-country it's just 'good-bye everybody' till next spring. It lies thicker'n any snow I know of. Why, I tell you, that same winter, when the weather got kind of settled just before the thaws, we'd go out in parties for a day or two's elk-huntin'; and I've seen us build our fire for the night on logs laid close together upon the snow, and wake up in the morning to find it had thawed a pit twenty to thirty feet deep, with a pile of wood ashes at the bottom, and us not knowing until then but what we were within a couple of feet of the solid.

"Of course, in a country like that, you can't coax even a Siwash along in the winter-time, and for that reason all the supplies that the camp wanted had to be carried in before the first snows. We all knew that well enough, but reckoned on laying out our gold-dust in flour and bacon all along through the autumn as fast as the packers came in, and so storing up what would last us till the spring.

"There were two traders in the camp—smart men, both of 'em—Down-easters, that had been too late to do any good on the Sacramento, and so came up north. They took up claims and pretended to do some mining, but it was their stores that was their chief business, and they minded to make a good thing of it. They put their heads together and calculated it out according to the number of men that was going to winter, and then set to work quietly to buy up all the stuff they could lay their hands on. They were late in starting, and

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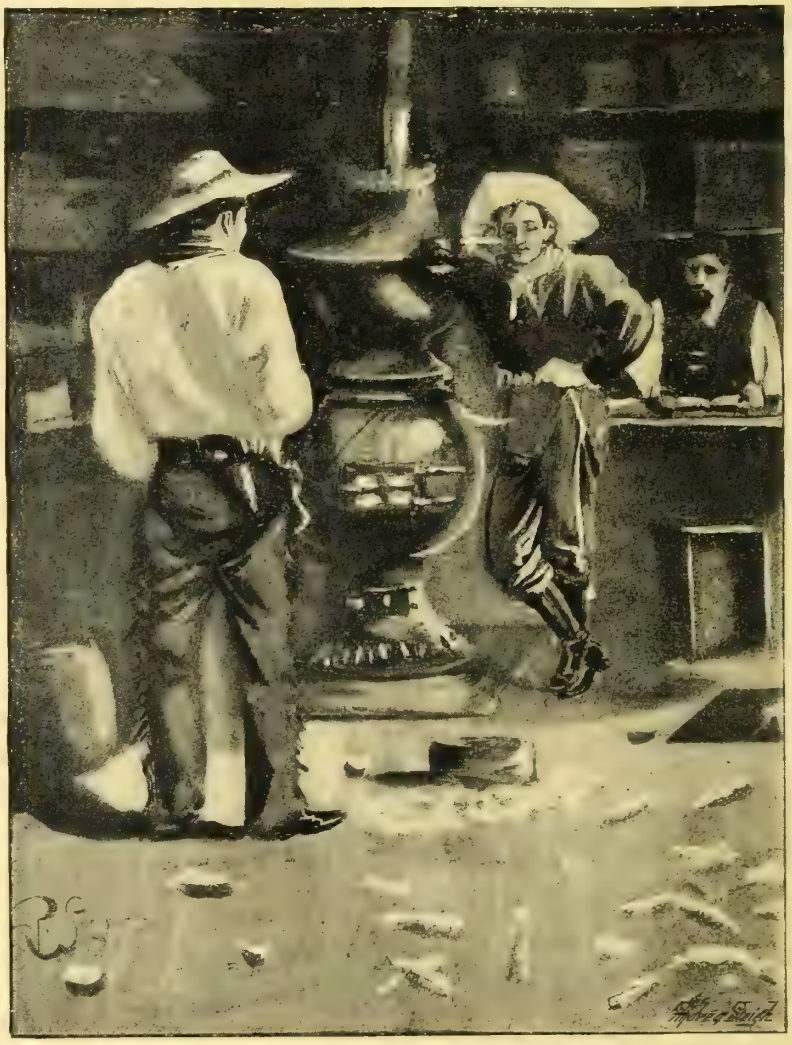
some of the men had already partly laid in for the winter, but the traders worked it somehow. They went about privately, first to one man and then to another, saying they were particular short of some particular thing, and would give a good profit for the accommodation if he cared to sell; and as like as not he would think, like a fool, that he was gettin' the best of it, and could lay in again cheaper when the next pack reached camp, and would sell clean out to them. And, of course, whenever the packs came up, the traders nobbled the lot, and 'wern't sellers just then.'

"Well, so it went on. The traders kep' buying, and the price of things kep' rising, till the first snow came—it came early that year, I remember—and then when we wanted to buy we all found out what the matter was goin' to be, mighty sharp!

"But the darned Yanks didn't put the screw on all at once; they'd sell small quantities at season's prices, they said, but not much, as they were speck'lating that stocks were low in camp and things would be scarce before the winter was through. And in that way they kep' putting us off, and rising the prices on us every other day. They kept on at this until Christmas, and by that time there was scarcely any grub left in camp except in their own hands, and we perceived well enough that in the ordinary course of trade they'd rake in every ounce of dust there was in Barkerville before the opening of the trail, not to speak of running debts on us for a bare living that would take half next season to pay; and, moreover, meant it.



"HALF-A-DOZEN OF US DROPPED IN QUITE ACCIDENTAL."

"Now, if these men had tried to play a game like that in California, you'd have been able to sift beans through their darned carcases inside of no time. But things went different in British Columbia from the first, and these Yanks knew it. There was that blamed old Judge down there in Victoria, with his eternal 'majesty of the law' to be reckoned with, and he was tougher'n the toughest of us. He taught us something before ever we started. Victoria was full of men with Californy ways to 'em that first winter, and there was masses now and agin, but the city gov'ment put on more officers, till you couldn't even look like a fightin' man, much less carry your gun in your clothes, but you were haled up before the Old Man, and it was 'ten dollars or a fortnight' every time, and all the boys laughing at you into the bargain. Why, once, when there'd been a bit of a scrape, but no one much the worse for it, they roped in the whole crowd, and, d——n it! he sent 'em all up for a month

"'I'll serve all alike but I'll stop this thing,' says the Judge, and someone in court yells out, 'Prison ain't big enough, Jedge,' and the Old Man rises all solemn, and says, 'If that New Westminster prison ain't big enough I'll have another built,' sez he, 'and another after that, and then another, but I'll have the Queen's Peace kept,' sez he. 'And, moreover, bring me that man here that spoke. It's contempt of court, and he shall go towards filling up.'

"Now, you bet when there's Judges like that in a country men'll be careful how they meddle with things that'll give the law a hold of 'em. And I expect that's how it was that there wasn't one of us so much as mentioned that these same traders ought to be shot, though every man of us felt just like doing it.

"But, anyhow, we soon saw that something had got to be done, and that right off. So it got whispered about, and the boys all met quietly to consider, and fixed up a plan that was carried out as neatly as possible on New Year's Day, with no fuss nor bother. Half-a-dozen of us goes, careless-like, to one store, and half-a-dozen to the other—not all at once, but just dropping in quite accidental — and placed ourselves where we'd be usefulest in case of any kicking, and then the man that was agreed on opens out, quite innocent-like, and wants to know 'what price flour was to-day?' 'Gettin' very scarce indeed,' says the thief of a trader, 'an' I've been obliged to put up the price again. Six bits a pound it is to-day, and I won't sell much at that.' 'Oh! h—— to your six bits!' says our Cap, 'didn't you hear flour had gone down sudden in this camp? Why, actually, they're sellin' now at the other store at 20 cents, and that's the proper market price, and we arn't the men to allow any swindling. Here are all the boys waiting to take what you have at that price. So just you look sharp and serve 'em.' Well, the trader looked round from one to another of us, and we all gave him a pleasant smile and a nod—just so-so—and he saw then what the matter was, and groaned, and sorter turned over in his mind if there was any way out of it, but couldn't find one. It turned him all white and shaky. 'Boys,' sez he, 'it's d——d robbery, and nothin' else; lots of that flour cost me thirty and forty cents.'

"'More fool you to go an' pay more'n a thing's worth. We can't afford to do it, can we, boys?' sez our Cap.

"And with that one of us fixes up a paper on the wall near the door, all ready written out:—

'BARKERVILLE CAMP.

Price of Flour, 20c.
Ditto Pig, 75c.
Ditto Sugar, 40c.
Ditto Coffee, 1½ dol.
Ditto Tea, 2 dol.

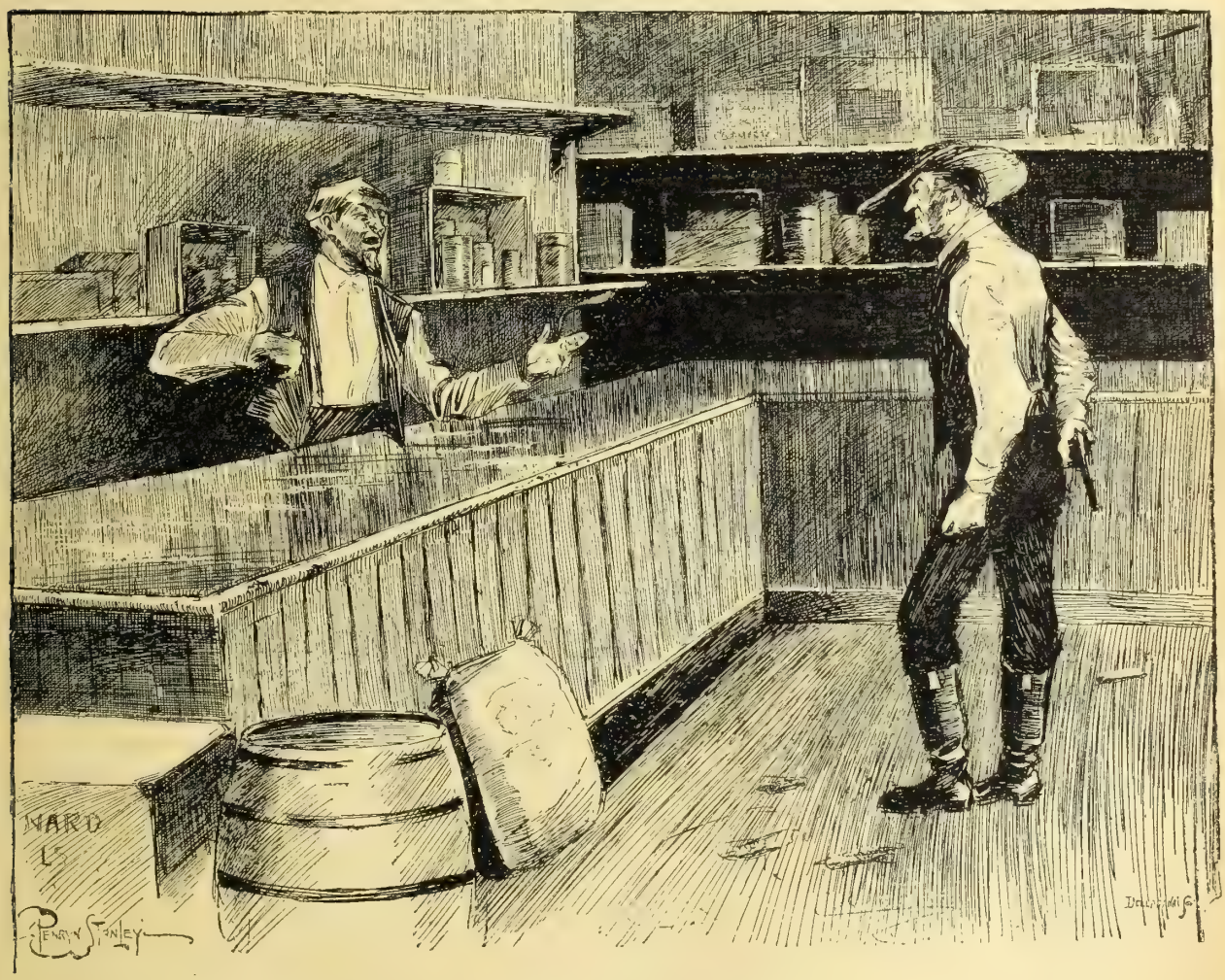
'Every man may take 150 lb. Flour, 5 lb. Sugar, 40 lb. Pig, 3 lb. Tea, 5 lb. Coffee, at above prices; but not more.

'By Order of the Trading Stores Committee.'

"And then the boys came crowdin' in, and two of us stood by the scales over the trader, and made him serve out the quantities, good weight; and when he wouldn't we did it for him, and our Cap took pay of every man for what he got before it was fetched away, and we carried on the game as long as there was any stock left. They were doing just the same thing at the other store, and before the morning was over we'd distributed supplies for the rest of the winter to the whole camp, and, just as we expected, there was plenty and to spare. Then we handed over our takings to the traders—every cent—and forced 'em to sign proper receipts that it was all right what we had done, and finished up by making 'em stand us whisky round for putting 'em into such a good way of trade. And somebody whispered to 'em not to try playin' tricks again in our camp, for fear of something happening, and advised 'em to clear out as soon as the snow went, which you bet they did. And right glad we were to get rid of 'em! I believe the jokers laid some sort of a complaint about it down in New Westminster, but the whole camp was in it, and the lawyers didn't seem exactly to know how to take hold of it. Anyway, there was no more about it that we heard of.

"Now you fellows were saying just now a trader had a right to his profit if he was clever enough to put himself in the way of making one. That's all right; I think that myself. But who's goin' to say what that profit's to be? And if he wants to overdo it, ain't we justified in saying, 'No! you don't'? Anyway, you won't get me to believe that there was a wrong thing we did at the Barkerville Camp."

Then the Old Timer relapsed into silence, and left us to think it over.



"IT'S ROBBERY, AND NUTHIN' ELSE!"

THE RED COCKADE.

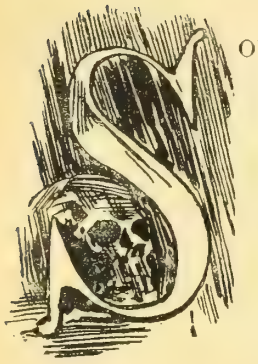
BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

GARGOUF.



SOME called for silence, while others stared at me stupidly, or pointed me out to their fellows; but the greater part took up the woman's cry, and, enraged by my presence, shook their fists at me, and shouted vile threats. For a minute the air rang with "A bas les Seigneurs! A bas les tyrans!" and I found this bad enough. But, presently, whether they caught sight of the steward, or merely returned to their first hatred, from which my appearance had diverted them, the cry changed to a sullen roar of "Gargouf! Gargouf!" A roar so full of the lust for blood, and coupled with threats so terrible, that the heart sickened and the cheek grew pale at the sound.

"Gargouf! Gargouf! Give us Gargouf!" they howled. "Give us Gargouf! and he shall eat hot gold! Give us Gargouf, and he shall need no more of our daughters!"

I shuddered to think that Mademoiselle heard; shuddered to think of the peril in which she stood. The wretches below were no longer men; under the influence of this frenzied woman they were mad brute beasts, drunk with fire and license. As the smoke from the burning building eddied away for a moment across the crowd and hid it, and still that hoarse cry came out of the mirk, I could believe that I heard not men, but maddened hounds raving in the kennel.

Again the smoke drifted away; and someone in the rear shot at me. I heard the glass splinter beside me. Another, a little nearer, flung up a burning fragment that, alighting on the ledge, blazed and sputtered by my foot. I kicked it down.

The act, for the moment, stilled the riot, and I seized the opportunity. "You dogs!" I said, striving to make my voice heard above the hissing of the flames. "Begone! The soldiers from Cahors are on the road. I sent for them this hour back. Begone, before they come, and I will intercede for you. Stay, and do farther mischief, and you shall hang, to the last man!"

Some answered with a yell of derision, crying out that the soldiers were with them. More, that the nobles were abolished, and their houses given to the people. One, who was drunk, kept shouting, "A bas la Bastille! A bas la Bastille!" with stupid persistence.

A moment more and I should lose my chance. I waved my hand! "What do you want?" I cried.

"Justice!" one shouted, and another, "Vengeance!" A third "Gargouf!" And then all, "Gargouf! Gargouf!" until Petit Jean stilled the tumult.

"Have done!" he cried to them, in his coarse, brutal voice. "Have we come here only to yell? And do you, Seigneur, give up Gargouf, and you shall go free. Otherwise, we will burn the house, and all in it."

"You villain!" I said. "We have guns, and——"

"The rats have teeth, but they burn! They burn!" he answered, pointing triumphantly with the axe he held to the flaming buildings. "They burn! Yet listen, Seigneur," he continued, "and you shall have a minute to make up your minds. Give up Gargouf to us to do with as we please, and the rest shall go."

"All?"

"All."

I trembled. "But Gargouf, man?" I said. "Will you—what will you do with him?"

"Roast him!" the smith cried, with a fearful grin; and the wretches round him laughed like fiends. "Roast him, when we have plucked him bare."

I shuddered. From Cahors help could not come for another hour. From Saux it might not come at all. The doors below me could not stand long, and these brutes were thirty to one, and mad with the lust of vengeance. With the wrongs, the crimes, the vices of centuries to avenge, they dreamed that the day of requital was come; and the dream had turned clods into devils. The very flames they had kindled gave them assurance of it. The fire was in their blood. A bas la Bastille! A bas les tyrans!

I hesitated.

"One minute!" the smith cried, with a boastful gesture—"one minute we give you! Gargouf or all."

"Wait!"

I turned and went in—turned from the smoky glare, the circling pigeons, the grotesque black figures, and the terror and confusion of the night, and went in to that other scene scarcely less dreadful to me; though only two candles, guttering in tin sockets, lit the landing, and it borrowed from the outside no more than the ruddy reflection of horror. The women had ceased to scream and sob, and crowded together silent and panic-stricken. The old men and the lad moistened their lips, and looked furtively from the arms they handled to one another's faces. Mademoiselle alone stood erect, pale, firm. I shot a glance at the slender little figure in the white robe, then I looked away. I dared not say what I had in my mind. I knew that she had heard, and——

She said it! "You have answered them?" she muttered, her eyes meeting mine.

"No," I said, looking away again. "They have given us a minute to decide, and——"

"I heard them," she answered shivering. "Tell them."

"But, Mademoiselle——"

"Tell them never! Never!" she cried, feverishly. "Be quick, or they will think that we are dreaming of it."

Yet I hesitated—while the flames crackled outside. What, after all, was this rascal's life beside hers? What his tainted existence, who all these years had ground the faces of the poor and dishonoured the helpless, beside her youth? It was a dreadful moment, and I hesitated. "Mademoiselle," I said at last, avoiding her eyes, "you have not thought, perhaps. But to refuse this offer may be to sacrifice all—and not save him."

"I have thought!" she answered, passionately. "I have thought. But he was my father's steward, Monsieur, and he is my brother's; if he has sinned, it was for them. It is for them to pay the penalty. And—after all, it may not come to that," she continued, her face changing, and her eyes seeking mine, full of sudden

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terror. "They will not dare, I think. They will never dare to——"

"Where is he?" I asked, hoarsely.

She pointed to a corner. I looked, and could scarcely believe my eyes. The man whom I had left full of a desperate courage, prepared to sell his life dearly, crouched a huddled figure in the darkest angle of the tapestry seat. Though I had spoken of him in a low voice, and without naming him, he heard me, and looked up, and showed a face to match his attitude; a face pallid and sweating with fear; and that, vile at the best and when redeemed by hardihood, looked now the vilest thing on earth. Ciel! that fear should reduce a man to that! He tried to speak as his eyes met mine, but his lips moved inaudibly, and he only crouched lower, the picture of panic and guilt.

I cried out to know what had happened to him. "What is it?" I said.

No one answered; and then I seemed to know. While he had thought all in danger, while he had felt himself only one among many, the common courage of a man had supported him. But God knows what voices, only too well known to him, what voices of starving men and wronged women, had spoken in that fierce cry for his life? What plaints from the dead, what curses of babes hanging on dry breasts! At any rate, whatever he had heard in that call for his blood, *his* blood, it had unmanned him. In a moment, in a twinkling, it had dashed him back into the corner, a trembling craven, holding up his hands for his life.

"GET UP, HOUND!"

Such fear is infectious, and I strode to him in a rage and shook him.

"Get up, hound!" I said. "Get up and strike a blow for your life; or, by heaven, no one else will!"

He stood up.

"Yes, yes, Monsieur," he muttered. "I will! I will stand up for Mademoiselle. I will——"

But I heard his teeth chatter, and I saw that his eyes wandered this way and that, as do a hare's when the dogs draw near; and I knew that I had nothing to expect from him. A howl outside, too, warned me at the same moment our respite was spent; and I flung him off and turned to the window. Too late, however; before I could reach it, a thundering blow on the doors below set the candles flickering and the women shrieking; then for an instant I thought that all was over. A stone came through the window; another followed it, and another. The shattered glass fell over us; the draught put out one light, and the women, terrified beyond control, ran this way and that, shrieking dismally. This, the yelling of the crowd outside, the sombre light and more sombre glare, the utter confusion so distracted me, that for a moment I stood irresolute, inactive, looking wildly about me; a poltroon waiting for someone to lead. Then a touch fell on my arm, and I turned and found Mademoiselle at my side, and saw her face upturned to mine.

It was white, and her eyes were wide with the terror she had so long repressed. Her hold on me grew heavier; she swayed against me, clinging to me.

"Oh!" she whispered in my ear in a voice that went to my heart, "can nothing be done? Can nothing be done, Monsieur? Must we die?"

"We must gain time," I said. My courage returned wonderfully as I felt her weight on my arm. "All is not over yet," I said. "I will speak to them."

And setting her on the seat, I sprang to the window and passed through it. Outside, things at a first glance seemed unchanged. The leaping flames, the glow, the trail of smoke and sparks, all were there. But a second glance showed that the rioters no longer moved to and fro about the fire, but were massed directly below me in a dense body round the doors. I shouted to them frantically, hoping still to delay them. I called Petit Jean by name. But I could not make myself heard, or they would not heed; and while I vainly tried, the great doors yielded at last, and with a roar of triumph the crowd burst in.

Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang back through the window, clutching up as I did so the gun Gargouf had given me; and then I stood in amazement. The landing was empty! The rush of feet across the hall below shook the house. Three seconds and the mob, whose screams of triumph already echoed through the passages, would be on us. But where was Mademoiselle? Where was Gargouf? Where were the servants, the waiting-maids, the boy, whom I had left here?

I stood an instant paralysed, like a man in a nightmare; brought up short in that supreme moment. Then, as the first crash of heavy feet sounded on the stairs, I heard a faint scream, somewhere to my right, as I stood. On the instant I sprang to the door which, on that side, led to the left wing. I tore it open and passed through it—not a moment too soon. The slightest delay, and the foremost rioters must have seen me. As it was I had time to turn the key, which, fortunately, was on the inside.

Then I hurried across the room and through an open door at the farther end, from which light issued;

across the room beyond, which was empty, then into the last of the suite.

Here I found the fugitives, who had fled so precipitately that they had not even thought of closing the doors behind them. In this last refuge, Madame's boudoir, all white and gold, they crouched among gilt-backed chairs and flowered cushions. They had brought only one candle with them; and the silks and gew-gaws and knick-knacks on which its light shone dimly, gave a peculiar horror to their white faces and glaring eyes, as almost mad with terror, they huddled in the farthest corner and stared at me.

They were such cowards that they put Mademoiselle foremost; or it was she who stood out to meet me. She knew me before they did, therefore; and she quieted them. When I could hear my own voice, I asked where Gargouf was.

They had not before discovered that he was not with them, and they cried out now, saying that he had come that way.

"You followed him?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

This explained their sudden flight, but not the steward's absence. What matter where he had gone, however? His help could avail little. I looked round in despair; the simpering Cupids on the walls seemed to mock our danger. I had the gun, I could fire one shot, I had one life in my hands. But to what end? In a moment, at any moment, within a minute or two at most, the doors would be forced, and the horde of mad brutes would pour in, and——

"Ah, Monsieur, the closet stair case! He has gone by the closet staircase!"

It was the boy who spoke.

"Where?" I said.

The lad sprang forward to show me, but Mademoiselle was before him with the candle. She flew back into the passage, a passage of four or five feet only between that room and the second of the suite; in the wall of this she flung open a door, apparently of a closet. I looked in, and saw the beginning of a staircase. My heart leapt at the sight.

"To the floor above?" I said

"No, Monsieur, to the roof!"

"Up, up, then!" I cried in a frenzy of impatience. "It will give us time. Quick. They are coming."

For I heard the door at the end of the suite, the door I had locked, creak and yield. They were forcing it, at any moment it might give; where I stood waiting to bring up the rear, their hoarse cries and curses came to my ears. But the good door held; held long enough. Before it gave way we were on the stairs and I had shut the door of the closet behind me. Then, holding to the skirts of the woman before me, I groped my way up quickly—up and up with a close smell of bats in my nostrils—and almost before I could believe it, I stood with the panting, trembling group on the roof. The glare of the burning outhouses below shone on a great stack of chimneys beside us and reddened the sky above, and burnished the leaves of the chestnut trees that rose on a level with our eyes. But all the lower part of the steep roofs round us, and the lead gutters that ran between them, lay in darkness, the denser for the contrast. The flames crackled below, and a thick reek of smoke swept up past the coping, but the noise alike of fire and riot was deadened here. The night wind cooled our brows, and I had a minute in which to think, to breathe, to look round.

"Is there any other way up to the roof?" I asked, anxiously.

"One other, Monsieur!"

"Where? Or do you stay here, and guard this door," I said, pressing the gun on the man. "And let the boy come and show me. Mademoiselle stay there if you please."

The boy ran before me to quite the farther end of the roof, and in a lead walk, between two slopes, showed me a large trap-door. It had no fastening on the outside, and for a moment I stood nonplussed; then I saw, a few feet away, a neat pile of bricks, left there in the course of some repairs. I began to remove them as fast as I could to the trap-door, and the boy saw and followed my example; in two minutes we had stacked a hundred and fifty on the door. Telling him to add another hundred to the number, I left him, and went back to the women.

(To be continued.)

HOCKEY IN CANADA.

The curling contingent will have competition this winter if the prospects are realized. Hockey on the ice, the king of all winter games, is likely to have a strong hold on the sympathies of the younger generation, especially. Hockey on the ice is the Canadian game that has come into existence within the last few years, and has taken its votaries by storm. It is now played in nearly every city and town in Canada, a complete schedule of games being arranged for the season, and a trophy presented to the final victor. While baseball and football draw their crowds of admirers, these games are positively tame when compared with hockey.

The game is played on skates by teams of seven, with a "puck" made of vulcanised rubber, one inch thick all through, and three inches in diameter. Each player has a very light "stick," with a blade about a foot in length, three inches high, and half an inch thick, while the handle is about three feet long. With this he "plays the puck," never striking it hard, as in the old game of "shinny," or "shinty." The game is played, as a rule, in covered rinks, with nicely-boarded sides, so that the "puck" will "carom" off them like a billiard ball. The goals are four feet high, and six feet apart, and the object is to pass the "puck" through these below the top of the posts. One man is stationed in goal as the goal-keeper; another a little in front of him is "the point"; in front of the point stands the "cover-point," while still farther forward are "the forwards." The rules are somewhat similar to Rugby football in regard to "off-side" plays, but no interference is allowed. The game abounds in scientific "plays," "passes," and "shots," a good player being able to shoot the "puck" a little off the ice, like a cannon-ball, or raise it twenty feet in the air from one end of the rink to the other, and this when the puck is lying on the flat surface. Two half-hours are played, goals being changed at half-time, and the side scoring the most goals by the end of full time is declared the winner by the referee. Of all the healthy, hearty, active games in which youth engages there is none better for bringing out the muscle, nerve, and swiftness that each may have power to bring into play—none that more severely tests the temper, good feeling, and discipline of the player than a well-organised match at hockey on ice, played on skates.—*Current Literature.*

HOW A GREYHOUND IS TRAINED.

A VISIT TO MR. M. G. HALE'S KENNELS.

Illustrated by Douglas Fry.

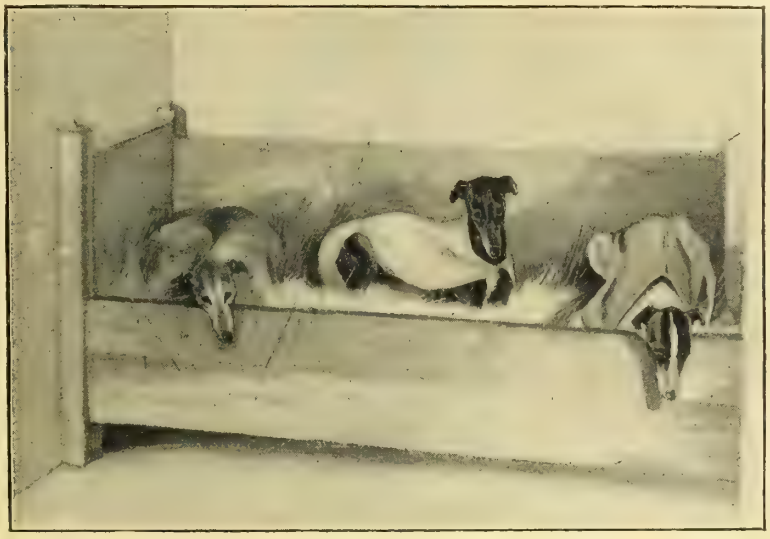
Few people, I venture to think, are aware of the time, trouble, patience, and money which have to be spent on the breeding, rearing, and training of first-class greyhounds. By first-class greyhounds I mean the kind of dogs that are good enough to run in the Waterloo Cup which, if the frost is not a spoil-sport, is being decided this week, and, which, to borrow a phrase from the sporting reporter, has always been regarded as the "blue-riband of the leash." One of the foremost kennels of this description is that owned by Mr. M. G. Hale, who has been a coursing enthusiast for many years. Mr. Hale's kennels are located at Claydon, a sleepy little village about four miles from Ipswich, and it was with feelings of gratitude for the interesting morning before me that I received Mr. Hale's kind permission to go over his kennels, in order to give to the readers of To-Day a little idea of the daily routine of a coursing establishment.

The dogs had just come in from their exercise when I called, and I started at once to get as much information as possible out of their trainer, Joseph Harmon.

"Will you tell me first of all," I asked, "the kind of greyhound you like best to train?"

We passed into the building, and Harmon called up one of the beautiful animals to act as a model.

"I like a straight back first of all," said Harmon, running his hand down the dog's spine. "There used to be a fancy for the 'roach' back"—which for the benefit of the uninformed I may say is a curved back—"but we know better than that nowadays. Then a good dog should have his hind legs tucked well under him, and should stand a trifle lower in the front than at the back. Hocks are set well down, though the legs must, of course, be perfectly straight. Then I like good sloping shoulders, a fairly long neck so that the dog can pick up his hare easily, and a powerful jaw. When you have a dog shaped like that you've got one that can gallop."



BED-TIME.

While this conversation was going on a boy had come forward with a dandy-brush, and was carefully brushing the dogs' feet and legs. The animals seemed very pleased with the operation, and stood as though they were thoroughly accustomed to it.

The interior of the building forming the kennels is divided up into compartments, with an open space in the centre in which there is a small stove. Each of these kennels is entirely separate from the rest, and is capable of holding three dogs comfortably. At the end of each one is a spacious bench raised about two feet from the ground, and covered with a plentiful supply of clean straw. The floor is littered with sawdust, and the walls and ceilings are whitewashed. As the kennel doors were opened the dogs resolved themselves into parties of three, and quickly disappeared. Every dog knows his own place, and the three occupants of a kennel strongly resent the intrusion of a fourth. In a remarkably short space of time all the dogs vanished. Then we strolled into the kitchen—the dogs' own kitchen—for all the necessary cooking is done on the premises.

"And what do you feed them on?" I enquired.

"Oh, beef and mutton for meat, and biscuits and brown bread. The great thing is to change the food as much as possible. Yes, we do everything ourselves. I generally have the meat boiled, it's handier, and I can then soak the bread or biscuit in the liquor the meat is boiled in."

"Do you give them a vegetable course?"

"Well, we season the food up a bit with an onion or two. Greyhounds are delicate feeders as a rule, and soon get tired of one food. Its near dinner time now. This is their principal meal of the day."

And a very good meal it was. The smell of the cooking meat, with its accompaniment of onions, was most appetising. In a few minutes the joint—good, sound English beef—was taken out of the copper, and the meal was prepared.

"They live well," I remarked.

"Yes," replied Harmon, with a smile; "we must keep 'em up to the mark. They can go wrong so easily, and then they have to be physicked."

"What's your daily routine?" I asked.

"Well, we give them a little something to eat about eight. Then the kennels are cleaned every morning, and after that I take them out for exercise."

"How much exercise do you give them a day?"

"About two to three hours. I'm a strong believer in walking exercise for greyhounds. It gives them nearly all the work they want, unless, of course, they are going to run at a meeting."

"After the exercise you feed them as you are doing now, I suppose?"

"Yes, and in the afternoon we give them their grooming, a good two hours it takes to do them all. It's my belief that the grooming does almost as much good as the exercise, in the way of getting their muscles right. Then after the grooming comes bedtime. A greyhound wants plenty of rest. It's so easy to overtrain a dog and then he's stale and useless for running until he's round again."

"And how do you train them for coursing? The walking exercise alone can't be enough?"

"No, the walking alone wouldn't do. When we want to train a dog to run at a meeting, we get someone to hold him in a meadow while I go on about a quarter of a mile. The dogs will always run to me, and one spin a day like that is quite enough—with the other exercise and an occasional hare—to get them fit. It's a great mistake to give a greyhound too much work."

"You don't agree with horse exercise then?"

"Certainly not. I know many people have an idea that to get a dog fit all you've got to do is to let him run behind a trap for an hour or two a day, but it's a great mistake. The continued exertion knocks the spirit out of the dog, and when he's wanted to do his best he hasn't got it in him."

"But suppose now," I asked, "a dog gets a long trying course at a meeting, and he has to run again the same day, what do you do then?"

"If a dog has had a gruelling, and has got to run later on, I give him a little jelly and a good rubbing down with some embrocation."

"What is your opinion of dog shows? Do you think that the dogs who win prizes on the show bench would be any good for coursing?"

"I don't think much of shows," and the promptness with which this answer came was very significant. "I've seen some greyhounds winning prizes at shows that I wouldn't look at for coursing. I've only come across a very few dogs at shows that I liked the look of myself."

PLAYTIME.

"But appearances don't count very much, do they?"

"No, they don't, especially with a greyhound. You may have a dog that's as right as any dog can be to look at, and yet, perhaps, he won't be any use for running, and what's more, nobody can tell where his fault is. On the other hand, you may have a dog who isn't much to look at, but who is a regular clinker in the field."

"What about colour? Have you any preference?"

"No," replied Harmon, "a good horse can't be a bad colour, you know, and the same remark applies to a greyhound. If you were to look up the list of Waterloo Cup winners you'd find almost every colour there."

It may not be generally known outside the coursing world that all Mr. M. G. Hale's dogs run under names with the same prefix—"Happy." And judging from the beautiful home that these dogs live in, and the care and attention that are paid to their well-being, there can be no doubt that the adjective is decidedly appropriate.

W. P.

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Printed for the Proprietors by Wyman & Sons, Ltd., 63, Carter Lane, Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 69. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE SUNK FENCE.

BY

W. KEPPEL HONNYWILL.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

HE had brought his stud with him, intending to hunt throughout the season. He did not know why he had come back. Perhaps it was a certain morbid curiosity which had driven him to the scene of his crime. Many a criminal is impelled by some subtle, inner force to revisit the spot where his victim fell, even when he is fully aware that by so doing he endangers his own liberty, his life; and that the police—like bloodhounds—are sniffing out his track, bringing the guilt home to him. But no shadow of suspicion rested on this man.

He had no reason for coming. He was wealthy; the world had dealt kindly with him; everything that he touched turned to gold, since that fatal morning when—to the right of the plantation, under cover of the sunk fence—he had shot his friend behind the ear, and had so disposed the gun and the body that the jury brought it in as "accidental death." The rest of England and the whole world were open to him, yet he had come back at last after an absence of ten years.

The morning was dull, misty, the grey sky obscured by the swiftly travelling clouds. The weather for scent was excellent, and with a good fox portended "a cracker," one of the fastest runs of the season.

Surely never was such a run! They found in the fir plantation at the back of the old Priory. He remembered the spot well. He knew every fence of the country and guessed the line which the fox would take, for he had ridden to hounds here so often before.

His horse, a powerful, clean-limbed chestnut, was well up to his weight, and for the entire run he led the field, without a mishap, without a refusal, avoiding nothing that came in his way, pressing his horse when necessary and lifting him with an iron hand.

Suddenly the pack swerved round the base of a hill, and continually bore away to the southward in the teeth of the wind. There was no sign of a check, the hounds had made no mistake, they were still in full cry.

What possessed the fox to double, like a hare, in this manner? Back, back they came, his chestnut still well in advance. The pace was now tremendous.

Across the Priory garden, across the home meadow the pack led the way, closely followed by the chestnut, who showed no signs of distress at the pace.

"He rides like the devil," muttered the master. "I wonder if he knows of the sunk fence and the stone masonry?"

Another five hundred yards of pasturage and he would be upon it. His face turned ashy, white, bloodless, with a sudden fear. He held his horse more in hand. His grip tightened on the curb. A look of deadly terror shone in his eyes. Yet he had no fear for his bones, he had often risked breaking them, and his neck, too; besides he knew every inch of the ground, his memory was as good as that of any other man, perhaps better. But his moral courage had forsaken him. He dared not ride at that fence, dared not jump on to that spot where his victim had lain—cold, with blue lips, a film glazing over his eyes, the waxen hue of death upon his countenance, the warm life-blood oozing from his head and coagulating upon his fair, curly hair—a stiffened corpse. Involuntarily, he shuddered at the thought.

Another three hundred yards lay between him and the fence.

He would pull—pull his horse's mouth to pieces,

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rather than face that spot. What on earth induced the fox to run so green? Surely it must have been in the employ of the deuce himself, to double and almost cover its own track, and to make for *there!*

He rose in his stirrups, as though to look ahead. His teeth chattered, he lost the control of his jaws. The chestnut's mettle was up; he didn't understand the treatment; he heard other hoofs thundering after him, and tried to take the bit between his teeth.

Gradually the hand loosened its grip on the curb, and the animal went away with a rush.

Another hundred yards.

He heard shouting behind him. "For God's sake——" He lost the rest. His brain reeled. Were they mocking him for showing funk, or were they warning him? He didn't know, he didn't care in that moment. His mind was made up. He had taken the fence before scores of times in the old days. He would take it again to-day; and deuce take his memory.

Once more the scene of the past flashed like lightning across his mental vision. His friend's merry jest and jovial laugh, his own treacherous, laughing reply, and then the shot; and the grim, ghastly corpse prone upon the ground.

Horse and rider were close now.

He must jump wide, very wide. He knew that, for he had to clear the post and the rails under the bank side, and they were fifteen feet away.

His senses seemed numbed and dazed; yet he gathered up his reins, fixed himself firmly in his seat, setting his teeth tightly, and gave the chestnut a heavy cut with his whip, digging his spurs deep into the animal's flanks.

He might have swerved to the right or left, to either side of that dread spot; but something seemed to force him to take the jump there, and there only.

The chestnut responded nobly, his blood was on fire, and he yet heard the thud of the hoofs behind him and the shouts of the horsemen.

They cleared the fence easily; but, whilst the animal rose to the leap, his rider's eyes stared from their sockets, his face turned livid. He saw certain death confronting them both, and strove to turn his horse aside; but it was too late.

A piercing shriek rang through the air, and horse and rider fell together in a heap, mangled, bleeding.

They had crushed into a rude cairn, composed of rough, unhewn stones, built upon the spot where the dead man had fallen—an unsculptured monument in memory of his sad end.

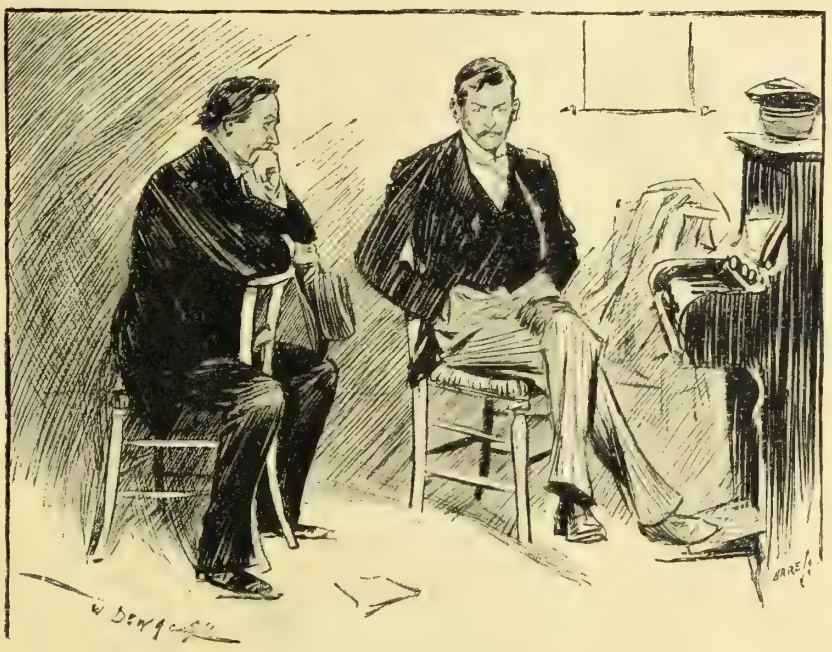
The horse with wildly lustrous eyes gazed around him, then struggled on to his fore-legs. Sparks shot out in all directions as his shod hoofs struck upon the stones in his vain attempts to regain his foothold. A thin streak of blood was trickling down his master's temples. The animal gave a low, plaintive whinny, and rolled over backwards upon the top of him.

And when the field came up they found horse and rider lying together at the foot of the monument, their blood mingled, each with his back broken.

OUR ASH WEDNESDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

WE usually were hard-up, as far as I recollect; but at this particular period of our joint existence we were more so than ever. I had been out of an engagement for months (my only surprise, now, in looking back and remembering what sort of an actor I made, is that I ever was *in* one), and Will was singing in the chorus of the Royalty at fifteen shillings a week. Fifteen shillings a week is a nice little sum, but it won't keep two fellows in comfort for any lengthened period. This we had proved to our entire satisfaction. In less than a month from the time of our commencing to try it, our affairs, as Mr. Micawber would have said, had arrived at a crisis, and ruin stared us in the face. It did even worse. Metaphorically speaking, it knocked us both down, and then came and sat on our chests. In the first week Will pawned his dress suit, and I sold my top hat to the baker. On the following Thursday we sent the landlady's boy round the corner with a large brown paper parcel, and he came back with a message that it wasn't an old clothes shop, and he'd better tell his mother to come herself. Will went round, and got nine shillings, however. On Sunday, we sold a pair of opera-glasses in Petticoat Lane for four-and-ninepence, and went and had a five-course ordinary in Wardour Street, for one-and-fourpence each, and the proprietor said he guessed he'd lost half-a-crown on the contract, and thought we ought to buy a bottle of wine. On Friday, I sold my two pairs of tights to a man who was going to play Hamlet, and wanted a few pairs to wear under his own, as he said black always made your legs look so thin. On the Saturday, we put aside our toothbrushes and combs, and made a bundle of everything else except the clothes we were wearing, and at the end of the week we had fourpence and an ounce of bird's eye between us, and owed nine shilings and our washing.



THE STOPS CONFUSED HIM.

It was now the beginning of the second week after that, and we were standing looking out of window, and discussing our position somewhat gloomily.

"Something must be done," said Will; "things can't go on like this, you know."

This remark of Will's, I may observe, was not original. He had picked it up from Mrs. Crump, our landlady. She had made the observation on one or two occasions of late, and she had reiterated it with much emphasis on the present morning, when she had brought in the breakfast, and when, on her explaining that she had got us two penny bloaters, as the ones at two for three-ha'pence were too skinny for anything, we had replied that she had done quite right, and had requested her to put it down on the bill.

We stood silent for a while, gazing down into Mrs. Crump's backyard and watching the rain. Then Will, speaking again, said—

"If things don't mend soon we shall have to turn managers ourselves."

I opposed that. I said we had kept respectable hitherto, and we ought not, because of a little temporary difficulty, to give way now.

"Poverty," I said, laying my hand on Will's shoulder, "we have borne and will bear. Never let us do anything that can be brought up against us in after-life. Besides," I added, "we've got fourpence. It would be foolish while that lasts."

He grasped my hand, and the subject dropped.

"What about an entertainment?" he suggested, after a pause.

"Ah! there I'm with you," I replied. "An entertainment is good. Readings and recitations with a little music, and a comic sketch to wind up with."

"By Jove! we might easily clear five pounds over it," said Will.

"Or even ten," said I, growing enthusiastic. "Why not twenty! A hundred seats at half-a-crown, twelve pounds ten; two hundred at a shilling, ten pound, and a row or two at the back for sixpence. By Jove! it's more than twenty."

"It would be a jolly good thing, you know," said he.

"Look here," said I, seizing him by the coat, as the thought flashed across me—"Ash Wednesday—all the theatres closed—people will be glad of something—gives us just nine days to get ready."

By a mutual instinct we snatched up our hats and made for the door.

By a mutual course of reasoning it occurred to us, when we got to the door, that we evidently didn't know what we were doing; upon which we returned to the fire, and prepared to discuss the scheme sensibly.

First of all we rang the bell, and requested some more coals.

Mrs. Crump's preliminary exclamation was to the effect that she did like our style, said sarcastic-like; but we soon explained matters to her, and sent her out of the room in high spirits.

"On Thursday week, Mrs. Crump," we said, "you shall be paid up everything; and," I added, inspired by that generosity that the acquisition of sudden wealth ever bestows upon the noble mind—"and, Mrs. Crump, I think we ought, considering all your goodness, to make you some little present, if you will allow us. Now, what do you say to a new bonnet?"

Mrs. Crump laughed, and said we were very kind, she was sure, and that a Dolly Varden, which she could trim herself with a bit of lace and some red poppies, would come in handy against the spring.

We said that a Dolly Varden it should be, but we insisted on paying for the trimmings also; and she brought up the coals and a bottle of whisky—the dear

old soul—out of which we drank her health and success to our project. And Mrs. Crump said, with tears in her eyes, that there wasn't a living soul could wish us better over the job than she did, though she was but a poor woman, and Mr. Crump was not—she would not deceive us—always what he should be; and there was the children—Lord love 'em!—and a better man never breathed, *when* sober.

We settled our programme, and commenced rehearsing that very morning. Will undertook to do "The Charge of the Light Brigade." (What entertainment was ever complete without that?) "Poor Richard's Sayings" (in costume), "The Spanish Mother," "Polonius's Advice to his Son," and a poem of his own about a man who killed a bull, which I never could understand the meaning of, but didn't like to ask him. I selected "The Song of the Shirt," the oration of Antony over the body of Cæsar, Bret Harte's "Society upon the Stanislaus" (with accent), and a "Caudle Lecture" for my dole; and, in addition, there were to be four songs (not yet decided on), a scene from "The Rivals" (I forget which), and the farce of "An Unwarrantable Intrusion."

WE ASKED HIM WHAT IT WAS FOR.

Will was all right for his share. He had been accustomed to tea-meetings and penny-readings at his uncle's chapel down in Yorkshire; but I did not feel quite comfortable myself. Reciting is a very different thing to acting, and I had had no practice in it. The only time I had recited in public had been at a "young men's mutual improvement society" (I don't know what we used to improve each other in; they taught *me* nap), when I was about fifteen. The rule of that society was that every reading or recitation should be criticised afterwards by the other members. I had given them "The Spanish Armada," on the occasion in question, and fourteen strong men had got up and criticised me, and I had "never done anything since" in the recitation line. Still, it seemed simple enough.

About our pitch we did not come to an easy conclusion. Will was for taking the Steinway or room in St. James's Hall; but I was for somewhere a little less central. As we couldn't decide between ourselves, we invited a friend of Will's, who knew something about the business, and put it before him. He heard us go through one or two pieces, and then he agreed with me that the West End district was too central.

"An outlying suburb is what you want," said he; "or, better still, some small place right away, where it's difficult to get at, and where the people aren't likely to know much about things of this sort."

He also recommended us not to go in for any singing at all. He said, "No, he should certainly not do any songs if he were either of us."

We adopted his advice on all points. We determined on a small out-of-the-way town, about twenty miles from London, and five from any railway-station; and I was to run down the next day, and prospect.

At this point it became necessary to go into the question of funds. Nothing could be done without money, of course. So we set to work and borrowed every penny that our friends possessed in the whole wide world—at least, that is what they said. It amounted to £1 9s. in all. Not one among 'em possessed more than 3s. 6d. I never knew a body of men all so hard up at the same time in all my life.

On Thursday I went down. It was a pretty little place—very old-fashioned, very quiet, not to say dull. I did a good deal that day. I found out the proprietor of the only hall in the town, and arranged to take it for Ash Wednesday evening. The price was ten shillings, including gas. He did not ask for the money in advance, thank goodness, and I did not press it upon him. I asked him what he thought about our chances. He thought they ought to be very good. There hadn't been an entertainment in the town, he said, for eighteen months, and he fancied the people would welcome it. I asked him if he thought Ash Wednesday would make any difference, and he said, "Oh, no; make it a little religious."

I then went with his man to view the hall. It was a big, bleak, draughty, echoing sort of room, with texts of Scripture placarded round the walls, and a ghastly-looking plaster bust of the local M.P. on the platform. I asked the man what *he* thought of the chances, and he said: "Oh, aye. He didn't see why you shouldn't do all right." He also was of opinion, however, that there ought to be something religious about it.

The landlord of the Red Lion opposite was likewise

sanguine; he founding his opinion upon the success achieved three years ago by a waxwork show. I had a drink with him, patted the little boy on the head, shook hands with his wife, and was surprised at the size of the baby. He promised to put the thing about, and I left to look for a piano.

A piano seemed difficult to get. The only letable one in the place was undergoing repairs. It had been loaned to a wedding-party ten days before, and a lady had accidentally sat upon it. If you had seen the lady, as I did afterwards, you would have understood.

I was told, however, that Mr. Jecks, the furniture man, had some kind of a musical instrument which he occasionally lent out, though it wasn't known what. I went to Mr. Jecks, and found it to be an American organ.

He said it was just the thing we wanted.

I said, "It's an entertainment, you know."

"What is it?" said he. "Magic lantern?"

I explained. I also mentioned that it was to be on Ash Wednesday.

He scratched his chin at that. Then he said, musingly—

"Oh, 'twill be all right, that will. Make it a little serious, you know. Throw in a hymn or two. They like hymns down here."

It was evident that something a little more elevating than we had originally contemplated would be needed, and I began to turn over in my mind the advisability of giving them a sermon, at all events, for the first part, and I wondered if the Bishop would object. That they should have their hymns I decided upon then and there, and engaged the organ with that view. It was a dismal-sounding instrument, even for an American organ, but Mr. Jecks said that many people in the town had greatly admired it. Perhaps its exceptional lugubriousness of tone was regarded as a point in its favour.

Having now got everything arranged I went back to town, and next morning Will and I started drawing up our bills and programme, the latter setting forth that "Messrs. ——— and ———, from the leading London theatres, would give a Musical, Dramatic and Literary Entertainment, interspersed with Hymns played on the American Organ by Mr. ——— (Will wasn't *quite* sure whether he *could* play the American organ, but he supposed it was much like the piano, and he would try), on the evening of Ash Wednesday, February 27th." We also added a note at the foot to the effect that we were prepared to attend schools and private parties at special terms.

There was a good deal of unpleasantness over the printing. The lad on bringing the parcel said he was instructed to wait for the money, but, as explained in the letter we gave him to take back, our paying then would only have confused the accounts, and it was best that everything should stand over and be dealt with as a whole. The man's coming round and kicking up a row in the passage was unbusinesslike, and did no good to anyone.

On Saturday I went down again to "bill" the place and leave tickets. I did dispose of a few, but not as I desired. The reporter for the local newspaper accepted two, and requested three more for his uncle; and the clergyman consented to take six, but on being asked for the fifteen shillings, said, Oh, no, that wasn't his idea at all. He did not mind lending his countenance to the affair, but that was all.

The Wednesday morning dawned raw and cold. It had been intermittently snowing and sleeting for the last three days, and the by-streets were some six inches deep in a chilly slosh. At ten o'clock the snow began to come on again. At twelve we had a glass of beer and a bit of bread and cheese, and started with one umbrella between the two of us for the station.

The first thing I did when I got to the town was to go round and see what tickets had been sold. None had been sold; none had been asked for. The chemist fancied the people would turn up more at the doors. The stationer and bookseller said he thought the general depression in trade might account for it.

I took the tickets, went to the inn, ordered a hot dinner, and sat down to wait for Will. In half-an-hour he came in, soaked and dirty. We didn't say much, but sat in front of the fire, and thought—Will with his boots off.

Dinner, though it only consisted of some very fat mutton-chops, made us a little more cheerful, and subsequently, under the influence of that and a glass of mulled claret I even got so far as to begin to sing. Will, however, begged me not to, as he said it made him feel worse, and I gave it up.

At half-past five we went over with the man to the hall. The chairs were ranged in solemn rows. The windows rattled. The wind whistled in the chimney. It was nearly pitch dark. The place looked ghostly and dismal. The man lit a gas-burner.

It looked more dismal then.

Will opened the organ and tried it. It wasn't so much like a piano as he thought. The stops confused him greatly. He kept pulling out the wrong ones, which had a curious effect. In his endeavours to master the

WE SETTLED DOWN TO A STEADY TRAMP.

stops his playing went all wrong; and when he managed the other things fairly well he forgot to blow the bellows.

I should not have recognised any of the hymns the way he performed them, at all.

He gave up after a while, and turned and looked round the room.

"This will be jolly with six people in it," he said.

In imagination I saw them scattered about, cold, miserable, and silent, each one sorry he had come. I was sorry I had come myself. I wished I was back in Sydney Street.

I mounted the platform with the idea of going through one of my pieces to see the effect. I began: "Caudle, you're not asleep, Caudle." The words rang round the room with a hollow, unearthly sound, and echoed and re-echoed till it seemed as though a host of demons were shrieking some wild chorus in a vault.

I got frightened, and came down.

We went and stood at one of the windows, and gazed out into the road. The snow was still falling heavily, and melting when it reached the ground. Not a living soul was about—not a light in a window. One flickering gas-lamp opposite showed us the road, black with patches of dirty white, and pools of water.

The man who had been away came back, carrying a huge box—a box you could have put a flour sack in—with a small hole at the top. We asked him what it was for; he said it was to put the money in!

That finished us. There was something exquisitely comic about his bringing that box to put our takings in, but we didn't see it. We only looked at one another, and each saw his purpose reflected in the other's face.

Stealthily we glanced round the room, then listened.

The clip-clop of the man's boots crossing the street to the inn died away, and all was silent.

Swiftly and noiselessly we gained the door, sped down the stairs, and were out. Keeping close in the shadow of the hall we passed the inn, and took to our heels and ran.

We ran till we were clear of the town, when, thrusting our hands in our pockets, and, turning up our coat collars, we settled down to a steady tramp. We reached the station wet through, but luckily just caught a train. We got back at nine, and went straight into Mrs. Crump's kitchen, and told her we couldn't pay her after all. That lady, who was a woman, which is the only observation I have to offer about her, said nothing; but made us take off our things, and put on some of her husband's, and stirred the fire till it roared, and toasted some cheese, and warmed some beer, and then told us supper was ready. And so it all ended.

CONAN DOYLE ON FICTION.

In answer to the question, "What do you think is the special tendency of fiction in this country (United States) and in England?" Dr. Doyle said:—"I think the special tendency at present is toward what may be called local fiction—the presentation of local types—and I think this is likely to become a great danger. Provincialism is a thing to be avoided in art. The value of the local type depends entirely upon the power of the writer to make it significant of universal traits. In the 'Window in Thrums,' Barrie describes with charming art an old-world village, full of local colour, shut off in a way from the movement of life, intensely provincial, but that which he describes under these local forms is the universal substance of human nature. We are interested in Thrums because behind those local types and that local dialect, which have a novelty for us, there are revealed with a powerful hand the impulses, the passions, and the experiences which are common to all mankind. This is the secret of the power of Miss Wilkins in 'Pembroke,' which deals with a little New England village, and with very strongly-marked New England types, but which works out in that village and through those characters a drama of human passion and suffering which is local only in the sense that it is placed on a particular stage. In England, as in this country, the present tendency in fiction is very strongly toward local portraiture. Almost every new work of fiction is a study of some section of the United Kingdom. Scotland has not only been divided up among the novelists, but England is fast being divided also. There are novels of Devonshire, of Cornwall, of Sussex, of the Isle of Man, of Yorkshire, of Somersetshire. It looks as if the map of literature were being broken up into counties. So far, these local types have been drawn by very strong hands, and they have made a great impression, because the artistic instinct behind them has made the local character illustrative of universal experience; but there is danger that the tendency, if carried too far, will end in a very bare and unprofitable study of details and local minutiæ without general significance. I have heard a good deal of talk in this country which has seemed to me essentially unsound, because it has emphasised geographical divisions rather than the principles of art. In the nature of things there cannot be such a thing as a sectional literature. You may have schools of writers in the West and the South, as you have had in the East, but the attempt to build up literature on sectional lines is doomed to failure. Wherever Eastern, Southern, and Western life has been touched with a powerful hand it has been immensely interesting, not because of its sectional, but because of its universal features. In all true fiction the type must be very strongly and distinctly drawn, and in this way all literature must be very definitely localised. But it should be borne in mind that the emphasis must be laid not on the local, but on the universal elements, and it will be a great mistake to emphasise the sectional tendency as opposed to the national tendency.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARLY.

The age is so well read that originality—which is but a futile thing after all—is only slightly more impossible than successful plagiarism. One intends no indelicate charges, but—Oscar *is* unfortunate. His Salomé, like the "great novel about Iceland" in the "Green Carnation," is "full of passion, colour, and subtle impurity," and withal quite as original as anything he ever did. But it is with a certain pain that I remember some poems by one Adah Isaacs Menken, a Jewess born in New Orleans, creator of the rôle of Mazeppa in the famous play, much married (once, indeed, to a prize-fighter), and all the time a poet and friend of poets. It is not likely that many persons have her "Infelicia" among their books, but if those who have will read "Judith," they may discover the likeness one finds between the curiously wild and vividly-coloured picture of this woman's fancy and the Salomé who cried:

"I will kiss thy mouth, Iokanaan!"

It would be unkind to call Oscar's work an imitation; let one rather say that Adah Isaacs Menken's was an anticipation.—*The Chap Book.*

CHINESE MOURNING.

The widow, sitting down on the grave, commences a low, pitiful wailing. Though the ceremony is somewhat theatrical, this voice of mourning is inexpressibly sad. Gradually she works herself up to a pitch of apparent agony, and throws herself prone on the grave, weeping and wailing, and calling on the dead by every endearing name. Her cries re-echo from hill to hill; they certainly are most distressing to us, the unwilling hearers. By the time one might suppose her to be stupefied with crying, and her head splitting with pain, a neat young woman comes to fetch her. She at once arises, tidies her dress, and the two walk off together, chatting cheerily.

ACROSS EUROPE ON A BICYCLE. *

An important addition to the literature of the wheel is furnished by the remarkably interesting little volume, in which Mr. R. L. Jefferson tells the story of his ride from London to Constantinople. In itself the feat was a daring one, and the risk was intensified from the fact that Mr. Jefferson is not a linguist. His ride brought him into contact with ten different languages, and he only knew one—English. This, naturally, led to complications involving at times amusement, and more frequently danger. As might be expected his worst time was in Bulgaria, where the cycle has not shed its humanising influence. On the road to Phillipopolis he met

> Whole strings of Gipsies, all mounted, and all as black as coal. My appearance creates quite a sensation among the swarthy vagabonds. And once I am the cause of quite a commotion. The leading mule of one of these caravans takes fright at my appearance and scampers off, his sudden start snapping the cord. The others, alarmed, follow his example, the cords are broken right and left, and away they go across the prairie, shedding their burdens as they fly, with the babies—of whom there seems to be quite a quantity—holding on like grim death and howling with terror. In the terrific excitement which follows I put toes to my pedals and made myself scarce.

Bulgaria has some of the Chinese topsy-turvydom in its customs:

> All the way from Sofia I have been puzzled, and sometimes annoyed, at a Bulgarian peculiarity. This is the reversal of the European method of affirmative and negative by gesture. The Roumelian will shake his head sideways if he means yes, and nod his head if he means no. This is annoying, because you are never sure under what system you are getting your replies.

His entry into Turkey is an excuse for a popular demonstration:—

> I am soon in the frontier town of Mustapa Pasha, surrounded by a big crowd of befezzed Turks, young and old, whose yells of delight, wonderment, and admiration fill the air. The road through the town—which is of the usual Turkish character—is deep in sand, and I have to walk. I ask the way to a mehana, and the crowd, which seems quite good-humoured, though dreadfully inquisitive about the bicycle, one and all volunteer to show the way. Arrived at the mehana the crowd immediately surges in with myself and the bicycle in its midst. The proprietor, taken unawares, is swept off his feet and pinned against the wall.
>
> Infuriated at his house being thus besieged the mehana-keeper refuses to give me anything to eat, but the crowd take up my cause since they are anxious for me to get through in order that I might show them my prowess as a rider. Struck with a brilliant idea the mehana-keeper straddles the two first fingers of his right hand across the thumb of his left and shouts "Bin bin," evidently intimating to the crowd that it wouldn't be a bad plan to make me ride first. The idea is enthusiastically received, and I am forthwith carried bodily out into the road again, and, amidst frantic excitement, I wheel up and down half a dozen times, while the younger and more unruly of the mob throw their fez caps at the wheel and caper around with delight.

His description of Constantinople is brightly and amusingly told. He gives this anecdote of Turkish indolence:—

> I was much puzzled at a practice some of the natives have of making two cigarettes at one time, sticking the reserve one behind the ear while the first is consumed. It struck me, however, that this was done in order to save the trouble of opening the tobacco-box twice. A little tailor in one of the bazaars afforded ample food for my study. He appeared to have reached the end of his thread, and reached up to the first shelf above him for a new hank. There was none there; the thread was on a shelf higher, just out of his reach. The old man gazed meditatively, almost reproachfully, at the shelf for a time, and after looking vainly around to see if there was anybody handy to reach down the thread, sighed heavily, folded his arms, and subsided into slumber.

Everyone fond of adventure should buy this little book, which comes as a pleasant change to the ever-recurrent big-game and mountain-peril stories. It is capitally illustrated.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

* "To Constantinople on a Bicycle." By R. L. Jefferson. One Shilling. (The Cycle Press, 108, Fleet Street.) Our illustration is reproduced by permission of the proprietor.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—Skating is not only the order of the day just now, but of the night as well, and you can't imagine anything half so picturesque or so inspiriting as an evening party on the ice, with flaming torches and tar barrels streaming their mingled flame and vapour on the air. We went to two of these pretty parties last week, and I made a few mental notes of the dresses for your benefit. At the Ranelagh Club fancy costume was adopted by most of the men, and the ladies wore dominos. Huge false noses contradicted any idea that might have been entertained of self-conceit or vanity entering into the affair. A Mexican cowboy was one of the most effective male figures, and he skated splendidly. It was exceedingly funny to see a Chinaman, pigtail, fan, and umbrella all complete, waltzing with Celestial gravity on the ice.

At the evening fête at the Paddington Recreation Ground some of the women's dresses were highly picturesque. Among these was a vivid scarlet cloth, made with black sleeves slashed with scarlet, and a warm boléro of sealskin, bordered with Persian lamb. I fancy the sleeves were in Persian lamb; but you cannot think how confusing the torches are. I could only see that they were black with red slashes.

Another very pretty dress was black crêpon, with a band of sable round the edge headed with a band of brightest turquoise green, if there is such a colour. The short blue velvet coat was edged with sable, and opened in front to show an ivory box-pleat, caught down with large gold buttons, a pearl in the centre of each. A girl in a black serge wore a cream-coloured cloth coat full from the shoulders, and very gracefully hung from a yoke that was one mass of embroidery in gold and silver. It was lined with gold-coloured silk, a border of pale gold braid being just visible on the inside edge, when the fronts fell back. The hat worn with this was cream-coloured felt, with lining of scarlet velvet, and the collarband of the dress was covered with folds of similar velvet.

We all came to the conclusion that for effectiveness in skating costume, whether by day or night, torchlight or electricity, there is nothing to equal a bit of scarlet or orange. The good old "Guards," red and blue, carried out in serge and cloth, composed as successful a dress as any. The skirt was blue serge, each seam opened up for half a yard to show a red cloth under-skirt, the blue being laced across and across over it with round black braid, and the sides of the open breadths being bound with a line of astrakhan. The short coat was blue, lined with red, and faced with scarlet cloth, hemmed with astrakhan and with lines of thick braid carried across, Hussar fashion, at the waist. The toque worn with this was dark blue, with a turban of astrakhan, and bunches of holly tied down with knots of dark blue ribbon, with sprays of ivy leaves and berries.

A dress and coat of caracul was rather an *effet manqué* until one caught sight of the lovely poppy satin lining of both, and of the beautifully-made red cotton velvet blouse with its fresh-looking black satin ribbons.

Costume for Wedding.

After all, it is this quality of freshness that is so immensely valuable in dress, and it is precisely this quality that it is so costly to maintain. It is easy enough to achieve a new and pretty gown three or four times a year, but it costs many shillings counted o'er and o'er to keep it up to its pristine freshness.

I am told that all the new window curtains are a deep écru, almost a butter colour. It is better than cold, crude white, but not so nice as cream colour, is it? No doubt in dress the same lead will be followed, and we shall see guipure and other fine imitations in biscuit and string colour.

Won't it be lovely when we get open weather again? Jim writes that evil tempers rule the day in the Shires, and hunters are eating their heads off in the stables. Six weeks without a run are enough to break Jim's heart, you know; and it is hard on him, for he sacrifices almost every other amusement to his favourite hunting, and had spent a lot of money on his horses this winter. "I can't see any fun in golf," he writes, "tearing round after a ball that you hit yourself, and then run after, just like a blessed kitten with a cork."

Meg says that half-a-score of the women she knows are taking advantage of "bad colds" to disappear for a week while they undergo facial repairs after the skin-cutting weather. One certainly needs care just now, even if one has not ploughed up one's cheeks with the constant application of rouge.—Your loving Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Zero.—We will soon give an illustration of a good blouse. Your silk is very pretty. Will not black lace make it too matronly? Why not have a rounded collar-piece of heliotrope velvet, into which the full, soft silk may be set, and a box-pleat of the velvet with three large and pretty buttons? Quillaia will clean the little shoes perfectly; or, have you tried pipe-clay?

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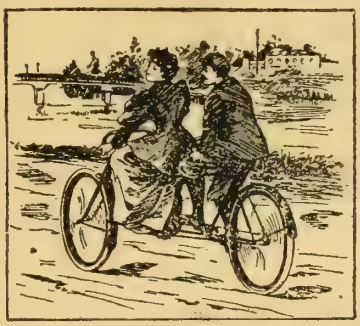

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PORT ELIZABETH (Cape Colony)—Lombard Chambers, Main Street.

Our Illustration.—Costume for Early Spring: Cornflower blue, rough crêpon. The skirt is disposed in three large box-pleats at the back. The cape fastens down each side of the front to show the overhanging pleat of the light silk blouse. The bag hanging on the arm is one of the latest fads of Paris fashions.

Alcestis.—Your brocade is a most covetable possession. It is like early Florentine weaving. It would be the greatest possible pity to cut it up into yokes. It would look remarkably well if made into revers from the waist to the shoulders and a flat rounded collar at the back. Or, as you are slight, why not have full revers made of the brocade, bordered with a narrow line of brown fur and draped gracefully over the top of the bodice in front? The lower part of the sleeves should be made of the brocade, or else the puffs slashed with it. A black crêpon skirt lined with your favourite colour, perhaps poppy red or cornflower blue or spring-leaf green, would look best with it. The sleeves should match the skirt. Dark blue, or green or purple would look very well, too, with the beautiful brocade. Or why not biscuit colour or tan?

Florrie.—You could not have anything prettier to cover your bassinette than pale blue or pale pink silk muslin. This is sold at two shillings a yard, the width being a yard and a half. You can hardly call that expensive! but, if you would prefer something cheaper, why not have an art muslin with a tiny sprig scattered over it? To cover hood and all with full folds and an upstanding little heading would require from five to six yards. A biscuit-coloured ground would be the most economical, and would look very pretty tied up with pale-tinted cotton satin ribbon, which costs about twopence per yard.

Mater.—Yes, I prefer to have aerated waters in bottles fresh from the manufactory to troubling with the syphon. I was recently taken over the extensive works in Dublin of Cantrell and Cochrane, and Sir Henry Cochrane, the genial head of that world-famous business, allowed me to sample their waters, and my grocer now supplies me regularly as required, and I find every bottle of unvarying quality.

Daisy.—You could not find a prettier song than "Life's Promise," composed by Clara M. L. Meade, and published by Stanley Lucas. It is for a contralto voice, and your mezzo could manage it beautifully. The sentiment is sweet and wholesome, and far removed from the maudlin.

Our Cookery Column.

A correspondent kindly sends a recipe for "Our Cookery Column":—

Teisen Froi—the celebrated Welsh cream-cakes—for afternoon-tea.—Take flour, cream, sugar, a very little salt, butter, and currants. The cream is best if sour. Rub a little butter into the flour to prevent its being lumpy. Next, put as much cream into the bowl as you mean to use, and add the flour gradually, stirring it well until it forms a thick batter, then add sugar and currants. Pour the batter into the shallow tin dish of a Dutch-oven, and bake *before* the fire, not in a common oven; remember the cream must be thick and sour, and very little butter used. The flour must be added to the cream, *not* the cream to the flour. A teaspoonful of brandy should be used to flavour. The cake should be served hot with powdered sugar shaken over it. (This is said to be a real Glamorganshire recipe.)

From an American scource we take the following description of a new drink called the "Boston bamboo" said to a desirable before-dinner appetiser. It is a certain stomachic, unquestionable in its tonic effects, and so far as can be discovered harmless as a beverage. The "Boston bamboo" is an equal mixture of sherry and Italian vermouth. The vermouth detracts from the softness of the wine, while the sherry counteracts the acridness of the bitters. It might be claimed that vermouth itself is but a partially disguised form of absinthe, but this is not the case. All the poisonous qualities of absinthe are absent in well-decocted vermouth, although they are both manufactured from the same mother—wormwood. There is almost the same proportion of alcohol in vermouth as there is in absinthe, but any drinker of the latter will tell you that he fails to get the old familiar sought-after effect from the yellow wine of Turin that he never fails to obtain from the green demon of the Gaul.

Cocktail drinkers should welcome the "Boston bamboo," for the reason that, although they cannot get from it the same suspension of thought attributable to a distillation of rye, there is no doubt as to its efficiency as a stomachic tonic and appetiser.

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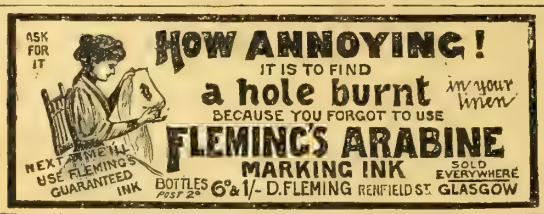

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BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Ho yus, in course—the hinfluenzer agin! They've got it all over the plice, so I'm told, and it's a off-chawnce that I ain't darn with it myself. If them docters don't 'old a 'awvist thenks-givin' suvvice, they orter. They're the on'y claws o' men as is doin' anythink nar-a-dyes. We jest seems tu go from one misforchun inter another. I ain't whort yer'd call a discorntentid man in the orn'ery wye, but whort with hall the bloomin' sufferin' among the unimplyed, and the frost, and then the hinfluenzer, I think as this year 'ad better be put back and stawtid afresh. 'Ankin's bin showin' 'is bloomin' corntreriness as yushal, by sying' as 'e rawther likes it than not. If there worn't anythink ter grumble at, 'e'd be the fust ter grumble. Nar 'e says as this is jest the kind o' thing ter clear art the supplus poppilyshun, which is whort we wants. 'Arrever, 'e don't seem anywise ankshus tu be cleared art 'isself. 'E tikes keer of 'isself does 'Ankin—wrapped up so yer cawn't 'awdly see 'is fice, 'e is. 'E's took ter suckin' peppermints, too, ter keep art the bloomin' hinfluenzer. Which it mye do or it mye nort, but it drives awye custom from 'Ankin's 'bus fur a dead suttunty. 'Arrever, thet's a questhin between 'im and the comp'ny. But mawk my wuds—it's them as tikes the most keer o' theirselves as gits the hinfluenzer.

* * * *

I were speakin' jest nar on the subjic o' the unimplyed. Theer they is, and plenty on 'em, and I feels for 'em. All the sime theer's a good few loafers as wouldn't do a dye's work tu sive their lives, as is mikin' money by not 'avin' a dye's work ter do. Some on 'em's whort yer might call lizy. Theer was one of 'em settin' on a fence in the pawk in the awternoon, smokin' of 'is pipe. Another chap comes up ter 'im and says, "'Ello, Bill, whort cheer?" "Bin hunimplyed all the mornin'," says Bill. "And whort did yer mike by it?" awsts the other. "One-an' foppunce and a bloomin' tickut," says Bill. "Thet ain't so dusty," the other chap says. "Why don't yer go on with it?" "Strike me pink," says Bill, "yer don't think I'm goin' to wuk a ten 'ar dye at it, do yer? I'm restin'." Har, yus, theer's some o' them lizy ones abart, and they does a lot of 'awm, as I said lawst week. People gits ter be afride o' helpin' gennyine distress fur fear o' mikin' bloomin' jugginses o' theirselves.

* * * *

So we 'as another hopun spice fur the public, bein' Linkin's Inn Fields. I dessay as it 'ull be a very narce plice, too, fur them kids as swarms in Cleer Mawkit, but I dunno whort the lawyers will sye to it. Yer see, Linkin's Inn Fields is feerly thick with lawyers, and hall of 'em of the most respeck'able, gilt-edged, double-finished sort. 'Ow'll they like ter 'ave the bloomin' squeer filled with 'owlin' childring, destroyin' of the quiut and 'oly cawm of the surroundin's? I should sye as there'll be a bit o' complinin', and I dessay a few on 'em won't feel as progressive as they did. 'Ankin's grite on the Carnty Carncil jest nar. "See whort they've done," says 'e. "Yes," says I, "they've done a lot, and I don't deny it; and it's hall very fine and likewise lawge. But as fur as I know, they gives Lunnun precious little but whort Lunnun as to pye fur. It 'ud be a very fine thing if the 'buses was built o' gold, and penny tickets was mide of ten-parnd notes, and 'ave a very pretty effec; honly as we cawn't afford it we does without it. Sim'larly it ain't much good a Carnty Carncil givein' us a thumping sixpennuth, if we ain't got no bloomin' sixpence. Yer sees the pint o' them remawks?" Which 'Ankin observed that I could blow 'im tight if 'e did.

LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens.

Unparalleled Success.

Note the Prices.

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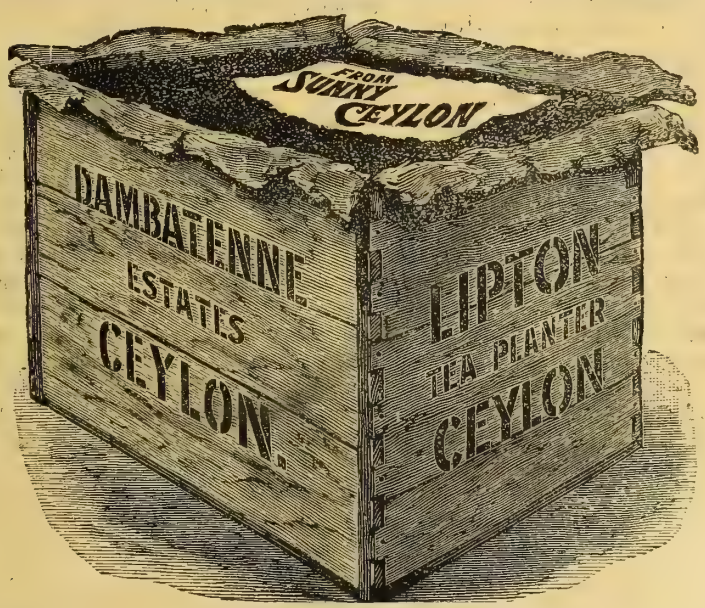

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LARGEST TEA SALE IN THE WORLD.

LIPTON TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON.

The Largest Tea, Coffee, and Provision Dealer in the World.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Sale Rooms: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea-Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C. Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Bermondsey, LONDON, S.E. General Offices: Bath Street, City Road, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE. **AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.**

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A correspondent, whom I take to be a foreigner—I print his letter *verbatim*—writes:—

> Sir,—Could you or "Bookseller" tell me who is Mr. Sladen, mentioned in To-Day paper of February 16th, with a passion for fifteenth century Italian pictures? I do not know his name. Has he written anything about these pictures? I have passion for them, too, and should like to read his writings if he is a proper person. I think I have seen him mentioned before in your paper, but I have asked several people, only they never heard of him.—Yours, A Reader of "To-Day."

* * * *

Though Mr. Sladen is the customer I know best, I cannot, as "The Bookseller," say if he is a "proper person" or not, but almost any person in London literary-Bohemian society would be able to tell "A Reader of To-Day." For Mr. Sladen is hon. sec. of the Authors' Club and the Vagabonds', and knows most of the authors and prominent journalists in London. He has not, I happen to know, written anything about cinque cento Italian pictures, but he has written a book about Japan ("The Japs at Home") which has gone through several editions, and he is the only English authority on Australian poetry, concerning which he published three books seven or eight years ago. "A Reader of To-Day" can find out all about him in "Men of the Time," or any similar book of reference.

* * * *

"?" asks what are the qualifications for becoming a member of the Playgoers' Club. If I were to ask the president—Mr. Cecil Raleigh—who is one of my patrons, I feel sure he would say, "the possession of a guinea and dissipated tastes." I did ask the first Playgoer I knew who came into the shop, and his definition was, "anyone who likes going to the theatre, and has a guinea to spare, and knows a Playgoer to put him up." I should advise "?" to write to Mr. Carl Hentschel at the Playgoers' Club, 409, Strand, W.C.

* * * *

My prosperous rival, Mr. A. L. Humphreys, of Hatchards, sends me "Library Wallflowers," a symposium on "Neglected Books." Mr. Humphreys' own part is excellent, but the letters he prints from various authors and critics, with the exception of the Head Master of Eton's and Mr. Le Gallienne's, do not throw much fresh light on the subject. I presume that Mr. Humphreys when he wrote to these eminent gentlemen for their opinions did not want themes with variations on the hundred best books. What he did want was a reply like that which came from Eton, "The Naturalist in La Plata" (Hudson), "Where Three Empires Meet" (Knight), "Irish Idylls" (Jane Barlow), and the mention that Eton boys are still devoted to Scott, though they have done with Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, and Fenimore Cooper. Mr. Le Gallienne's list may not please everybody, but he does record his opinion on books of the day which are not sufficiently known.

* * * *

If Mr. Humphreys had asked me to tell him some new books, not novels, which ought to have commanded a wider success, I should have mentioned Mr. Selous' "Travels and Adventures in Mashonaland"; two *Pseudonyms*, "A Study in Colour" and "The Home of the Dragon"; a book published by Blackwood, which is really a novel though written in the form of a journal; "In Furthest Ind"; Mr. Sherard's "Life of Alphonse Daudet" (Edward Arnold); Mr. Augustine Birrell's last book; and Professor Douglas' "Social Life in China." I consider these about the best recent books in my library outside of fiction.

* * * *

Mr. Le Gallienne's books are always capital stock. He has a distinct public. So I have been ordering a number of copies of his three forthcoming books announced by Mr. John Lane—"Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy and Other Poems, Mainly Personal"; the fourth edition of his "English Poems"; and his Retrospective Reviews, a "Literary Log, 1891—1895." This last will be in two volumes, and will contain the cream of his reviews and book studies. I doubt if anyone has done so much literary book-reviewing in these four years.

* * * *

Am doing very well with the Yellow Book this month. My customers pronounce it a very interesting number. According to them Mr. Marriott Watson's story is excellent writing wasted on an impossible subject, and I notice that Victoria Cross' story is thumb-marked in each copy that comes back to the library. Miss Sharp's and Miss Dixon's stories are cleverly written, as is Max Beerbohm's forecast of a retrospect of 1880. Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "A Falling Out" is a glimpse into child life which shows a good deal of intuition. Mr. Noble rehabilitates a delightful writer, Alexander Smith, the author of those exquisite idylls of Linlithgow, given to the world as "Dreamthorp." There is also a clever story by Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, who is always worth reading. The most important poem in the volume is Graham Thomson's "Vespertilia," one of her very best. Most people will like "A Sussex Landscape" best of the pictures, but the gowns of Mr. Beardsley's cover piece, "The Mysterious Rose Garden," and the portrait of Miss Winifred Emery are masterly.

* * * *

"Tivoli," the anonymous author of "Une Culotte," came into the shop the other day to complain that Mr. Mudie had placed his book in the "Index Expurgatorius," which the leading "New Woman" writer says is the Latin for boycott.

* * * *

I have been selling "In the Midst of Alarms," by Mr. Robert Barr (Methuen), very briskly. I find that anyone who has ever bought one of Mr. Barr's books goes on buying each succeeding one which he brings out. Mr. Barr resents popularity, or, at all events, all the arts which force early popularity like early potatoes. Otherwise his books would sell to-day, as they infallibly will in the very near future, like those of the men whose names are the favourite baits of editors.

* * * *

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, whose new novel "Gallia" is announced by Messrs. Methuen and Co., belongs to a family which has dealt with me for three generations. A few years ago this grandaughter of the great Robert Chambers made a remarkably plucky journey through the Carpathians and wrote a book about it, which was a book of the season, and has by no means lost its vogue yet. Miss Dowie's husband, Mr. Henry Norman, is about to issue what will be the most important book on far eastern questions ever issued in this country. Like his excellent "The Real Japan," it will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

* * * *

People are always dropping into my shop to ask me questions about the Sunday Lecture Society. The lectures take place at four o'clock on Sunday afternoons, from October to March, and the subjects generally seem to be scientific, though history, literature, and art are also admitted. The programme for March is—March 3rd, C.W. Kimmins, Esq., M.A., D.Sc., on "Plants and their Insect Visitors" (with oxy-hydrogen lantern illustrations); March 10th, Douglas Carnegie, Esq., M.A., on "Perpetual Motion" (with oxy-hydrogen lantern illustrations); March 17th, W. Mayhowe Heller, Esq., B.Sc. (Lond.), on "Silver from Clay; the Remarkable Story of the Metal Aluminium" (with oxy-hydrogen lantern illustrations).

21,250 Shares have been already subscribed for by the Directors and their friends and will be allotted on the terms of the Prospectus. The balance of 45,750 Shares is now offered for public subscription.

The following Telegram has been received from the Chairman of Directors of the Bayley's No. 2 South Gold Mining Company, the Syndicate formed by Mr. Webb (*vide his Statutory Declaration*) :—

"Extracts Reports. MATTHEWS.—Claim one mile and half south Reward. Lode, north south, "four feet quartz; decomposed ironstone very promising; favourable opinion. Reef right through "property; every chance success. STERN.—Reef right through property; stone first-class; should "prove most valuable property. Four shafts now, 82, 71, 53, 30 feet. Government assay twelve-"third ounces."

BAYLEY'S
No. 2 SOUTH GOLD MINING COMPANY,
LIMITED.

COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

CAPITAL - - - - - £100,000,
In 100,000 Shares of £1 each,

Of which the Vendor takes £33,000, credited as fully paid, to be allotted to him in part payment of the purchase-price.

ISSUE OF 100,000 SHARES,

Of which 45,750 are now offered for Subscription at par. Payable: 2s. 6d. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 5s. on the 30th March, 1895, and 7s. 6d. on the 30th April, 1895.

Payment in full (in advance) may be made at any time, and for any Shares fully paid Share Warrants to Bearer will be issued if required.

DIRECTORS.

* Capt. W. B. McTAGGART, Chairman of the Nundydroog Gold Mining Company, Limited, and of the "Big Blow" Gold Mines, Limited, *Chairman.*

CODRINGTON P. BICKFORD, Esq., Esperanza, Essex Grove, Upper Norwood, Surrey.

Major-General G. DE LA POER BERESFORD, Director of the Gold Fields of Mysore, Limited, and of the "Big Blow" Gold Mines, Limited.

ALEXANDER FRASER, Esq., Westerfield House, near Ipswich.

ALBERT F. CALVERT, Esq., A.I.M.M., Managing Director of Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited, 47, Old Broad Street, E.C.

* W. H. WEBB, Esq., Advisory Director of the "Big Blow" Gold Mines, Limited, in West Australia.

* *Will join the Board after completion of the Purchase.*

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. FRANCIS & JOHNSON, 26, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. FOX, SISSONS & CO., 9, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

BANKERS.

BANK OF ADELAIDE, 79, Cornhill, London, E.C.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK, Perth, Western Australia, and its Branches.

MANAGERS.

Messrs. PUNCHARD, McTAGGART, LOWTHER & CO., 151, Cannon Street, E.C.

SECRETARY and OFFICES.

Mr. A. G. HAMMOND, 52, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

Also in Paris—c/o Mr. W. BALLIN, 19, Rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire the Mining Leases (which have been granted by Government on the usual terms) Nos. 207 and 423 adjoining one another, and covering an area of about 24 acres, giving 1,800 feet on the line of reef.

These two blocks, which are well known in Coolgardie as Bayley's No. 2 South, have been worked for a considerable time, and are in an advanced state of development, and the reef has been so far opened up as to leave little doubt both as to its continuity and richness.

The Mine is situated only about a mile and a quarter from the Town of Coolgardie, and about a mile and a half nearly due South of Bayley's Reward claim, and Bayley's No. 1 South, and about half a mile East of the Big Blow Gold Mines.

The property has been recently inspected by Mr. W. H. Matthews, the Manager of Bayley's Reward claim, Solomon Stern, Mine Manager, by the well-known experts, Mr. W. J. Begelhole, late Manager of Bayley's Reward Mine, and Mr. J. F. Markes, extracts from whose reports to the Directors are enclosed; also by Mr. William Henry Webb, who has been personally connected with the property since the formation of the original Syndicate, and whose statutory declaration is appended.

The work that has been done towards permanent development is considerable, and comprises two shafts on block No. 207 which have been sunk to a depth of about 82 and 30 feet, and drives north and south have been put out about 40 and 20 feet respectively.

On block No. 423 a shaft has been sunk to a depth of about 60 feet all the way on the reef. The stone is very similar in character to that on block No. 207, gold showing freely all through the quartz.

All the shafts and drives are well timbered and in good working order.

About 200 tons of stone have been broken from the shafts and drives and stacked ready for crushing, which it is estimated will yield at least 4 ozs. to the ton.

There is an abundant supply of timber in the immediate neighbourhood of good quality, both for timbering the mine and for fuel.

As regards water, there is little doubt that sufficient can be obtained for milling purposes by sinking, besides which it is close to two Government reservoirs which have just been constructed, holding at least 1,000,000 gallons, in addition to being within 400 yards of a valley on a neighbouring property which has been partly excavated and dammed, and which it is estimated will hold 17,000,000 gallons, from which water could no doubt be purchased if necessary.

The statements contained in this Prospectus are based upon the reports herein mentioned, the statutory declaration by Mr. W. H. Webb, and cables.

Mr. Begelhole, late Manager of Bayley's Reward Mine, reports that he has

"Carefully examined the property * * * a bold outcrop is traceable "throughout the entire length of both blocks, which has been proved, "by costeening. Wherever stone has been tested from an outcrop it "has shown gold. The reef in my opinion is a continuation of the rich "reef known as Gorrie's, and worked with great success on Bayley's "No. 1 South * * *"

The above has also been proved by three shafts 80, 30 and 60 feet deep.

"This mine has been continuously worked for the last twelve months, and is systematically and considerably developed * * *.

"I have every confidence in recommending this property to the "public, believing that with proper machinery and judicious manage-"ment, the mine should develop into a dividend-paying concern in a "very short time."

Mr. J. Francis Markes, F.G.S., states :—

"* * * The mine is well known locally and I have personally visited it "on several occasions, the last being on July 10th, 1894 * * * and at "the bottom of the two shafts sunk in block 207 an average width of "three to four feet is reported * * * On block 423 south the reef has "been traced by trenching and an underlay shaft sunk in which "splendid gold was struck on 21st of July * * * There is a very con-"siderable quantity of stone ready for crushing * * * With regard to "its value it is probably safe to estimate it at from 2 ozs. to 4 ozs. "per ton. The manager, Mr. Stern, who is well-known and respected "at Coolgardie, estimates, I believe, that the whole amount of stone "at the surface ready for crushing will yield over 5 ozs. to the ton "* * * with practical and careful management and suitable plant, "very satisfactory returns should not be wanting."

On Mr. William Henry Webb's arrival in London, he found there was an opportunity to acquire the capital for the necessary machinery and further development of this well-known property (in which he is one of the largest Shareholders) by placing it on the London Market. Consequently cables passed between him and Mr. Holman, the Chairman of Directors at Perth, dated respectively 20th and 21st September, 9th and 13th October, and 12th December, 1894. By a contract dated 18th February, 1895, and made between Mr. William Henry Webb of the one part and this Company of the other part, the former is now disposing of the property at the price he, as Vendor and Promoter, has fixed upon of £80,000, payable as to £20,000 in cash, as to £33,000 in fully paid Shares, and as to the balance in cash or fully paid Shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully paid Shares at the option of the Directors, 20,000 Shares being thus reserved for the provision of the working capital.

In order to ensure the successful issue of this Company, and to secure the services of Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, Lowther and Co., an agreement has been entered into between Mr. Webb of the first part, Mr. N. J. H. Schotborgh of the second part, and Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, Lowther and Co. of the third part, dated the 22nd January, 1895.

No Shares in the Company have been underwritten.

The above Contracts, cablegrams, the original Reports, the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and the Government Map and Statutory declaration by the Vender, may be inspected at the offices of the Company.

There may be other contracts in connection with the working of the mine at Coolgardie, and in connection with the promotion of the Company in England which may be within the strict interpretation of Section 38 of the Companies Acts, 1867. Of these, if any, the Directors have no knowledge, and applicants for shares are required to waive further compliance with the provisions of such section in respect of any such contracts, and applications will only be received and allotments made on that footing.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and together with a deposit of 2s. 6d. per share, be forwarded to the Secretary or Bankers of the Company, or to Mr. W. Ballin, 19, Rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, or Secretary to the Company.

If no allotment be made, all application money will be returned in full.

23rd February, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.

We congratulate Mr. Stuart upon the moderate and able speech in which he moved the second reading of the Lambeth Water (Transfer) Bill, and upon the result of the division that followed. It means that the present House of Commons is favourable to the transfer of the water supply of the Metropolis to the County Council, and it is highly unlikely that the next House will be of a different opinion. We are all of us pretty sick of a system under which London is at the mercy, in respect to one of its chief requirements, of monopolists who are contemptuously indifferent to the just claims of the public.

It is urged in some quarters that under the terms of the proposed reference to arbitrators the debenture stockholders will be treated unfairly, and "Burdett" lends its great authority to this complaint. Whatever force there may have been in the contention is removed by Mr. Stuart's later proposal, that the arbitrators shall be instructed to take into consideration any points favourable to either party, in addition to those specified in the Bill. Nobody wants to treat the water companies—that is to say, the citizens who have put their money into these companies—unfairly, nor is there any likelihood of unjust treatment so far as they are concerned. It is rather the other way about. The water companies will get all they are entitled to; what the public has to fear is that they will get more.

If the water companies had been less greedy and more far-seeing; if they had worked their monopolies even as the railway and the gas companies have worked theirs; if they had not played the Jew and persistently flouted the householder, the present demand for change might not have arisen. As it is, they will disappear—after a more or less prolonged period of haggling—to the general content. Sir John Lubbock is terrified—or says he is—at the enormous responsibility to be assumed by the County Council, and at the increase in the water-rate that must follow. But if Birmingham has been able to pay, and has found it profitable to pay, some £7,000,000 in perfecting its water schemes, London, so much larger than Birmingham, should find it quite as much within its power, and to its advantage, to meet the expenditure that will be required under the water schemes of its County Council. And it is equally obvious that if, as we are bound to assume, the management of the water supply after transfer to the County Council is wise and prudent, the unification and consolidation of all these undertakings must mean a large saving.

The flimsiest of the pleas urged against immediate action is that made so much of by Sir John Lubbock, namely, that the present Council is about to die, and the next one may be of a different opinion as to the transfer of the control of the water supply. If there were any such change of opinion the new Council would not be prevented by anything that Parliament has as yet done from postponing the question indefinitely; but there is no likelihood of any such change of opinion. The desire to effect the transfer is not confined to the Progressives of the County Council. As Mr. Stuart reminded the House, the Richmond Commission of 1867 supported the principle of the transfer; the Harcourt Committee of 1880 advised it; the White-Ridley Committee of 1891 was in favour of it. Even Sir John Lubbock does not directly oppose it. It cannot come too soon.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

The debate upon the reimposition of cotton duties in India was worthy of the best traditions of the House of Commons, and the refusal of the Opposition to use Lancashire discontent to force a dissolution was patriotic. Men of all classes in India demanded the reimposition, and we have it on the word of authorities like Lord Roberts that continued refusal would have meant danger to our rule. But whilst it would be eminently unwise to impose an income-tax, such as was suggested by Sir Henry James, rather than subject Lancashire goods to a small duty, neither the one nor the other ought to be necessary. With the single exception of the *Star*, which on this matter has always spoken soberly and well, the London daily papers ignore this vital fact. The Government of India is reduced to every kind of strait because of its extravagant expenditure. India is a poor country, and the principal danger to the maintenance of our rule is the exactions of the tax-gatherer. The greatest of the Viceroys were ceaseless in their advocacy of economy, eloquent in their protests against the growth of expenditure. But of late years what is known as the Forward School has become supreme in the Councils of the State. The Lawrences and the Mayos, the Barings and the Normans, have been pushed aside by the men who think that the greatness of India depends upon constant expansion. North and west that expansion has proceeded, with the result that the Army Estimates have pretty well doubled in a generation, and whilst there has been this enormous increase in military expenditure with an even greater loss owing to the depreciation of the rupee, there has been no attempt whatever to lessen the enormous waste of the Civil administration. Lord Lytton loved glitter, and closed his eyes to abuses; Lord Ripon, well intentioned but weak, was incapable of grappling with the tremendous question of retrenchment; it did not appeal to the brilliant Irishman who followed him; Lord Lansdowne was hand in glove with officialdom, and Lord Elgin has neither the will nor the grit to do what is wanted. This expenditure has gone on increasing by leaps and bounds where a great administrator, given a free hand, would have effected economies that would have made these import duties unnecessary. We look forward to the future of English government in India with the utmost apprehension, because we see no likelihood of that retrenchment which is indispensable if the people of India are to remain content with our rule. The military and civil charges are out of all proportion to the needs of India, and so they will remain, and the resulting evil will grow and grow until we are in the death grip with Russia. And then—God only knows what will happen.

THE WATCH-SELLING TRICK.

Hastings, Limited, is a company whose business it is to sell watches. Watch selling is an ancient, highly-respectable, and useful calling, but then it must be honest selling, and it is to be feared that many of the agents of what may be called itinerant watch-selling companies are not so particular as to that as they should be. As here:—

In November last one of the agents of Hastings, Limited, got into conversation with a maidservant and tried to persuade her to buy a watch. She declined, but finally consented to allow him to leave one with her on the chance of her changing her mind. Next day she received the following notification from Hastings, Limited:—

> We herewith enclose subscription card for watch sold to you by our agent at 5s. per month. Please send all your instalments here direc by post, *as under no circumstances has the agent any authority to calt upon you again.* We note you will pay the first instalment of 5s. on December 15th.

This was signed "Yours truly, Hastings, Limited," and it will be observed that it makes two specific statements: the one that the girl had bought the watch, the other that she had agreed to pay a first instalment on December 15. She had done neither the one thing nor the other, and immediately wrote to that effect to Hastings, Limited, a letter that brought the following indignant rejoinder:—

> In reply to your letter we have to inform you that under no circumstances do we take back goods once sold. The watch is well worth what we have charged for it, therefore we must request you to pay for it, as per arrangement made with our agent, otherwise we shall have to sue you for recovery.

Thereupon the handmaiden wisely resolved to go to her master, who fortunately is no fool. He promptly put himself in communication with Hastings, Limited, as below:—

> I have had my attention called to letters you have sent about a watch, 55841, which one of your agents left with my domestic servant, M—— E——, on approval.
>
> This watch is not being kept by her, nor has she ever said she would buy it, and I shall thank your agent to call for it at once, and be prepared to sign for it.
>
> I consider it a piece of impudence on your part to write the letters you have about it, and if I have any more bother about it I shall put it in the hands of my solicitor to deal with.

Hastings, Limited, were still on the high horse. They rejoin:—

> In reply to your letter, we regret that we are quite unable to do business on the lines you seem to suggest. We cannot afford to sell goods one day to take them back the next. The watch you refer to was not left on approval, it was purchased in the ordinary way, and an agreement was signed by our customer arranging to pay for it as per the terms you will find on the card we sent her. If these terms are not complied with, we shall, as we have indicated, immediately take the necessary proceedings for the recovery of the amount.

"An agreement was signed," says Hastings, Limited. Not so, replies our correspondent:—

> I am much surprised to receive your letter about the watch. My

servant will not keep the same, and you can fetch it away at your risk. You can take whatever proceedings you like, but you cannot show me where M——E——— has signed any agreement.

That last sentence settled the matter—Hastings, Limited, surrendered :—

In reply to your letter we find upon further inspection that you are correct, and that your servant did not sign the agreement, therefore we regret that the watch should have been left under such circumstances, and shall esteem it a favour if you will send it on to us per registered post, and we will at once cancel the order.

But the Post Office does not carry watches for nothing, as our correspondent was forced to remind Hastings, Limited :—

In reply to yours of yesterday you will either have to call for your watch or send me 1s. for postage expenses, for my letters, etc., and you may thank yourselves you are so well out of the affair.

Hastings, Limited, did not like the notion of parting with cash, and answered :—

In reply to your letter we herewith enclose stamped addressed label, which will cover cost of postage and registration.

But that would not do for our correspondent, who rejoined :—

Yours of 8th to hand, with five stamps, but these do not cover my expenses. This is my fourth letter, and I want 4d. more before the watch goes—otherwise, come for it.

Hastings, Limited, were in a corner, and they knew it, and so—

Herewith we enclose the four stamps you demand.

Upon this our correspondent returned the watch. But suppose the maidservant had not the sense to go to her master, or he had been a fool? The methods of people like the agents of Hastings, Limited, are disgraceful methods, and ought to be exposed.

Hastings, Limited, call themselves "Watch Manufacturers and Goldsmiths," and date from 25, Queen's Parade, Clapham Junction. They seem to have a place, too, at 1, The Pavement, Upton Park, E. The company is practically one man, who lives at Streatham. We advise him to keep a sharper eye upon his agents.

AN EXCELLENT MOVE.

The *Confectioners' Union* is a trade journal probably known to few outside the trade it represents, but it has just made a move deserving of high commendation. It seems that the confectioners' trade has no charitable organisation of any kind, and the *Confectioners' Union* has started a fund in the interests of the sick poor children of the Trade. The money subscribed will be expended in the support of cots in childrens' hospitals and seaside convalescent homes in different parts of the country, and, when means will allow, in country holidays, Christmas treats in different centres, and such like work. It is an excellent move, and should be, as we hope it will be, the nucleus of a valuable benevolent scheme for the whole industry. Trade journals might do a good deal more than they have been accustomed to do in this direction, and we hope the *Confectioners' Union* will soon have to acknowledge the flattery of imitation.

CREDITORS AND LIQUIDATIONS.

A Birmingham correspondent sends us two statements showing the result of two liquidations. Here are the salient points in relation to one of them :

The bankrupt estimated that his estate would yield £590 10s. 11d.
The net realisation was £195 2s. 1d.
The cost of realisation was £191 5s. 10d.
The amount available for distribution among creditors was £3 16s. 3d.
The first and final dividend paid on £916 5s. was 1d. in the £—£3 16s. 3d.

Our correspondent complains that "Creditors are not only victimised by the debtors, but by the law which should protect them." Beyond doubt the statement looks very bad on the face of it, but there may be some explanation not to be gathered from the document issued. We think there should be explanation of certain payments. For example, out of the £195 2s. 1d. which this estate realised, £121 4s. 7d. went in law costs. Surely this requires a word of explanation?

———

Lloyd's Bank, whose statement we give elsewhere, continues to expand and prosper. The low Bank rate and the depressed condition of trade during the past year have had their influence on the profit-earning capacity of the bank, but notwithstanding these adverse circumstances the 15 per cent. dividend is maintained. The beginning of the present year saw yet another transfer to the company—namely, that of the well-known and long-established bank of Messrs. Paget and Co., of Leicester.

———

NEW ISSUES.

The Australia Limited. Capital, £120,000.—Formed to buy the "Australia" Gold Mine, one of the nine properties purchased by the Associated Gold Mines of Australia, Limited. Various reports and telegrams, dated since the flotation of the Associated, speak to the value of the stone being got from the mine, and the company will have an interest in water-rights, which are valuable. The purchase price is £100,000.

Bayley's No. 2 South Gold Mining Company. Capital, £100,000.—Formed to acquire two mining leases in the Coolgardie district, which are said to be valuable mining properties. A good deal of development work has been done, and the stone crushed has given satisfactory results. Mr. A. F. Calvert is upon the board. The purchase price is £80,000.

The Black Swan Gold Mine, Limited. Capital, £85,000.—Formed to buy and work a mining lease of twelve acres close to the township of Coolgardie. There are numerous reports speaking to the value of the property, but none of them independent. The purchase price is £65,000, most of which the vendors hope to get in cash. We do not advise readers of To-Day to find any of it.

The Westralian Premier Gold Mining, Limited. Capital, £125,000.—For some reasons this property is to be commended. The directors say they sent out their own man to value the property, and the vendors take all the purchase price—£90,000—in shares, only to receive dividend after those now offered to the public—£15,000—have received dividends amounting in the aggregate to 30 per cent. That is as it should be.

The McKenzie Gold Mines, Limited. Capital £75,000.—A twenty stamp battery, says the prospectus, will crush from 20 to 25 tons of quartz per day. We will say 20 and give 300 working days in the year. That means 6,000 tons of quartz. If we further assume that each ton of quartz will give two ounces of gold, and that each ounce of gold is worth £3 15s., the product of the 6,000 tons of quartz will be £45,000. If, yet again, we put the cost of mining, milling, and all other expenses at £2 per ton, we have a net profit left of £33,000. Now £33,000 would be sufficient, as the prospectus truly observes, to pay dividends upon the present capital of "upwards of 40 per cent. per annum," and leave "an ample margin for contingencies," which would be very nice. Only the investor will do well to bear in mind that all these estimates are pure efforts of the imagination.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Safe Investment. J. P. P. (Liverpool).—We would rather keep out of American railways; Demerara Railway Perpetual Preference would give you at its present price close upon 5 per cent., and is quite safe. **Stocks and Shares.** Limited.—Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year Book" will give you what you want. The price is somewhere about 8s. nett. **Manchester Broker.** F. F. (Felton).—We did not keep the address. **The Preservation Syndicate.** G. A. T. (Rotterdam).—We can make nothing of it, so return the papers. **The Tankerville Consols,** Limited. J. F. T. (Driffield).—No. **Stock Exchange Charges,** Bantam (Morley).—Yes; the broker is entitled to make the charge **Broken Hill Proprietary Company.** F. D. (Glasgow).—Pay no attention to anonymous communications. **Sundry Securities.** G. H. (Wandsworth).—1. The Midland Railway of Canada has been absorbed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company. 2. Yes, we think so. **Mersey Railway Company.** Banker (Ballycastle).—Yes, we think it would be well to fall in with the scheme. 2. We see no sufficient reason to oppose the Bill. **Otto's Kopje.** B. B. (Liverpool).—1. Very little. 2. We consider Great Eastern Railway Stock a fair investment at present price. **Price of Stock.** Mrs. F. (Midleton).—We cannot understand your letter. What is it you want to know? **Dickens Custer.** E. L. (London)—Sell for what you can get. **Outside Broker.** Darby (Dublin).—Close the account and do not have any further transactions with these people. **West Argentine.** Paylend (Broughty Ferry). —If you will send us the correspondence we shall be better able to answer you. **Boudard Peveril Gear Company.** Viator (Leeds).—The litigation is taking its course. You should have joined with other shareholders in resistance. **Fortnightly Trust.** Taffy (Trongoch).—You have given your friend excellent advice. **Interest Bearing Premium Bonds.** N. K. and C. (City).—We are obliged to you for your list, which we will keep in mind. **Outside Brokers. Bothwell Steel** (Glasgow).—We know nothing of the man you name. **Mysore Harnhali Gold Mining Company.** A Subscriber (Cardiff) No. **Remunerative Employment.** Heather Bell (Edinburgh).—It would be much less remunerative than the circulars suggest. **Money-Lending Transaction.** Rhadamanthus (Edinburgh). —We cannot advise without fuller particulars than you send. Your friend, widow or not, must pay the interest unless she can prove misrepresentation. There is a good deal of cant in the denunciation of money-lenders. You do not go to them and pay your 30, or maybe 60, per cent. whilst you have a balance at your bankers, or securities in your safe. You go when you cannot get money elsewhere, and your security is of the poorest. Sometimes you get cheated; then the law may help you if you can fee counsel, and have luck, but—a truth apt to be forgotten by softheads—the cheating is not always on the side of the money-lender. **"To-Day's" Black List.** E. A. R. H. (London).—We are obliged to you. The change of type was not intended. **City of Melbourne Bank.** Bank (Glasgow).—We think you had better hold. **Two Railway Stocks.** Excelsior (Bradford).—1. Yes, we think so. 2. London and South-Western. ——— J. B.—The *Financial Times* and the *West Australian Review*. **James Chadwick and Brother.** Cotton Rails (Lincoln).—The company has a very uphill fight before it, but you will probably find it to your advantage to hold.

INSURANCE.

Colonial Mutual Life Office. Persuasion (Manchester).—It is probable the investments have been unfavourably affected, but we believe the extent to be so small as to not be worth consideration. **Independent Order of Foresters.** A. H. W. (Leeds).—It is one of the last things we would recommend to anybody. There is nothing in the scheme to commend itself to the judgment of a prudent man. **British Natural Premium Provident Association** T. R. M. (Sunderland).—Pay no more. Insure in an established office, although you may be rated up. We do not see how this Association can be permanent. **Globe Marine.** Alf.—We are obliged by your friendly note. We had regard to the security it affords to insurers, and did not forget that £350,000 is at call. **Life Offices.** Curious (Birmingham).—We have a high opinion of both offices you mention on all the grounds specified. **Scottish Temperance Life Office.** Park Street (Newport).—This is both young and small. It is nevertheless in an excellent position, being well managed, and doing well for its policyholders. It is a permanent institution. Assure in it by all means if you can raise the premium. **Marine and General.** A. L. P. (St. Johns, S.E.).—This also is a good office, has splendid reserves, and pays good bonuses. **Insurance of Illegitimate.** Alex (Plymouth).—You had better go to the Norwich Union. We do not think that either the London, Liverpool and Globe, or the Equity and Law, would care for the business. You must be careful to agree with the company upon an age, and endorse it on the policy You should also make a will. **Sickness and Accident Insurance.** V. C. (Ealing).—You cannot do better. The Clergy Mutual have a system, but that is only for a few of their own people. Most of the other offices have given it up. **Positive Life Office.** C. S. B. (Glasgow).—Stick to the Positive; it is an improving office, and has come to stay. **Sale of Policy.** E. D. P. (Bath).—We may take it that it is an Indian policy, paying Indian rates. If that be so it is hardly a saleable policy; anyway, it is of extremely little value. **Two Insurance Offices.** W. B. B. (Blackburn).—You are between the devil and the deep sea. Sell the bond for what it will fetch, drop payments on the other policy, and insure in a well-established English life office.

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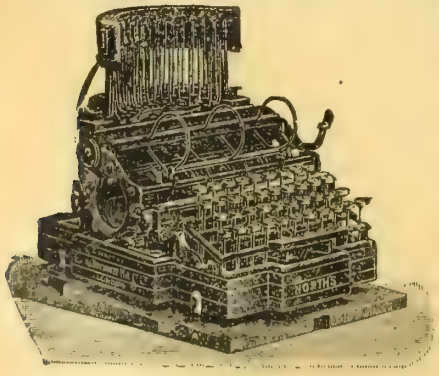

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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

As the day of the election approaches, and the *Daily Chronicle's* appeal to us to vote Progressive becomes more frenzied, the reasons it advances grow day by day more comical. We were to vote for the Progressives because they would promise to be our "foster mother." They were anxious and ready to look after our morals and our manners. Then we were to vote for them because they knew so much about housekeeping, and were ready to instruct our wives how to order the dinner, and bring up the baby. Now London, as a body, is asked to choose them for its masters because they have shown such admirable aptitude in the care and management of lunatics. We are shown in glowing pictures what a delightful existence is that of an imbecile or maniac, under the kindly and experienced sway of the Mac-Dougallite; and, with a burst of ardour, the *Chronicle* calls upon us to choose the candidates who will make us happy in our respective asylums, by the time they have driven us there.

The *Daily Chronicle* and the other ardent advocates of the Progressive party address entirely the wrong argument to their opponents. They impress on us day by day the enormous amount of work that the County Council has done, is doing, and wants still more to do for us. In fact, the *Chronicle* has made out a pretty clear case for its *protégés*, to prove that if they were only given their way there would be nothing more left in life for the adult citizen to do. A County Councillor would call upon him on Monday morning, give him a printed programme of his week's work, pleasure, and exercise, and leave him to follow it out until Saturday night. That is the wrong bait to put before the eyes of the non-progressive citizen, who as a rule does not want to be managed, and bossed, and controlled, and guided by a crew of broken-down solicitors, unsuccessful tradesmen, and loud-mouthed "Labourers," who have never done a stroke of work in all their lives. He does not want his morals fixed for him by a party whose members are expert in robbing prostitutes and sneaking railway tickets; he does not want his pleasures arranged by men who have publicly announced that their chief object in life is to shut up every public place of entertainment from one end of London to the other; and he does not want his taxes figured out by gentry who boast that their aim is to tax property until it becomes a burden.

We want a County Council of business men, not of bigots, fanatics, and faddists. We want men who can represent a city, not men who can only speak for a class, a clique, or a coterie. We want men of broad views and wide sympathies, not men stained with the narrow prejudices of a little Bethel, nor men who take their views of the world from a meeting of matrons held in Mrs. Bunting's back parlour. We want men of business habits and instincts, not prigs crammed with cheap political economy learned at polytechnic night schools. In short, we want men of the world, not fussy old women. The ideals of the Progressive party may be excellent; but your well-meaning fool is the greatest curse that the world has ever suffered from. We have had them sitting upon us in London now for six years, and I for one should be glad of a change.

Whenever a society arises for the promulgation of a new fad, it always appears from its prospectus that it is supported by all the wit and wisdom of the world. I am informed by my Socialistic friends that Shakspere, Dante, Milton, Julius Caesar, and George Washington were all ardent Socialists, and I am asked to accept Socialism on the strength of this simple and incontrovertible fact. The Land Nationalisation Society tell us that Mr. Herbert Spencer is in favour of the most advanced of their theories. Mr. Herbert Spencer says he is not in agreement with them at any one point; but, after all, that is only word against word. Now I begin to understand how the thing is done. Some years ago I wrote what, at the time, I hoped was a light-hearted and amusing account of the discomforts of Sunday travelling, and I dragged in my conscience, and argued with it about the matter. I intended the article as a pure piece of nonsense from beginning to end. I thought in my innocence that anyone reading it would, unless he happened to be a natural born fool, see that it was intended to be satirical. Now I find the Lord's Day Rest Association quoting this article as an indignant protest on my part against the sinfulness of Sunday travelling. I notice also that the Association ranges many other names upon its side. I hope, for the credit of straightforward dealing, that they have more authority for the inclusion of the other names than they have for my own.

Allotments are going to be expensive. I believe there is no spot in England where owners of land would not be glad to let allotments at a pound or even ten shillings an acre; but the "Friends of the People," ignoring simple facts, have always talked as if the main idea of a landlord was to cover over his land with a cloth, so that nobody could touch it. They have clamoured for compulsory hiring of land, and they have succeeded in obtaining elaborate powers, enabling them to take any land they may wish, fix it up ready for letting in allotments, and then hand it over to the Parish Councils—

with the bill. And here is an example of how the arrangement works out in practice. The Hampshire County Council fixes its eagle eye upon a certain eight acres of ground at Stoneham, gathers round it all the Acts of Parliament that it can find, and sets to work to obtain those eight acres. That there are hundreds of acres lying ready to their hand all about does not distract their attention. That any amount of land could be hired at a pound an acre without any trouble whatever, proves no attraction for them. They want those particular eight acres, and they mean to have them. So some lucky tenant in possession is promptly paid sixty pounds as compensation for being "disturbed" and goes off with a pretty broad grin, one expects, upon his face.

Then the Hampshire County Council throw themselves with ardour upon the land. They have it surveyed and re-surveyed, measured and re-measured, divided and re-divided. They buy some twenty-two pounds worth of galvanised pegs, and stick them about the land—for what purpose, except to trip up the future tenants and create unpleasantness, Heaven and themselves alone know. When all is ready, and the County Council can think of nothing further to do to the land to make it pretty (one wonders they did not build a few oyster-shell grottoes about it), they hand it over to the Parish Council with the bill—a hundred and fifty-seven pounds and eightpence. The Stoneham Parish Council were not unnaturally indignant. They never asked the County Council to get the land for them. They never knew it was being got. The Parish Council said that the whole thing was monstrous, and asserted that they could have bought the land, out-and-out, for less money. Their clerk pointed out that it was not a case for indignation, but for prompt payment. The law permits the County Council to make these experiments, and then to ask the Parish Council to pay for them. It is evident that between the County Council, the Parish Council, and the Compulsory Allotments Acts, we are going to have fun; and the moral of it all would seem to be, "Be a surveyor; or, if you cannot be that, be a dealer in galvanised pegs."

There was a German savant once who invented a deadly poison for the killing of blackbeetles, and patented it. You laid in wait for your beetle, and caught him; then by a quick movement of the thumb and forefinger you compelled him to open his mouth, put two or three grains of the poison down his throat, and in less than half an hour he was a corpse. A man to whom the savant explained his plan did not seem to think highly of it. "I kill them easier than that," said this commonplace individual, "I tread on them." "Yes," answered the savant musingly, "and that is a good way, too." I am reminded of this little story by the receipt of No. 1, Vol. I., of "The Speler," which is going to revolutionise the art of spelling, and to make it such a delightfully simple study that children, when they are tired of playing with their toys, will clamour for someone to come and give them half-an-hour's lesson in spelling.

"The Speler," according to editorial announcement, is to be "Devoated (1) tu the Wŭrship and Lŭv ov the Lord God and Saivier Jesus Christ, az The Aulmeiti." (I suppose it is mere question of habit, but to the unaccustomed eye there appears something quite blasphemous about this last word.) "(2) The Kŭltiŭr ov the Relijŭs Leif, and thairbei the Ekstenshon ov the Kingdom ov God, or the Chŭrch, konsisting ov aul hu wŭrship the Lord and keep Hiz Komandments; (3) The Investigashon ov Spiritiual Tru'th; (4) Speling Reform; (5) Short-hand; (6) Pees on Er'th."

I like high ideals, but I cannot quite see the necessity of mixing up "pees on earth" and shorthand with the worship and love of the "Aulmeiti"; and I feel that I could lead a more religious life on the old spelling. The Commandments with a K would, I feel, lose all their restraining influence over me. By the time I had learnt to write about my "luv" for the only woman on the earth I cared for, the faith of my fathers would have been shattered within me. I have had a good deal of difficulty with my spelling as it is, and I feel no anxiety to start the business over again. "The Speler's" programme I can conceive as being popular with youngsters. A child takes a natural pleasure in seeing a thing done in the exactly opposite way to which it has always hitherto been done. As a boy I should have loved to spell what, "wot"; in fact that is the way in which I generally did spell it. But I was always before my time. Grown-ups, however, will never become enthusiastic over the idea of relearning all their spelling.

Experts might perhaps be defined as people who draw totally different conclusions from the same knowledge, or ignorance, of the same facts. Rather more than a year ago there was an interesting case with regard to a table-top made of opal matrix. The materials and manufacture were said to have cost £287. It was sold for £200. One dealer valued it at £150, but was not prepared to deny that he had asked £1,000 for it. And another dealer valued it at £2,000. In the recent case in the Queen's Bench Division, in which a young man's purchases of jewellery were considered, there has been some similarly amusing evidence. It was said that a brooch was sold by one dealer for £5,000. Another expert valued it at £2,750, and a third at £4,000. Evidence of this kind cannot be good for the trade. It must make purchasers of gems hesitate before they acquire property the value of which is a matter of so many different opinions.

There are other dangers as well for the purchaser of gems. A very short time ago a dealer purchased for rather more than £100 a supposed ruby; it turned out to be a doublet (glass faced with garnet), and may possibly have been worth a couple of shillings, supposing that you could have found anyone who wanted to buy such rubbish. Even experts have been deceived by the remarkable external resemblance between the white sapphire and the diamond, though, of course, there is a difference both in hardness and specific gravity. Stones set solid sometimes have their colour improved by foil hidden at the back. The only precious stone that cannot be imitated—the opal—happens to be one that many superstitious people refuse to wear; though it is said that Royal patronage is now bringing it back into favour. With so many risks the love of precious gems still

continues. What are the attractions that make the risks seem to a collector of comparatively little importance?

The desire for something curious and distinctive may not be rational, but it is strong. It accounts for the collector. One of the stones mentioned the other day in court was the Hope blue diamond, and the price of it was given as £32,000. The Hope blue diamond was described in Mr. Emanuel's work on precious stones as "the most beautiful and important blue diamond in existence"—that is to say, since the disappearance of the French blue diamond. This latter was among the French crown jewels, and was estimated in the inventory at three million francs. It disappeared at the time of the famous robbery of those jewels in 1792, and nothing has been heard of it since. Many men may possess £32,000 in money, but only one can possess the finest blue diamond in the world. It is this uniqueness—distinction—which appeals to a collector. But what is it that makes an average woman (who is not a collector, has no practical knowledge of gems, and is at the mercy of the honesty or dishonesty of the dealer) so fond of acquiring precious stones?

It is, I should say, less from personal vanity than from a general tendency. *La luxe est un des signes de la civilisation.* One pays so much for precious stones because it is quite unnecessary to buy them at all—because the purchase of them is a luxury. If diamonds equal to the Hope blue diamond were to be had in any quantity at half-a-crown a dozen they would not only lose the attraction of rarity—they would also lose the attraction of expensiveness. And, again, precious stones have always had their romance. Numberless are the legends connected with them, strange, indeed, the beliefs which have been held as to their mysterious powers. Commerce has had no power to spoil their poetry; crime—and there has been a good deal of crime in connection with jewels—has only added to their romantic interest. From the diamond tiara down to the ring ("real stones") at two pounds ten the fatal attraction ranges and finds its victim—though the victim may not know if the thing he buys is the thing he thinks he is buying, or the price he pays is at all in proportion to the value.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

A. H. S.—The whole community would be benefited by Protection, in this way: That where we now have unemployed men who have to be supported out of the poor-rate, we should have employed men spending money among the whole community. That where we now have men earning a precarious twelve or thirteen shillings a week we should have men earning thirty shillings a week. That millions of pounds which now go into the hands of foreigners would remain in this country, circulating up and down and watering the soil of trade and commerce in every direction. Take the one example of wheat. With Protection, instead of Free Trade, we should be paying, say, fifty per cent. more for our bread, or sevenpence halfpenny instead of fivepence for the quartern-loaf, and what would be the result? Thousands of acres of land now lying idle would be rich with grain. Thousands upon thousands of workers now starving in the slums of our overcrowded cities would be finding employment in every field throughout the country. Our poorhouses would be empty, and our workers with money in their pockets to spend. You must remember that England is the only Free Trade country. Do you stamp America, and our Colonies, Germany, France, etc., as nations of fools who do not understand their own business? Do not always jump to the conclusion when a man introduces new arguments that he has of necessity never thought of the subject before. If it is of any consolation for you to know it, I can assure you that I have been thinking about Free Trade with all my head for the last ten years and more.

E. W. B. and many other correspondents draw my attention to the action of a professional temperance advocate, who gave his daughter, aged seventeen, in charge for being drunk on his own doorstep. There is nothing to be surprised about at such action on the part of such a man. These hard and narrow beings have none of the milk of human kindness within them. Caged in their own self-righteousness, they have neither sympathies to be stirred nor feelings to be pained.

B. O. J. (Cambridge).—I should say it was very rare, indeed, that any author could utilize a plot supplied him by another. As a rule a man who can write at all can think out his own plots, and only the plots that come to him are of any use to him. Glad we are in agreement on many matters.

H. D.—The only really sensible way to deal with the habitual drunkard would be to quietly poison him off, but society is not sufficiently advanced for that. If you are going to punish the people responsible for him you would have to start with his parents and also his grandfathers. Am glad the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institute had sufficient good sense to retain the *Review*. As you say, the Christianity that fears criticism must be a poor thing.

W. D. (Birkenhead). —I fear when you know my views you will be equally indignant with me. I quite agree with your Dr. Marsden that it would be kind and charitable that deformed creatures should be strangled at birth. Certainly if a child of mine were born deformed I should take the responsibility of quietly putting it out of its misery, law or no law. As Dr. Marsden says, such poor creatures are useless to God and man. I have seen such, and noticed their hourly agony through life. To my thinking, to wish to preserve them is monstrous and refined cruelty.

H. P. B. calls my attention to some of the *Echo* arguments in favour of allowing to the County Council the same extensive control of public funds as was enjoyed by the late Tammany Hall. The *Echo's* logic is delightful. My contemporary says that Lord George Hamilton has no right to accuse the County Council of extravagance. Why? Because he once received £4,000 a year from a Conservative Government for his services. The *Echo* goes on to say that Sir Blundell Maple ought not to accuse the County Council of extravagance. Why? Because Sir Blundell Maple once gave £17,500 for a racehorse. The *Echo* thirdly says Lord Dudley has no right to accuse the County Council of extravagance. Why? Because Lord Dudley's father sold coal. It is delightful reasoning. The *Echo* does not seem to see any difference between spending your own money and spending other people's. This is the mistake its Tammany Hall friends have more than once committed.

E. Y. E. S. writes me from Sierra Leona with a thrilling account of a snake fight. Two very large snakes of the constrictor kind were engaged in a deadly struggle, for about a couple of hours in the afternoon, a few feet off the highway; whilst a third huge reptile coiled itself on a boulder hard by, calmly watching the fight. As each of them was over twelve feet in length, and as thick as the thigh of an ordinary man, it can well be understood what a fearful appearance the fight presented to the lookers-on. The cane bramble for a considerable distance was trodden down, and the struggle waxed more furious every minute. Some ladies, watching the fight, regarded it to be a battle between two male aspirants for the favours of the frail and subtle female coyly reposing on the stone. An officer, however, appeared on the scene, and shot at the combatants. The monsters hastily unwound themselves from each other, and made for the bush, unscathed; followed by the third. The lookers-on slowly dispersed, blaming the officer very much for interfering in the sport, which they thought he ought not to have done unless he was sure that he was a good marksman. It is believed that had the affair been allowed to continue, it would have resulted in one snake killing the other, and then walking off with the female gazer on the stone. The superstitious believe that the officer has called down bad luck on himself by his interference; for that gallant marksman's sake let us trust not.

Zaob.—Your sketch is good for an amateur, but no one could with any degree of certainty, say whether you would go much further or not. Sir Joshua Reynolds, on being shown an early sketch of his own, which he had forgotten, and which his friend said was done by a promising young artist, remarked that he could express no opinion as to whether the young man would ever be any good or not. Work at drawing, if you like it, and as you go on you will discover whether you have much to express, and if you can express it well.

F. B. writes:—"I am a farmer and manufacturer, and for a long time have looked at this question of free trade from both sides, and although I take a Liberal daily paper, which always denounces free trade, I have been unable to find out the great benefit to England derived from such policy. When we take poultry, or butter, or eggs to the town to be sold we have to pay a tax upon the poultry, and upon each basket of butter or eggs, in order that the town authorities may meet their expenses, and I do not see why the foreigner should not pay a similar tax towards the institutions we have to keep up, and which we have to pay for him."

(Several Answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

The List is now open and will close To-morrow for both Town and Country.

The 'AUSTRALIA,' Limited.

CAPITAL - - £120,000,

Divided into 120,000 Shares of £1 each; payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment, and the balance in Calls of 5s. each, at intervals of not less than one month.

33,000 of the above Shares are reserved for the Vendors in part payment of the purchase price; 20,000 have already been privately Subscribed for; the balance is now offered for public subscription.

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Hon. H. W. VENN, Member of the Legislative Assembly, Commissioner of Railways, and Director of Public Works, Perth, Western Australia.
Ex-officio, as Advisory Board of Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited.

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SECRETARY AND OFFFICES (pro. tem.).

E. FEWINGS, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the "Australia" gold mine, being lease No. 147 (the application for which has been officially approved) in the Coolgardie District of Western Australia, and one of the principal properties belonging to the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia (Limited); together with a part interest in certain important water rights to which that Company is entitled.

The "Australia" is one of an extensive and carefully selected group of mines originally acquired by the Coolgardie Gold Mining and Prospecting Company of Western Australia, one of the earliest and principal pioneers of Western Australian mining. From the outset the property has been regarded as one of exceptional value, and the developments which have now taken place would appear to justify the belief that it will prove to be one of the principal gold producers of the Coolgardie field.

Mr. W. J. Sanford, M.E. (the Manager of the Lake View Mine), in reporting upon the "Australia" says:—"It has carried splendid gold throughout, and as somewhat of an exception to the general rule, is certainly getting richer as it obtains in depth. In the present face, gold is showing in large quantities throughout the whole width of the lode, five feet, and is, in fact, the best I have yet seen in this line of country. The gold is fine and 'free,' and the ore can be easily treated by ordinary crushing appliances, as sulphurets are not likely to be met with until considerable depth is attained. Three other parallel lodes exist on the property, but have not been sufficiently developed to as yet ascertain values. Irrespective of these, the lode now under exploration has been practically developed, laterally, the entire length of the property, and has proved highly auriferous throughout, and I have no hesitation in stating that I consider the success of this mine is beyond doubt established."

On September 28th, 1894, the Directors of the Coolgardie Mining and Prospecting Company telegraphed to their London representative as follows:—"Captain Craze reports by telegraph 'Australia three parallel lodes carrying gold.'"

On December 22nd, 1894, the following telegram was similarly received:—"Harvey Patterson has returned from Mines. Reports the ore as richer than ever; believes 'Australia' richest."

On December 28th, 1894, a further telegram was received as follows:—"Recommend 'Australia.' Ore in shaft is improving as it goes down. The ore is very rich. The mine has a most favourable aspect."

On January 26th, 1895, the following telegram was received:—"New developments and crushings very much enhance value."

Reporting generally upon the properties of the Coolgardie Gold Mining and Prospecting Company of Western Australia, Mr. Z. Lane (late Manager of the Broken Hill Proprietary Block 14 Company) says:—"The mineral belt in which your property is situated is a very extensive one, and has returned a large amount of gold. . . . I feel that you have a property which promises, with careful and judicious management, to give substantial profits to the Shareholders."

Mr. Begelhole (late Manager of Bayley's Reward Claim) also reporting generally, says:—"I am of opinion you possess a very valuable property. . . . By doing a little more work you will probably obtain some startling results. . . . You have also the great advantage of a plentiful supply of water. Under judicious management I confidently predict a great future for your property."

As illustrating the extraordinary rich character of the "Australia" ore, the Directors, whilst not wishing to attach undue importance to assays made in the course of preliminary development, feel justified in directing attention to the results obtained from analyses by the most eminent English assayers, of samples taken indiscriminately from a box forwarded by the local Manager of the Mine, accompanied by a sworn and notarially attested declaration that they were "a fair average sample of the quality and kind obtainable there." The Directors would also point out that, unlike certain specimens recently exhibited in London, the gold in this ore is practically invisible, and they are advised that it is impossible to distinguish qualities without special analysis.

In November last, samples from this Mine were forwarded to Messrs. Johnson and Sons and Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co., Assayers to the Bank of England and Her Majesty's Mint. The results, as duly certified by these firms were as follows:—The samples submitted to Messrs. Johnson and Matthey averaged 81 oz. 15 dwts. per ton, and those submitted to Messrs. Johnson and Sons, 232 oz. 15 dwts. per ton, whilst certain samples from the adjoining property—the "Australian North"—were certified by Messrs. Johnson and Matthey to yield no less than 411 oz. 5 dwts. per ton.

During the month of January the whole of the remaining samples at present in London were handed to Messrs. Johnson and Sons for analysis, and they certify that the yield was 372 ounces per ton.

It would appear to be established that an average yield of half an ounce to the ton is sufficient to give a profit upon the class of ore found in Western Australia, regular dividends in fact now being paid upon crushings of even less than this yield. Apart therefore from the evidence of richness afforded by the above assays, the following extract from a Report just to hand from the Chairman of the Coolgardie Gold Mining and Prospecting Company of Western Australia, is of great importance:—"The stone from appearance should return at least six ounces to the ton. At the time of my visit some splendid stone was being raised, and the reef had widened to the full width of the shaft."

Several hundred tons of ore are now ready for crushing, and the proceeds will belong to this Company.

The Report continues:—"The Australian group is working into fine blue stone. . . . Mr. Smith, of the 'Mining Standard,' was with me. He had heard of the rumours about the properties, and was amazed at the stone we got from the Australian reef. One piece we broke open had a cavity containing half an ounce of gold."

That the above estimate is probably correct may be gathered from the fact that the adjoining property of the "Lake View and Boulder East," consisting, it is reported, of a direct continuation of the "Australia" reef, and discovered by means of it, is now crushing nearly five ounces to the ton. This property is owned by a local company, and was part of the same group to which the "Australia" and the other mines of the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia belong.

The following is extracted from the "Australian Mail" of February 21st:—"Very rich stone has been struck in the Australia Mine."

The Company will also become entitled to an interest in the important water rights in favour of the Coolgardie Gold Mining and Prospecting Company, in respect of certain lakes in the vicinity of the Company's property, the supply from which, in the opinion of Mr. Lane, is "practically inexhaustible."

It may be pointed out that several Companies much less favourably situated than this are deriving large profits from the sale of water alone.

As indicating the great value of these water rights, the following extract from the "Australian Mail" of February 21st is of interest:—"Mr. Z. Lane, the Consulting Engineer of the Company, is at present in Adelaide purchasing an immense pumping plant to supply water from Hannan's Lake, and it is confidently calculated that water can be delivered at the Mine in tens of thousands of gallons, there being a practically inexhaustible supply."

The work of development is rapidly proceeding, and is now being carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Lane, who will also become Consulting Engineer to the present Company.

The whole of the above Reports and Cables have been supplied to or upon the instructions of either the Coolgardie Gold Mining and Prospecting Company of Western Australia, Limited, or the Vendors to the present Company.

The Proprietary Gold Mines Syndicate, who are the Vendors to and Promoters of the Company, have fixed the price to be paid for the property, including the said water interests, at £100,000, payable as to £33,000 in shares of the Company, and as to the balance in shares or cash, at the option of the Directors. This will leave £20,000 reserved for working capital, of which a sufficient portion to secure allotment has already been subscribed.

The following contracts have been entered into:—Two dated the 22nd day of February, 1895 the one made between the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia (Limited) of the one part, and the Proprietary Gold Mines Syndicate by Frank Warner Allen, their duly authorised Agent, of the other part, being a Contract for the purchase of the said Mine and water right interest; and the other made between the Proprietary Gold Mines Syndicate by Frank Warner Allen, their duly authorised Agent, of the one part, and Edwin Fewings, as Trustee or Agent for and on behalf of this Company, of the other part, being for the resale, at a profit, to this Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. The allotment will be made as early as possible after the subscription is closed, and in cases where no allotment is made, the amount deposited on application will be returned at once without deduction. The Directors reserve the right to refuse to allot to any applicant for shares, and if the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment so far as necessary, and any balance will be returned.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

22nd February, 1895.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—Influenza has been playing havoc in the theatres and out of them. The most curious case was that at the Criterion, where *Rebellious Susan* had to be taken off because the epidemic had run not only through the principal characters in the cast, but also through the understudies two deep. As everything pointed to Miss Fanny Coleman being left like the boy standing alone on the burning deck in the course of another few days, Wyndham was certainly well-advised in promptly shutting his theatre rather than keeping it open with a lot of unknown people, and to a certain extent taking public money under false pretences. It is infinitely to be hoped that most of his brother managers, even if they be not driven to such dire straits, will be equally candid. If a man books his seat on the faith of a managerial statement concerning the stars in a cast, it should be distinctly understood that if all those stars do not appear, he has a right to have his money back. As a general rule at the present day, you don't learn much about changes in the cast until a small piece of paper flutters out of your programme, and falls beneath your feet when you take your seat in the theatre. You make a dive to get it; it eludes you; you make another effort; then if you are persevering and not apoplectic the probability is that you will pick up a smudgy little fly-leaf bearing the fateful information that Miss Tottie Smith has kindly undertaken to play the leading part at a few hours' notice, and that in the absence of Mr. Barndoor Boring, the unique character of the villain will be for that night only interpreted by the prompter. If you have a sense of humour you will have your money's worth; but if you are an earnest and somewhat peevish person, you will have a row with the acting manager, but you won't get your money back. As a rule the big managements do not condescend to these discreditable little dodges, but there are theatres I could mention, where a galaxy of radiant stars is occasionally represented by very little more than the coruscations of a scintillating chorus. The influenza, my dear Dick, is the understudy's friend. It has given no end of people chances of damning themselves before their time, in the course of the last ten days. But, apart from understudies, the influenza is a curse, and it will do incalculable harm to all show business for the next month or two. One may as well recognise the fact at once; there is no good talking about it as a passing epidemic. When the influenza comes the theatrical audience goes, and, looking back on what happened in 1890-91, the latter being the very worst theatrical year to which the memory of man runneth, theatrical managers would be wise to curtail every possible expense, and metaphorically batten down their hatches, and stand by until the storm is past. If, as seems probable, a bright summer is before us, the influenza will be forgotten in no time. If not, the man with the cheap production will live the longest. As I have got the influenza myself, and have got it very badly, I am not going to trouble you with a very long letter this week, but I cannot leave without telling you how much we all regret the death of poor Pigott, the Licenser of Plays. He came of an old West-country family; he was a staunch Roman Catholic, an able journalist, a thoroughly honourable and admirable man. To my thinking he was always a little too much of a recluse and scholar. To fulfil his office with complete success, certainly a Licenser of Plays to-day ought to be essentially a man of the world. Pigott, mainly owing to the presence of the complaint to which he finally succumbed, lived a good deal in retirement, and this accounted a good deal for the almost unaccountable little prejudices he sometimes took against completely harmless expressions. He came into office at a transition period, and, singularly enough, he has died exactly on the eve of a production which will probably create more controversy than any that has ever preceded it. There was but one question concerning Mr. Pinero's new play at the Garrick. All of us who knew anything whatever about it asked ourselves, "What will Pigott say?" And while we certainly hoped he would say nothing, we dreaded that he would say "No." Whoever the new Licenser of Plays may be he will scarcely like to commence his career by vetoing the greatest work of the greatest English dramatist. That Pigott should have had no sympathy with the "new" drama can be very readily understood. For a man of his faith, there was absolutely but one sort of answer to all the complicated conundrums that incestuous or adulterous characters ask themselves in the brief intervals when they are not committing suicide. It is no good talking "Hedda Gabler" to a man who will hurl all the gospels at your head. I can readily understand that Pigott stood aghast at the notion of anyone worrying over a conundrum of Ibsen's, when they could take for a guide to life the simple law of God.

Pigott, like everybody else, was mortal, and consequently some think that he made mistakes, but a better or sweeter-dispositioned gentleman never lived; and even those who have been driven to have rows with him never for a single instant lost for him their respect, or very often their friendship.

By the kindness of Mr. George Alexander Miss Granville has left the St. James's Theatre and migrated to the Court, where she will appear in Mr. Godfrey's new piece in March. Miss Granville, who is a daughter of a General in the Royal Engineers, was with Mr. Alexander when he started management at the Avenue.

Mr. H. H. Morell asks me to say that they have no intention of giving performances of Mr. Carton's play before they leave the Haymarket. "You are quite correct," he says, "in stating that the scenery is being pushed forward. It was begun last December, and is now in quite an advanced state. Your statement that the 'very real built out conservatory' will prove a 'triumph of setting' is, I hope, prophetic.'

Your affectionate Cousin,
Randolph.

PATRIOTISM MISUNDERSTOOD.

Madame de Coigne was a violent Republican, and on the day that poor King Louis XVI. was brought back from Varennes, she formed one of the crowd that was gloating over his discomfiture. "Who now," she exclaimed, in her delight, "would dare to cry, 'Long live the King'?" Unfortunately for her, a lad near her overheard the last part of her speech. He instantly denounced her; she was hustled and menaced. "But I am not an aristocrat! I have always been the Chevalier of the Democracy!" "Chevalier! There are none left in France! To the lantern!" Everyone set on her, her clothes were torn from her back, she was whipped and nearly torn to pieces, before she was rescued by the National Guards. Finding herself in a safe place, the poor woman began to cry. "How, madame. What are you crying for? Do you think we are barbarians?" "No, messieurs; I am not crying at all, I assure you." "All the worse. You must convince us better than that." "Well, then, messieurs, if I must tell the truth, I am crying with all my heart." "What for? Do you mean to say you are afraid of us?" "Ah, no! not at all! not at all! I am crying with gratitude for all your goodness!"

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CLUB CHATTER.

The dress-suit of to-day has never taken my fancy to any particular extent. It necessitates a dead-level appearance. You may wear three studs or you may wear one, you have the choice of a butterfly bow or one with square ends, but these small alterations do not amount to much. The result is that all you get at ball or banquet is a sea of black and white. The latter is chilly and the former entirely out of all harmony with the multi-coloured lights and decorations. From time to time there have been endeavours to break away from this. Some years ago the youth of Paris decided to go in for red bows, and for a period they flourished; but the Faubourg St. Germaine, taking its cue from the Elysée, tabooed them, and the colourless triumphed.

The next move was the introduction of the lounge evening-jacket. This met with a storm of opposition, and I remember one journal, now, happily, defunct, that used to treat with venom those assemblies at which they were noticeable. True the jacket has lived, but nobody knows when to wear it. Still another variety was the smoking-jacket, got up in rich colours and frogged in the military style. It was just the thing to have worn at a pleasant house-party, but still the inevitable swallow-tail ousted it. During the last two years even more daring incursions into this conventionality have been attempted. One was the revival of knee-breeches — always favoured by the Prince of Wales—and the other the use of coloured cloths for the coat.

The latter essay at one period seemed destined to win success, but it tottered and then collapsed, and we seem to-day as far off as ever from shaking off the yoke of the ugliest sign of respectability the world has produced. I am speaking from memory, and am open to contradiction, but I believe that the evening dress-suit of the present day is the first on record that has at the same time represented the badge of the menial and the insignia of the well-to-do. You go into a little restaurant at twelve o'clock. You are waited on by an evening-suit, dirty, greasy, and frayed. You take a liqueur at a buffet afterwards. The evening-suit brings it to you, a little less dirty, greasy, and frayed. You go to your club and the evening-suit still looks after you. You go to a theatre or music-hall, and the evening-suit asks for orders. You finally go to supper in the West End, and then your own evening-suit courts comparison with the faultless linen and white tie of the perfectly dressed waiter It is the most Gilbertian state of things one can imagine.

In Germany some months ago the proprietors of restaurants ordered their waiters to wear brass buttons. The waiters struck, and rightly so too, for the clothes are certainly nowadays the badge of their profession. In Paris matters are better. The waiter wears a cashmere jacket and an apron, but as a set-off to this people go to funerals in evening-dress, and put it on for weddings. There is another good use they make of it in France—they bury their dead in it, and I cannot help wishing that this was the only use European countries put it to. At any rate, for goodness sake let us break some new ground, and get rid of this idiosyncratic garment.

The cycling papers still harp on those tyres; but I don't see so many replies as to the charge I made against them of receiving bribes for "good notices." Of course, I am prepared to hear that the suggestion is too utterly wild to deserve notice, and that anyone who knew a cycling journalist would remember that he was only one remove from an angel. But I have a few facts and names before me, and before I have finished I will give these gentlemen another opportunity or two of telling me that I have been "spoofed."

The cycling editor of one of the best-known evening papers writes me on the subject:

> It is quite amusing to note the effect of the bombshell which you recently threw into cycling circles by your reference to the payments made to amateur cyclists for breaking records on certain kinds of pneumatic tyres. Exception has been taken to the statement that the value of the tyres is increased in the market by records, but one has only to look at the advertisements of tyre companies to prove the case. You said that the selling value was materially added to and mentioned that in some cases the increase was from £12 to £17. Now it was obvious that this applied to the machine with tyres fixed, and you never supposed for an instant that anyone could imagine that this price would be taken for that of the tyres alone. The main point of your remarks was that amateurs are paid directly and indirectly by tyre companies for records. That charge has passed unchallenged.

We are perfectly within our rights in denying that we take our pleasures sadly; but it would be a hardy man who would suggest that we take our news with cheerfulness. We had a good hard month of frost lately, and with the frost came some grand skating, some pleasant ice carnivals, curling, hockey, and a dozen other seasonable pleasures. But no writer thought of that. The humorist wrote of frozen pipes, the descriptive reporter turned out death and starvation by the yard, the young man who knew science from attending classes at the Polytechnic suggested that, barring accidents, we were safe to get a third glacial period. Every paper prayed for the thaw.

Then the thaw came, and there was a general wail that the healthy atmosphere was gone, and the only news we got was from the bedsides of the sick. Everyone seemed to want the frost back. Shortly it will rain, and everyone will pray for sunshine. Sunshine will come, and there will be no bright descriptions of river parties and picnics, but the farmer and his withering crops will be trotted out, and the discussion will be raised as to whether the Archbishop of Canterbury is acting *ultra vires* in ordering prayers for rain.

I never could understand why every paper refuses flatly to look on the bright side of things. It is true the police-courts are regarded as fair prey for humorous matter; but now that Tottie Fay and Jane Cakebread are resting this little pleasure is taken from us. This journalistic sadness is carried on with a consistency that would astonish anyone outside a newspaper office. I have heard witty sayings at the Playgoers' Club that could be told a dozen times over, and speeches at dinners that have bristled with smartness; but never a one is reported. A few sullen facts are given, and the public think how peculiarly uninteresting the affair must have been. A future historian may give a reason for this; but I am sure I cannot.

While we were in the midst of the frost (seasonable or sepulchral, according to taste), there were other joys provided for the Antipodeans. A correspondent sends me an account of a lively service held in a Hobart church. A swarm of bees decided to feed in the church garden and lodge in the organ. This arrangement went on smoothly enough until Sunday came—just the very day, too, when the bees should have remembered all the nice things Dr. Watts said about them, and have been on their best behaviour. But, instead, directly the organ started there was an ominous hum. What followed is described as follows:—"Somehow or other the members of the choir and the honey-gatherers became mixed up. Half-a-dozen 'stingers' settled on the leading soprano's favourite dimple, the contralto fainted, the basses as one man uttered a large dark-blue oath, the fair-haired, waxen-moustached tenors fled. The example of the tenors was followed by the rest of the choir, and that morning the church singing was that of Auld Kirk before that degenerate day when the 'kist o' whustles' was first introduced."

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE—BIRMINGHAM. REGISTERED OFFICE—72, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL—		CAPITAL PAID UP....£3 PER SHARE	£1,780,000
222,500 SHARES OF £50 EACH	£11,125,000	Do. UNCALLED	1,001,250
		RESERVE LIABILITY	8,343,750
			£11,125,000
RESERVED FUND	£1,000,000		

DIRECTORS:

THOMAS SALT, Esq., Chairman. J. SPENCER PHILLIPS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

CHARLES EDWARD BARNETT, Esq. — GEORGE BRAITHWAITE LLOYD, Esq. — AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SUMMERS, Esq.
WALTER RANDOLPH FARQUHAR, Esq. — RICHARD BORRADAILE LLOYD, Esq. — RICHARD VASSAR VASSAR-SMITH, Esq.
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JOSEPH SCRIVENER KEEP, Esq. — CHARLES TYRINGHAM PRAED, Esq. — WILLIAM DE WINTON, Esq.
J. ARTHUR KENRICK, Esq. — JOHN CHARLES SALT, Esq. — ROBERT WOODWARD, Esq.

GENERAL MANAGER .. .. HOWARD LLOYD.

STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS ON 31st DECEMBER, 1894.

				£ s. d.
LIABILITIES—				
Subscribed Capital (being 222,500 Shares of £50 each)				£11,125,000 0 0
Capital paid up, viz., 222,500 Shares at £8 per Share		£1,780,000 0 0		
Reserve Fund		1,000,000 0 0		2,780,000 0 0
Debts owing to sundry persons by the Company—				
On Bills or Notes accepted or endorsed				341,043 11 9
On Current and other Accounts		£14,114,930 0 11		
On Deposit Accounts at notice		11,295,188 18 11		25,410,163 19 10
Liability in respect of Guarantee *re* Baring Bros. & Co. (since cancelled)		£62,500 0 0		
Profit (including £33,171 13 0 brought forward from last year)		£302,711 15 2		
Less Interim Dividend for Half-year ending 30th June, at 15 per cent. per annum		£133,500 0 0		
Income Tax		9,233 6 8		
Written off Bank Premises Account		10,000 0 0	152,733 6 8	
Balance, proposed to be appropriated as follows:			£149,978 8 6	
In payment of Half-year's Dividend to 31st December, at 15 per cent. per annum		£133,500 0 0		
To be carried forward to next year		16,478 8 6		149,978 8 6
				£28,681,191 0 1
ASSETS—				
Cash in hand and with the Bank of England		£3,423,575 1 6		
Cash at Call and Short Notice		2,206,130 1 1		5,634,705 2 7
Bills of Exchange				3,199,093 14 1
Consols and other British Government Securities		£1,537,702 19 11		
Indian and Colonial Government Securities, Corporation Stocks, English Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, and Sundry Investments		1,599,553 9 4		6,137,259 9 3
				14,971,063 5 11
Advances to Customers, Promissory Notes, and other Securities				12,731,215 16 0
Liabilities of Customers for Bills accepted or endorsed by the Company				341,043 11 9
Bank Premises and Furniture				637,868 6 5
				£28,681,191 0 1

HOWARD LLOYD, General Manager.

We have examined the above Statement with the Accounts of the Company, including the certified Returns from the Branches; and, having satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash and Investments, and considered in detail the other items of the Accounts, we are of opinion that such Statement correctly sets forth the position of the affairs of the Bank on the 31st December, 1894.

C. A. HARRISON, BARRATT, WEST & THORLEY, PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO. } Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

TAKLIS! WHAT IS TAKLIS?

WHY TAKLIS IS REQUIRED BY EVERY GENTLEMAN.

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NO IRONING REQUIRED. UNAFFECTED BY RAIN.

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TAILORS & MILITARY OUTFITTERS,

29, Conduit St., Bond St.,

LONDON.

HELP THE POOR in the most effectual manner by sending new and cast-off clothing, boots, books, pictures, toys, carpets, musical instruments, jewellery, curtains, furniture, etc., etc., to the Rev. F. Haslock, who sells them at low prices, at jumble sales, to those in need. The sales are held at frequent intervals, for the benefit of the poor (7000 in number) of All Saints' Mission District, Grays, Essex. All parcels will be acknowledged if name and address of sender are inside. Nothing is too much worn or dilapidated.

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"THE EBB-TIDE,"

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This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

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WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

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Cantrell & Cochrane's

31 Gold and Prize Medals Awarded.

"GINGER ALE"

Works—DUBLIN AND BELFAST.

FOREIGN ORDERS Specially prepared to suit the Various Climates.

Every writer on sport seems to agree that the Jockey Club are bungling in their campaign with the Anti-Gambling League. If they had faced them at Newmarket they would have gone into the Higher Courts with better grace than they will do. We all know that the movement is meddlesome, and little likely to succeed, but the League has any amount of money behind it, and means to fight. The bookmakers are meanwhile rallying, and enough money is said to have been guaranteed to fight every case for years. For my own part I should not be surprised if the League do not apply for a change of venue for the hearing of some of the forthcoming cases.

My congratulations to Mr. Coyle, who at the Fancy Dress Ball given in connection with the Dublin Cycle Show carried off the first prize dressed as To-Day's "Yellow Girl." Also, on the Yellow Girl's behalf, I venture to protest against the part she was compelled to play in the recent St. Valentine's celebration. Passing a small stationer's shop in Soho, the other day, I saw her familiar boa, hat, and coat reproduced in red on one of those quaint prints that are sent anonymously to deadly foes. The verses were bad, and her character infinitely worse; and the artist had attached the forked tail peculiar to an individual who is sometimes regarded as not being so black as he is painted.

So Mr. B. I. Barnato's horses have left Marsh's stable. It is no exaggeration to say that a great sensation was caused in racing circles when it was announced that the horses of the notorious financier were to be housed in the same establishment as those belonging to the Prince of Wales, Duke of Devonshire, and Baron de Hirsch, but many who are familiar with the doings of trainers and managers have been expecting a change. And it has come; for in future, Stowmarket, Beggar's Opera, and Contract will be trained by J. Cannon.

Amongst the patrons of J. Cannon's stable is Sir Samuel Scott, of the famous banking house. Sir Samuel, who came of age last autumn, is a capital rider across country, and he may have the mount on his own horse, Philactery, in the Grand National Steeplechase. It may be remembered that Sir Samuel's mother was recently married to Sir Horace Farquhar. Sir Horace also dabbles in racing.

Steeplechase jockeys must be in very low water just now, as they have lost a month's good riding. The fee paid for a winning mount is £10, whilst £5 is credited to them when their charge fails to obtain a verdict. Now, calculating on five days' racing a week, and six races a day, with seven starters for each event, the recent cold snap would mean a loss of £5,400 to the cross-country jockeys; but, unfortunately for them, amateur riders at present are far too plentiful, and this sum would never be paid in fees alone, but it can safely be said that the professionals are the worse off by nearly £3,000.

The rumour has reached me that Major E. R. Owen has serious intentions of riding in the Grand National again. I can hardly credit this, as, after winning the great steeplechase on Father O'Flynn, Major Owen told his friends he would never ride in public again. He was then a captain in a Lancashire regiment, and volunteered to go with the expedition to Uganda. He did some excellent work in Africa, and the late Sir Gerald Portal mentioned him in his despatches. Major Owen was recently made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

With the frost and snow having taken their departure, we shall shortly be deluged with fixture cards for the leading athletic clubs. The London Athletic Club programme will be a remarkably attractive one; and many records are expected to go during the forthcoming season. Bacon, I believe, is confident he can reduce several; whilst Bradley—whom, I may state, has after all been elected a member of the premier athletic club—is going to run at the majority of the leading London meetings.

The Association team to meet Ireland next Saturday consists wholly of professionals, as the team against Wales will be purely amateur. From the former, one misses the names of Chadwick and Holt, who are undoubtedly worthy of the honour; but the absence of their names is due to a formal request from the Everton club, which requires their services in a Lancashire Cup tie. This action on Everton's part is simply disgraceful. The "club with the money bags" might well have spared them for their country. Financial considerations, however, proved more powerful than mere honour.

On three consecutive Saturdays, International Rugby matches will be played. To-day the Scotland v. Ireland match, after two postponements, will be played at Raeburn Place, Edinburgh. On March 9th, Richmond will be the venue of the England v. Scotland match, and on the following Saturday Ireland and Wales meet. The Rugby Union coffers will net a nice sum from the Richmond match, as all the grand stand tickets have been sold. The English team remains as originally selected, but we shall not know the *personnel* of the Scottish fifteen till after to-day's match against Ireland. In any case, I expect England to win, and thus carry off the triple event.

That the English Cup is not losing interest with the public is proved by the "gates." In the second round the eight ties and two replayed games produced takings to the amount of £3,536—an average of £350 a match. The largest "gate" was that of Sunderland, who received a visit from Preston North End, the total being £600. The third round is played to-day (Saturday). Sunderland has an easy task with Bolton Wanderers; Aston Villa should account for Notts Forest; the other two ties will be desperate struggles. Probably Sheffield Wednesday will die hard at the hands of Everton, and West Bromwich, on their own ground, may prove a bit better than Wolverhampton Wanderers.

As a pleasant, palatable and invigorating Tonic, Radam's Microbe Killer has no equal. Apply for Pamphlets (free by post), Radam's Microbe Killer Co., Limited, 111, Oxford Street, W.

Advice free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). See Illd. Guide (250 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—Advt.

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EVERY GENTLEMAN SHOULD WEAR OUR SILK TIES.

All Shapes—The DERBY (for self tying), the STRAND BOW, the WATERLOO KNOT, etc.
Three Assorted Silk Ties 1s. 7d. Six, 3s. post free. Twelve, 5s. 9d. post free.
Magnificent value. Usually sold at 1s. each.
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GENT'S SILK TIES.

Mr. Cyril Dawson accompanies his solution of the misere problem with the following query:—D calls solo. A, whose turn it is to lead, is in difficulties over sorting his cards, and to save time says, "King of clubs," but, simultaneously, B, thinking that he has the first lead out, plays Queen of hearts. D calls for a suit as a penalty for leading out of turn. A, however, contends that Queen of hearts was not a lead out of turn, and that he, by announcing King of clubs, constructively led that card, and that B's Queen of hearts could only be considered as following the lead, and treated as an exposed card.

D is quite in order in calling a suit. The table talks and not the players, and A, having no right to mention his card, cannot, by doing so, be taken to have played it.

In reference to the adoption of arbitrary leads, I have been asked twice within the present week if the conventional system should be consistently observed whether you sit to the left, right, or opposite your partner. Unquestionably it should, for if you both understand the code, each original card conveys its special meaning, no matter from where it is led. But the case is different when you have a partner to whom that code is unfamiliar. You must here substitute any method that may recommend itself as being most likely to help him to read your hand. Thus, if you sat on his right with a King, Queen suit, you would lead King in the regular way, but if you were leading from his left you play Queen, which, if the King did not cover, might suggest that the latter was held by you. From Ace, King, lead Ace through him—for he is as likely as not to trump your King if you lead that first and he happens to be clear of the suit—and King down to him. Avoid leading fourth best cards, as they convey information to adversaries and nothing to him; and help his hand all you can.

The Major.

HER LITTLE VALISE.

HE had five or six trunks of remarkable size
And a tiny valise.
The trunks she appeared very highly to prize,
But not the valise.

The custom-house officer sized up the pile,
And thought that the woman must travel in style,
But he didn't believe it was really worth while
To touch the valise.

He opened the trunks to see what was there,
But "passed" the valise.
'Twas such a diminutive, dainty affair—
Was the little valise.

But she was a dancer, a star on the stage,
And the trunks held her "notices"—page after page;
But the costumes she wore that had made her the rage,
Were in the valise.

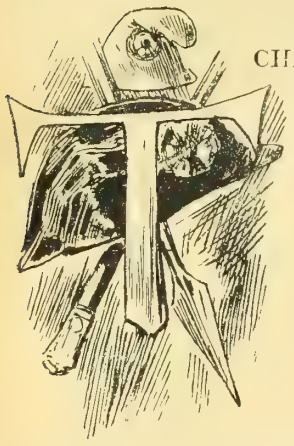
Elliott Flower.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.



CHAPTER VIII.—(*continued*).

THEY might burn the house under us; that always, and for certain, and it meant a dreadful death. Yet I breathed more freely. In the white-and-gold room below, among madame's mirrors and Cupids, and silken cushions, my heart had failed me. The place, with its heavy perfumes, had stifled me. I had pictured the brutish peasants bursting in on us there—on the screaming women, crouching behind chairs and couches; and the horror of the thought had overcome me. Here, in the open, under the sky, we could at least die fighting. The depth yawned beyond the coping; the weakest had no longer more to fear than death. And we had a respite, for the house was large, and the fire could not lick it up in a moment.

Besides, help might come. I shaded my eyes from the light below, and looked into the darkness in the direction of the village and the Cahors road. In an hour, at farthest, help might come. The glare in the sky must be visible for miles; it would spur on the avengers. Father Benôit, too, if he could get help—he might be here at any time. We were not without hope.

Suddenly, while we stood together, the women sobbing and whimpering, the old manservant spoke.

"Where is M. Gargouf?" he said, under his breath.

'Ah!" I exclaimed; "I had forgotten him."

"He came up,'" the man continued. "This door was open, M. le Vicomte, when we came to it."

"Ah! Then where is he?"

I looked round. All the roof, I have said, was dark, and not all of it was on the same level; and here and there chimneys broke the view. In the obscurity, the steward might be lurking close to us without our knowledge; or he might have thrown himself down in despair. While I looked, the boy whom I had left by the bricks came flying to us.

"There is someone there!" he said. And he clung to the old man.

"It must be Gargouf!" I answered. "Wait here!" And, disregarding the women's prayers that I would stay with them, I went quickly along the leads to the other trap-door, and peered about me through the gloom. For a moment I could see no one, though the light shining on the trees made it easy to discern figures standing nearer the coping. Presently, however, I caught the sound of someone moving; someone who was farther away still, at the very edge of the roof. I went on cautiously, expecting I do not know what; and close to a stack of chimneys I found Gargouf.

He was crouching on the coping in the darkest part, where the end wall of the east wing overlooked the garden by which I had entered. This end wall had no windows, and the greater part of the garden below it lay in darkness; the angle of the house standing between it and the burning buildings. I supposed that the steward had sneaked hither, therefore, to hide; and set it down to the darkness that he did not know me, but, as I approached, he rose on his knees on the ledge, and turned on me, snarling like a dog.

"Stand back!" he said, in a voice that was scarcely human. "Stand back, or I will——"

"Steady, man," I answered, quietly, beginning to think that fear had unhinged him. "It is I, M. de Saux."

"Stand back!" was his only answer; and, though he cowered so low that I could not get his figure against the shining trees, I saw a pistol-barrel gleam as he levelled it. "Stand back! Give me a minute! a minute only"—and his voice quavered—"and I will cheat the devils yet! Come nearer, or give the alarm, and I will not die alone! I will not die alone! Stand back!"

"Are you mad?" I said.

"Back, or I shoot!" he growled. "I will not die alone."

He was kneeling on the very edge, with his left hand against the chimney. To rush upon him in that posture was to court death; and I had nothing to gain by it. I stepped back a pace. As I did so, at the moment I did so, he slid over the edge, and was gone!

I drew a deep breath and listened, flinching and drawing back involuntarily. But I heard no sound of a fall; and in a moment, with a strange suspicion in my mind, I stepped forward to the edge, and looked over.

The steward hung in mid-air, a dozen feet below me. He was descending; descending foot by foot, slowly, and by jerks; a dim figure, growing dimmer. Instinctively I felt about me; and in a second I found the rope by which he hung. It was secured round the chimney. Then I understood. He had conceived this way of escape, perhaps had stored the rope for it beforehand; and, like the villain he was, had kept the thought to himself, that his chance might be the better, and that he might not have to give the first place to Mademoiselle and the women. In the first heat of the discovery, I almost found it in my heart to cut the rope, and let him fall; then I remembered that if he escaped, the way would lie open for others; and then, into the garden below me, there shone a sudden flare of light, as a stream of a dozen rioters poured round the corner, and made for the door by which I had entered the house.

I held my breath. The steward, hanging below me, and by this time half-way to the ground, stopped, and moved not a limb. But he still swung a little this way and that, and in the strong light of the torches which the new-comers carried, I could see every knot in the rope, and even the trailing end, which, as I looked, moved on the ground with his motion.

The wretches, making for the door, had to pass within a pace of the rope, of that trailing end; yet it was possible that, blinded by the lights they carried, and their own haste and excitement, they might not see it. I held my breath as the leader came abreast of it; I fancied that he must see it. But he passed, and disappeared in the doorway. Three others passed the rope together. A fifth, then three more, two more; I began to

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breathe more freely. Only one was left—a woman, the same whose imprecations had greeted me on my appearance at the window. And it was not likely that she would see it. She was running to overtake the others; she carried a flare in her right hand, so that the blaze came between her and the rope. And she was waving the light in a mad woman's frenzy, as she danced along, get to him sooner; while she filled the air with her shrieks and laughter. The men, who had gone into the house, heard her, and came out again; and after them others. I quailed, even where I knelt on the parapet, as I looked down and met the wolfish glare of their upturned eyes; what, then, must have been the thoughts of the wretched man taken in his selfishness—

HIS STRENGTH WAS GONE.

hounding on the men to the sack.

But, as if the presence of the man who had wronged her had over her some subtle influence—as if some sense, unowned by others, warned her of his presence, even in the midst of that babel and tumult—she stopped short under him, with her foot almost on the threshold. I saw her head turn slowly. She raised her eyes, holding the torch aside. She saw him.

With a scream of joy, she sprang to the foot of the rope, and began to haul at it as if in that way she might hung there helpless between earth and heaven? God knows.

He began to climb upwards, to return; and actually ascended hand over hand a dozen feet. But he had been supporting himself for some minutes, and there his strength failed him. Human muscles could do no more. He tried to haul himself up to the next knot, but sank back with a groan. Then he looked at me. "Pull me up!" he gasped. "For God's sake! For God's sake, pull me up!"

But the wretches had the end of the rope, and it was impossible, even had I possessed the strength to do it. I told him so, and bade him climb—climb up for his life. In a moment it would be too late.

He raised himself with a jerk to the next knot, and hung there. Another desperate effort, and he gained the next; though I could almost hear his muscles crack, and his breath came in gasps. Three more knots—they were about a foot apart—and he would reach the coping.

But I read despair in his eyes. His strength was gone; and while he hung there, the men began, with shouts of laughter, to shake the rope this way and that. He lost his grip, and, with a groan, slid down three or four feet; and again got hold and hung there—silent.

By this time the group below had grown into a crowd of maddened beings, raving and howling, and leaping up at him as dogs leap at food; and the horror of the sight, though the doomed man's features were in shadow, and I could not read them, overcame me. I rose to draw back—shuddering, listening for his fall. Instead, before I had quite retreated, a hot flash almost scorched my face, and, as the sharp report of a pistol rang out, the steward's body plunged headlong down—leaving a little cloud of smoke where I stood

He had balked his enemies.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS CHURCH CUSTOMS.

Under the above title Mr. William Andrews, of the Hull Press, has edited and published a collection of customs, usages and superstitions connected with the English Church that makes very interesting reading.

The following extracts sufficiently show the nature and scope of the book :—

Easter, the "Queen of Festivals," has no fare so unmistakably assigned to it as some other holy days. Hare-pie is the correct thing in some places, and at Hallaton in Leicestershire, there is an endowment for providing hare-pie, bread, and ale for distribution at this season. At Twickenham two large cakes were formerly divided among the young folk of the parish at Easter; a harmless practice which the Puritans suppressed in 1645, with the result that often attends the efforts of busybodies—matters were altered for the worse; thenceforward, penny loaves were purchased with the money, and flung from the church tower to be scrambled for. At Biddenden, in Kent, a large number of cakes and loaves are given away on this day, on the former of which is impressed the image of two females joined together at hip and shoulder. These are the "Biddenden Maids," Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, who are said to have been born in the village in the year 1100, thus strangely joined, and in whose memory the rent of a plot of land, called the "Bread and Cheese Land," is thus distributed.

* * * *

There is a curious tradition about the most widely-known bell in Lincolnshire. It is to the effect that when at the recasting of "Great Tom of Lincoln" in the minster yard some time during the January of 1610-11, certain of the pious citizens determined to do all that lay in their power to make the tone of the bell as pure as possible, and therefore threw into the molten mass of metal much treasure in the form of silver tankards, spoons, and sundry other objects formed of that precious metal. That there is not the slightest truth in the story was clearly proved when the bell was once more recast in 1834, for upon a piece of the metal of which it was composed being assayed it was found to contain a very small proportion of silver. It is strange that this belief in the power of silver to add sweetness to the tone of bells should be such a general one; we find it existing in almost all the countries of Europe, in spite of the fact that the experiment of mixing an undue proportion of this metal has always been found to impair their sound. The writer was once informed that the reason the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, are so wonderfully sweet and clear in tone is owing to the fact that Nell Gwynn who gave them to the church, insisted upon having a quantity of silver thrown into the metal when it was fusing. Poor, pretty, sinning Nell, she was religious after a manner, and she has lain in St. Martin's Church upwards of two hundred years, whilst the bells she gave have sounded, and still sound, above her grave. She left a bequest to the ringers, the interest of which was to be devoted to purchasing a leg of mutton for them to sup upon every Monday evening.

* * * *

It is supposed to be lucky for children to cry at baptisms, and if they are quiet and good then it shows they are too good to live. The idea arose from the custom of exorcism. When the devil was going out of a possessed person it cried and rent him sore, therefore the tears and struggles of the infant would be convincing proof that the Evil One had departed. In Ireland the nurse pinches the baby rather than let it be silent or cheerful.

* * * *

Forbidding the banns of marriage is now a very rare occurrence; formerly it was not so, and it was customary to interdict a marriage sometimes, for the sole purpose of making a comparative stranger prove his *bona fides*. The parish register of Frampton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, contains the following entry on January, 1st, 1653:—"The marriage of Edward Morton and Jane Goodwin was objected to by John Ayne, Thomas Appleby, and William Eldred; because in the first place, the said Edward Morton was a stranger, and they did not know where he had lived until a short time before, or whether he was married or single; therefore they desired the marriage might be deferred until he brought a certificate of these things; and, secondly, because they have been informed and do believe that he is a very poor man, and therefore they wish him to get some sufficient man to be bound with him to secure the town from any charge of him or his."

* * * *

The most deeply interesting and the oldest of genuine armour still preserved within English churches is that which pertained to the Black Prince, and which hangs above his well-known tomb in the cathedral church of Canterbury. In June, 1894, this armour was exhibited at Burlington House, in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, when we had special opportunities of examining it. The great tilting helm of iron weighs seven pounds. The leather cap inside it is almost worn away. The gilded long-tailed lion which forms the crest is of leather. The great shield of France and England quarterly is also of embossed leather. The gauntlets are of latten, and still retain the inner leather gloves. The sword-scabbard and buckle are of the same material; the sword itself is unfortunately missing, and it is said to have been appropriated by Oliver Cromwell when visiting Canterbury.

In next week's "To-Day" *a second series of* Reminiscences of a Lawyer's Clerk, *by* Herbert Keen, *Author of* My Landlady's Stories, *will be commenced.*

THE McKENNA-QUINN FEUD.

BY

W. L. ALDEN.

Illustrated by A. S. FORREST.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL McKENNA had commanded for many years the canal-boat *Shamrock*, which navigated the waters of one of the smaller canals in the West of England. Those who knew him well agreed that he was an admirable canal-boatman, an upright and athletic citizen, and a "first-class husband entirely." He was a hard-working man, in love with his profession, and thoroughly sober during his periods of abstinence from drink. Moreover, he was a peculiarly genial and good-tempered man, and though he was almost without a rival as a rough-and-tumble fighter, he never fought except by way of amusement, or unless something had happened to irritate him.

In no way inferior to Captain McKenna was Captain Denis Quinn, who commanded the canal-boat *City of Cork*, which was employed in the same trade as the *Shamrock*. He was of the exact weight of Captain McKenna, and closely resembled him in his other moral qualities. On the line of the canal Captain Quinn was without a single enemy of his own size, and was universally regarded as an honour to the profession.

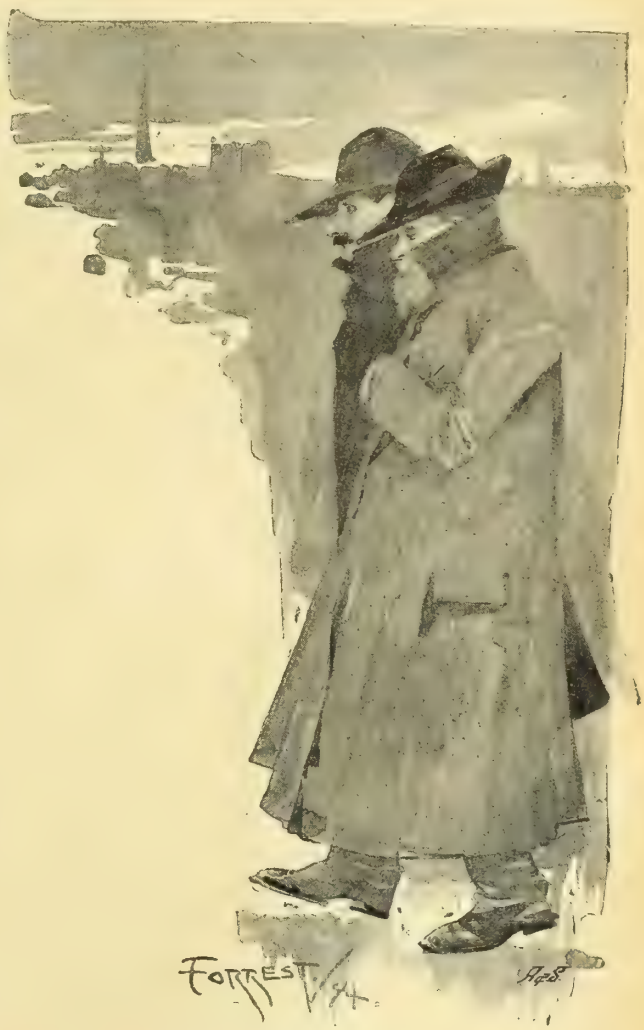
These two excellent mariners were peculiarly happy in their domestic relations. Mrs. McKenna was a most admirable woman, and was celebrated on the canal for having defeated, in a glorious pitched battle, without the loss of a single hair-pin, the famous Bridget Costello, known as the "Fury of Birmingham." Mrs. McKenna was an intimate friend of Mrs. Quinn, and their mutual esteem and affection was paralleled by the friendship which the two gallant captains bore one towards the other. It was a touching sight to see the two ladies, when the *Shamrock* and the *City of Cork* happened to be in company, hanging out the week's washing on the quarter-deck and addressing each other as "Me dear Mrs. McKenna" and "Me dear Mrs. Quinn," what time the two captains lounged at their respective tillers, and called each other, "Mike, me boy," and "Denis, ould man." As both boats belonged to the same firm they often sailed in close company, and the friendship of the commanding officers and their families was thus firmly cemented.

The *Shamrock* and the *City of Cork* were twin boats, in size and appearance. Had it not been that the forward towing-post of the *Shamrock* was much larger than that of the *City of Cork* it would have been difficult to detect any difference whatever between the two boats. Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. McKenna took delight in fitting up their respective cabins in precisely the same fashion, and with precisely the same furniture, and they often remarked that they really could not tell which one looked the most like the other.

As is the custom on several of the older and smaller canals, the larger boats, like the *Shamrock* and the *City of Cork*, were built in two sections—that is to say, they consisted of two distinct halves bolted together, end to end. This enabled them to pass through the locks, which had originally been constructed for boats of not much more than half their length. When a lock was reached the doubled boats were uncoupled, and each half was locked through separately. The two halves were then bolted together again, and the voyage was resumed. This method of solving the problem, how to pass a boat one hundred feet long through a lock seventy-five feet long had its disadvantages, but it was destined to break up the beautiful friendship that had so long bound the Quinn and McKenna families together.

On a dark and wet night in the early part of April last the *Shamrock* and the *City of Cork* reached a lock together, at about one o'clock in the morning. The ladies—Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. McKenna—were below, sleeping soundly, while their brave and devoted husbands were on deck attending to their duties, and expressing strong views about the weather. The halves of the boats were quietly and quickly disconnected, and safely passed through the lock. Feeling somewhat tired in consequence of their labours at the lock, the two captains entered a neighbouring public-house, where trustworthy customers could obtain refreshments at all hours of the night, and proceeded to dry themselves with hot interior applications. After a half-hour spent in this agreeable fashion, the two friends returned to the canal, coupled together their boats, and ordered the mule driver to start up the machinery. Then, hailing one another through the murky night, the two captains said good-night, and, leaving the tillers of their respective vessels in charge of the deck hands, they proceeded to turn in.

As Captain McKenna was seated in the cabin in the act of pulling off his boots, he was amazed to see Mrs. Quinn sitting upright in the berth belonging of right to Mrs. McKenna, and to hear her address him as a thief and a murderer. His polite request for an explanation



THEY RETURNED TO THE CANAL.

was met with fresh epithets of abuse, varied with loud cries for "Denis!" and irrevelant shrieks of "Fire!" At the same moment other shrieks were heard from the cabin of the other boat, where Mrs. McKenna was calling in agonised tones for her own "Mike," and, so far as could be judged from the noise and her well-known temperament, banging somebody over the head with a chair. Filled with rage at the thought that Mrs. McKenna was in danger, and driven half mad by the inexplicable mystery of finding Mrs. Quinn in his own cabin, while Mrs. McKenna was in the cabin of Captain Quinn's boat, Captain McKenna rushed on deck, at the same moment that Captain Quinn fled from the infuriated Mrs. McKenna. As each captain met the other emerging from the cabin which sheltered the wrong wife, a life-long friendship vanished in an instant. Captain Quinn demanded to know how Captain McKenna dared to enter the cabin of a sleeping and honest matron; and Captain McKenna made a similar demand of his former friend. Captain Quinn further desired to know what that "blatherin' woman" Mrs. McKenna was doing on board his boat, and Captain McKenna wished to know what Captain Quinn meant by "deludhin off" Mrs. McKenna, and meanly thrusting his own undesirable wife into his friend's cabin, well knowing that nothing was further from the wishes of the latter than an exchange of wives. For several minutes question after question followed, neither captain waiting for an answer. Meanwhile the wives were arraying themselves for battle, and presently they made their appearance on deck, and each upbraided her husband for unfaithfulness and cowardice.

THE MOMENT FOR ACTION HAD ARRIVED.

Obviously further debate was useless, and the two captains saw that the moment for action had arrived. They stopped their mules and descended to the tow-path closely followed by Mrs. McKenna and Mrs. Quinn, and fell upon one another with great fury. One of the most magnificent battles in the annals of the canal followed, and the fact that it was witnessed only by two deck hands and two mule drivers, instead of a delighted throng of admiring friends, is something which no canal man can reconcile with his sense of justice. Mrs. McKenna and Mrs. Quinn, armed, one with a frying pan, and the other with a rolling-pin, hung on the outskirts of the battle, belabouring the two husbands with great impartiality, and promising to tear one another in pieces as soon as "the men should finish their argufyin'." The battle lasted with varying fortune for nearly half an hour, at the end of which time victory was still undecided. Just then Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. McKenna accidentally knocked themselves overboard, and the two captains, postponing pleasure to duty, ceased fighting, and sprang into the canal to save their respective wives. With the latter they clung to the rudder of one of the boats until they were fished out by the deck hands, when it was found that they were too much exhausted to renew their debate, which was, therefore, adjourned until the following day.

The fact that the after part of the *Shamrock* had been accidentally coupled to the forward part of the *City of Cork*, and that the after part of the *City of Cork* had been coupled to the forward part of the *Shamrock* was the cause of the mistake which led to the terrible and lasting feud between the houses of McKenna and Quinn. With a view to avoiding the further effusion of blood the owners of the two canal-boats no longer permit them to sail in company; but whenever the boats meet, as they do occasionally, the two captains pass one another in gloomy silence, and the two wives ostentatiously turn their backs to one another, and address remarks concerning "ondaycent and shameless faymales" to the universe in general. Careful captains employed on other double boats have taken warning, and are painting their crafts all sorts of gaudy and obtrusive colours, so that the danger of another mistake in coupling may be reduced to a minimum. This is well, but to all kind-hearted men it will be a sad thought that the McKenna and Quinn families, that were once such firm friends, will henceforth remain open and bitter enemies.

A WOMAN ON MARRIAGE.

In the recent book "Philip and His Wife," Mrs. Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," gives expression to the following aphorisms on marriage:—

Marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal.

Perhaps love, like art, needs mystery, for it does not always thrive in the unreserve of realism.

Cecil had come to feel with a dull sense of disappointment that love, by its very nature, was a temporary and passing experience; but she was much too philosophical to be unhappy.

The child of unloving parents, illegitimate in a deep and terrible sense (for love is the fulfilling of the law), suffers, as whatever is in opposition to law, human or divine, must always suffer.

A young man with no special income has no right to have any special purpose in regard to a nice girl.

The moment and the moonlight were too much for him. He felt his heart beating fast as he looked at her. Dear little soul, how sweet she is! Robert Carey was experiencing religion.

The indignity done to marriage by urging the continuance of a relation from which love and respect and tenderness had fled, leaving in their place brutality and lust, had never been considered.

It seems to me as shameful for a man and woman to live within the law, hating and despising each other, as to live outside the law with love.

Divorce seems to me like suicide, not inherently or specifically wrong, but socially vicious; both lower just a little the moral tone of society.

When a woman marries she shuts the door of her possibilities, but when she quarrels with her husband she opens it a little and archly peers out again into men's faces.

It is only when they are husband and wife that two human souls can achieve absolute cruelty.

RIVIERA v. CHEQUE BOOK!

BY

C. EMENT SCOTT.

You ask me a very pertinent question. "Is it possible for people of moderate incomes to take a few weeks' holiday in the South of France?" I think it is quite possible, with a little care and judgment—that is to say, if you really want rest, lovely scenery, a quiet hostelry, decent, wholesome food, a tideless sea in which you can bathe when the sun is out in February, and superb roads for bicycling or pedestrian exercise. But then, of course, you must religiously avoid what I may call the show places on this bright and sunny shore. If you want to dance, flirt, or play golf at Cannes; or to gamble and shoot pigeons at Monte Carlo; or to attend the Carnival at Nice or Mentone, you may take my word for it that your hotel bill will be dearer than at the best Brighton hotel in the Goodwood week, than any offered at Cowes in the yachting season, or at Scarborough in Midsummer.

You see that the Riviera hotel-keeper has to keep up an enormous establishment, and to make all his profits on it in a very few months indeed. In Switzerland the monster hotels are closed all the winter; for the most part, the lordly, palatial, electric-lighted Riviera pleasure-houses are shut up all the summer. Some of the proprietors are clever enough to own a Swiss hotel for the summer, somewhere near the Lake of Lucerne, and a Riviera hotel for the winter. But profits must be made quickly, and with a pistol at the poor traveller's head. There are hotels, no doubt, where arrangements can be made to board at fifteen or sixteen francs a day, and that is considered very moderate. Your bedroom will not face the sun; it will probably be very dark and cold; and it is just possible that the food will be very distasteful to an English palate.

For, remember, you must take what is given you. You cannot pick and choose as at a restaurant. You must swallow down the rich dishes, the buttered messes, the same eternal round of fatly-cooked bad meat or starve. But your expenses are not over with the "pension," as it is called. Unless you are a total abstainer, you must drink something, and even a disciple of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Canon Wilberforce would be mad to drink Riviera water. The coffee, always supposed to be so good in France, is curious stuff to my taste, and as much a medicine as Epsom salts; and the tea is generally bad and prohibitive. But it is not in mere sleeping, eating, and drinking that your money flies. I can assure you that it can be cold—very bitter cold—in the Riviera. Out of the sun, the wind takes you by the throat and chokes you. At night, or, at any rate, after sunset, a fire in your room is not so much a luxury as a necessity. Now a fire in your room at the Riviera is more costly than one in dear old London during a phenomenal frost. Wood and fir cones are alone used in the square, open grates, and although the whole district abounds in wood and fir cones, they charge you four or five francs for a basket of wood that can easily be burned up in a couple of hours. Your firing at the end of a week is enough to frighten you home again. Then, again, the profits they make on "lighting" at non-electric-lighted hotels are enormous. A lamp in your room costs two francs a night, and candles—and the very worst candles I have ever seen—are doled out to you at sevenpence-halfpenny a piece!

But, as I have said before, if you do not want to mix with the smart set, to dress two or three times a day, to join in all the fashionable games and amusements, and to enjoy peace and quiet, I can take you to a corner of the Riviera little visited by English people, and to my mind strangely neglected. I mean the lovely sea-board between Toulon and St. Raphael. Hyères les Palmiers is not exactly on the sea, but lies back under a sheltered and deliciously warm hill, and Costabelle, where the Queen stayed a few winters ago, is equally well sheltered, and nearer to the sea than Hyères. At both these lovely places—one among the palm trees, the other in the pine woods—you can live quietly, and as a rule more cheaply, than at the fashionable spots on the Riviera. But there are other places far less known than Hyères or Costabelle. Who in England, I wonder, has ever heard of Carqueraine? Who has been told of a sunny and delightful isthmus called the Presque Ile de Giens? All along the coast, from Toulon to St. Raphael, where fashionable Riviera begins, you can find charming villas at very moderate rents, villas basking in the sun, villas half hidden in lovely woods, villas in full front of the sea; and, if you keep your eyes open, you can find, if your tastes are moderate, a comfortable inn rather than hotel, but quite as good as you would find at some spots of our Devonshire and Cornish coast.

I found such a place last Sunday, and I will try to describe it to you. It was a lovely morning, the sky as blue as Lord's Cricket Ground when Eton is playing Harrow, the fields sweet-scented with violets, roses and narcissi; the acres upon acres of artichokes—they are all grown here for the Paris market—just recovered from a disastrous frost, and the air full of champagne.

We were on our way to Carqueraine to breakfast, for we had discovered on one of our excursions a cosy little hotel, just off the main road, tucked away under the shelter of a belt of wood. It seemed an ideal place for a cosy breakfast on a quiet sunny Sunday morning. A broad, flagged Italian terrace in front of the hotel is a convenient platform from which to watch the sparkling sea, the fishing boats, and the lovely Isles of Gold across the blue Mediterranean. It was warm enough on this sheltered terrace to breakfast almost out of doors in one of the little boskages or arbours that face the sun. All was well. The cold winds and mistrals had blown away; the pink and white blossoms were just bursting out on the cherry and almond trees. God was in His heaven, and, so far, it was all right with the world.

Nor was it so very dull at the Hotel Beau Revage at Carqueraine that sunny Sunday morning. Sounds of laughter and singing came through the open windows of the salon, and there we found a merry party just arrived from Toulon. The genial landlady seemed a little alarmed at first at the hilarity of our neighbours, for they had got to the end of their feast, to the coffee, cigar, and liqueur stage, so she discreetly warned them that the "Angliches" up in the corner were not unfamiliar with the language of "la belle France." It was not difficult to tell who our friends were. A party of actors and actresses, singers—possibly critics—and the like, who had driven over from Toulon to enjoy themselves in the sun.

We had left breakfast to the discretion of the good-natured landlady, and she determined to give us "bouillabaisse," for Carqueraine is the fishing headquarters from which the special ingredient of bouillabaisse is taken from the sea. I had eaten this supposed delicacy at Thackeray's haunt in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs in Paris, and also at the bouillabaisse hedquarters at Marseilles, and I must own at both places I found it far too rich for me, too highly savoured, too much saffron or something. But the Carqueraine bouillabaisse was a very different thing altogether. We could taste the sweet fish with the enormous gudgeon-heads more than the saffron. It was a delicious souché of sea fish. And otherwise the breakfast was good and moderate, the white wine of the country delicious, and, of course, the sardines and olive oil—both natives of the Toulon district—incomparable.

Now at such a humble hotel as this you can live, and live well, for five or six francs a day—all included—with a bedroom kissed by the sun, and facing the sea, and with a terrace on which to breakfast, dine, and smoke *ad libitum*. With strong legs on a cycle you can be at Toulon in no time, and Toulon has theatres, opera, café concerts, a merry quay, capital restaurants, and all the

fun and bustle of a seaport. From Toulon you can go across the harbour for 2d. to the Island of Tamaris, where there are excellent hotels and the loveliest of views. On another day, in another direction, you can easily get to Hyères, where we have our simple amusements, a concert every night at the Casino, a theatre occasionally, a conjurer or a hypnotist from time to time at our favourite café, and a mild gambling game, half-billiards, half-bagatelle, at which, if you are lucky, you can occasionally win 20 francs in one fell swoop!

Yes, dear friends, you can live moderately and happily on the Riviera, if you care to avoid fashion and excitement. But I should advise you to take your ticket to Toulon and no further. If you look at the map you will find it is far warmer here than elsewhere. We have had snow and frost, it is true, but only a few feathery flakes and an icicle. We have had cold winds and nasty mistrals, but they have blown themselves out. And now we have got the sun, and the worst of it is that the *mot d'ordre* is not "go on," but, alas, "come back"!

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 70. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

VII.

THE GREAT MR. BALTHAZZAR.

I HAD hardly heard of Mr. Balthazzar before I entered his employment. He was not "eminent" in those days, and his name was chiefly associated with West-end police-court practice. But I knew that he generally represented aristocratic clients, and I had a vague impression that he was a rising man, though of a class which is looked upon with distrust by sober members of the profession.

I hesitated, therefore, a little when, at the conclusion of the winding up of Mr. Summers' business, one of the executors offered to give me a letter of recommendation to the gentleman in question; but my prejudice was not strong enough to outweigh other considerations. It was just the slack time of the legal year, a wave of commercial depression had caused many solicitors to reduce their establishments, and the salary I demanded was not to be picked up every day. To my shame, be it said, that I always dreaded idleness, in view of my ignoble weakness, and, in a word, I thought it advisable to accept the first employment that offered.

Mr. Balthazzar's office was in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, a large corner house, flanked by a modest thoroughfare called Chator Street. When I presented myself at his address, I thought that my introducer had made a mistake, and had directed his letter to Mr. Balthazzar's private residence. The fine mansion showed no outward sign of being occupied for business purposes, and the handsome mahogany door, which was opened to me by a solemn butler, who looked like an alderman, bore no name-plate. I was admitted into a stately vestibule panelled with black oak, with a marble floor, half covered by a rich Turkey carpet and rugs, and adorned with bronzes and pieces of statuary. A massive silver lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and facing the entrance was a noble staircase, with carved oak banisters leading to the first floor. When he had learned my name, the butler conducted me to what I took to be the dining-room—a handsomely-furnished apartment, hung with tapestry—while he carried my letter of introduction to his master. Here I remained until I was summoned upstairs, remarking that, on the table, in addition to a large assortment of newspapers and periodicals, boxes of cigars and cigarettes were temptingly and hospitably displayed, while the sideboard, amid a profusion of silver plate, bore an open spirit case and decanters of wine, with attendant glasses.

It never crossed my mind that this could be the waiting-room allotted to Mr. Balthazzar's clients, and, still less, that the gorgeous saloon above stairs—into which I was presently ushered—was Mr. Balthazzar's private consulting-room. A pair of carved oak folding-doors at the top of the grand staircase gave admission to an enormous room extending to the whole width of the house, and lit by three large windows, of which the upper parts were filled with stained glass, while the lower sections were converted into miniature conservatories filled with ferns and flowering shrubs, over which tiny fountains rippled with a musical sound. The ceiling was richly painted with allegorical subjects, and the walls were covered with valuable paintings. There was not so much as a bundle of papers to be seen, and in lieu of unsightly tin boxes, desks, and pigeon-holes, were antique cabinets, quaint pieces of furniture, valuable

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works of art, bric-à-brac, and priceless old china. The curtains and upholstery were of dark blue plush, and at the furthest end of the room, opposite the richly ornamented fireplace, was an alcove filled with bright-coloured flowers, surrounding an exquisite little marble statue of Psyche. Mr. Balthazzar was seated at an octagonal inlaid table, on which was a blue velvet writing-case stamped with his monogram, and an ink-stand shaped like a bomb, of solid silver.

It was not until afterwards that I learnt that all this ostentatious splendour was characteristic of Mr. Balthazzar's eccentric predilection for theatrical effect. He never lost an opportunity of bewildering people with a sense of his magnificence and importance, and every senior clerk who entered his office was received as I was. I soon found out that there were two doors in the vestibule down below—one on each side of the staircase—and the butler was wont to exercise his discretion with regard to the destination of visitors. Clients of position or strangers of good appearance were ushered into the waiting-room, which I have already described; but professional callers were conducted through the other door, which led to the clerks' office, the entrance to which was in Chator Street. Only persons of importance, or those whom he desired to impress, were privileged to ascend the grand staircase, and to enter the august presence of Mr. Balthazzar through the great folding doors. In one corner of the apartment, screened by a blue velvet curtain, which was in keeping with the rest of the decorations, was a doorway leading to a small, unpretentious room, which, in turn communicated with the clerks' offices at the rear. Here Mr. Balthazzar kept his papers and transacted ordinary business; but this was essentially his sanctum, for it was a fad of his never to be discovered by clients with a pen in his hand, and he liked to convey the impression that he did not condescend to details of ordinary official routine.

HE WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE.

When I presented myself before him, Mr. Balthazzar was lounging in a luxurious easy-chair, smoking a cigar, and glancing at the letter which I had brought. He was apparently entirely at leisure, and his fashionable attire was more suggestive of Hyde Park Corner than a lawyer's office. He was a dark, young-looking man, tall, and inclined to stoutness, with very keen eyes and a suave manner. The cast of his features were unmistakably Semitic, but of a florid, handsome type, and he evidently spared no pains to improve his personal appearance. The effect of his elaborate toilet was a little overdone; his spotless patent-leather shoes were perhaps a size too small, and he wore more jewellery, especially rings, than was consistent with good taste.

Our interview was brief, for it was another of Mr. Balthazzar's peculiarities to affect to be off-hand about matters which generally engage serious attention. No doubt he was satisfied with my references, but he surprised me by dispensing with all preliminary inquiries. At the end of two minutes I was enrolled upon his staff, nor do I think that either of us had cause to deplore the hasty bargain. I stayed with him for eleven years, until he married the only daughter and heiress of old Mr. Benlevi, the money-lender, of Cork Street, and retired from business on a vast fortune. He is dead now, and if I had to write his epitaph, I should be tempted to employ the hackneyed words of the Prince of Denmark's filial panegyric of his Royal sire. I am not going to pretend that all Mr. Balthazzar's thoughts and actions were those of a high-souled noble-minded gentleman, and, of course, I know very well the sort of reputation which he acquired in the profession. I can only say that I never knew him rob or wrong an honest person. Though he did not care a snap of the finger for professional etiquette, I am not aware that he ever seriously outraged it. For the rest, he was absolutely loyal to his clients; he always played to win, and if he was sometimes not over particular in his methods, it was because he never scrupled to fight a scoundrel with his own weapons.

I had experience of this almost immediately after I had entered upon my new duties; and I remember that the incident startled me considerably at the time. One morning I was summoned to Mr. Balthazzar's consulting-room, and found him engaged in conversation with a tall, elderly gentleman, who seemed, from his manner, to be very much agitated and upset. When I entered Mr. Balthazzar was standing in front of the fireplace, smoking his eternal cigar, and addressing his client with considerable animation.

"Better leave me to settle it quietly, my lord," he was saying, persuasively; "I know the gang. They are

clever enough to be provided with witnesses. I could not guarantee the result. Besides, think of the scandal!"

"I don't like being swindled," said his lordship, emphatically. "My son declares he never signed it."

"No doubt; but he was there, and I am afraid—young men will be young men, my lord!—that the Viscount had been dining. The society papers would have some pretty paragraphs about Viscount Greenleaf, Lord Oleander's eldest son, having been hocussed in a gambling-house. Now, I think if you will authorize me to spend one thousand pounds——"

"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" HE INQUIRED, QUICKLY.

"One thousand pounds!" interrupted Lord Oleander, impatiently "Why, I have offered two thousand pounds. The amount demanded is five thousand pounds!"

"I know. Your lordship was too generous. You should have come to me in the first instance."

"Yes, yes; I suppose I ought," interposed Lord Oleander.

"And, having come, may I respectfully suggest that your lordship should follow my advice," said Mr. Balthazzar, good-humouredly.

"I will," said Lord Oleander, rising abruptly from his chair. "But I should have liked to have punished the scoundrels, and I am still quite ready to prosecute."

"They shall be punished, without any trouble, scandal, or annoyance to you or your family," replied Mr. Balthazzar; "and I think your lordship will, upon calm reflection, be thankful to me for my advice. My fee, my lord, will be five hundred pounds," he added, quietly.

"Do you want a cheque now?" inquired Lord Oleander, looking, I thought, rather startled, as well he might.

"If you will write a cheque for one thousand pounds, I may not have to trouble your lordship for any more," said Mr. Balthazzar, significantly.

Lord Oleander produced his cheque-book, and sat down at Mr. Balthazzar's table without another word. My breath was quite taken away by the magnitude of the fee demanded; but I quickly became accustomed to Mr. Balthazzar's scale of charges, which he fixed for himself, with absolute disregard of the Solicitors' Acts and the regulations of the Incorporated Law Society. On the other hand, he always made his contracts frankly and openly, and I was frequently astonished at the readiness with which his demands were acceded to. It should be added that the amount of Mr. Balthazzar's fees depended a good deal on the circumstances of the particular client, and for ordinary legal business of the stereotyped kind he adhered to the orthodox scale.

While Lord Oleander was writing the cheque, Mr. Balthazzar glanced in my direction, and said:—

"By the way, my lord, this gentleman is Mr. Millicent, one of my confidential clerks."

Lord Oleander favoured me with a slight bow, while Mr. Balthazzar continued—

"I sent for him to introduce him, because, with your lordship's permission, he will represent himself to Mr. Elliott as your lordship's private secretary—I presume you have no objection?"

"Not if you think it necessary," replied Lord Oleander, as he handed Mr. Balthazzar the cheque

"I do not wish to appear personally in the matter at present," said Mr Balthazzar. "If Elliott writes to you again, don't answer his letter."

"And if he calls?" inquired his lordship, taking up his hat and gloves.

"Refuse absolutely to see him. Say that after what your secretary has reported to you, you have placed the matter in my hands."

"I don't understand," murmured Lord Oleander.

"It isn't necessary that you should, my lord," replied Mr. Balthazzar, mysteriously, as he conducted his client to the door. "I hope I shall have some satisfactory news for you very shortly."

Mr. Balthazzar obsequiously accompanied Lord Oleander to the foot of the staircase, and then returned, rubbing his hands, and looking very much elated.

"Now, Millicent, we have a ticklish job before us. You must keep your wits about you," he said, as he led the way into his private office. "Should you know this handwriting again if you saw it?" he added, producing a letter after a brief search among his papers.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"You must call at once upon this man Elliott, who holds the young man's acceptance, and unless I am very much mistaken you will find it is in the handwriting which I have shown you. If it is, drive straight to this address and give this note to Captain Courtney. Bring him back with you here."

"Supposing I can't find him?" I suggested.

"You *must*," replied Mr. Balthazzar, in a curt tone which admitted of no discussion, without looking up from his writing.

He quickly finished and sealed up a short note directed to a certain Captain Courtney, at 94A, Jermyn Street, and then proceeded to give me brief but emphatic instructions as to what he wished me to do. I need not detail his directions, especially as they gave very little clue to his scheme. I realised their significance afterwards, and when I got to know Mr. Balthazzar better I learnt that he rarely imparted to his clerks or agents the object he had in view. He preferred to leave them to form their own conclusions, and so long as they did not blunder, was rather pleased than otherwise if they were mystified.

However, I gathered that Captain Courtney was the person to whom Viscount Greenleaf had given his note of hand, that Mr. Elliott was the present holder of it, who had applied to Lord Oleander, and that the young Viscount was not quite so innocent in the transaction as he had led his father to believe. In fact, Mr. Balthazzar revealed that Viscount Greenleaf had admitted privately to him that he had actually signed the acceptance, which was the reason why the lawyer had induced Lord Oleander to abandon the idea of prosecuting.

Though I should have liked to have understood a little more clearly what Mr. Balthazzar was driving at I, at least, fully grasped his instructions to me, and half an hour later I called at a dejected-looking second-hand furniture shop near Oxford Street, and asked to see Mr. Elliott, the proprietor. I was ushered into a sort of counting-house at the back, where I found a snuffy old man of dilapidated aspect poring over a large ledger. The room was indescribably dusty, dirty, and dingy, and Mr. Elliott himself might have passed for an old clothes salesman from Petticoat Lane. He was, in fact, a millionaire, and his money was made in very devious ways, not at all connected with his ostensible trade, as I afterwards ascertained. Mr. Elliott looked up at me over his spectacles as I entered, and then glanced doubtfully at my card.

"Pray be seated, sir. I don't recognise your name. You say your business is private," he said, in a cringing voice.

"Strictly private. I am Lord Oleander's secretary, and have called on his behalf."

"Oh, yes. I beg your pardon. I was expecting to hear again from his lordship," said Mr. Elliott, becoming quite brisk and cordial, and rising to close the door.

"Lord Oleander offered to pay £2,000 for his son's acceptance to avoid a scandal," I replied.

"My dear sir, I couldn't think of taking it. I gave full value for the document. I communicated with his lordship out of courtesy. The note will become due on Tuesday next. It will be presented, and if it isn't paid——"

"It won't be paid," I interrupted. "The Viscount hasn't got the money. The Earl is not rich, as you know. If you insist on going to extremes, you will have to make the young man bankrupt."

"My dear sir, you are joking. Of course, I shouldn't think of doing such a thing. If his lordship will make me an offer, a reasonable offer, I am willing to meet him like a gentleman."

"Very well. Shall we say £3,000?" I suggested, in a business-like tone.

"Three! No! No! Not three! I couldn't afford it, 'pon my word, I couldn't," said Mr. Elliott, with an eagerness which showed his satisfaction at the increased offer. "I would take £4,000—and lose by the transaction—rather than have a fuss! There now, I can't say fairer than that!"

However, after a great deal of haggling, conducted with great apparent eagerness on my part, and frantic excitement on the part of Mr. Elliott, he at length came down to £3,500, and finally to £3,250, at which sum I feigned signs of wavering.

"I only brought £3,000," I said at length.

"I'll take your cheque for the balance, my dear sir," said Mr. Elliott, genially.

"I'm exceeding my authority," I murmured, slowly producing a letter-case from my pocket. "I should like to have a look at the note," I added, as though by an afterthought.

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly," said Mr. Elliott, with great cordiality, as he bustled about, and opened a large safe behind him. "There is no question about it. It's genuine, perfectly genuine."

"Lord Greenleaf doesn't dispute his signature," I remarked ingenuously.

"No, no! Of course not. He is a gentleman," said Mr. Elliott, quite enthusiastically, as he produced a slip of paper, and laid it reverently on the table before me. "There it is, Mr. Millicent. I've got a little pint of champagne here—something special. Come, Mr. Millicent!"

I did not refuse the proferred hospitality, and Mr. Elliott, seeing that I made no attempt to meddle with the document, retired to a corner and produced a bottle of champagne: though I noticed that he all the while kept a wary eye upon my movements. I absently opened my letter case, as I scrutinised the precious document, committing to memory every word inscribed upon it, verifying the handwriting in the body of the note as that of Captain Courtney, and taking particular notice of the size and colour of the paper, the date and amount of the stamp, and other details. Mr. Elliott, meanwhile, crimson in the face with jubilation, was busy unwiring the champagne cork; but suddenly I assumed a dubious expression.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, quickly.

"I'm very sorry," I said, replacing my letter case with an air of reluctance, "but that signature won't do!"

"What!" screamed Mr. Elliott, in dismay.

"Lord Greenleaf doesn't dispute that he signed a bill, or promissory note for that sum, but—but I don't recognise that signature," I replied with firmness. "There is something wrong somewhere. I don't understand. I must report to his lordship."

"Bring him here! Bring him here, and let him see for himself," cried Mr. Elliott frantically. "I'll confront him with witnesses."

"It isn't a question of witnesses, but whether that particular document is the original——"

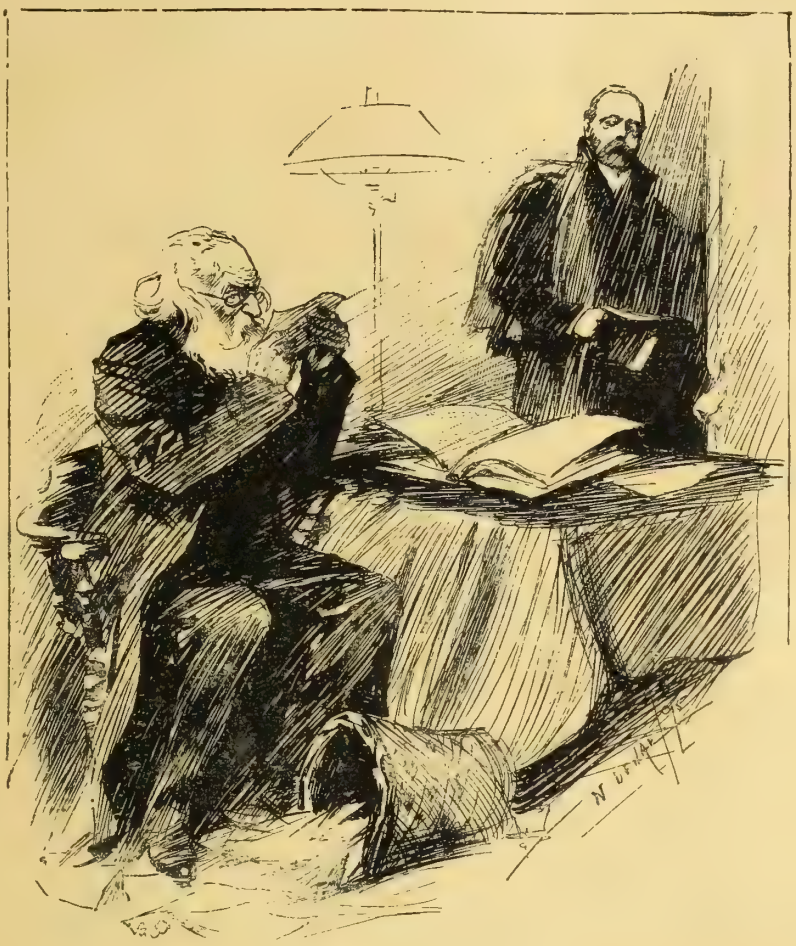
"Sir, do you intend to insult me?" interrupted Mr Elliott, livid with excitement.

"Oh, no! You very likely have been deceived yourself," I said with a shrug. "The document passed through other hands before it came to you," I added, significantly. "For the present, at all events, I must wish you good morning, Mr. Elliott."

I thereupon took my departure, leaving Mr. Elliott the picture of horror and dismay. The ruse, in which

I had been carefully instructed by Mr. Balthazzar, was evidently completely successful, for the unfortunate furniture dealer seemed absolutely thunderstruck by my startling discovery. The last glance I had of him, he had fallen into a chair, holding the document close to his nose with a hand that shook like a drunkard's.

Well content at having accomplished this part of my mission, I jumped into a hansom and drove at once to Captain Courtney's address. Here I was equally fortunate, for the Captain was at home, and though he denied himself at first, Mr. Balthazzar's note had quite a magical and startling effect. Captain Courtney was a tall, stout individual, with a truculent manner, a purple face, and a dyed moustache; evidently a broken-down man of fashion. He frowned very furiously when I presented myself at his chambers, but immediately became civil when he learnt who I came from, and accompanied me back to the office without a word. What the nature of Mr. Balthazzar's communication to him was I do not know, but I noticed that during our short drive his ruddy colour faded considerably, and he seemed dreadfully ill at ease when I conducted him into Mr. Balthazzar's room.



I TOOK MY DEPARTURE.

I was not present at the meeting between the two, and therefore did not know what passed, but Mr. Balthazzar left his companion for a few minutes while he came and questioned me closely about my visit to Mr. Elliott, and he even made me write out from memory on a slip of paper the wording of Lord Greenleaf's reputed note of hand. He seemed highly elated when Captain Courtney, looking flushed and shame-faced, had slunk out of the office, and he was pleased to compliment me on the manner in which I had carried out my instructions. But he did not offer to discuss the affair at all, and for some days afterwards I heard nothing more about it, until one afternoon he hurried into my room and said—

"Mr. Millicent, just bring your hat and come in with me."

"Yes, sir," I replied, rising, thinking he wished me to go out with some message.

"Keep your mouth shut. I only want you for the sake of appearances," he remarked mysteriously.

I followed him in silent amazement, through his private office into the large consulting-room, where I was startled to find my old acquaintance Mr. Elliott, and another individual, both seated uneasily in front of Mr. Balthazzar's table, and evidently considerably overawed by the grandeur of their surroundings.

"Take a seat, Mr. Millicent," said Mr. Balthazzar, politely, indicating a chair by his side. "You and Mr. Elliott have met before. The other gentleman is Mr. Nutley, his solicitor. I thought it better that Mr. Millicent should be present," he added to the latter.

"I have no objection," said Mr. Nutley, who was a fat, vulgar little man, of a blustering type; "but Mr. Millicent has taken a serious responsibility on himself by practically accusing my client of forgery."

"My dear sir, we have met here for an amiable chat; let us avoid recriminations," said Mr. Balthazzar, in a benevolent tone. "As a matter of fact you never accused Mr. Elliott of forgery, did you, Mr. Millicent?"

"Certainly not," I replied, emphatically.

"Very well. So much for that. Now for business," said Mr. Balthazzar, lighting a cigar with easy deliberation. "You claim to be the holder of a promissory note signed by Lord Greenleaf, I understand, Mr. Elliott?"

"Yes, and the question is, does your client repudiate it or not? If he does we needn't waste time talking," said Mr. Nutley, boisterously.

"My client repudiates it, of course," replied Mr. Balthazzar, quietly.

"But he hasn't seen it," interposed Mr. Elliott, eagerly.

"Mr. Millicent has."

"He took too much on himself, that gentleman did, as he will find out," said Mr. Nutley, frowning at me.

"That is beside the point," replied Mr. Balthazzar. "The long and short of the matter is that one or other of us has been swindled by Captain Courtney."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Nutley, starting.

"Unfortunately there are two promissory notes

alleged to be signed by the Viscount, for the same amount, and bearing the same date. Courtney sold one to you, Mr. Elliott?"

"Certainly!" replied the old gentleman, who had turned very pale. "Mine is quite genuine. I'll swear it."

"I also purchased from him on behalf of my client, Lord Greenleaf, what purported to be the original and only true document," said Mr. Balthazzar, turning over the leaves of his blotting-book and producing a slip of paper.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Nutley, while Mr. Elliott stared open-mouthed.

"Here it is," said Mr. Balthazzar, imperturbably; "but knowing something of the Captain's character, I took the precaution before parting with any money to get my client to verify his signature. Consequently I am quite sure that this is not a forgery."

I could hardly believe my eyes and ears as Mr. Balthazzar, without changing a muscle of his face, handed the document across the table, and then leant back in his chair with a complacent smile. I was conscious of turning crimson, for I suddenly realised that, profiting by my information, he had procured from the Captain and young Lord Greenleaf a duplicate or facsimile of the original note. I was not a little horrified, but fortunately, nobody noticed my confusion, for Mr. Nutley and his client were blankly examining the document, and were obviously overwhelmed with dismay.

"When did you get this?" inquired Mr. Nutley, after a pause.

"Before Captain Courtney left the country," said Mr. Balthazzar, banteringly.

"But if you already had the note, why has Lord Oleander been negotiating recently to get it from my client?" inquired Mr. Nutley, shrewdly.

"Your question is very natural. The fact is there has been a stupid misunderstanding," replied Mr. Balthazzar, with an air of ingenuous frankness. "Mr. Elliott chose to make application to the Earl of Oleander, who, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the matter. His lordship, not knowing that I had been instructed by his son, attempted to make terms on his own account. But when Mr. Millicent saw the alleged signature of Lord Greenleaf on the document which you hold, he at once perceived that it was a forgery, and then Lord Oleander consulted me. My instructions are to defend any action you may be foolish enough to bring, unless——"

"Unless what?" inquired Mr. Nutley, as Mr. Balthazzar, flicking the ash of his cigar, came to a significant pause.

"Well, Mr. Millicent has just brought me some instructions from the earl, which I confess I am very loath to act upon. You say his lordship is really in earnest?" he added, addressing me in an audible aside.

"Yes," I replied, wondering what was coming.

"It seems to me unnecessary. However," he resumed, turning to his anxious audience, "you know, of course, the awkwardness of the affair for my clients. Lord Greenleaf was drunk when he signed the promissory note."

"We can prove the contrary," cried Mr. Nutley, hotly.

"H'm! Your principal witness, Captain Courtney, has left the country," said Mr. Balthazzar, half absently.

"It's a conspiracy," interposed Mr. Nutley, who appeared by no means comfortable about his client's case.

"It is an infamous conspiracy. I should be delighted, for my part, to expose the whole affair," thundered Mr. Balthazzar, in highly indignant tones. "Let us not misunderstand one another on that point. If this case comes into court it won't end there."

Both Mr. Nutley and his client were manifestly disconcerted by this outburst, especially the latter, who presently said, nervously—

"You were going to propose something, Mr. Balthazzar. You will find me perfectly reasonable. I know the Captain has bolted! All right, Mr. Nutley," he added, turning to his solicitor, who was nudging him; "I know what I'm about. Mr. Balthazzar is a gentleman."

"Yes, the Captain has bolted, luckily for him, and he has let you in nicely," said Mr. Balthazzar, with restored good humour. "But Lord Oleander wants to avoid scandal and annoyance, and he has authorised me to buy up your spurious note for what you gave for it."

"I will advise my client to accept his lordship's offer under the circumstances," replied Mr. Nutley, promptly.

"Yes, yes, it was £2,500 I gave for it, Mr. Balthazzar," said Mr. Elliott, eagerly.

"Nonsense! You only paid £500 cash. The Captain told me that himself, when I discovered the forgery," said Mr. Balthazzar, emphatically. "You may have given him back his own worthless paper of the nominal value of £2,000 besides. If you like, I will throw in any amount of that. The Captain's autograph isn't worth much, especially now."

"Can't you make it £1,000, Mr. Balthazzar?" whined Mr. Elliott, not attempting to dispute my principal's assertion.

"Not another farthing. What is more, it is to take or leave now, on the spot, before you leave the room! I will give you five minutes to think it over. Come, Mr. Millicent," he added, rising from his chair, and speaking in a careless, offhand tone. "I'll show you the picture I was telling his lordship about."

I followed him to the further end of the room, where, under pretence of pointing out a picture, he murmured—

"They must accept. They can't do anything else, now Courtney has disappeared."

"Why has he gone?" I inquired.

"I fortunately knew enough to have got him five years' penal servitude, and I advised him to seek a change of air."

I suppose I looked rather startled and dubious about the whole transaction, for Mr. Balthazzar added, rather sharply—

"Elliott is a notorious scoundrel. He deserves to lose every farthing instead of getting his money back."

"Mr. Balthazzar, my client accepts your terms," interposed Mr. Nutley, in a sulky voice, at this juncture.

A USEFUL ANIMAL.

Authors who have a weakness for prolixity should heed the moral of this story told of a clergyman who undertook duty for a preacher, the chief feature of whose sermons was their tediousness. The visitor apologised one Sunday to the clerk in the vestry, when the service was over, for the shortness of his sermon, as a dog had been in his study and torn out some of the pages. "Oh! sir," said the clerk, with a gleam of hope illuminating his sad face, "do you think that you could spare our vicar a pup?"—*Current Literature.*

A STREET IN SUBURBIA.*

There are twelve chapters in this book, and each one forms a complete story in itself, though they are all more or less connected. This is a plan not altogether despised by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, from whom the author of this book seems to have learned several useful lessons, though he has not always been successful in carrying them into practice. With regard to the actual stories the first would undoubtedly be the last if we arranged them in order of merit. In fact, after having read them all, it seems as though the author wrote this first story to counterbalance the large proportion of pathos that comes later on. The title—"The Courtship of Jack Cotter"—reminds one of Kipling, but that is as far as the resemblance goes. If Mr. Kipling had never been heard of the author would probably have called his story "Jack Cotter's Courtship," and been glad of the alliteration. The story is about a man who is in love with five women at once. Having said this, comment on the story is unnecessary. The after stories show plainly that Mr. Pugh has the gift of observation, the power of seeing those little things that make one man's character different from another, and the reason of his writing this first story is all the more inexplicable. But Mr. Pugh can be genuinely funny when he chooses—which is not often in this book, most of the stories having sad subjects and mournful endings. The best thing in the book is "The First and Last Meeting of the M.S.H.D.S." The letters signify "Marsh Street Hall Debating Society." If this were the only good thing in the book—which it isn't by a long way—it would still make the volume worth buying.

This is how the Society originated :—

> One evening, Phil Evers, Jack Cotter, and Watty Staight called on me. They filed into my room with solemn faces, and sat down in a row on my sofa. Usually they distributed themselves. Their demeanour impressed me.
>
> "What's the matter?" I asked.
>
> "Oh, it ain't nothin' serious, y' know," said Watty, "Jack'll tell yer what it is."
>
> Jack gave Watty a reproachful glance which Watty carefully avoided.
>
> "If I must, I must," said Jack Cotter, heavily. "But seein' as 'ow Watty's the one as mentioned yer nyme——"
>
> "'Old on," said Watty, "don't go ashiftin' it all on ter me. We're all as bad as one another. The fac' is," he added, turning to me, "we've took a liberty, an' you're the pusson as we've took the liberty with."
>
> "'Tain't such a orful lib'ty, y' understand," said Jack Cotter. "It just amarnts to this: Mister Bannin, the noo minister at the 'all, y' know—is agittin' up a Debatin' Serciaty for young men. 'E 'appened ter mention ter me that 'e was 'ard up fer a speaker ter open the fust debate. Watty an' young Evers was wi' me. An' we all plumps art, simultaneous, wi' your nyme. 'D' yer think 'e will?' Mister Bannin sez. 'I'm sure 'e will,' sez Watty. An' there we left it. We can on'y 'ope you won't give us away."
>
> "Though we're aweer o' the lib'ty we're atakin," supplemented Watty.
>
> "What have you three got to do with this debating society?" I asked.
>
> "Oh we're stooards," said Watty. "We keep order——."
>
> "And hold the coats," added Phil Evers.
>
> "You're ter choose yer own subjec', an' treat it 'ow yer like," said Jack Cotter. "Mister Bannin 'opes it'll be a subjec' as we're all interested in, that's all. Some'ink perlitical, fer chice."
>
> I promised to do my best, and they departed.

The night of the debate arrives, and Mr. Bannin opens the evening—

> "You all know," he said, "why we have met here this evening?"
>
> "No, we don't," cried someone in the back row.
>
> "We have met here," said Mr. Bannin, disregarding the dissentient voice, "to debate whether the House of Lords should or should not be abolished." . . .

After the opening speech, Phil Evers rises to oppose the motion. This gentleman, it should be explained, differed very considerably from those around him He was educated, and enjoyed an allowance from a rich uncle. Why he ever lived in Marsh Street is not quite clear.

> "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," he said, "I am afraid I know little or nothing of the matter in hand. But as a similar lack of knowledge has not deterred my friend from opening the debate, I don't see why I should hesitate to reply to him."
>
> "'Ear, 'ear!" from Watty Staight.
>
> Phil adjusted his pince-nez.
>
> "First as to what my friend, the opener, said about—about various things," he continued, smiling blandly on his auditors. "He said, if I remember rightly, something about the House of Lords. He said that the House of Lords should or should not be abolished; I have forgotten which; but it is immaterial. Now, do you know, I agreed entirely with what he said. I felt as he said it, that he was expressing my views exactly. That is why I rise to oppose him. For I know that anything that I agree with or that agrees with me must be bad for humanity generally. Now I, as a child, liked soap; applied internally, of course. I used to eat soap as easily as you drink beer. It agreed with me. If my parents had not fostered artificial tastes in me, I believe I could return to-day to my old diet of brown Windsor, and thrive on it as well as I could thrive if the House of Lords was—was disposed of in accordance with my friend's suggestion. Ergo: I am an irrefutable argument against any cause I espouse."

It will be easily understood that the speech—of which the above is only a fragment—does not meet with much applause from the critics of the Marsh Street Hall Debating Society. At the end—

> Mr. Bannin rose with a weak smile. "Now, if there is any *serious* opposition," he said.
>
> At first there was not. Then a red-headed man with the air of an Iconoclast, rose and addressed the chair.
>
> "Concernin' wot the lawst speaker said," he began, "Ez fur ez I could mike art 'e wuz only atryin' it on. Nar, I arst yer, mates all, is that fair ply? We come 'ere to be elevated, an' a bloke gits up an' talks a lot o' bloomin' rot."
>
> "Order! order!" cried a little man at the end of the front row.
>
> The Iconoclast turned on him, and regarded him fiercely. Then he addressed the chairman again.
>
> "I never knoo," he said, "ez 'ow the little bandy-legged man on the roight wuz a stooard before."
>
> "W'y don't yer set dorn, Ginger, an' give someb'dy else a chawnce?" cried a lean man in a plaid choker.
>
> The lip of the Iconoclast curled.
>
> "'Ullo! 'ere's another bloomin' stooard!" he exclaimed. . . . . "Mister Chairman," said a strong voice from the rear of the Hall, "Mister Chairman and Gentlemen, I wish to make a few remarks."
>
> Everybody turned to look at this new speaker. He was a short man with small black eyes and wing-like ears.
>
> "Excuse me, guv'ner," said a pale-faced boy in a light blue suit, who had been furtively making cigarettes ever since the proceedings opened. "But are you the Prince o' Wales? No? Then thet's all roight, an' I don't mind. You kin go on. But if the Prince o' Wales is here I give him fair warnin', once for all, as I won't have none of 'is sauce. If 'e sez anythink I object to I shall go an' tell 'is mother. . . . . It's all roight, Chairman, 'e 'aint the Prince o' Wales. Go on, guv'nor."
>
> The man with the ears stared in a daze at the boy in the blue suit.
>
> "It's no use; thet's done me," he said. And he sat down and pondered.

Finally, the debate is ended in a very novel and amusing way. The whole idea is carefully worked out, and will probably surprise the most *blasé* of novel readers. This story, if slightly condensed, would make an admirable recitation.

This is certainly one of the few books that ought to be bought, and not borrowed. W. P.

* "A Street in Suburbia," by Edwin W. Pugh (William Heineman, 2s. 6d. net).

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—Dumas père must have forecast Mr. William Waldorf Astor in his "Monte Cristo." Ned, who has just returned from New York, has been telling us that on the day preceding Mrs. Astor's funeral the millionaire widower went to a Broadway florist, and asked, "How many orchids can you get at twenty-four hours' notice?" The florist, not knowing to whom he was talking, and wishing to impress his caller with the vast resources of a Broadway florist, said, indifferently, "Oh, about five thousand." "Very well," said the caller, giving his name. "Get all you can, and have them at Trinity in time for the funeral. I want all you can get—twice five thousand, if it is possible." The florist bestirred himself, bought every orchid he could hear of, but was only able to get 3,800. This meant a bill for £950 for orchids alone. Mr. Astor was so pleased that he next day gave him an order for a cover of lilies-of-the-valley and violets to be put over his wife's grave, fresh every day, for a year. It means over £20 worth of flowers for the grave every day. It means the especial and laborious forcing of lilies-of-the-valley during the eight months that they do not grow in nature. His instructions were that this cover should be removed every day, no matter what its condition was, and that all the flowers in it should be destroyed. It takes about 4,000 lilies to make the cover, and about the same number of violets. On the upper end of the cover, into the warp of the lilies, is woven a cross of violets, and from the foot of the cover hangs a cross of violets. On each side are four points, from which hang tassels of violets, suspended by bows of satin ribbon.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AT THE ST. JAMES'.

Does this remind you of the Taj Mahal? How well some women are loved, are they not? Poor Mr. Astor! His costly flower-cover for his lost wife's grave makes me think, by force of contrast perhaps, of Christina Rossetti's most musical lyric:—

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me,
  With the showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.
I shall not see the shadows;
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise or set,
Haply I may remember
  And haply may forget.

Would you like to be told about a simply perfect visiting costume? Well, here it is—a lovely bit of colour, and particularly suitable for a brunette. The material for the dress was an exquisite piece of café-au-lait moiré, scattered with indistinct blossoms in a faint shade of old rose. The plain skirt hung in broad organ-pipe pleats at the back, and was finished with a band of dark coffee-brown velvet. There were two fancy bodices made to be worn with this skirt. One was of café-au-lait chiffon, over rose silk, and trimmed with rose velvet; and the other was a creation of café-au-lait velvet, white chiffon, and Valenciennes lace. The wrap, which formed a conspicuous part of the costume, was a very wide and full cape of café-au-lait velvet, studded with fine jet beads. It was finished with a deep flounce of creamy Russian lace, and ornamented by conventional designs in jet, lightened by an intermingling of rose-tinted spangles. A French bow of café-au-lait moiré gave a charming touch to this fanciful wrap; and the dainty little bonnet consisted largely of a similar bow.

The pretty dress illustrated is one worn by Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the new play at the St. James'. The material is silk, scattered over with flowerets in deep mauve. The bodice is white embroidered muslin, with square epaulettes of the same, lined with deep mauve silk, and a neckband of velvet to match. The sleeves are silk, and the becoming hat is round, trimmed with purple, red and violet orchids; a stiff white aigrette rises high in front.

The Henri IV. style, I am told, is to be introduced this season.

A good instance of it is an evening dress in yellow satin of a bright deep shade, studded all over with single pearls and single pieces of jet. The skirt is plain, very full, and has steel inserted round the hem. The bodice is long and pointed, but to meet with modern ideas the front is loose and arranged in a pleat studded

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with pearls and jet, and having three little rosette-like buttons of turquoise and pearls. The berthe is cut straight across with some folds of creamy-hued silk tulle laid inside, and with exquisitely light-looking frills of real lace falling down over the front. The sleeves are in wide sloping puffs to the elbow of satin studded with pearls and jet, and open down the front of the arm, with frills of lace falling to either side, and ruffles of the lace at the back of the elbow. A little girdle follows the lines of the pointed bodice, finishing at one side with a turquoise and pearl buckle.

Can you guess why millionaires have champagne served in pitchers? Is it from that love of simplicity which is at most invariably fostered by contrast? Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has champagne served at her table in this way. Perhaps the fact that the real original Cornelius, who made the pile, kept a saloon where he was accustomed to "pour drinks" for his customers may have something to do with this. What do you think?—Your affectionate

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. R. B. tells me that Polperro, near Looe, is the original "Q's" Troy Town.

Alice.—I should postpone "shorting" the baby till the weather is warmer. There is no fixed rule about the age that this is done. I hope you do not mean to let him wear low bodices and short sleeves, nor short socks. Very few people follow this old-fashioned custom now, and doctors all agree in condemning it as a direct invitation to constant colds, and it is to be suspected that much of the infant mortality is to be attributed to it.

Daisy.—The pretty song "Life's Promise," that I recommended to you last week, is by Clara M. L. Wade, not "Meade," as was printed.

Anxious.—It depends entirely on the health. Rub the skin of the face gently every day with the tips of the fingers dipped in pure cold cream, and afterwards in "4,711" eau-de-Cologne, such as is sold at 62, New Bond Street.. You will soon find a vast improvement, but you must persevere, and do it every day for half an hour at least.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

In "Common Sense Cookery," Mr. Kenney-Herbert, better known as "Wyvern," offers a volume of generally excellent advice to the English public. His very first chapter strikes the note of common sense. He says that "the present outcry concerning the incompetence of the domestic cook points really to incompetent management," and declares that every mistress of a household should herself understand something of cooking. I not only agree with him, but go still further, and say that without considerable knowledge of the subject no woman can efficiently manage her house and servants. The remarks on marketing are equally true, and contain many a useful hint to housewives. Wyvern recommends gas stoves for cooking, not only because of the convenience of being able to regulate the heat to any degree, but also because they stand out in the light instead of being poked away in the dark under the chimney-piece, as is the ordinary range. In his remarks on utensils he says nothing of aluminium, the ideal material for cooking vessels. With the most painstakingdetail, he deals with soups, sauces, fish *entrées*, vegetables, and the various modes of cooking meat, game and poultry. Savoury toasts have a chapter to themselves, and to *hors d'œuvres* and savouries a similar honour is accorded, and "pies" are treated quite extensively. The rest of the book is occupied by carefully compiled menus. The volume is published by Arnold, Bedford Street, at 7s. 6d.

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THE CONDUCTOR.

Ankin's nime 'asn't appeared in them lists of "Distinguished Pyshunts," but 'e's 'ad the hinfluenzer all right. 'E's gort the better of it nar, and it ain't left 'im none the wuss, exceptin' as it's mide 'im berlieve in some perticular noo med'sun for storpin' yer from 'avin' the hinfluenzer and then curin' yer of it when yer've gort it. 'E goes preachin' it hall over the plice, mikin' of 'isself a regular noosance with it. Yer tikes fifteen grines o' sutthink as I cawnt remimber, but yer gits it at the chimist's and puts it in 'ot water, and sips it slow. Well, theer it is, if any of yer keers ter try it. Lor! whort a 'eap of people theer is abart jest nar, all of 'em got the secrit fur diddlin' of the hinfluenzer and hall the secrits diff'runt. If yer was ter foller all the advice as yer gits given yer gritis yer'd 'ave ter buy the bloomin' chimist's shorp and swaller it 'ole. And if yer won't tike the dose as they berlieves in, they thinks you're insultin' of 'em. Why me and 'Ankin 'ad words the other dye, jest because I wouldn't tike a pull at 'is fifteen grines o sutthink. No, I ain't fur tryin' any o' them mawvilus noo remerdies. If I feels a chill comin' on me I tikes a drop o' rum joodishus, sime as my fawther did afore me. It ain't no bloomin' secrit, nor it ain't no bloomin' discov'ry neithur, but it does me proper. The only reasing why I 'esitites ter recermend it is thet it ain't every man as 'as my joodishusness.

Pore ole 'Ankin! It do sime a pity as 'e should 'ave bin lide on 'is back just when the Carnty Carncil eleckshuns was on. Disappinted 'im crule, it 'as. Yer see, 'e knows whort theer is ter know on the subjick, and 'e feels as 'e's lost a chawnce. On the 'ole theer was less egsitemunt abart them eleckshuns nor 'ad bin egspectud. I dersay theer's a lot as feels the sime wye as I do: I don't 'ope fur nutthink from nobody egsep' myself, and precious little from 'im. The wye 'e wuks 'isself up abart things as cawnt matter the price of a pint to 'im one wye or the other is sutthink wunnerful. Reg'lar throws 'isself inter it, does 'Ankin. It mye be jest as well that 'e couldn't indulge 'isself thet wye this time. The relishuns atween 'im and ole Ike 'ad become whort yer might call strined, and a little more would 'ave stawtid a reg'lar kick-up. Yer see, Ike ain't gort the talints of 'Ankin, and, bein' natshrally short in the temper, the end of their awgymunts is likely to tike the shipe of old Ike wantin' to bust 'Ankin's 'ead open. I tell yer, it's a dinegerus thing ter 'ave tew many opinyuns, espeshly if yer gits inter the 'abit of gassin' abart 'em, sime as 'Ankin does. It's that kind of thing as leads ter them dools in Frawnce. As a rool, I dessay a dool is a sight sifer than a turn-to with yer fists, sech as we 'as this side o' the Channel. Yer scratches a man on the awm with a bloomin' toastin'-fork and then 'is bloomin' honner's satisfied; 'ere a man wornts ter tike a bit more'n thet or give a bit more'n thet afore 'e feels as 'e's got enuff. But theer even doolin' ain't sife. On'y lawst week a pore chap gort 'isself run throo at it. And o' course when people git plyin' with them shawp-pinted things axerdunts mye alwise 'appen. As I says, it's sifer ter 'ave as foo opinyuns as posserble and give up tryin' ter force 'em darn the gullits of other people. As I says ter 'Ankin the other dye, "Whort's the yoose? Did yer ever know any man to be gort over by any amarnt of awgymunt? In course yer didn't. And wheer'd the man's bloomin' independunce be if 'e let 'isself be talked rarnd like a hinfunt? Yer may jaw yer 'ead off, but yer won't mike a man chinge 'is mind, and yer wouldn't respect 'im if yer did." "Then," says 'Ankin, "whort the dickens are yer tryin' ter awgy with me fur nar?" 'E's a smawt chap, is 'Ankin, and one as it ain't easy ter awnser. I jist called him a bloomin' liar, and left.

THE BANNING OF "THE MANXMAN."

I found the Rev. J. S. Hilliard, who led the attack on Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman," and ousted it from the Ealing Free Library, in his study at the vicarage of Christ Church. There was nothing in his manner that suggested that he was very pleased to see me; indeed from one remark he made, he seemed rather annoyed that the story had ever reached the London Press.

"You are calling about that 'Manxman' incident?" he said.

"Yes, I had a doubt as to whether you were correctly reported. You are saddled with having described it as 'disgraceful.'"

"So it is; it is a disgusting book. I don't know who it was that took the trouble to send the report to the *Chronicle*. That is all I can tell you."

"Might I ask you ——"

"No, I am not going to be interviewed. I have already had one Pressman here this morning. He was a married man, and agreed with me that it was a book quite unsuitable for circulation."

"What is it that you particularly object to?"

"Oh, it is indecent. Have you read it?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say that the direct statement that one man is the father of the child of another's wife is not filthy?

"But that an incident, almost subordinated by the book generally, which seemed to me to be full of some very noble thoughts."

"I cannot go into that. Books like these fall into the hands of young people, who simply read these passages. A book such as this is a distinct incentive to the commission of immorality."

"Neither the critics nor the public have seen it in that light."

"Oh, the critics!" said Mr. Hilliard, with an impatient laugh; "what of them? It is ridiculous, this criticism. A strange library you would get if you accepted all they praised and rejected all they condemned."

"What style of book do you suggest as fitting for public circulation?"

"It would take me a lifetime to answer you."

"How many books have been barred by the committee during the last twelvemonth."

"It would take me a lifetime, I say, to answer all these questions."

"Two of Miss Marie Corelli's," I persisted, "have been, I understand?"

"I believe so."

"Was 'Barabbas one?"

"I cannot say. Personally I have no objection to 'Barabbas.' But really I cannot answer all these questions."

"You have studied the French school?"

"I have not. I have never read Zola, even."

"Would you object less to a book that openly dealt with sexual matters; to a book such as 'The Manxman,' which you suggest is insidiously immoral?"

"I cannot go into that question, and I cannot understand why there should be all this fuss made about our action. The book is still in the reference library if anyone wants to see it."

The reverend gentleman had risen, and had given me a significant *congé* by putting on his collegiate cap; but I asked one more question.

"Is the Ealing Free Library supported by public funds out of the rates, Mr. Hilliard?"

"I have said I cannot answer all these questions."

And he walked to the church, where the bell was tolling for vespers.

H. J. P.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Our leading novelist, who is one of my best customers, asks me to remind all authors who come into my shop, whether they are members of the Authors' Society or not, to be sure to sign the petition praying Her Majesty to withhold her consent from the Canadian Copyright Bill, now waiting her signature. This Bill contains an iniquitous provision that any Canadian publisher may republish any book by any author non-resident in Canada, which has not been printed in Canada within one month of its publication elsewhere. The only conditions are that he must get a licence from the Minister of Agriculture and pay the author ten per cent. on the published price, and as the Canadian Government declares that it will not be responsible for the collection of the ten per cent. authors will often have to go without their money. Mr. G. Herbert Thring, Secretary of the Society of Authors, 4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., will send a copy of the petition to any author willing to sign it.

* * * *

That this petition should be presented was decided at the general meeting of the Society of Authors last week. It was proposed by Mr. Hall Caine, and seconded by Mr. Rider Haggard in admirable speeches. Out of the 1,200 members of the Society of Authors no less that 600 have consulted the Society on their literary business during the past year.

* * * *

Mr. Arthur Machen, author of that remarkably clever book "The Great God Pan,"[1] whose literary position entitles him to speak with authority, writes :—

> There is no question of spelling; Burness was the real name of the family. The poet changed it to Burns as a less harsh sounding name. On the 3rd of April, 1786, his poems being in the press, he signed himself "Burness" for the last time ; on the 17th of the same month he writes his name "Burns." It may be right to note that the name is said to have been anciently spelt "Burnes," but the pronunciation was always Burness.

* * * *

E. B., Stamford Bridge, writes :—

> In this week's issue of To-Day I see you enquire whether Mr. Rudyard Kipling derived his Christian name from Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire. A friend of mine from that neighbourhood told me that Mr. Kipling's parents did indeed christen him after the lake, as they were residing near it at the time of his birth and admired the beauty of the sheet of water so much.

* * * *

By-the-bye, a customer, who is a New Vagabond, tells me that Mr. Raymond is about to visit London, and that the New Vagabonds have asked him to meet Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., who is to be the guest of the evening, on March 7th.

* * * *

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "God and the Ant," dedicated to Dr. Robertson Nicholl, who has given so many good authors their first start, is one of the unique little prose poems which we associate with his name. Those who have seen the manuscript tell me that it is very audacious, but to treat the most sacred subjects audaciously without irreverence is Mr. Kernahan's *forte*. The book will, of course, be published by Ward, Lock and Co., who have had such success with his former books.

* * * *

The *tour-de-force* in Mr. Ralph Caine's new magazine, the *London Home Monthly*, which is printed at the offices of the *Queen*, is undoubtedly Mr. Hall Caine's great Manx ballad "Graih-my-Chree." But the Editor's article on the Finances of the Church of England, the interview with Mr. Gunsberg about "Chess," and "The Diamond King" about South African diamonds, are very good reading, and the illustrations of "Famous Birthplaces" are charming. Indeed illustrations, printing, and paper are alike good.

"The Diner Out," who gossips about authors every week in the *Queen*, has an interesting paragraph about Mr. Jerome :—"At one of Sir Giles's literary dinners I had the pleasure of sitting opposite to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. We had been talking of him just before he came in, *àpropos* of the fact of his being one of the very few English authors who have ever been able to get decent terms out of a German publisher for translations of their works. I know for a fact that his 'Diary of a Pilgrimage,' 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,' 'Novel Notes,' etc., have been translated into German, and it goes without saying that 'Three Men in a Boat,' and his inimitable 'Stageland" must have been. And I saw in the *Literary World* the other day that he was the most popular of all living British authors in Sweden."

* * * *

Other correspondents write :—

> Dear Sir,—In answer to your correspondent "To-Dayite," 16th Feb.—Knowing Cornwall well, I should say Mr. Quiller Couch was thinking of Fowey as his original of Troy Town. It may not be generally known that Mr. Couch has a charming residence there, and that it is from that place from which most of his works emanate. It may be of interest to your readers to know that nearly all the characters of Troy Town are easily recognised as being drawn from life by the good people of Fowey, who still retain much of the rugged simplicity of the Cornish people of one hundred years ago.—Yours truly——.

* * * *

> Dear Sir,—The stanza was written by William Wordsworth, and was included in the first and second editions of "Peter Bell." Perhaps the following quotation will suit your correspondent :—
>
> There are a few variations of text (in "Peter Bell" from the previous issue, and only the first and second editions contain the oft-quoted stanza :—
>
> "Is it a party in a parlour ?
> Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd,
> Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
> But, as by their faces see,
> All silent and all damn'd."
>
> "The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, With an introduction by John Morley." London, Macmillan and Co., 1891.
>
> Truly Yours, J. B.

And "Oblivious" writes from Gladstone Avenue, Luton, February 13th :—

> Dear Sir,—Kindly inform me through the pages of To-Day of the title and publisher of a well-known history of English Literature, the third volume of which was published quite recently. I saw an advertisement of it recently, but have forgotten author and publisher. I wish you would "chuck" calling your notes "The Diary of a Bookseller," and simply call them notes on books and authors, or something of that sort. I like your page awfully. I shall be greatly indebted by an answer to my query, and beg to remain.

* * * *

P. R. writes :—"I do not think you have yet mentioned Dr. Arthur Stradling in the list of literary doctors and doctors' wives. His writings, as a natutalist, in the *Boy's Own Paper*, are splendid reading. There is a vein of brightness and vivacity running through them which makes what to the average boy appears a dry and uninteresting subject, a decidedly bright and attractive one.

* * * *

Can anyone furnish W. A. C. with any information as to books, pamphlets, etc., dealing with the subject of Bimetallism from the very elementary parts of the subject to its deeper ones ?

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MacScot (Dundee).—I believe that Miss Millard, Teddington, supplies anything her correspondents require in the way of literature or bric-a-brac.

S. M.—The value of the book you name is about five shillings. "Cassell's Popular Educator" would answer your purpose.

A. M.—Ten shillings is the usual price of the book now, but its value will probably increase in a few years. I should say the two magazines you mention are both saleable.

1. "Great God Pan." (John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

Preliminary Announcement.

The Western Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited) will during the present week Offer for Subscription

THE

GOLDEN CROWN

(LIMITED),

White Feather District,

COOLGARDIE GOLD FIELDS,

Western Australia.

Full Prospectus can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 54, Old Broad Street, on and after

THURSDAY NEXT.

IN THE CITY.

THE "AUSTRALIA" RIG.

We are not surprised that the dealers are annoyed. They went out to shear and they have come back shorn—very much shorn. They are sore, and it is natural, but the threat of criminal proceedings was foolish. The directors of the company were to be charged with conspiracy to defraud, and the ingenuous Abrahams is moving. But where was the fraud? The complaint is that they refused to allot in order that they might squeeze the "Bears." Well, even if that be true, there is nothing criminal in it. The public were offered 67,000 shares; but this offer was conditional. The prospectus states that "The directors reserve the right to refuse to allot to applicants for shares," and they may have exercised that right. If they did it is no answer to say that this condition is commonly inserted and very seldom acted upon. It is always acted upon more or less when shares are not allotted *pro rata*. Even if it were otherwise the right would remain.

Possibly our law should follow that of the Continent, and require *pro rata* allotment; but, as was proved in a well-known Amsterdam case, *pro rata* allotment is not an infallible protection against unfair distribution. And we have to deal with the law under which we live—a law that gives directors absolute discretion in the matter of allotment. It may be made to work injustice, but we cannot pretend to have much sympathy with the victims of the "Australia" rig. The genuine investor—the man who applies for shares with the intention of taking them up—is not affected by it. Those who have lost their money are the "stags," and they are pretty wideawake gentlemen. They bought believing a market would be made that would enable them to get out at a profit. Their mistake was in assuming that they would get full allotment. They only got a fraction of what they expected to get, and instead of making 15s. or 20s. per share profit, some of them have lost £4 or £5 per share. That is rough, but they have to put up with it. "Why can't *we* do a deal like that?" moaned one dealer, who had been hit pretty heavily to another in similar plight, and that was the feeling of them all. The widow and orphan, the parson and the half-pay officer, are not affected. It is a case of biters bitten, and though swearing is excusable, whining is more than usually contemptible.

We expect a score of protests from the unco' guid, but we always try to clear our minds of cant. And here we may usefully relate a little incident in connection with the rig. A person who shall be nameless—a shining and a burning light among the faithful of his sect, one of those "holy, oily" men who, "Never naming God except for gain, So never take that useful name in vain"—was asked by the Directors of Australia, Limited, to help the venture, and he agreed if they gave him £——. The money was paid on the understanding that he would help to make a market. He promised to do so, and when the company came out he applied for —— shares, which he sold before allotment. That was his idea of making a market. He expected the premium to go to about 1, and then disappear as in the case of the parent Company. Instead it went to 6, and of the — shares he applied for he only got —. In lieu of a nice little profit of some ——, he found himself faced by a loss of something over £1,000. Hurrying to the proper quarter he appealed *ad misericordiam* for a full allotment. But he was reminded of his broken undertaking, and help was refused. This man was served as he deserved. Other victims were not guilty of his bad faith, but they went in for a gamble—playing against very shrewd players—and lost. *Voila tout!*

AUTHORITY AND FINANCE.

The re-appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson as Governor of Cape Colony and High-Commissioner is indefensible, but it can have surprised no one acquainted with the two men who made the appointment. Mr. Rhodes is a masterful personage wanting a governor who will be led by him, and Lord Ripon—well, he is the man who ceased to be a subscriber to the *Manchester Examiner* because that excellent paper—we are speaking of ten years ago—made a chaffing allusion to the family name of Robinson. Sir Hercules Robinson's age is of itself sufficient disqualification, but his connection with the Rhodes' companies ought to have been an insuperable obstacle to his re-appointment. Sir Hercules Robinson has "stood in" with Mr. Rhodes in more than one great financial operation, and he has made money thereby. Objectionable under any circumstances, this association between the representative of England and the Colonial financier is doubly objectionable in the present case, seeing that the financial interests and needs of the Chartered and De Beers Companies have a very direct bearing upon the political situation in South Africa.

But these sort of things do not count for much in South Africa. Next to the Prime Minister of the Colony stands the Chief-Justice, Sir Henry de Villiers, a very able judge. But Sir Henry de Villiers can see nothing objectionable in making Mr. Barney Barnato his agent for operations in stocks and shares. We are not suggesting anything in the way of bribery—all is above board. From time to time Sir Henry de Villiers sends Mr. Barnato sums of money with the request that he will invest them to the best advantage. In due course, Mr. Barnato informs the Chief-Justice that he has bought and sold, and is happy to be able to add that a substantial profit has accrued therefrom. It is all perfectly regular, and if questioned upon it the Chief-Justice would say that when he wants an agent he picks out the cleverest he can find. But to old-fashioned folk the undesirability of the selection becomes apparent when the Barnato clique go about boasting that they cannot lose a case in South Africa, *and can say that they have never lost one.*

MOORE AND BURGESS, LIMITED.

We understand that the directors of Moore and Burgess, Limited, find it necessary to make another call upon shareholders. This call might not have been necessary just now but for the weather of the last five weeks. Until the middle of January a profit—a small one, but a profit—was being made. Since then profit has disappeared, and the weekly balance on the wrong side has been heavy. The provincial company has also suffered, but that is doing better again. There remains 1s. to call up, and the coming call will be for 6d. The directors will suggest the payment of the full 1s.; it will be wanted, and a single payment would save office expenses. A new piece is about to be put on, and that should fill the house again. We have before us letters from shareholders suggesting that the manager should give his whole time to the show, but it is unlikely that Mr. Farini would do that, and his engagement does not terminate for some months. We suggest to the directors the desirability of considering whether some arrangement could not be come to with Mr. Farini, which would leave them free to get another manager who would give his whole time to the company. They have a capital man in Mr. Brough, the manager of the provincial company, and we think it would be well to bring him to London and put him in charge of the St. James' Hall entertainment.

MR. BEGELHOLE.

In our issue of January 19th we said something about Mr. Begelhole as the Mining Prospector in India. The correspondent whose letter we published promised to refresh his memory by reference to India, and now writes us as follows:—

Re Begelhole.

Dear Sir,—I am to-day in receipt of reply from India as to Mr. Begelhole's explorations in the Goldfields there. The companies he was employed by there were the Pat Pat Gold Company, and the Sonapet Gold Company. I enclose my correspondent's letter. He was a member of the original syndicate (like myself), who paid a prospector to search the Valley of Sonapet for two or three years. You see it was on the strength of Begelhole's representations many of us were misled.

I now repeat my offer to sell Mr. Begelhole 12,000 shares in the Sonapet Gold Company for 12,000 pennies. The scrip is deposited with the Bank of Bengal (Calcutta), and delivery order will be handed and transfer executed whenever you advise receipt of the 12,000 pence. Kindly return enclosed letter.

The letter referred to is as below:—

Brokers' Exchange, Calcutta, February 6th, 1895.

My Dear ——,—Thanks for papers about Begelhole. His principal show here was Pat Pat, and there was a wild demand for shares on his glowing reports. He also reported on Sonapet, after Von Moos and Quillet had careered on the property, and his hopeful writing bucked them up again. Altogether he was looked on as a big gun here, and his opinions were quoted everywhere. When people got thoroughly sick of him he left India.

Much hurried—best salaams. Yours sincerely, ——

Is history to repeat itself at Coolgardie?

NELSON AND CO.

We note with pleasure that the Birmingham authorities have at last taken action against these people with the usual result. After an exhaustive enquiry the magistrates have found Nelson and Co. guilty of "unlawfully and publicly keeping a lottery," and fined them £25 and costs, allowing £5 5s. as costs beyond the court fees. The magistrates also found Erasmus Jensen—

that is to say Nelson and Co.—to be "a rogue and vagabond." It is satisfactory to know that the "new system" by which Nelson and Co. hoped to dodge the law shares in the condemnation of the old.

In commenting upon this conviction the *Birmingham Post* speaks of Nelson and Co.'s system as a "fraud on the public," and it is nothing less. The buyer was tricked into giving two shillings a pound for tea not worth at the outside more than fifteen pence, on the promise of a £10 note when a certain quantity of tea had been sold. But there was no guarantee that this quantity ever would be sold, no legal obligation upon Nelson and Co. to continue their business until it had been sold. Now the action of the Courts in different towns has made it impossible for the dupes of these "rogues and vagabonds" to get their £10, or even the odd £5 which under the "new system" was occasionally "given."

LIBELS AND NEWSPAPERS.

A case which came before Mr. Justice Wright on Thursday illustrates afresh the unfairness of the law of libel as it affects newspaper proprietors. A rather notorious outside broker named Scott sued the *Star* for alleged libel. When the case came on for hearing there was no appearance on the part of the plaintiff, and the action was dismissed, the defendants being given their costs. But this was a mere paper decision, so far as these costs are concerned. Scott is a bankrupt, and nothing can be recovered in the way of costs. It will be said that he was nominally solvent when he brought the action, but where an outside broker—a mere mushroom man—brings an action against a newspaper for libel, the defendents ought to be able, in some way or other, to obtain security for costs if the action is to proceed. It is notorious that outside brokers of the shady sort are here to-day and gone to-morrow, yet as the law stands they can issue a writ for libel where there is no libel, the writ being intended to prevent further exposure, and the case may be carried up to the day of trial even when, as in the *Star* case, the plaintiff has become bankrupt. If a man who is out of the jurisdiction of the English Courts proceeds against a newspaper for libel, he may be required to give security for costs, and so it should be when he is within this jurisdiction, and there is reasonable ground for believing that if he loses he cannot pay.

THE BUFFELSDOORN BLUFF.

The trouble with this mine is that at a depth of 600 feet an enormous dyke is encountered, and in the upper levels there are very little "backs," so that the ore reserve is not so great as the public has been lead to believe. The recent amalgamation with the adjoining properties was hurriedly put through before the dyke trouble had become public property. At the present market quotation the concern is capitalised at close on £2,000,000, and as no permanent formation has yet been discovered below the dyke, it is pretty clear that Buffelsdoorns are shares to avoid.

CAVE CRŒSUS!

A well-informed correspondent writes from Johannesburg:—

> Be careful of New Crœsus. I have been to the mine, and don't believe they will get to work before June. They are putting up plant which will throw the company over £100,000 in debt before completion and with their low grade ore will take them all their time to clear the debt without increasing the capital.

The capital of the Langlaagte Royal is to be increased by £30,000, which will surprise nobody who read a letter from Johannesburg which appeared in our issue of November 3. *More* Barnato, the shareholders received no previous intimation of the intended issue. The Trust Deed enables the directors to do as they like, the deed being similar to that of the Johanesburg Consolidated Investment, and other concerns of the same stable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Balkis-Eerstelings. Rex (Jersey).—We think you should hold. There is a good deal that requires explanation in the recent action of persons connected with the company, but the price may go somewhat better before long, when you will do well to sell. **Two Companies.** J. K. (Portishead).—The first of the two companies you name has been going downhill for several years, and has paid no dividend for the last six years, but it still lives; we cannot decipher the name of the other. **Sundry Companies.** R. H. W. (Leeds).—1. We cannot advise you to buy shares in the reconstructed company. There is no proof that the defects of the patent have been remedied. 2. The shares of the other two companies represent fairly good investments. **Provident Association of London.** W. C. N. (Leicester).—We must refer you to what we said on the subject in our issue of February 22. **Electro-Chemical Company.** J. O. C. (London).—We should prefer another selection. **Anglo-Californian Land and Improvement Company, Limited.** Semper Vigilans (Liverpool).—We do not believe in these payments down before the settler sees the country. It is too much like buying a pig in a poke. Some experience of the country and the work is imperative if avoidable loss is to be guarded against. We know nothing of the company you refer to, so that what we have said above must not be taken as any reflection upon it. There is money to be made by fruit-growing, but not very easily. **Nelson and Co.** W. H. H. (Sheffield).—We are obliged to you for the bonds. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time. **Empire Economic Steam Product, Limited.** J. A (Hanley).—Very speculative. It reads all very nicely, but when it comes to practical working there is generally a hitch. We thank you for your kindly expressions about To-Day. **Standing of Firm.** M. A. (Epping).—Let us have the papers. **American Railway.** A. T. (Leeds).—The risk would be very considerable, and we are inclined to advise you to cut the loss. **Good News.** Mrs. A. (Bristol).—We think so. The man you name is an arrant rascal. **Sundry Shares.** G. L. W. (Burnham).—They are all sound investments with the exception of the last but one. You can find the other information you want in any book of reference. **The Eastern Empire Music Hall.** —— We agree in all you say about this wretched company, but our space will not allow us to give those concerned the "fits" you so amusingly insist upon. **Russian Spratts Patent, Limited.** E. C. B. (Jarrow-on-Tyne).—None whatever. Its history has been one of unbroken disaster. **Yorkshire Guarantee and Securities Corporation.** J. H. L. (Cleckheaton).—We do not think it would be to your advantage to sell just now. **Rio Grande Four per Cent. Gold Bonds.** Bondholder (Perth).—Yes. **The Globe Debt Recovery Offices.** Spoofist. (Stamford Hill).—This business was worked by a man named Morrison—the company is mythical—who died just before Christmas. Morrison was at this work eight or nine years, and complaints similar to yours were very common during the whole of that time. **Investment of £50.** F. W. E. C. (London).—The Savings Bank is the best place for it. It will be safe there, and the sum is so small that the difference in interest between what the bank gives and you would get elsewhere with anything approaching equal security is so small that we cannot recommend your friend to go beyond the bank. **Sundry Bonds.** Edward (Bromsgrove). We advise you to keep them all for the present but to watch the market and sell upon any substantial rise, re-investing the money in home securities. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** J. T. (Rotherham).—It would be a very speculative purchase, and you could buy them cheaper. **Sheba Gold Mines.** Sheba. (Sidmouth).—Very speculative. **Waterford and Central Ireland Railway Company.** W. E. A. (Cranleigh).—We think the stock worth its present quotation. **Lewis Hepworth and Company, Limited.** M. C. (Epping).—We have received the papers, which shall have our attention. **Broken Hills.** A. C. (Tadcaster). — It depends upon the precise time of buying, which you have not given us. **Sale of Patent.**——(Nottingham).—You must send us full particulars if we are to help you. **East Tennessee, etc., Railway.** Nemo (Ladywell).—The 1893 scheme of reorganisation fell through, but another plan brought forward in February of last year is being carried out. You will find full particulars in the *Stock Exchange Year Book*. **The Northern Tin and Smelting Company.** E. S. S. B. (London).—Very speculative. **Income Tax.** J. P. (Dundee).—We do not think you could recover, and we are quite sure that the 6s. 10d. would not pay your friend for the trouble involved in the attempt to recover.

INSURANCE.

Star Life Office. Policy Owner (Liverpool).—We have carefully perused the terms of the policy, and the correspondence which has taken place with the society. The policy ought not to have been issued with such Trusts as it contains, for they do not provide for the probable circumstance of your not marrying again. In case you do not marry again the contention may be made—just as reasonably as the present contention is made—that as there is no widow there is no one who can give a valid receipt for the sum assured, and that the society is, therefore, entitled to keep all the premiums received and pay nothing. The contention on behalf of the society that there is no one who can give a valid receipt for the surrender value is, we have no doubt, perfectly good, but all the same it is purely technical, and we have no sympathy with it. No provision is made for payment of surrender value, but the first condition provides that if the premium be not duly paid the policy shall become void, and the ninth condition provides that all premiums paid on policies which become void shall be forfeited to the society. The directors have power to make *ex-gratia* payments, and they can arrange to make such to you after the policy becomes void by reason of non-payment of the premium due on the 8th of this month. The amount that ought to be paid to you is what actuaries call the "office reserve" on your policy, which is more than the surrender value usually paid by the Star. We say the larger amount because the society ought never to have issued such a policy. You have thirty days' grace from the 8th of March in which to carry out the arrangement we suggest, and if the directors agree to this we shall not need to advise you further. If the directors do not agree pay the premium becoming due, and we will go further into the matter. Your solicitor had better write with the suggestion here made to the secretary in London, and not to the district manager at Liverpool, who seems to be a mere conduit pipe in the matter. We retain the policy and correspondence in case we have to return to the matter. **Edinburgh Employers' Liability Company.** G. H. Rayner.—Before advising you we prefer to obtain further information. **Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.** F. L. (Dudley).—The company is well known, and beyond doubt is quite sound. Medical examination is dispensed with only under certain tables. **Royal Exchange and Mutual of New York.** S. E. P. (Woburn Sands).—The Mutual of New York plan may be legal in America, but we do not think it is in this country. The Royal Exchange is right in its objection to an endorsement. You and your brother should each make a will bequeathing the assurance money to the other. Either or both of you may marry and desire that your widows should be the beneficiary. Under any and all circumstances a will is the best, and a solicitor need not be employed for that. **Life Assurance.** M. E. J. (Sheerness).—You would be able to borrow most on that policy on which you have paid most, namely, the fifteen years' policy. **United Kingdom Temperance Life Office.** A. W. W. (Birmingham).—It would be difficult to find a better office. **Four Insurance Companies.** Agent (Torquay).—No. 1 is a strong and well-managed company; No. 2 is moderate, but you would not find it easy to induce people to assure in it; No. 3 is sound and well managed; No. 4 we would not trust. **Palatine Fire Office.** G. Thompson (Hornsey).—You may insure in it with perfect safety. **Fire Lite Offices.** Dumbreck.—No. 1 is a fossil, and the principal officer is doing his best to get it transferred to another company. No. 3 will probably give you the best return for your premium if you take a with-profit policy. Nos. 2, 4 and 5 are all good offices and will deal fairly with you. They are quite sound. With-profit policies pay policy-holders better. **Sickness and Accident Assurance Association.** C. W. G.—We cannot undertake to recommend individual agents.

NEW ISSUES.

The Golden Crown, Limited.—The preliminary notice of this company will be found on another page. The company has been formed to acquire and work three mining properties, said to be rich in gold. The reports from the experts speak very favourably of these properties.

The Photo-Chromatic Printing Company, Limited, Capital £100,000. Formed to work certain patents, of doubtful value, and secret processes which may be of considerable value to the company, if they are really secret. But we are told that they are known to another, who may be a rival.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at 7.30, and WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 1.30. Sir Augustus Harris's Grand New Pantomime,

DICK WHITTINGTON.

Full particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office open from 10 a.m. all day.

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Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. FARINI, Manager.

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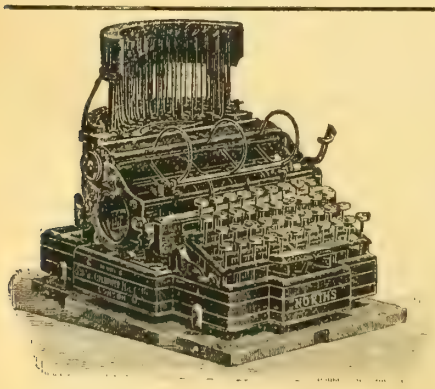

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TO-DAY.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

In spite of the cocksure prophecies of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in spite of the clever but utterly unscrupulous clap-trap of the *Daily Chronicle*, the party of cant and blasphemy has been defeated. The blow has not been a very crushing one; the Manhood of London must fight still harder next time; but the good sign is, that Common-Sense and Honesty have at last begun to awaken from their torpor. The London citizen has at last shaken off his indifference to all municipal affairs. Experience has taught him that a county councillor is not a person to be ignored; that he is powerful for good or evil. As the *Chronicle* puts it, the battle has been one between truth and falsehood; between plain men on the one side, and a combination of rogues and fools on the other; and, as sometimes happens, even in the history of popular elections, right and reason have had a look in.

The election tactics of the Progressives have been an insult to religion and an outrage on decency, and it is a good thing for the nation that such disgraceful tactics have recoiled upon their authors. Men of the stamp of the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes and Alderman Fleming Williams have talked as if God had been specially engaged by them as their chief electioneering agent. Christ Himself has been dragged through the mud of their dirty politics, has been paraded on their platforms, and patted on the back in their election addresses. A more disgusting exhibition even the Nonconformist conscience itself has never dared to parade. Had such methods succeeded it would have been a bad thing for religion, and Christianity would have suffered another of the many cruel and cowardly stabs that are for ever being dealt it by the devil's emissaries, who, for their treacherous purposes, have taken service within its ranks.

That the Moderates have done what they have must be due entirely to the merit of their cause, and to the disgust which all classes were feeling for the growing meddlesomeness and tyranny of their opponents; for a more foolishly-conducted plan of campaign than theirs it would be difficult to imagine. They fought with kid gloves, and their great anxiety seemed to be not to hit anybody. Their ammunition throughout consisted of weak platitudes and mild wisdom. Now, this is not the way to fight a popular election. The *Daily Chronicle* understood the business, and worked like a Trojan; and that the Progressives are where they are is certainly due to the brilliant fight made by that paper. The *Chronicle* young men understood how to "get at" the half-educated elector; and they did not allow themselves to be hampered by facts and sense.

They pointed out to the labouring man how the Progressives had invented that excellent commodity, cold water, for his especial benefit; how they had given him railway trains, 'buses, and trams to ride in; how they had discovered and introduced the sun to warm and comfort him. They told him how the Progressive party had given him Battersea Park to court in, and Hyde Park to demonstrate in; how the good Progressives had manufactured trees and flowers, to make his open spaces look pretty; given him a loving wife and healthy children; and the *Chronicle* pointed out how all these blessings would at once be taken away from him if the MacDougallites were not returned with a thumping majority. That is the way to fight an election. That is the way it generally is fought. If I were a candidate I would promise my constituents nine months' summer, health all the year round, freedom from domestic quarrels, roast beef every day of the week, and turkey on Sundays; and if my opponent tried to go one better than that, I would promise the whole earth, and so settle the matter.

Bimetallism sounds a dry subject. If it could be made sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of the man in the street, it would be an accomplished fact before the year is out. The difficulty in the way of bimetallism is that the subject is so involved and complicated that no one can understand it who is not willing to devote to it a very considerable amount of time and thought. Consequently the average elector refuses to be bored by it. He thinks it is a mere technical argument between two schools of experts, and whether his member is a bimetallist or not does not concern him. As a matter of fact it is a question of the most intense and practical importance to every labourer, to every shopkeeper, to every manufacturer throughout the country. The advantages that it would bring are manifest. The only argument brought forward against it is that its adoption might cause confusion. But it is a significant fact that the most active and eager opponents of the experiment (for it must frankly be admitted that it would be an experiment) are the big capitalists, who are reaping enormous advantages from the scarcity of gold, and the consequently inflated value of that metal.

Thirty years ago an ounce of gold would purchase one-and-a-half quarters of wheat. To-day it will purchase three quarters, and if bimetallism is not forced to the front, then in another twenty years gold will have doubled even its present purchasing power. So it is easy to see the advantage derived by the large monopolists who have slowly been accumulating the gold of

the country into their own hands. Their wealth, without any effort of their own, continues to increase by leaps and bounds, and meanwhile trade is starved, and the commerce between different countries confused and ruined, in consequence of silver being driven out of circulation. As I have said, it is a dry subject to the average man; but I am glad to see that in Lancashire, where the cotton-spinning industry is being practically ruined, by the growing impossibility of doing business with countries such as India and South America, where silver, not gold, is the standard, the electors are of necessity having the importance of the matter forced upon them.

Mr. Nisbet, who writes "Our Handbook" for the *Referee*, and who, as a rule, has one of the clearest heads in London, goes sadly wrong over this question of Bimetallism, which is partly accounted for by his own admission that he has but little head for figures, and that he has consciously got out of his depth upon the subject. I just wish to deal with one or two points in what he says, as they exemplify the rather unthinking prejudice with which Bimetallism is regarded by those who are always of opinion that whatever is, is best. He says that under Bimetallism a man owing a hundred pounds in gold would buy silver, have it coined into shillings, and pay with these, "the result being that he would make a handsome profit on the transaction." Will Mr. Nisbet tell me how he would make a profit? With the Mint authorised to coin silver to any extent, where would Mr. Nisbet's debtor buy his silver cheap, and make a profit by coining it? If I had twenty ounces of silver in my possession, should I sell it to a man, and allow him to have it coined, and make the profit? Unless I were a fool, I should have it minted myself.

The only individuals who would benefit by Bimetallism in this manner would be those who have been hoarding silver. That we cannot avoid, any more than under the gold currency we can avoid a similar advantage being gained by those who possess gold. Then, again, Mr. Nisbet goes on to say that Bimetallism would only benefit the producing classes. Are we not all producers, and does not increased wealth to the producer mean increased wealth to the whole community, among whom he spends his money? Mr. Nisbet seems to think it unimportant to those outside Lancashire that trade between England and India is practically being ruined. Does he not see that, bound up together as we are in a civilised country, no one trade can suffer without injury to the whole people? Trade between England and silver countries is dying out, because of the difficulties of exchange, and every shilling of trade lost to the country is felt indirectly by every human being throughout the land.

How delightful it is to come across a man, and that man a County Councillor, who has some drops of human nature in him. I could hardly believe I was in this Pharisaical nineteenth century, in this Stiggins-governed country, when I read of Mr. John Burns urging Mr. Asquith to see that laundry girls were able to get out in the evening so as to go walking with their young men. Mr. Burns wants to see these poor girls able to go courting and dancing with their other friends in Battersea Park and on Clapham Common. This will probably cost Mr. John Burns his seat at the next Parliamentary election, and, in all likelihood, is responsible for his decreased majority in the late County Council election. Surely the Nonconformists of Battersea are not going to allow themselves to be represented by a man with human blood in his veins, and a human heart under his waistcoat. I expect to see "Religion" up in arms from one end of the kingdom to the other over this matter; and I should not be surprised, if it ended in Mr. John Burns being hounded from public life.

The moral journalist has been taking that jewellery-loving young man—Mr. Tasker—to account for not devoting more of his wealth to good works. His solicitors have written to the papers to say that he is a most generous young man, and extremely charitable to the poor. He may be or he may not be; what amuses me is the attitude of the pious journalist. Knowing something of the average journalist, it is a fine bit of comedy to read the glowing words in which he takes ordinary sinful humanity to task for its short-comings, and points out to it the strait and narrow way of Godliness. I should like to cross-examine some of the gentlemen who preach to Mr. Tasker, and other immoral folk, as to how much *they* have spent in charity and how much in whiskey during the last year. Oh, he is a lovely humbug, is your moral journalist.

I congratulate Mr. Hall Caine on the excellent advertisement that the Ealing Free Public Library has given to that splendid novel of his—"The Manxman." The Ealing Free Library has decided to withdraw Mr. Hall Caine's novel from circulation. The Rev. J. S. Hilliard said the book was disgraceful, and an elderly lady, Mrs. Force, also a member of this delightful committee, described it as "shameful." This will mean, of course, the sale of another ten thousand copies, but the question remains—what right have the prudes on the committee of the Ealing Public Free Library to dictate to the public what they shall read and what they shall not read? This eternal interference of the parson and the old woman in every affair of daily life is becoming a public scandal. Not a corner of our existence is free from their eternal fussiness. How true is the proverb: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." If these people only had to earn their living, instead of being allowed to rampage about the country for six days a week with no work to do, we should have less of this folly; and religion would not ever be made ridiculous by the vagaries of its votaries.

In the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine* I find, among little else that is worthy of notice, an interesting paper on "Habitual Drunkards." It was only a short time ago that I spoke of the subject in these columns. I pointed out that many, in dealing with this problem, devote their attention chiefly to the reformation of existing habitual offenders. I do not say that this reformation is not important, but it is no solution to the problem; the more important point is to prevent the creation and existence of habitual offenders in the future. It is important, for instance, that we should have a specific for diphtheria, but more important that our sanitary conditions should not be those under which diphtheria is likely to occur. It is important that we should know what to do if our chimneys catch fire, but

more important that we should have the chimneys swept when they require it, and not allow them to catch fire. What we want in the case of the habitual offender is first to find out the causes that produce him, and then deal with them.

This opinion has no novelty about it, and amounts to nothing more than the plainest common-sense. But one sees so many philanthropists working with patience and devotion at entirely the wrong end of the stick, that I am glad to find the common-sense view taken decisively by the writer in *Blackwood*. I welcome, also, his corroboration in another point. I have had my doubt of the all-hallowing influence of a Board School education. In this article I find:—"Juvenile delinquency has increased at a rate almost alarming. . . . It has long been known that many of the best teachers in the employment of the School Board have formed very decided opinions as to the non-moral effect of the present system of teaching. Of course, they do not suggest for a moment that there is the slightest immorality in it; but they are very pronounced as to its non-moral tendency. . . . What is wanted is a radical change in this system. . . . Let a curriculum of conduct and behaviour be the beginning, and let it continue to form one of the chief essentials of the school training."

From this the writer passes to speak of the housing of the poor, and of the necessity for looking after children who have just left school. Of the first of these we have heard often enough; and, doubtless, the miserable conditions under which the poor are often forced to live do their part in the manufacture of criminals. At the same time it must be remembered that to improve the housing of the poor is often a thankless task. The poor, as a class, are conservative of old styles and customs, and frequently capable of preferring their old hovels to the new model cottages. On the second point, not enough emphasis has been laid yet. The writer of the article suggests labour bureaux, which might save children from starting upon the dangerous life of street-vendors, and find them a better class of work. Certainly the period immediately after leaving school is the critical period; it is then that careers are decided, and then that advice and assistance wisely given might be of real service.

The article may show little novelty, but there can be no doubt about its common-sense; if we gave children moral as well as intellectual training, saw to it that the conditions under which they lived were compatible with health and decency, and that they started life fairly, without exceptional temptations and evil company, we should do a great deal towards lessening the number of our habitual criminals. But we should not have done all that is possible. These remedies touch environment alone, and it is not only environment that makes the criminal. There is also heredity. I do not know whether it is too much to ask that some restriction should be placed upon the freedom with which habitual criminals people the world with more habitual criminals. When one examines the statistics with reference to the notorious Jukes family it does not seem unreasonable to ask it. But, at any rate, criminal parents might be refused some of the ordinary parental rights—briefly, they should not be allowed to bring up their children themselves. It is to be hoped that some future number of *Blackwood* will deal with this question of heredity as a factor in the production of habitual criminals.

The ordinary "drunk and incapable" case does not call for much comment, but one that was reported in the papers the other day seems to have some special features. The person charged was a girl of seventeen; she had no home and no money. A man had asked a constable to move her from his doorstep. That man turns out to be the girl's own father, and a great temperance advocate; he told the constable that he was not going to have anything to do with her. The girl, who cried very much, said that her father and stepmother had made her what she was. I do not want to use this case to furnish an easy gibe at the proselytising teetotallers; probably, most of them would, unlike this man, begin the work of reformation in their own homes if it were needed there. The girl's statement that her father and stepmother were responsible for her degradation is, too, only a statement, neither proved nor disproved. But it is hard to believe that any girl is lost and irreclaimable at the age of seventeen, or that five days' imprisonment is likely to save or reclaim her. However, her father has decided not to have anything to do with her. It is frequently the case—if sympathy and kindly help are needed, it is to the reprobate that one must go for them. The good men of a perverted Christianity are too good to "have anything to do with" the bad.

I thank the editor of *Cycling* for drawing my attention to the following case: A little girl skating on the ice at the Welsh Harp fell through into deep water. A man named Clack pluckily jumped in to try and rescue her, with the sad result that he lost his life. Clack, who was a man in poor circumstances, leaves a widow and one child totally unprovided for. I am sending to the editor of *Cycling* three guineas towards the fund he is raising on behalf of the poor woman. A gentleman named Cook succeeded in rescuing the little girl, after poor Clack had failed, and I am having prepared one of our Gallantry Fund medals to send to him. The case of Stephen Renforth, which I mentioned some weeks ago, has, I am glad to say, been taken up by his fellow-townsmen at Newcastle, and, as I wish to reserve my fund for cases neglected elsewhere, I am glad to be able to leave this matter in the able hands of the Mayor of Gateshead.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

W. F. R.—The tax on imports should only be to an extent to render it possible for the home producer to compete with the foreigner, not to shut out the foreigner. At present, foreign wheat can be bought in England for so low a price that it does not pay the English farmer to grow it. Our imports being paid for by our exports is one of those glib political phrases that sound very beautiful and mean nothing whatever. The foreigner only buys from us what he wants from us, and the fact of our allowing our own countrymen to live would not reduce our exports. Commerce is not increasing by leaps and bounds, or there would be no trouble.

Dama sends me the following advertisement culled from the *Belfast News Letter*:—"Gulston.—Our baby boy, Harold V., went home from Holywood to Jesus on Lord's Day. Funeral this (Tuesday) afternoon, from 3, Barronville, Downshire Road, at half-past two o'clock. Train from Belfast at two."

A. S. A.—The matter has been dealt with. Thanks for all your kind expressions. Any back numbers of To-Day can be obtained by writing to the manager and enclosing the necessary stamps. You could obtain the *Youths' Companion* by ordering it from Gay and Bird.

R. B.—You have not read your To-Day with care. Over and over again I have stated that I have no objection to a man being a teetotaler; that I respect a man for living his own life and following his own ideas. The teetotaler, however, has become, in common parlance, to mean a man who interferes with everybody else's business, and that is the person I hate.

J. C.—The man who puts his half-crown on a horse interferes with nobody but himself. The bond tea business dislocates a whole trade. There is a great art in having a sense of proportion.

P. T.—Such arguments are in the nature of special-pleading. You take a farm subject to tithe, and when, having paid a rent that has pretty nearly exhausted all your profit, you are attacked for a heavy charge for tithe, your feelings will be very different from what they are now.

A. H. M.—See answer to "P. T."

H. C. S. draws my attention to the indignation of the Rev. A. C. Batts, Baptist minister, at the kindly solicitors having paid the fine and costs of a poor man who was summoned by the school board. I really cannot see what there was for the rev. gentleman to be indignant about.

W. R. calls my attention to some of the rabid nonsense talked by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes at Sheffield. This loud-mouthed denouncer of other people's sins confesses that the Churches are not in touch with the people and wonders why. The answer is that honest people can have no sympathy with a church that tolerates such fanatics as the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes among its representatives.

C. K.—I cannot refer to the matter. I do not even know where the infirmary is situated. W. F. (Sheffield).—I thank you for the cuttings, but I had already dealt with the matter. T. D. E.—Thanks; but the case has already been argued. W. R.—Many thanks; have dealt with the matter in Editorial Notes. E. H. (Paignton).—I thank you sincerely for your kind and sympathetic letter. Cestria.—Legal questions of this length and character are only answered in the cases of annual subscribers. Jersey.—The illustrations are by the same artist. Occasionally a serial has to be shortened to make room for something that must go in that week. The only way of obtaining permanent improvement would be for you to come up here and run the paper yourself. J. M.—The great majority of bettors do bet in moderation, just as 99·9 per cent. of drinkers drink in moderation. A certain number of noisy idiots talk as if 999 out of every 1,000 of the population were going straight to hell. I wish you would look about you with your own eyes a bit, and not get excited. Humane Thinker.—I thank you for your letter and enclosures, which I shall take an opportunity of reading. G. H. D. M.—Messrs. Dowdeswell, in Bond Street, or the Fine Arts Society might be able to value your picture. If you send it to Christie's salerooms possibly they would sell it for you. Advertising is of some value. C. K. (Belfast).—I have not space to argue your point at length here, but you do not convince me. Thanks for your letter. L. and Y.—Mr. Jerome has lectured many times in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. The gentleman you met at Leeds must have been somebody else. W. L.—See answer to "Sheffield." A. C. H.—There are no fees whatever. L. S. J.—The man who is severe on evil-doers has generally much tenderness for the victims of weakness and temptation. R. P. M.—I am not responsible for the appearance of the article in question. Eboracum.—Legal advice is only given to subscribers. H.—The Metropolitan School of Shorthand is the only one I know on which you can rely. J. M. (Belfast).—I know of no agencies in the neighbourhood. If your case is important put it into the hands of a solicitor. F. S. They cannot be stopped. Lotteries of this kind are common all over the Continent. It is very sad to reflect that the other European nations are far less moral than the English in all these matters. M. de M.—It is purely a matter of personal taste. If the dogs are to be brought up together it is well to choose names differing as much as possible from each other when sounded. Never Too Late to Mend wants the County Council to clear away the ice from the Thames, but I fear the task would prove a more formidable one than my correspondent seems to think. F. S.—I thank you for your letter and enclosure. Justice.—No doubt the Rev. C. F. Knight thought he was doing right. I never knew a man do anything yet without thinking it right, but a little common-sense is extremely useful. Rolling Stone.—MSS. can be sent by book-post or by parcels post. I am aware of the dodge you mention. Glengarry.—The writer of the article is one of the many superior people who crowd the ranks of journalism. They are comparatively harmless. I don't think anybody takes very much notice of them. F. G. H.—There are two sides to every question, but I can only take up one of them. O. K.—The mounted police in the Cape are already overcrowded, and they are only taking recruits who are residents in Africa. G. I. N. M.—I thank you for drawing my attention to the matter. As you say, "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." F. U. L.—I have forwarded on your letter. J. K.—A suburban snob would be a snob who lived in the suburbs. There are plenty in London proper. W. A. B.—I thank you for your letter. One should keep one's eye on this precious theatrical agent. He seems very virtuously indignant concerning the stigma cast upon him, but I fancy I recollect his name in some previous transactions. I should advise him to give up the business of collecting girls for low-class continental music halls. These *cafés chantants* are all of a class, and there is never any doubt as to what that class is. New Inn protests against my dubbing the Progressive solicitors in the County Council as broken-down, and says the epithet should be applied instead to the barristers. G. C. M.—I thank you sincerely for your sympathetic letter. J. B.—Kind letter received and noted.

T. C. N. wants to add to his income by press work, of however humble a nature. He is sure he could turn out something very similar to the theatrical letter done by Randolph. I never met anyone over the age of fourteen who was not sure he was a born dramatic critic, but as an editor I object to correspondents who want to add to their income by press work, of however humble a nature. Why don't they take up doctoring or lawyering in their leisure time?

D. S. (Aberdeen) asks me what kind of reading is most useful to a would-be writer of fiction. I should advise my correspondent to copy Rudyard Kipling for his serious work, and Meredith, for his lighter essays. Kipling is easily followed. He will have to begin most of his sentences with "Which," and he should now and then throw in "but that is another story." My correspondent also says that he has read a lot about psychology in novels, and he now asks me if I should have him read books on that subject, for instance, Herbert Spencer on "Psychology" and many others. He further seeks my advice as to the reading of books on mental science, or philosophy, or political economy. I can conceive no better preparation for turning out a work of fiction than the reading of Herbert Spencer on psychology, and "many others." Mental science, or philosophy, or political economy, should also help. A little natural talent in the direction of literature would perhaps even still further serve, but that, of course, is comparatively speaking unimportant.

J. L. M. (Birkenhead).—Draws my attention to the dismissal of the captain of the training-ship *Clarence* by the committee of the Liverpool Catholic Reformatory Association. According to the evidence presented the committee—consisting of Monsignor Carr, the chairman; Mr. Richard Yates, the secretary, and the Rev. P. P. Anderson, Very Rev. Canon Beggan, Very Rev. Dean Finegan, Rev. M. Gallagher, Messrs. Jas. Finney, Arthur Maginnis, William Reynolds, Francis W. Reynolds, Joseph Rimmer, Joseph J. Robinson, John Tunnicliffe, jun., and James Ruddin—appear to have acted with arbitrariness and injustice to a marked degree. One would be glad to hear further on the subject.

T. B.—No, scumbling is not always used in the production of the important pictures of to-day. I have closely studied Whistler, and believe he never employs it. To paint directly, and to register in solid paint the utmost subtilities and transparencies is the most difficult, but, at the same time, the most masterly way to paint. By scumbling you get a most fascinating effect, but such a picture in the hands of a restorer would be ruined in five minutes.

Scottie writes me on the subject of the absurd morality Bill attempted to be introduced by the Glasgow Corporation. The Glasgow Corporation for some time past has had an unenviable reputation. One expects folly from fools.

Trained Nurse writes, with reference to the Clergy Guild for obtaining employment for nurses, that no competent nurse is ever out of employment, and that when a woman has to apply to a clergyman to use his influence to obtain employment for her it may be taken for granted that she is unfit for her work.

A Birkenhead correspondent sends me the report of an inquest conducted by Mr. H. Churton. I hope the report from the *Liverpool Daily Post* is exaggerated, otherwise it would go to show that Mr. H. Churton is utterly unfit for his position, and also that the Birkenhead coroner's juries are contemptibly poor spirited.

A. S. C and R. T. both draw my attention to reports of the meeting of the Anti-Narcotic League. The Rev. T. W. H. Copner, of Everton, presided. He said that it was a shame that so much money, which might be sent out to the heathens, was spent in tobacco. His society are going to check the evil by disseminating true information as to the injurious effects of smoking. I know that "true information"; there must be a manufactory for it; and the society also suggests legislation prohibiting the sale of tobacco. This, of course, was greeted with loud applause. Myself, I should like to see the Anti-Narcotic League grow and prosper. It would be a new sensation, and would take a certain number of idiots away from the teetotal party, and give them fresh ideas.

AN IMPROMPTU.

"We may," said the people of Ealing,
"Be given to murder or stealing,
But we're purity cranks, man,
And won't read 'The Manxman,'
And that shows our delicate feeling."

D. P.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick.—Things are improving. Everybody has begun to realise that the Influenza epidemic is a nuisance and nothing more. In 1890-91 we used to talk about the Plague, death-carts, the black flag, and so forth. People then were literally afraid to go out. Now the epidemic is so overwhelming and universal you can't avoid it. You have got to get it, and the sooner it's over the better. It's a trifle gruesome while it lasts, but it passes very rapidly and is easily cured. Theatres and music-halls are consequently filling-up again and business is fairly brisk.

The epidemic coming so quickly on top of the great frost, however, has knocked the bottom out of the shaky shows. I do not like giving anyone away so I will not particularise, but you can look for plenty of new programmes shortly; indeed there will be so far as I can make out at least half-a-dozen new productions this side of Easter.

Meantime the Drury Lane pantomime seems to have entered on a new lease of life. I saw it on Friday last, and the house was crammed from floor to ceiling. Olympia, too, a place that suffered severely during the frost, is now doing a splendid trade; and *The Shop Girl*, *The Importance of being Earnest*, and *The Ideal Husband* are all playing to good business.

The illness of Irving naturally affected *King Arthur* a little, but people only waited till Henry the Great returned to book their seats weeks in advance. I can say this, without being accused of wishing to puff the show, because I have frankly told you that personally I don't like it.

The Fatal Card comes off the Adelphi on the 16th. It will be followed by Chambers' and Lumley's new drama. Later on there is some talk of a drama by Clark Russell, very nautical in matter and written especially for Terriss. A general idea seems to prevail that new nautical melodramas are going to burst out everywhere, but I don't believe this myself. There are only about three stages in the West-end of London on which real nautical effects are possible. An effect has been designed for one of these which certainly would draw all the town, but whether it will be utilised at once, or kept till the autumn, depends on a variety of things; so I am not at liberty to tell you more about it for the present.

I have heard nothing about the Censorship yet. Some of the extreme Radical M.P.'s, I understand, agitated to have the appointment held in suspense until the County Council Bill for the regulation of theatres came before Parliament. If a new man is appointed, whoever he is I pity him. He will have to try his maiden hand on Pinero's new play, in which, so I hear, "Agnes" emphasises her abjuration of revealed religion by pitching a Bible on the back of the fire! She also does other things more or less startling and reprehensible, but at the same time logical and consistent. The new play is in fact a great moral deduction from certain perfectly reasonable and possible premises. But shall we be allowed to see it? The new man, as I have said, will be in a quandary. He will not like to interfere with our greatest living dramatist. Yet he cannot make flesh of one man and fish of another. He cannot let Pinero have his head, and put the curb on Heinemann. Then he will have to consider something else. What will the Queen say?

It really seems preposterous, yet I have every reason for believing that the Queen did intimate very distinctly to the late Licenser that she emphatically objected to the "Lady with a Past" on the stage, and she desired that no more of them should be permitted.

Now, if we heard that the Chief of the Police in Russia had been commanded by the Czar to suppress the circulation of any novel that dealt with an infraction of the Seventh Commandment, we should denounce the benighted intolerance of an ignorant, bigoted despot, and we should thank Heaven for a free Press. When, however, the whims of Royalty can be impressed by an irresponsible censor on our drama, we say never a word, and bow humbly before the hand that chastises us. This is all very well, but where will it lead us? The Queen we all know is great on domestic virtue, and we admire and respect her accordingly. Before the lamented death of Prince Albert and the retirement of the Queen into private life, the Court of St. James's was unquestionably the purest and most respectable in Europe. But things have moved very rapidly since then. We openly talk to-day of things that would make our grandfathers shiver. Besides, if the Queen is going to insist on her especial predilections on the one hand, the Prince of Wales will have a perfect right to insist on *his* particular weakness on the other, after which, naturally, the Duke of Cambridge will want a say, and eventually we shall get our drama minus the objections of the entire Royal Family, the spiritual Peers, and the Prime Minister! This sounds like an exaggeration, but it is much nearer to the truth than you imagine. Within recent years the Licenser of Plays has repeatedly suggested to managers alterations in their plays *after* production, consequent upon hints that he has received from exalted personages. Of course, as it is only the drama, nobody complains. But I should like to hear the sort of answer that would be conveyed to the Lord Chamberlain if he solemnly requested the editor of some great "daily" to moderate the tone of his political leading articles! Great Scott! we should all be in Trafalgar Square to-morrow morning shouting for the liberty of the subject, free speech, and goodness only knows what else besides. But when the drama is sat on, suppressed and gagged, as I have said, it does not matter. It is only the drama!

We were not very serious on Saturday night, by the way. We were most definitely on pleasure bent, and we all enjoyed ourselves. I could not be in two places at one time, so I went to the Avenue, and I was really delighted with *Dandy Dick Whittington*. It is not an *opera bouffe*, by the way, despite being so described. It is a variety show, and belongs to the *Morocco Bound* division — one act in England, one in a barbaric capital; just as *Gentleman Joe* at the Prince of Wales' is also a variety show, but of the *In Town* series.

Dick is above all things buoyant and bright. It does not ask you to think about anything, it rattles along from song to joke, from joke to dance, and when you are not laughing at a funny line your head is nodding to a catching melody. Then you get May Yohé in a part that thoroughly suits her, and half a dozen different and dazzling costumes. She is delightful. I have never seen her to more advantage. The remainder of the cast, which includes J. F. Sheridan and Robert Pateman, is excellent, the scenery is good, the mounting lavish, and I think Sims and Caryll can congratulate themselves on having achieved a complete success.

Gentleman Joe is a success also. The plot is curiously old-fashioned. I thought that the groom who was mistaken for his master, the Earl, had expired long ago. But he crops up serenely as the "flash" cabman who is mistaken for Lord Somebody. Think of Arthur Roberts as that particular cabman, and I am sure you won't want me to tell you any more about the play. The songs and music are very bright, and written in Walter Slaughter's most melodious vein. The entertainment is of the lightest possible nature, but it is well worth going to see.

Henry Arthur Jones is back from the South, bringing with him the play he has just finished for George Alexander, and a scenario for Forbes Robertson Wyndham is getting better.

Your Affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

My notes last week on evening dress have called forth a quantity of correspondence, and in every instance my readers agree with me that it is about time something was done to remove the anomaly of waiter and waited-on wearing the same clothes. One tells me that while dining at Frascati's the other night he picked up a little pamphlet in praise of the restaurant, and one of the charms of dining there was claimed to be that you could not be mistaken for a waiter, as the management compelled their servants to wear a pencil behind the ear, and a button with a number on their coats. If this is not evidence enough in itself of the need of a change, I have no more to say.

Another writer, who owns up to being one of the old school of Bohemians, and therefore prejudiced, says that in his opinion the Savage Club lost its whole charm when the evening dress began to be worn there. "There was such an air of freedom in the old days," he says. "You walked in in your work-a-day jacket, and low collar, and smoked your briar; and it was home, with a genial fellow in every chair. When the evening dress came into our midst, we felt uncomfortable in our careless get-up; and to-day the dear old club knows me no more."

But, although we are all agreed that there is a necessity for a radical change in evening dress, I am afraid it will be a long time before a new fashion will be successfully introduced. I have seen too many cyclists passing through Kingston on a Sunday morning to forecast the revival of knee-breeches. Padding is apt to get out of place. But I should like to see the use of coloured cloths, and more particularly special care paid in the making of artistic waistcoats. This change will come before long, I feel certain; and, meanwhile, cannot West-end restaurants dress their waiters in the short jacket and spotless apron of the French café? The greasy dress-coat and the shirt acquainted with spots are not appetising.

These compliments from a paper called *Wheeling* are intended for me. I protested against a theft by a New York paper from these columns, and *Wheeling* says:

> This from the gentleman (*sic*) who has endeavoured to filch their good name from honest journalists is extremely rich. When tackled on the subject he whines under his correction, and retreats to the shelter of his anonymity, too cowardly to admit his fault, too ignorant to attempt a defence.

I would briefly correct this paragraph. I have never described myself as a "gentleman" in these columns, so I don't see where the "*sic*" comes in. I never said they were honest journalists. I never whined; I did not admit a fault, because last week I said I would prove my case. In another part of the journal I am called "notoriety seeking," "peevish," and "many-sided and mythical." If I am "many-sided" I am not "mythical," but that is not a point worth discussing.

In contrast to this rhodomontade, I have received a friendly and courteous letter from the manager, Mr. F. Percy Low, the manager of *Wheeling*, who tells me that he has never heard of "a machine being given in exchange for a good notice." This is the result of twelve years' experience. Well, I will tell Mr. Low and his excited editor one fact of very recent date—A representative of a well-known cycling journal (I have the name of the representative and his journal) called on a firm to inspect some new tyres. "What do you think of them?" said the agent. "Excellent," he replied. "Give me a pair of these tyres, and I will give you a good notice." The manager demurred, and this representative continued, "I had a machine given me by the ——— Company, and I gave them a fine notice." There is no doubt about the "fine notice" that firm got,—it stamped the machine as the machine of 1895! Nothing was likely to come into the field to touch it. And the cycling press is beyond reproach, is it? As I have been challenged before by all the papers to prove my statement, I will now wait till the particular journal I refer to join in the outcry, and then I will bring my informant and that journalist face to face.

My informant, who has been in the trade more years than most of these young men have been connected with journalism months, laughed out loud when I showed him a few cuttings, "The most rotten press there is," he said. "Then you did not get your notice?" "No fear, if you want to find out what goes on ask the big companies. See how many machines are put down for 'advertising.' Why three big companies have increased the price of their machines from £4 to £5 each, simply to meet the enormous cost of 'advertising' and amateurs' fees."

"Then the press does not act straight with its readers?" "Certainly not. Just ask these papers how many machines and inventions they have praised that have not been advertised, or which are not likely to be advertised. No! it's either one thing or another. Advertise and we'll notice you favourably, that's all." Will they supply me with a list, and will another paper claim the gentleman I have referred to? I have only just commenced this attack, but if I can only gain some of the support promised to me, I don't think that there will be much left for some of these journals to talk about.

It is noticeable that, after long having to give pride of place to suède and buckskin, kid gloves are coming back into favour. Nothing could be more comfortable than the buckskin; but it had such a reprehensible habit of getting out of shape after a little wear.

A new false cuff for the shirt has been brought out, patented by the well-known comedian, Mr. R. G. Knowles. At the end of the cuff there is a short linen sleeve, with buttons, to fasten on to the shirt, which is specially made, and reaches a little below the elbow. It is certainly a decided improvement on the old-fashioned cuff, which was apt to slip all over the hands in an aimless fashion. I fancy the idea is not absolutely original. Some time ago a correspondent suggested it to me, and added that he had got the notion from his grandfather, who always had his shirts made in this way.

I daresay readers of To-Day will remember an interesting article on Madame Wagner and her dogs. It seems that it has long been that lady's custom to engrave on the collar of each of her pets a few lines of poetry from her own pen specially dedicated to the wearer. An enterprising reporter in search of copy waylaid these illustrious dogs, and stole Madame Wagner's poetic fire. This was afterwards published in his paper. Madame Wagner, in a fit of indignation, prosecuted the paper for infringement of copyright; and the joke of the whole thing is, the paper had to pay.

I have been asked by a Colonial reader to recommend a good Irish whisky, and I don't hesitate to say, "Try Falkner's, of Dublin." It has a rich, mellow flavour, and is just the whisky that has not a headache in a bottle.

The *Ulster Gazette* must get a new proof-reader, or there will be a grave scandal in the town. A corre-

Advice free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

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spondent sends me the following cutting:—"Wanted, Stylish Young Lady, to assist at Millinery; also, an Improper to above.—Apply to E. H., this Office."

Although it is pretty certain that morning coats will be largely worn this year, frock-coats will certainly not be ousted. In fact, a leading West-end tailor tells me that he is making as many frock-coats as he was twelve months ago. No doubt one reason for the continued popularity of this coat is the fact that it has not been in fashion for young men for at least twenty years.

It is a little early yet to tell how trousers will be cut this season; but my correspondents will not be far wrong if they have them full at the thighs, tapering down over the calf, and fitting fairly closely to the foot.

It is not given to man to have much variety in the way of neckties; but changes do occur, and I have noticed lately that bows—whether made up or self-tied—seem to be going out. The four-in-hand still holds its own, but the male safety-brooch has entirely disappeared. With regard to colour, the black tie with a neat-coloured pattern on it is as popular as ever.

Several irate correspondents write from Liverpool protesting against my strictures on Everton for keeping Chadwick and Holt for their Lancashire Cup tie, thereby depriving them of international honours. One correspondent goes as far as to say:—"We in Liverpool think more of the Lancashire Cup than we do of any International match." Exactly so. That is what I stated; but, all the same, I remain of opinion that the honour of playing for one's country should be above mere local considerations. Now, however, that Everton have been dismissed from the English Cup, and have a diminished chance of winning the League Championship, they are acting wisely in concentrating their attention on the Lancashire Cup.

Club Rugby is practically over for the season. The prolonged frost made sad havoc of the fixtures, and several weeks' enforced idleness has put men out of condition, so that the remaining games will be no real guide to form. Men will not take the trouble to get into condition again. A season so disastrous to the Rugby code has scarcely ever been recorded.

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previous records. The amounts were:—Sheffield, £889; Perry Barr, £650; West Bromwich, £630; Sunderland, £457—total, £2,626.

A deal of capital has been made by the friends of the Anti-Gambling League out of the attack on Mr. Hawke and Co., at Newmarket. The statements, however, made by certain folk that the stable boys were the cause of all the trouble are false. The demonstration was carried out by ne'er-do-wells, who are in no way connected with any racing establishment at the headquarters of the Turf. Trainers at Newmarket rule their employés with a firm hand, and at the request of the Jockey Club, confined the lads to the house during the hearing of the case.

Just when everyone expected to hear of Cloister starting his Grand National preparation, a mild sensation is caused by the horse falling at exercise. Fortunately, the mishap is reported to be of a trivial character, but I should advise the public to fight shy of the horse until the day of the race. A certain body of speculators ridicule the idea of Mr. Duff's horse winning, and they make few mistakes.

Stale, flat, and unprofitable is still the term to be applied to the Lincoln and Grand National wagering. Speculators seem to be at a loss as to what to make favourite for the Lincoln race, and maybe no decided move will be made until the Saturday preceding the race. It may be worth mentioning that more favourites have been beaten at Lincoln than have won—in fact, only four absolute favourites have captured the first great handicap of the year during the past twenty-four years.

In a proposal and acceptance at solo whist, when you are trying to establish a suit consisting of Ace King, Jack to five or more, if you find your partner fall short, or with a high card to your first lead—the King—and there are no objections to forcing him to trump, continue with a small card of the suit, and don't lead your Ace until you can make fairly sure of the Queen falling to it. But beware of exhausting the suit too far before playing Ace, lest it fall to the trump of an adversary, or even your partner, for the latter might ruff an opponent's lead of the suit, under the impression that you did not hold the Ace.

The following case was referred to me last week:—A calls solo; B passes; C hesitates about declaring; and A, thinking all have passed, leads out a trump. C requests him to leave it exposed on the table, and then calls misere. B then says, "You can lead the exposed card." C makes B responsible for the stakes because of the remark. Query—Can he do so? He can. B's remark was practically a hint for A to play the exposed card, although his statement was wrong in fact, for, as an exposed card against an independent caller, the latter could repeatedly prohibit its being led. C could not claim the stakes on the ground of the exposure, because it took place before the misere was called.

When the police can spare a few moments from cabman baiting, and hunting down foreign waiters who want a drink and a smoke together after a long day's work, I wish they would turn their attention to the vendors of coarse and disgusting prints in the streets. Round the theatres at night, especially in the Strand, these dirty ruffians push their way into the crowds waiting for cabs, and shove their wares into the faces of ladies and gentlemen alike. The police tolerate the nuisance, and beyond telling them to "move on," in a perfunctory tone, when someone enters a protest, they leave them to their dirty trade. This is bad enough on a week-day, but now they continue their trade on a Sunday, and in Oxford Street I saw them offering these prints, with winks and gestures, to young people leaving the churches. The whole of this hawking ought to be put on a different footing. You cannot walk the length of a street now without being worried to buy matches, collar-studs, flowers, tie-clips, toys and children's books, newspapers, walking-sticks, and toasting-forks.

I have seen nothing more elegant in the way of pyjamas than the cashmere suitings of Messrs. Baikie and Hogg, of Glasgow. The material is soft and delicate, the colours rich, and, altogether, these pyjamas are just the things to make a man go to bed early and get up late.

The result of the Rugby International, at Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, where Scotland defeated Ireland by two tries to nil, gives us no cue towards estimating the chances of Scotland against England, at Richmond, to-day. The Irish team was a weak one, seven of the original selections being unavoidably absent; and it was further weakened by the stormy cross-Channel journey. I have no reason to alter my opinion that the English fifteen is one of the best combinations ever selected, and, while due weight must be attached to Scotland's performance, I fancy England will just about win.

The Association International at Derby to-day is not likely to provoke any very violent excitement, as the team of professionals ought to score easily against Ireland. Even more interesting than the game will be the meeting of the Consultative Committee of the Football Association. This Committee will make the draws for the semi-finals of the English Cup, and will also fix upon the grounds upon which they will be played.

Marlow, who were fancied for the Amateur Cup, have been dismissed by the King's Own (Lancaster) Regiment, and as it draws to a close the competition still wears an open appearance. The club that beats the Crewe Alexandra (the sole representatives of amateurism in the Second Division of the League) should capture the trophy. This is the second season of the competition, but it was only last week that the Cup itself was purchased, as well as the medals for last season's winners.

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Mr. James Hedley, who will act as judge at Waterloo, has filled that position now for twenty-two successive years. He is one of the most wiry men I have ever seen. Nothing seems to exhaust his energy. During the season he is in the saddle daily for six or eight hours. No one has ever doubted his honesty, and his decisions are never challengd.

Quite a small sensation has been caused in racing circles by the resignation of Percy Peck, who for some years had acted as private trainer to Sir J. B. Maple. P. Peck is a son of Robert Peck, who rapidly made a fortune whilst residing at Russley—and he is probably the only trainer who can claim to have had a University education. He is quite a young man. His brother Charles trains for Colonel North and Lord Durham.

Mention of Lord Durham reminds me that the ex-Steward of the Jockey Club has blossomed forth into a fine platform speaker. He spoke on behalf of many County Council candidates. Another well-known sporting peer who interested himself in the recent elections was Lord Dudley.

The protection of football grounds from frosts is just now a subject of interest. The invention of some method by which the surfaces could be kept soft would make the fortune of the inventor, for it would be applicable also to racecourses. It is said that a system of forcing hot water through the pipes laid for sub-soil drainage has been devised, and will be utilised on the proposed new ground at Wood Green; but till I hear more of it I remain somewhat sceptical.

A project is on foot for forming a new professional club in London, in connection with the North London grounds at Wood Green. A limited company is being formed, with a capital of £3,000. I dont think there will be a rush for shares, as the English Association does not allow more than 5 per cent. dividend, and, moreover, the financial position of Woolwich Arsenal, our leading Southern professional club, is not such as to encourage investors.

As caller of a solo, beware of prematurely relinquishing the mastery of the trump suit. If once you leave it in the power of an adversary to draw your last trumps you may never come in again. With Ace, Queen, and three small trumps, many players lead off Ace and a small one. Unless you see danger of having your plain suits ruffed, I think this is wrong play, more especially if you are first hand. By leading the best of your small trumps you leave your adversaries in the dark as to the whereabouts of the Ace, which you can play when you regain the lead, and by the fall of the trumps then you will be in a good position to judge whether to lead them a third time or not. In the other event the option would have been with them. If you reckon on tricks in divided head strength in the plain suits, the original small trump lead is still good, for your adversaries are nearly certain to open a fresh suit. But when your solo is based on trumps only, or on best cards in plain suits, lead Ace of trumps first.

Paradoxical as it may at first appear, it is sometimes good policy to lead trumps when you don't want trumps drawn. Say the 5 of diamonds is turned up. You are first player, and hold Ace, 9, 4, 2 of trumps; Ace, King, 6, 5—clubs; Ace, 8, 7, 5, 3—hearts; no spades. You propose, the others pass, and you go solo. You can see four fairly promising tricks in your hand, and you rely upon ruffing spades for the fifth. If you refrain from leading trumps you will doubtless be attacked in them. Your game then is to lead the 9 of trumps, and the probabilities are that spades will be returned. If they are, you would trump, play Ace of trumps, Ace of hearts, Ace of diamonds, and King of hearts. There are pronounced risks in such a hand—it was a forced call—for spades may not be played, or your tricks in the plain suits may be ruffed; but, as a rule, the caller gets home, and as often as not is allowed to trump off twice, and so make all an over-trick.

Another situation familiar to the solo caller is when, trumps being in, a suit is being led throughout of which both you and the opponent to your left are free. If you have only one or two cards in another plain suit, you should throw them off before trumping, unless your adversary is renouncing in the third plain suit, of which you hold master cards, when you must *finesse* a fairly high trump. If you can, however, rid your hand of the short suit, and are then overtrumped, you are almost sure to secure the lead on the next round, either on the remaining plain suit, or by ruffing the one you have discarded.

The Major.

AT PARTING.

By

FRANK L. STANTON.

If you should leave me, kissing me good-night,
And I should know that sweet kiss meant good-bye,
I would not give the world my tears, nor sigh
My sorrow in its loveliness and light.
But I should say: "Somewhere the day dawns bright,
And beautiful God's morning draweth nigh
Where rarer rainbows span the stormless sky,
And rarer smiles have made the darkness white!"

And some day, dreaming in your home above,
Where there is never dark, or storm, or gloom,
Your lips would feel the last kiss that they knew,
While mine would say: "Earth had for me no love;
I was so lonely in the light and bloom
That through the gates of death I came to you!"

THE GALLANTRY FUND MEMORIAL MEDALLION.

This medallion will be placed in the Public Hall, Rhos, near Ruabon, by kind permission of the Directorate. The design and inscription are engraved on a convex brass tablet, eighteen inches in diameter.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRICOLOUR.

It was known afterwards that they fell upon the body like the dogs they were; but I had seen enough. I reeled back, and for a few moments leaned against the chimney, trembling like a woman, sick and faint. The horrid drama had had only one spectator—myself; and the strange solitude, from which I had viewed it, kneeling at the edge of the roof of the Château, with the night wind on my brow and the tumult far below me, had shaken me to the bottom of my soul. Had the ruffians come upon me then, I could scarcely have lifted a finger; but, fortunately, though the awakening came quickly, it came by another hand. I heard the movement of feet behind me, and, turning, found Mademoiselle de St. Alais at my shoulder, her small face grey in the gloom.

"Monsieur," she said, "will you come?"

I sprang up, ashamed and conscience-stricken. I had forgotten her, all—in the tragedy. "What is it?" I said.

"The house is burning."

She said it so calmly, in such a voice, that I could not believe her, or that I understood; though it was the thing I had told myself must happen. "What, Mademoiselle? This house?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, as quietly as before. "The smoke is rising through the closet staircase. I think that they have set the east wing on fire."

I hastened back with her, but before I reached the little door by which we had ascended, I saw that it was true. A faint, whitish eddy of smoke, scarcely visible in the dusk, was rising through the crack between door and lintel. The women were standing round, watching it, when we came up; but while I looked, dazed and wondering what we were to do, the group melted away, and Mademoiselle and I were left alone beside the eddy of smoke that grew each moment thicker and darker.

A few moments before, immediately after my escape from the rooms below, I had thought that I could face this peril; anything, everything, had then seemed better than to be caught with the women, in the confinement of those luxurious rooms, perfumed with *poudre de rose*, and heavy with jasmine—to be caught there by the brutes who were pursuing us. Now the danger that showed itself most pressing seemed the worst. "We must take off the bricks!" I cried. "Quick, and open that door! There is nothing else for it. Come, Mademoiselle, if you please!"

"They are doing it," she answered.

Then I saw whither the women and the servants had gone. They were already beside the other door, the trap-door, labouring frantically to remove the bricks we had piled on it. In a moment I caught the infection of their haste.

"Come, Mademoiselle! come!" I cried, advancing involuntarily a step towards the group. "Very likely the rogues below will be plundering now, and we may pass safely. At any rate, there is nothing else for it."

I was still flurried and shaken—I say it with shame—by Gargouf's fate; and when she did not answer at once, I looked round impatiently. To my astonishment, she was gone. In the darkness, it was not easy to see anyone at a distance of a dozen feet, and the reek of the smoke was spreading. Still, she had been at my elbow a moment before; she could not have gone far. I took a step this way and that, therefore, and looked again anxiously; and then I found her. She was kneeling against a chimney, her face buried in her hands. Her hair covered her shoulders, and partly hid her white robe.

I thought the moment ill-chosen, and I touched her angrily. "Mademoiselle!" I said. "There is not a moment to be lost! Come! they have opened the door!"

She looked up at me, and the still pallor of her face sobered me. "I am not coming," she said, in a low voice. "Farewell, Monsieur!"

"You are not coming?" I cried.

"No, Monsieur; save yourself," she answered, firmly and quietly. And she looked up at me with her hands clasped before her, as if she was fain to return to her prayers, and waited only for me to go.

I gasped.

"But, Mademoiselle!" I cried, staring at the white-robed figure, that in the gloom—a gloom riven now and again by hot flashes, as some burning fragment soared upwards—seemed scarcely earthly. "But, Mademoiselle, you do not understand. This is no child's play. To stay here is death! death! The house is burning under us. Presently the roof, on which we stand, will fall in, and then——"

"Better that," she answered, with heaven knows what of womanly dignity, caught in this supreme moment by her, a child. "Better that, than that I should fall into their hands. I am a St. Alais, and I can die," she continued, firmly. "But I must not fall into their hands. Do you, Monsieur, save yourself. Go now, and I will pray for you."

"And I for you, Mademoiselle," I answered, with a full heart. "If you stay, I stay."

She looked at me a moment, her face troubled. Then she rose slowly to her feet. The servants had disappeared, the trap-door lay open; no one had yet come up. We had the roof to ourselves. I saw her shudder as she looked round; and in a second I had her in my arms—she was no heavier than a child—and was half-way across the roof. She uttered a faint cry of remonstrance, of reproach, and for an instant struggled with me. But I only held her the tighter, and ran on. From the trap-door a ladder led downwards; somehow, still holding her with one hand, I stumbled down it, until I reached the foot, and found myself in a passage, which was all dark. One way, however, a light shone at the end of the passage. I carried her towards it, her hair lying across my lips, her face against my breast. She no longer struggled, and in a moment I came to the head of a staircase. It seemed to be a servants' staircase, for it was bare, and mean, and narrow, with whitewashed walls that were not too clean. There were no signs of fire here, even the smoke had not yet reached this part; but half-way down the flight a candle, overturned, but still burning, lay on a step, as if someone had that mo-

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ment dropped it. And from the lower part of the house came up a great noise of riot and revelry, coarse shrieks, and shouts, and laughter. I paused to listen.

"The kitchen," she answered.

"If I had any cloak to cover you," I said, "I think that we could pass. They are not searching for us. They are robbing and drinking."

HE CARRIED A CANDLE, AND A LARGE BAR IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

Mademoiselle lifted herself a little in my arms. "Put me down, Monsieur," she whispered.

"You will come?"

"I will do what you tell me."

I set her down in the angle of the passage, at the head of the stairs; and in a whisper I asked her what was beyond the door, which I could see at the foot of the flight.

"Will you get the candle?" she whispered, trembling. "In one of these rooms we may find something."

I went softly down the bare stairs, and, picking it up, returned with it in my hand. As I came back to her, our eyes met, and a slow blush, gradually deepening, crept over her face, as dawn creeps over a grey sky. Having come, it stayed; her eyes fell, and she turned a

little away from me, confused and frightened. We were alone; and for the first time that night, I think, she remembered her loosened hair and the disorder of her dress—that she was a woman and I a man.

It was a strange time to think of such things; when at any instant the door at the foot of the stairs before us might open, and a dozen ruffians stream up, bent on plunder, and worse. But the look and the movement warmed my heart, and set my blood running as it had never run before. I felt my courage return in a flood, and with it twice my strength. I felt capable of holding the staircase against a hundred, a thousand, as long as she stood at the top. Above all, I wondered how I could have borne her in my arms a minute before, how I could have held her head against my breast, and felt her hair touch my lips, and been insensible! Never again should I carry her so with an even pulse. The knowledge of that came to me as I stood beside her at the head of the bare stairs, affecting to listen to the noises below, that she might have time to recover herself.

A moment, and I began to listen seriously; for the uproar in the kitchen, through which we must pass to escape, was growing louder; and at the same time that I noticed this, a smell of burning wood, with a whiff of smoke, reached my nostrils, and warned me that the fire was extending to the wing in which we stood. Behind us, as we looked down the stairs, was a door; along the passage to the left by which we had come were other doors. I thrust the candle into Mademoiselle's hands, and begged her to go and look in the rooms.

"There may be a cloak, or something!" I said, eagerly. "We must not linger. If you will look, I will——"

No more; as the last word trembled on my lips the door at the foot of the stairs flew open, and a man blundered through it and began to ascend, two steps at a time. He carried a candle before him, and a large bar in his right hand; and a savage roar of voices came out with him through the doorway.

He appeared so suddenly that we had no time to move. I had a side glimpse of Mademoiselle standing spell-bound with horror, the light drooping in her hand. Then I snatched the candle from her and quenched it; and, plucking it from the iron candlestick, stood waiting, with the latter in my hand—waiting, stooping forward, for the man. I had left my sword in the other wing, and had no other weapon; but the stairs were narrow, the sloping ceiling low, and the candlestick might do. If the rest did not follow him, it might do.

He came up rapidly, two-thirds of the way, holding the light high in front of him. Only four or five steps divided him from us! Then on a sudden he stumbled, swore, and fell heavily forwards. The light in his hand was dashed out, and we were in darkness!

Instinctively I gripped Mademoiselle's hand in my left hand to stay the scream, that I knew was on her lips; then we stood like two statues, scarcely daring to breathe. The man, so near us, and yet unconscious of our presence, got up swearing; and, after a terrible moment of suspense, during which I think he fumbled for the candle, he began to clatter down the stairs again. They had closed the door at the bottom, and he could not for a moment find the string of the latch. But at last he found it, and opened the door. Then I stepped back, and under cover of the babel that instantly poured up the staircase, I drew Mademoiselle into the room behind us, and, closing the door which faced the stairs, stood listening.

I fancied that I could hear her heart beating. I could certainly hear my own. In this room we seemed for the moment safe; but how were we, without a light, to find anything to disguise her? How were we to pass through the kitchen? Then, in a moment, I began to regret that I had left the stairs. We were in perfect darkness, now, and could see nothing in the room, which had a close, unused smell, as of mice; but even as I noticed this the fumes of burning wood, which had doubtless entered with us, grew stronger, and overcame the other smell. The wind-like sound of the fire, as it caught hold of the wing, began to be audible, and the distant crackling of flames. My heart sank.

"Mademoiselle," I said, softly. I still held her hand.

"Yes, Monsieur," she murmured faintly. And she seemed to lean against me.

"Are there no windows in this room?"

"I think that they are shuttered," she murmured.

With a new thought in my mind, that the way of the kitchen being hopeless we might escape by the windows, I moved a pace to look for them. I would have loosed her hand to do this, that my own might be free to grope before me; but to my surprise she clung to me, and would not let me go. Then in the darkness I heard her sigh, as if she were about to swoon; and she fell against me.

"Courage, Mademoiselle, courage!" I said, terrified by the mere thought.

"Oh, I am frightened!" she moaned in my ear. "I am frightened! Save me, Monsieur, save me!"

She had been so brave before, that I wondered, not knowing that the bravest woman's courage is of this quality. But I had short time for wonder. Her weight hung each instant more dead in my arms, and my heart beating wildly, as I held her, I looked round for help, for a thought, for an idea. But all was dark. I could not remember even where the door stood by which we had entered. I peered in vain, for the slightest glimmer of light that might betray the windows. I was alone with her, and helpless, our way of retreat cut off, the flames approaching. I felt her head fall back, and knew that she had swooned; and in the dark I could do no more than support her, and listen and listen for the returning steps of the man, or what else would happen next.

For a long time, a long time it seemed to me, nothing happened. Then a sudden burst of sound told me that the door at the foot of the stairs had been opened again; and on that followed a clatter of wooden shoes on the bare stairs. I could judge now where the door of the room was, and I quickly but tenderly laid Mademoiselle on the floor, a little behind it, and waited myself on the threshold. I still had my candlestick, and I was desperate.

I heard them pass, my heart beating; and then I heard them pause, and I clutched my weapon; and then a voice I knew gave an order, and with a cry of joy I dragged open the door of the room and stood before them—stood before them, as they told me afterwards, with the face of a ghost, or a man risen from the dead. There were four of them, and the nearest to us was Father Benôit.

The good priest fell on my neck and kissed me. "You are not hurt?" he cried.

"No," I said dully. "You have come then?"

"Yes," he said. "In time to save you, God be praised!

God be praised! But Mademoiselle? Mademoiselle de St. Alais?" he added eagerly, looking at me as if he thought I was not quite in my senses. "Have you news of her?"

I turned without a word, and went back into the room. He followed with a light, and the three men, of whom Buton was one, pressed in after him. They were rough peasants, but the sight made them give back, and uncover themselves. Mademoiselle lay where I had left her, her head pillowed on a dark carpet of hair; from the midst of which her child's face, composed and white as in death, looked up with solemn half-closed eyes to the ceiling. For myself, I stared down at her almost without emotion, so much had I gone through. But the priest cried out aloud.

"Mon Dieu!" he said, with a sob in his voice. "Have they killed her?"

"No," I answered. "She has only fainted. If there is a woman here——"

"There is no woman here that I dare trust," he answered between his teeth. And he bade one of the men go and get some water, adding a few words which I did not hear.

The man returned almost immediately, and Father Benôit, bidding him and his fellows stand back a little, moistened her lips with water, afterwards dashing some in her face; doing it with an air of haste that puzzled me until I noticed that the room was grown thick with smoke, and going myself to the door saw the red glow of the fire at the end of the passage, and heard the distant crash of falling stones and timbers. Then I thought that I understood the men's attitude, and I suggested to Father Benôit that I should carry her out.

"She will never recover here," I said, with a sob in my throat. "She will be suffocated if we do not get her into the air."

A thick volume of smoke swept along the passage as I spoke, and gave point to my words.

"Yes," the priest said slowly, "I think so, too, my son, but——"

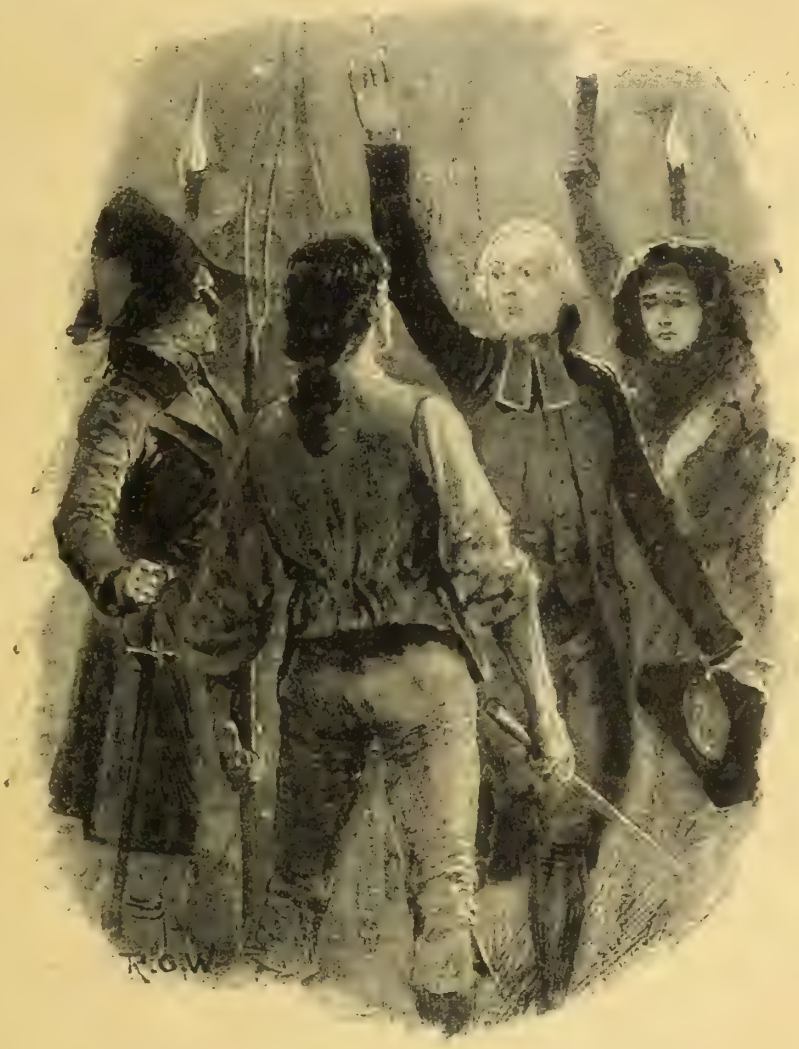
"But what?" I cried. "It is not safe to stay!"

"You sent to Cahors?"

"Yes," I answered. "Has M. de Saux come?"

"No; and you see, M. le Vicomte, I have only these four men," the priest explained. "Had I stayed to gather more I might have been too late. And with these only I do not know what to do. Half the poor wretches, who have done this mischief, are mad with drink. Others are strangers, and——"

"But I thought—I thought that it was all over," I cried, in astonishment.



"RESPECT THE TRICOLOUR!"

"No," he answered gravely. "They let us pass in after an altercation; I am of the Committee, and so is Buton there. But when they see you, and especially Mademoiselle de St. Alais—I do not know how they may act, my friend."

"But, mon Dieu," I cried. "Surely they will not dare——"

"No, Monseigneur, have no fear, they shall not dare!"

The words came out of the smoke. The speaker was Buton. As he spoke, he stepped forward, swinging the ponderous bar he carried, his huge hairy arms bare to the elbow. "Yet there is one thing you must do," he said.

"What?"

"You must put on the tricolour. They will not dare to touch that."

He spoke with a simple pride, which at the moment I found unintelligible. I understand it better now. Nay, on the morrow, it was no riddle to me, though an abiding wonder.

The priest sprang at the idea. "Good," he said. "Buton has hit it! They will respect that."

And before I could speak he had detached the large rosette which he wore on his soutane, and was pinning it on my breast.

"Now yours, Buton," he continued; and taking the smith's—it was not too clean—he fixed it on Mademoiselle's left shoulder. "There," he said eagerly, when it was done. "Now, M. le Vicomte, take her up. Quick,

or we shall be stifled. Buton and I will go before you, and our friends here will follow you."

Mademoiselle was beginning to come to herself with sighs and sobs, when I raised her in my arms; and we were all coughing with the smoke. This in the passage outside was choking; indeed, had we delayed a minute longer we could scarcely have passed out safely, for already the flames were beginning to lick the door of the next room, and dart out angry tongues towards us. As it was, we stumbled down the stairs in some fashion, one helping another; and checked for an instant by the closed door at the bottom, were glad to fall when it was opened, pell-mell in the kitchen, where we stood with smarting eyes, gasping for breath.

It was the grand kitchen of the Château that had seen many a feast prepared; but for Mademoiselle's sake I was glad that her face was against my breast, and that she could not see it now. A great fire, fed high with fat and hams, blazed on the hearth, and before it, instead of meat, the carcases of three dogs hung from the jack, and tainted the air with the smell of burning flesh. They were M. le Marquis' favourite hounds, killed in pure wantonness. Below them the floor, strewn with broken bottles, ran deep in wasted wine, out of which piles of shattered furniture and staved casks rose like islands. All that the rioters had not taken they had spoiled; even now in one corner a woman was filling her apron with salt from a huge trampled heap, and at the battered *dressoir* three or four men were plundering. But the main body of the peasants had retired outside, where they could be heard fiercely cheering on the flames, shouting when a chimney fell or a window burst, and flinging into the fire every living thing unlucky enough to fall into their hands.

The plunderers, on seeing us, sneaked out with grim looks like wolves driven from the prey. Doubtless, they spread the news; for while we paused, though it was only for a moment, in the middle of the floor, the uproar outside ceased, and gave place to a strange silence in the midst of which we appeared at the door.

The glare of the burning house threw a light as strong as that of day on the scene before us; on the line of savage frenzied faces that confronted us, and the great pile of wreckage that stood about and bore witness to their fury. But for a moment the light failed to show us clearly to them; we were in the shadow of the wall, and it was not until we had advanced some paces that the ominous silence was broken, and the mob, with a howl of rage, sprang forward, like bloodhounds slipped from the leash. Low-browed and shock-headed, half-naked, and black with smoke and blood, they seemed more like beasts than men; and like beasts they came on, snapping the teeth and snarling, while from the rear—for the foremost were past speech—came screams of "Mort aux Tyrans! Mort aux Accapareurs!" that, mingling with the tumult of the fire, were enough to scare the stoutest.

Had my escort blenched for an instant our fate was sealed. But they stood firm, and before their stern front all but one man quailed and fell back—fell back snarling and crying for our blood. That one came and aimed a blow at me with a knife. On the instant Buton raised his iron bar, and with a stentorian cry of "Respect the Tricolour!" struck him to the ground, and strode over him.

"Respect the Tricolour!" he shouted again, with the voice of a bull; and the effect of the words were magical. The crowd heard, fell back, and fell aside, staring stupidly at me, and my burden.

"Respect the Tricolour!" Father Benôit cried, raising his hand aloft; and he made the sign of the cross. On that in an instant all took it up; and almost before I could apprehend the change, those who a moment earlier had been gaping for our blood, were thrusting one another back, and shouting as with one voice "Way, way for the Tricolour!"

There was something unutterably new, strange, formidable in this reverence; this respect paid by the savages to a word, a ribbon, an idea. It made an impression on me that was never quite effaced. But, at the moment, I was scarcely conscious of this. I heard and saw things dully. Like a man in a dream, I walked through the crowd, and stumbling under my burden, passed down the lane of brutish faces, down the avenue, down to the gate. There Father Benôit would have taken Mademoiselle from me, but I would not let him.

"To Saux! To Saux!" I said feverishly; and then I scarcely knew how, I found myself on a horse holding her before me. And we were on the road to Saux, lighted on our way by the flames of the burning château.

(To be continued.)

OURSELVES AS OTHERS MAY SEE US.

"At the Third Annual Meeting of the New Guinea Archæological Society, a paper was read upon recent researches on the supposed site of London, together with some observations upon hollow cylinders in use among the ancient Londoners. Several examples of these metallic cylinders or tubings were on exhibition in the hall, and were passed round for inspection among the audience. The learned lecturer prefaced his remarks by observing that on account of the enormous interval of time which separated them from the days when London was a flourishing city, it behoved them to be very guarded in any conclusions to which they might come as to the habits of the inhabitants. Recent research appeared to have satisfactorily established the fact that the date of the final fall of London was somewhat later than that of the erection of the Egyptian Pyramids. A large building had recently been unearthed near the dried-up bed of the River Thames, and there could be no question, from existing records, that this was the seat of the law-making council among the ancient Britons, or Anglicans as they were sometimes called. Near this was an oblong building, which had originally consisted of brick. Its name has been ascertained to be the Aquarium, which points to its having been used as a place of seclusion for habitual drunkards. The lecturer proceeded to point out that the bed of the Thames had been tunnelled under by a monarch named Brunel, who is supposed, by some authorities, to have succeeded Alfred the Great. The open spaces of London, he went on to remark, must have been far from safe, as the bones of lions, tigers, and other extinct forms of carnivora had been discovered in Regent's Park. Having briefly referred to the mysterious structures known as 'pillar-boxes,' which are scattered thickly over the city, and which are either religious in their origin, or else may be taken as marking the tombs of Anglican chiefs, the lecturer passed on to the cylindrical piping."—*From "The Stark Munro Letters" (Conan Doyle) in "The Idler."*

A MODERN GIRL IN BRITTANY.

Modern girls are almost unknown in the quaint and charming old town in Brittany, where we spent eight months, and I had an interesting and amusing time, startling the peaceful inhabitants with my vagaries.

I began on our first night, when I went for an innocent little walk through the town at about 8.30 p.m. A soldier loitering in a tobacconist's shop and one or two other people regarded me curiously, I noticed with some surprise; and next evening, when my mother vetoed an after-dinner stroll, I found that an English lady had given her the hint that it was not only improper but dangerous for a girl to go out alone after dusk. A rule was accordingly made that I was to be home by 5.30 p.m., which allowed me only four hours for an afternoon walk, much to my disgust; but I only fumed a little inwardly, knowing that my time would come (and it has)! I had in the Colonies occasionally walked twenty-eight miles in a day, but in France I contented myself with a twelve or fourteen mile walk in the afternoon. These walks were my principal pleasure there; I bought a map of the environs, and struck out in a new direction each time. The roads are splendid and the scenery beautiful, and I knew the country round pretty thoroughly before I left. I daresay my solitary emancipated figure, with sailor cap, hair down, black jacket, short skirt, and hob-nailed boy's shoes—not much smaller than my brother's—striding along at the rate of four miles an hour, became familiar to some of the villagers.

French people remonstrated seriously with me about the great danger of these long, solitary walks—I might meet a tramp or a soldier, etc.—but as I could never meet a girl who would walk far and fast enough to suit me, I took the risk, and never had any real unpleasantness.

I always had a fixed destination, and never turned back without reaching it; it was delightful to trudge on frosty mornings along the high roads, counting the kilometre stones till at last I saw before me the little church spire which marked my halting-place.

It was slightly embarrassing, and yet very amusing, to hear the villagers call each other, and see them congregate in their doorways to stare at me; occasionally a whole school turned out to look at me, and some half-dozen dogs would bark at my heels; but I tried to look as unconcerned as possible, and walked on, humming, "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, the beggars have come to town!"

My programme was always to walk through the village, and then enter the little church. The poorest, dirtiest village—to its credit, be it said—contrived to make its church look lovely with statues, flowers, and ornaments. How often have I sat in one of them, the perfume of incense, the red, everlasting lamp, the sun shining through the stained windows and reproducing their exquisite colouring on the stone floor, on the white statues, or on the carved pulpit, the absolute silence of the place—it was always empty at that time—broken only by the loud ticking of the clock—all this uniting to keep me there as in a spell, giving rise to one of those finer indescribable sensations, when one seems for a few minutes to be in touch with the infinite. I used half to expect the statues to open their eyes, or the little ships which hung from the ceiling, and turned slowly and sleepily round and round, to descend, as in Anderson's beautiful "Story from the Sandhills."

But I dared not linger more than five or ten minutes, on account of the "dusk" rule; I would walk through the churchyard, look at any old château or ruin, and then enter a village café.

These are delightfully uncivilised; there is one large room, which serves as refreshment room, parlour, kitchen, and bedroom, with a flagged floor, on which a flock of fowls strut, a long table with benches, shelves with wines and liqueurs, casks of cider, old oak presses with large brass hinges, oak berths built into the wall as in a cabin, and a huge old-fashioned fireplace, with seats on either side for *les enfants*, and burning branches on which a kettle steamed. It was all so new to me; I would enter and ask for a glass of the bitter French cider, and some scones and butter. The price is ridiculous; in one café I was given a jug of cider (three glasses), four scones, and then a loaf and two pounds of butter, from which I could take *ad lib.*, my bill eventually being five sous (twopence halfpenny)!

I *did* enjoy the sensation of "roughing it," as I sat, with cider and butter before me, cutting as much as I could eat from the loaf with a clasp-knife, a plate being deemed superfluous! They do not notice how much one takes; one can always get one's "fill" of cider and bread and butter for twopence—and the butter, it must be borne in mind, being of the very best.

The conversation between myself and the woman was usually as follows:—

"You are English, mademoiselle?"

"Yes. I have walked from ——."

"Walked! And all alone?"

"Yes, I am going to walk back now. A good way, isn't it?"

"But it is wonderful; and you are not afraid?"

How well I came to know that phrase, "Et vous n'avez pas peur?" Some of the women disapproved, some admired, the majority probably shrugged their shoulders, and remarked, "Ah! ces folles Anglaises!"

Once, mud-bespattered and tired, having spent all my sous, I asked for a glass of water, which was given me with some reluctance. "D'où venez-vous comme ça?" asked the woman suspiciously, and I have no doubt she took me for a tramp!

The roads are very solitary, and I could safely smoke the whole way, only astonishing the few women washing at the roadside pools, to whom I gravely took off my hat, leaving them, I am afraid, with strengthened doubts as to the sanity of our nation.

One day two officers in a trap overtook me, and regarded me with surprise. Shortly afterwards they stopped, and when I came up, asked if they could give me a lift. It was terribly improper, and would have lost a French girl her character; but I was so tired, and it was out in the country where I would meet no friends, so I accepted. I guessed that to be as natural as possible, as if it was nothing uncommon, was the best policy, so I prattled gaily on about French people I knew in——, and about my long walks, which I had started in the Colonies, and carried on here.

"Et vous n'avez pas peur du tout d'aller seule comme ça?"—the inevitable question came up again.

"Peur? Oh, mais non, il n'y a pas de danger véritable," I answered. At my village I got out, and thanked them.

"Good-bye, mees," said the one who knew a little English, and added gallantly, "Il est regrettable que vous n'allez pas plus loin."

In one village church I toiled up endless stone stairs, and then clambered up slender perpendicular ladders past the huge clock-works and enormous bells till I reached the top platform of the belfry, where the view repaid my efforts. For miles around the sunny country was displayed, green fields, hills, forests, villages, and the river, winding through the steep wooded banks to the sea. It was another ideal moment—in the glory of my aloneness I stood there in the fresh wind, unknown to anyone, high up above the village; the drowsy hum of the rustic school, and the staccato tones of the drill-master, "Un, deux, trois, quatre!" reached me but faintly. One long last look—I was to leave for London in two days—and down I climbed again in terror lest the hour should boom out and the big bell swing against me.

At the café the proprietress said, "A glass of cider? Yes, mademoiselle—or madame, I don't know which." I did not look like a madame, she probably thought, but still an unmarried girl *could* not be walking about alone like that. For in France girls of good family—whether aged fifteen or twenty-five—never go out alone; rain or fine, the young French lady has a poor old *bonne* trotting after her. This ridiculous custom was followed by a girl I knew whose mother was English; and another girl, whose parents were both English, was not allowed to go round the corner to school without her maid! Certainly in France one learns to appreciate the advantage of living in free England.

The natural result of this system is that a Frenchman regards every woman not so protected as his lawful prey, and takes advantage of her liberty to insult her. An officer, on the point of marrying a young English lady there, suddenly left her, and took instead a French girl with a big *dot*; the other was only "une Anglaise." I had always thought the accounts of French laxity of morals were exaggerated, and gladly accepted a French officer's proposal to teach me shooting. This gentleman—who with his wife had formally called on us—had the audacity to kiss me by force, and when I angrily protested, to say, "Oh, you English are so cold. A French girl with your liberty would let me kiss her as much as I liked!" What was the use of arguing with a man like that? "Mais, monsieur," I said, shocked. "Vous êtes marié."

"Qu' est que ça fait?" said he, in unaffected surprise; and I left him indignantly. He returned home, where his pretty, graceful, but utterly insipid little wife met him with a kiss. Truly they need New Women in France!

It is true that the sensible cycling costume originated in France, but what a travesty on sense and elegance it has become there! Some Parisian ladies passed through our town on cycles—their costume consisted of a large hat, with a white veil, tiny high-heeled shoes, baggy Turkish trousers, and a white soft coat with white satin revers, and abnormally small waist!

The French Sunday I think delightful in its gaiety. The British matrons in——, whose views would in England be severely orthodox, went to church in the morning and to the theatre or fair in the afternoon. We seem to have a pleasing adaptability to circumstances in our national character!

Swanhilde Bulau.

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 71. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

VIII.

THE LITTLE WIDOW.

MR. BALTHAZZAR was extensively patronised by lady clients. He was a great man for divorce and matrimonial cases. He seemed to have the knack of inspiring confidence in the fair sex, whom he treated with the tenderest sympathy. It was a gallant sight to behold him escorting a golden-haired client down the grand staircase, whispering soothingly into her ear, and softly pressing the small gloved hand at parting. I trembled to think of the delicate secrets of which Mr. Balthazzar was the inviolate depositary.

But, although he used to be very susceptible of feminine flattery in his bachelor days, I doubt if Mr. Balthazzar ever permitted softer emotions to interfere with his business instincts. If his manner with women suggested that he was ready to lay down his life for them, he never omitted to extract the harmless, necessary cheque for his professional services. But it was done so gently and charmingly that the stern reality of the fee did not dispel the sense of obligation, and every lawyer knows from experience how rare it is to earn gratitude from a lady client in the face of an account rendered.

Mr. Balthazzar entertained a proper respect and admiration for the astuteness, as well as for the charms of lady clients, and in moments of expansion he was accustomed to boast that he had only once been victimised. Even in that case he contrived, with his usual good luck and adroitness, to rescue his exchequer and his self-esteem from the consequences of his passing infatuation, else I do not suppose he would have told me the story. Although I did not personally witness any of the scenes of the episode, they all happened while I was in the office, and, from various little incidents which came to my knowledge, I am in a position to vouch for the facts.

Some years ago there appeared in London society a pretty little American widow, with the euphonious appellation of Mrs. Cornelius P. Chandler. She was said to be wealthy, and was certainly very charming. Slight, dark, lively, with flashing eyes and gleaming teeth, she possessed all the fascinations for which our fair cousins are so justly remarkable. When I saw her one day in Mr. Balthazzar's room at the office, I was struck by the girlish grace of her figure, which was rendered pathetic by her widow's weeds. I noticed that Mr. Balthazzar was gazing at her with evident admiration, and it seemed to me that my momentary entrance interrupted a *tête-à-tête* of more than usual tenderness. I suppose Mr. Balthazzar first made her acquaintance at some social function, for Mrs. Chandler had contrived during a visit to this country of less than a year to secure a large and select circle of friends. Anyhow, he already knew and admired her before she surprised him one day by calling, with an air of mystery, which doubtless became her as well as any of her charming moods, to consult him on a matter of business.

"My dear Mrs. Chandler," said Mr. Balthazzar, holding her hand in a prolonged though tender grasp, and speaking in his softest tones, "any service I can render you will be the greatest happiness to me."

"You're very kind," replied Mrs. Chandler, who, I am assured, could even speak through her nose with an ineffable grace; "but I guess I'm going to shock you some."

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"A lawyer is not easily shocked," said Mr. Balthazzar, encouragingly.

"Well, you'll be surprised any way," said the widow, with a becoming blush, as she produced a familiar-looking document from her reticule. "I've received this. Now, what am I to do?"

With a delicious little gesture of dismay and confusion, she handed to the lawyer a writ of summons directed to herself, claiming, on behalf of Madame Mercedes, Court milliner and dressmaker, of Bond Street, no less a sum than £651 18s. 9d. and costs. Mr. Balthazzar could not restrain a slight start as he glanced at the amount, while the widow watched him with naïve apprehension.

"I said you would be shocked," she remarked, humbly, as Mr. Balthazzar read the details on the writ.

"Several of the items are for money lent," said the lawyer, glancing at her shrewdly.

"That is what makes the woman so mad. She insists on being paid. What can she do? Can she put me in prison?" inquired the pretty widow.

"I suppsoe you don't dispute the claim?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, in his brisk, business tone.

"No, I can't. I can't pay, but that is no reason why I should be disagreeable, is it?" said the widow, with a pretty *moue*.

"Why can't you pay?" asked Mr. Balthazzar.

"Same reason most people can't—I've got no money," said the widow, a trifle impatiently.

"Well, but I thought ——"

"I know what you thought, Mr. Balthazzar. You thought, like most people, that my husband left me rich. Well, he didn't. He just died a year too soon or too late. The markets were ruinous, and his estate evaporated in winding-up. Now, that is how it stands."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Balthazzar, thinking, perhaps, of some romantic scheme which might have agitated his own brain with regard to the little widow. "Some people would be surprised."

"But they mustn't know," said Mrs. Chandler, eagerly.

"But what about this?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, holding up the writ.

"See here," Mr. Balthazzar—this is how the matter stands," replied the widow, drawing her chair closer to him, and laying her soft, white hand appealingly upon his. I'm staying just now with Lord Grinstead, at Grinstead Castle. I've only come up for the day to see—my doctor. I guess Lord Grinstead means to marry me. His daughters don't like it; but he is old enough to please himself."

SHE SURPRISED HIM ONE DAY BY CALLING.

"Old enough, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Balthazzar, to whom, even under present circumstances, the unexpected news was perhaps not very agreeable.

"You know my situation, and you will understand that I can't refuse a good offer—especially as I love him," added the widow, dropping her long lashes.

"His lordship is a happy man," said Mr. Balthazzar, gallantly.

"Well, if he heard of this," said Mrs. Chandler, laying her finger on the writ, "he might be startled. He would pay directly, if I asked him, but—but I would sooner ask him later."

"I quite understand," replied Mr. Balthazzar, fascinated even by the little widow's worldliness.

"Therefore I must settle somehow with Madame Mercedes, and that is how I wish you to help me," said the widow, bringing the whole broadside of her killing glances to bear upon Mr. Balthazzar.

"Won't the woman give you time, if you explain?" suggested the lawyer, hardly recovering from the attack.

"Oh! Mr. Balthazzar! how can I explain? I may be poor, but—but I have some self-respect left," exclaimed the widow, while her fine eyes welled over with tears. "It—it is cruel."

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Chandler," cried Mr. Balthazzar, so touched by her melting distress that he seized her hand and kissed it. "I—I spoke heedlessly. Of course that plan won't do."

"What is to be done then?" inquired the widow briskly.

"Ahem! Well, it is certainly awkward," said Mr. Balthazzar, more calmly, as he gazed ruefully at the endorsement on the writ. "Six hundred odd is a deuce of a lot of money."

"See here, Mr. Balthazzar," said the widow, suddenly producing a brown paper parcel which the lawyer had carelessly observed in her hand when she entered. "I brought these with me. I suppose they are valuable. They belonged, I believe, to my poor husband's mother."

Mrs. Chandler rapidly unfastened the string and the paper while speaking, and revealed a faded old green leather case. This she placed upon the table, and undoing the clasp, exposed to view a magnificent diamond necklace and pendant. The stones were of such extraordinary size and lustre that Mr. Balthazzar, who was by-the-way a bit of a connoisseur, was fairly startled, and uttered an exclamation of admiration.

"Yes, they're pretty," said the widow, gazing at them with her head bewitchingly thrown back. "You don't see many like them nowadays."

"Have you been carrying these about with you?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, in surprise.

"I keep them in my trunk. I suppose it isn't very safe," replied the widow, carelessly. "Say now, they are worth something, ain't they? If necessary, I've got some other ornaments and some rings," added Mrs. Chandler, indicating the sparkling gems on her shapely fingers.

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, why these diamonds would pay your debt twenty—fifty times over!" cried Mr. Balthazzar enthusiastically.

"You don't say so," exclaimed the widow, simply. "Well, there they are, anyway—and here is the writ still," she added, with a laugh.

"I'll send round for Mr. Benlevi at once, and he will advance anything you like upon them," said Mr. Balthazzar, rising from his chair.

"Who is Mr. Benlevi?" inquired the widow, quickly.

"A friend of mine on whose discretion you can absolutely rely," replied Mr. Balthazzar.

"I guess I didn't come here to rely upon anybody's discretion but yours, Mr. Balthazzar. You ain't asking me to pawn my necklace to a stranger, are you?" inquired the widow. "I could have done that without coming to you. I only need have gone into the first big pawnshop!"

"It wouldn't be quite the same. This will be an entirely private transaction," said Mr. Balthazzar, quailing beneath the widow's indignant glances.

"Well, I didn't think it of you, Mr. Balthazzar. In a delicate matter of this kind I did—yes, I did—rely upon you! I wouldn't mind leaving my diamonds with you, but I wouldn't part with them to another living soul," said the widow, in a quavering voice.

"You want me to settle with Madame Mercedes and keep your diamonds as—as a friend—until you can redeem them?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, grasping the situation.

"Yes, but above all to promise—promise faithfully—never to breathe a word to a living soul. I wouldn't have it known for the whole world. It seems just mean to let them go out of my possession. Promise me, dear Mr. Balthazzar, won't you?"

In her artless distress and earnestness the widow laid her hands appealingly upon his arm, and looked up into his eyes so touchingly that Mr. Balthazzar had not the strength of will, even if he had the desire, to refuse her request. In truth, there was not much risk about it, for Mr. Balthazzar was well assured of the ample value of the diamonds, and his relations with Mr. Benlevi were such that he would have no difficulty in covering any moneys he might have to advance. The upshot was that Mr. Balthazzar not only undertook to settle the claim of Madame Mercedes, but increased the obligation by giving the widow a little cheque for her personal use; and the parting between solicitor and client was of the most amicable description.

Mr. Balthazzar was as good as his word, and by dint of his well-known powers of persuasion employed at a personal interview with Madame Mercedes—which greatly annoyed and scandalized her solicitors—he succeeded in obtaining a very substantial reduction in some of the items. But allowing for this, he was £700 or £800 out of pocket by the end of the transaction.

Mrs. Chandler, in her great dread of compromising the extreme delicacy of her matrimonial schemes, had requested Mr. Balthazzar not to address any communications to her at Grinstead Castle, and the lawyer was therefore fain to reserve the news of his good management of her affairs until the widow had either achieved the object of her laudable ambition or had returned to her hotel in town. At length Mr. Balthazzar was surprised to receive a letter from her dated from Paris, making no allusion to her recent stay at Grinstead, but merely mentioning that she had left there and was at present on a short visit to some French friends. Mr. Balthazzar still felt a sentimental interest in his client, though the ardour of his personal admiration for her had perhaps slightly diminished since he had become cognizant of her private circumstances, and he was curious to know what had transpired at Grinstead Castle.

Before he was enlightened on that point, however, he was favoured one day with a call from an old acquaintance of his—Inspector Taddy, of the Detective Department of Scotland Yard. Mr. Balthazzar was much respected and looked up to by the police officials, and, though he had his own opinion of most of them, he found it policy to keep on friendly terms with the prominent members of the force. He therefore welcomed the inspector with great affability, and pressed upon him a cigar and a glass of sherry.

"What brings you here, Mr. Taddy?" he inquired, genially.

"Well, Mr. Balthazzar, sir, I am a-making a few inquiries on a private matter, and I looked in to see if you could help me," said the inspector, sitting at the edge of a chair, and holding his glass of wine between him and the light.

"What's up?" asked Mr. Balthazzar.

"It's a delicate matter, sir; and I ain't making no charge, nor nothink," said the inspector, looking very red in the face and awkward; "but I'm told an American lady named Mrs. Chandler is a client of yours."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Balthazzar, starting.

"Mind, sir, I don't say nothink against the lady, for I know nothink. But, just out of curiosity, I should like to find out if so be as you could tell me how she found the money to settle that there action of Madame Meercedee," said the inspector, setting down his glass with a slap upon the table.

"Suppose I advanced it?" said Mr. Balthazzar, looking at him.

"If you say so, sir, I'm satisfied. I suppose you know she ain't got no money?" he added, glancing at the lawyer.

"Yes," said Mr. Balthazzar, shortly.

"Very well, sir; that is all I have to say," said Mr. Taddy, rising from his chair, looking rather disappointed. "There is nothing against the lady that I knows on."

"Then why are you making these inquiries?" asked Mr. Balthazzar.

"There's a notion on at headquarters, but there don't seem nothink in it," said the inspector, uneasily. "Only," he added, preparing to depart, "she don't seem to have no visible means of subsistence."

"That is a heinous offence on the charge-sheet," said Mr. Balthazzar, with a smile.

"Yes, sir," said the inspector, simply.

"Since you know nothing against the lady except poverty," said Mr. Balthazzar, looking virtuously indignant as the image of the fair widow rose before his mental vision, "let me tell you that she is a lady of the

highest respectability and honour. Until recently, Mrs. Chandler was a guest of the Earl of Grinstead."

"Yes, sir," repeated the inspector, with official imperturbability.

"And you may tell your superior officer from me," continued Mr. Balthazzar, with increasing indignation, "that, as her solicitor, I shall take immediate steps to vindicate any aspersions upon the lady's character."

occurred to him as possible that the inspector had not told all he knew. A sudden suspicion caused him to unearth from the recesses of his private safe the case containing the diamond necklace; but a single glance at the glittering gems completely restored his equanimity, and when he put them away again he was prepared to await future developments with his habitual calmness.

"WHAT IS TO BE DONE, THEN?"

"Very well, Mr. Balthazzar, sir. Certainly, sir," said the inspector, humbly.

But though Mr. Balthazzar thus despatched Mr. Taddy with contumely, he experienced some qualms of uneasiness when he came to reflect upon the officer's visit, and wondered whether there was anything at the back of it. He had a certain respect for Inspector Taddy as a discreet though somewhat thick-headed detective, and it

Nothing more happened, however, for nearly a fortnight, until one afternoon a clerk brought him a card bearing the name of the Earl of Grinstead. Naturally, Mr. Balthazzar at once associated the noble title with the little widow who was constantly in his thoughts, and with considerable eagerness he ordered the visitor to be ushered in.

At the sight of the earl, Mr. Balthazzar instinctively

realized that he had not come to arrange legal details connected with approaching nuptials. He was a little, shrewd, elderly man, with a dry, stately manner, and not at all the kind of person who would be likely to forget his high station. He acknowledged the lawyer's greeting with considerable haughtiness, and stated his business with considerable perspicuity.

"Mr. Balthazzar, I am dissatisfied with the conduct of the police in an affair of mine they have in hand. I have been recommended to consult you."

"Very well, my lord. Pray be seated," said Mr. Balthazzar, rather startled.

"I have been robbed of a valuable diamond necklace and pendant which have been for many years in my family. The police think they know who the culprit is, but they cannot find a trace of the jewels. Now, I don't care twopence about the culprit; but I want the jewels," said the earl.

"Who is suspected?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, turning white in spite of himself.

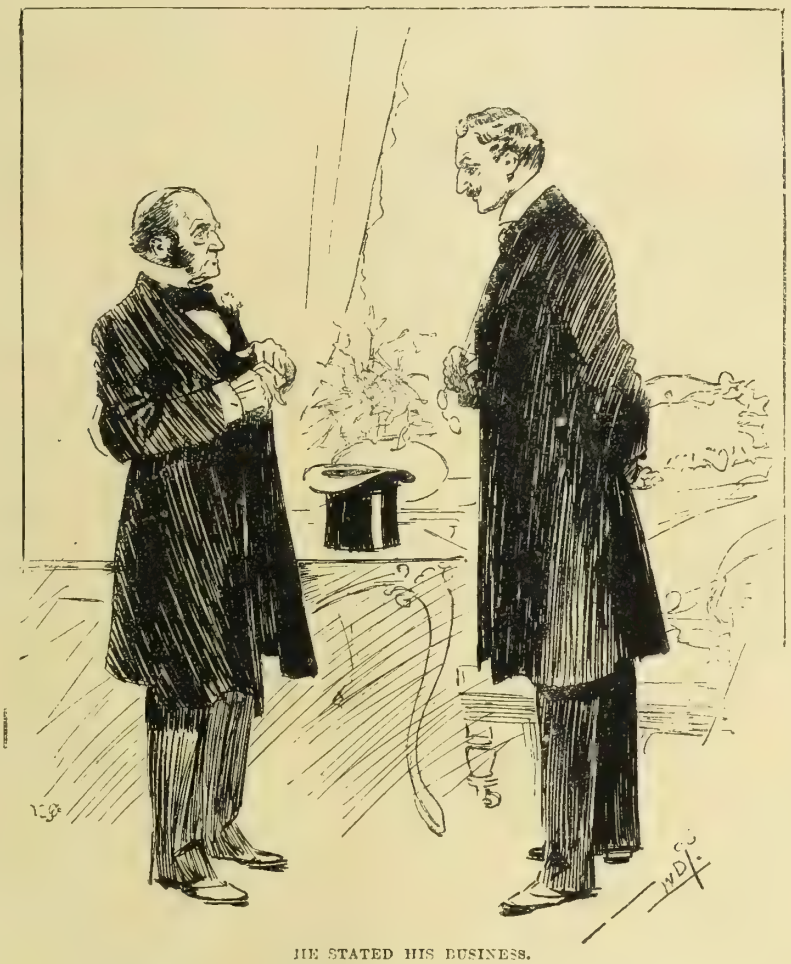
"My daughter, Lady Hermione Forest, made the acquaintance of a young American lady, a Mrs. Chandler, and invited her down to the Castle. I disapproved at the time, though I am bound to confess that the lady's conduct was in all respects exemplary," said the earl. "She has left us now, and is staying, I believe, with friends in Paris."

"Is this the lady who is suspected?" asked Mr. Balthazzar, recovering his assurance.

"Yes, though on very slight grounds. To begin with, although the necklace was missed after she had left, nobody can say that it disappeared while she was there. The only reason why the police suspect her is because there is nobody else to suspect."

"There was no burglary, then, or open robbery?" said Mr. Balthazzar.

"No. The jewel-case with some other valuables, chiefly papers, was kept in an iron safe in my study. The theory of the police is that the thief, finding the study empty, and my keys perhaps hanging in one of the drawers during my temporary absence, opened the safe and abstracted the jewels."



HE STATED HIS BUSINESS.

"Very likely," assented Mr. Balthazzar.

"The police think that the thief may have been this Mrs. Chandler, because she was a stranger, and because it turns out on inquiry that she is—well, an adventuress. The report from America is very doubtful."

"Oh!"

"Yes. There is some doubt, however, about the question of identity, and until that is cleared up, no definite step can be taken. Meanwhile, what has become of the jewels?"

"Exactly."

"She hasn't got them with her. The French police obligingly paid a visit to her lodgings in her absence, and searched her things. The police here have made every inquiry throughout the Metropolis without result. I forgot to say that she went up to town one day during her visit to the Castle," added the earl.

"Indeed!" murmured Mr. Balthazzar.

"Yes. She went to see her doctor, Sir Peter Humphry, in Cavendish Square. The idea of the police is that she made away with the jewels on that occasion."

"They don't suspect Sir Peter Humphry, I suppose?" said Mr. Balthazzar, scoffingly.

"Of course not. She went there, and—and to other places. She was quite open about where she had been when she returned."

"Was she?"

"Oh, yes, and the police have verified her account of herself. In a word, I think they are on the wrong scent."

"You do, my lord?"

"Yes, don't you?" said Lord Grinstead, with a look of surprise.

"Did the police tell you that I have had the honour of acting for this lady, my lord?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar.

"No," answered his lordship, opening his eyes.

"They knew it, however," said Mr. Balthazzar, with a scarcely perceptible gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. "I settled an action by her instructions. I need hardly say that I was as much deceived in her as your lordship and others."

"Did she defraud you?" inquired Lord Grinstead, with interest.

"No, my lord, not quite," said Mr. Balthazzar, with an enigmatical smile, "but putting two and two together I haven't the smallest doubt in the world that the police for once are right, and that this lady is the culprit."

"But what has she done with the necklace?" repeated his lordship.

"Ah, that is another matter. If your lordship wants it back——"

"Certainly I do," interrupted Lord Grinstead, "I value it beyond price, independently of its intrinsic worth. As for the thief, if it is as you suspect, this American woman, I would rather, between ourselves, that she escaped. It would be an unpleasant scandal, and I should look foolish."

"In a word, all your lordship wants is to get back the property."

"Yes, but, of course, I don't wish to compound a felony."

"No, no, of course not," acquiesced Mr. Balthazzar. "Well, my lord," he added, after a moment's reflection, "if you like to leave the matter in my hands I will see what I can do. I might perhaps, by making inquiries in certain quarters, discover the property. But I must make one or two conditions."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, you must absolutely countermand your instructions to the police. They and I would only interfere with one another."

"Very well, that is quite reasonable."

"Secondly, you must ask no questions. If I am lucky enough to get back your necklace, it will be by making certain arrangements—you understand?"

"Certainly, certainly," said his lordship hastily.

"All expenses must be paid."

"Of course."

"And, lastly," said Mr. Balthazzar, pushing forward his blotting-pad and inkstand, "I will ask your lordship to be good enough to write me a full and minute description of the case and contents."

While his lordship was engaged upon this task, Mr. Balthazzar begged permission to light a cigar, with which he leant back in his chair, while his thoughts ran somewhat as follows:—

"Cunning little devil! Didn't know what to do with the swag, and handed it on me, eh? By Jove! it was a masterpiece, that business about the writ. If she had brought the things simply to raise money on 'em—h'm!—I might have smelt a rat, but it came in so pat, the combination—and the cock-and-bull story too about marrying the earl! Lucky the police never traced her here that day! If I hadn't seen Inspector Taddy I shouldn't have known where I was. But though they've found out that I acted for her in that matter of Madame Mercedes, it didn't put them on the scent—not they! Didn't know but what I might have received instructions by letter, I suppose. Should you and I ever meet again, my pretty little siren, our interview will be disagreeable. And to think that if Lord Grinstead hadn't walked in here just now, I might never have heard of the robbery, and handed back the case to her when she deemed it safe to claim the things! Nobody but a very clever woman—and a very pretty one—could have made such a fool of me!"

"Here you are, Mr. Balthazzar," said his lordship interrupting the lawyer's reverie by handing him the paper.

"Thank you, my lord," said the lawyer, after glancing through it for form's sake. "I hope I may be able to get back your property."

"I shall be delighted to have the pleasure of calling for it on any early day," said his lordship smiling.

* * * * *

And he did, for at the end of a week Mr. Balthazzar placed the precious casket in his hands. If you ask me why my employer did not frankly and honestly tell Lord Grinstead the truth at their first interview, and restore him his property without any circumlocution, I must reply that Mr. Balthazzar was quite incapable of resisting such an opportunity of dazzling a noble client by a pretence of almost preternatural powers. Besides, he was equally incapable of avowing that he had himself been defrauded—and by a woman. I hope that he was content to receive from Lord Grinstead, by way of remuneration, at least no more than sufficed to recoup him for his losses, but on this point he did not offer to enlighten me; nor did he ever inform me whether he communicated to Mrs. Cornelius P. Chandler the stirring events that had transpired. But it is certain that that too enterprising and fascinating lady never appeared upon the scenes again.

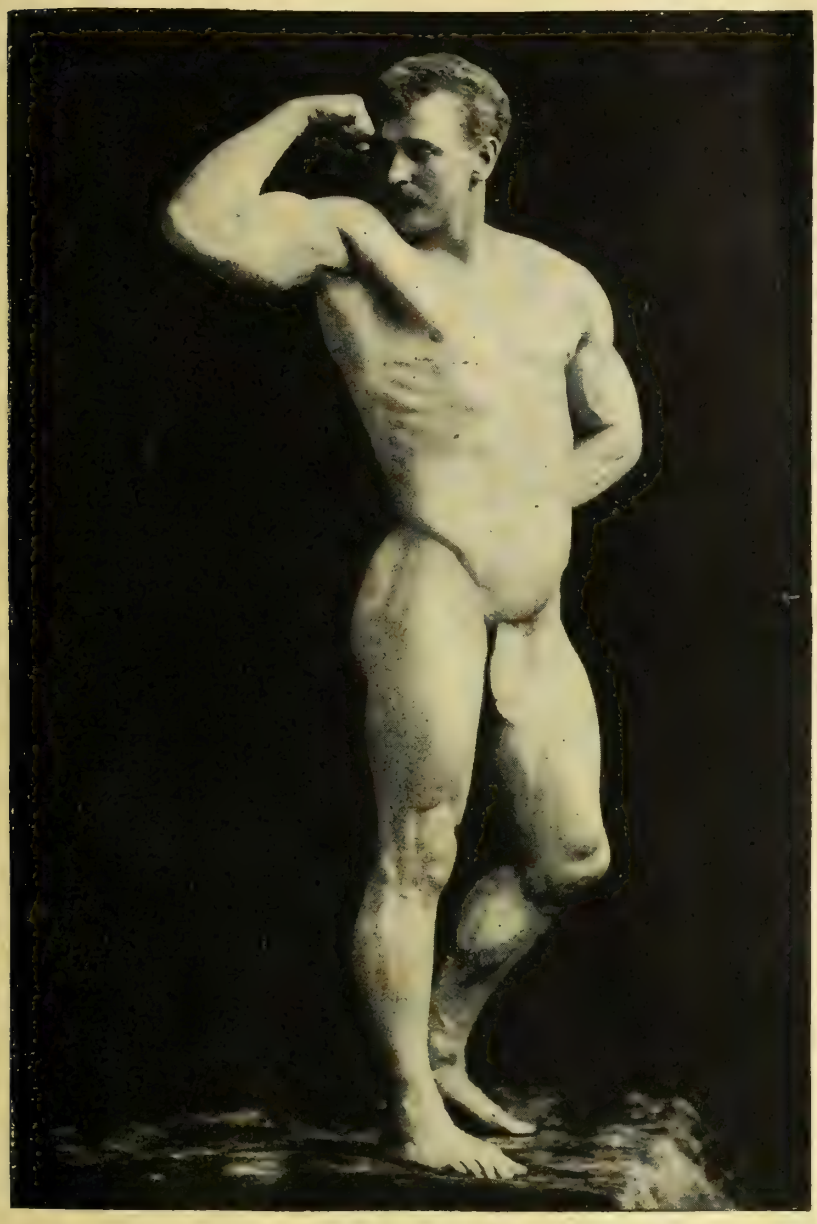
HINTS FROM A HERCULES.*

Do you want to have a straight, well-developed frame, with muscles of practical use? Then read Sandow's book, and the next time you travel the railway porter will be a useless luxury to you. It may take some little time to reach to that perfection, and you have to begin very low down the scale. With regard to first steps in training Sandow says:

> Until you can unstiffen and relax the joints and their connecting muscles and tissues you can only at the risk of injury proceed with the prescribed physical training. To bring the matter more immediately home to the pupil, let him try at the outset to stoop without bending his spine, to lace his shoes, touch the floor with his finger tips, or, keeping his body as erect as he can, bring his toes to his teeth. He will find if he tries that a child can beat him at any of these tasks; while, with practice, he will soon be able to rival his infant exemplar; though, of course, he is not expected to become an acrobat or a contortionist. When he has attained this pliancy and increased the contractile power of his muscles, he will have gained much in the functional activity of the body, as well as mastered a pleasurable control over his muscles and joints.

With regard to dumb-bell practice, Sandow advises every simple exercise to be performed with slightly bent knees. The advantage of this arrangement will be quite evident to anyone who cares to put it into practice, and it is an improvement on the old method which is certainly worth knowing. As to the time that should be devoted to daily practice, Sandow says:—

If thirty minutes cannot be given continuously to the exercises, perhaps fifteen can be snatched twice a day, but at the outset any one exercise should not be prolonged beyond the point when the muscles tire, though every exercise should be continued until they ache, and the mind should be put into the work, that the muscles may feel the strain, and receive the full benefit of the toning and building-up process.



Some of the elementary exercises may seem too simple to the young athlete, but their use is carefully explained, and they will well repay close attention. All Mr. Sandow's knowledge is based on a scientific foundation, so that his advice on the development of the human frame may be taken without reserve.

The heavy-weight exercises are only designed for those who have the necessary strength to become athletes, and for all ordinary purposes practice with light dumb-bells is quite sufficient. Mr. Sandow frankly discloses the secret of heavy-weight lifting—

> In the case of notable athletes the chief secret of being able to bear great burdens is this—that they know how to distribute the strain of the heavy weights they lift over the whole organism, calling into aid not only the muscles of the arm, but those of the trunk and legs, as well as utilising the main framework of the body, the vertebral column, pelvis, and bones of the lower limbs. They have also learnt the art of so poising the frame that any heavy weight held aloft by the arm shall be parallel to the general direction of the vertebral column, resting upon the nicely-balanced lower limbs and the firmly-planted feet. The co-operation of the bones and muscles of the whole body becomes with practice so easy that the movements they engage in are accomplished almost automatically, and without taking possession of the brain, or, as we have said, consciously drawing upon the nervous force. That this can be done at all is one of the curious facts in mental science, for the spinal-cord, which is primarily a conductor of movements initiated by the brain, seems to have a memory, and after a certain habituation to the work to be performed is able to repeat the movements without much, if any, intervention of the will. Fatigue thus becomes a muscular, rather than a nervous strain, a matter of prime importance to the athlete.

The account of Sandow's early career contains some good stories. On one occasion, before his name was made, he concocted a brilliant scheme for advertising himself. He happened to be in Amsterdam at the time and was, to put it bluntly, very hard up. He was quite unsuccessful in procuring an engagement, and so he had apparently no opportunity of displaying his powers publicly. But he found a way of doing so. Taking a cabman into his confidence, he arranged with him to drive round the city some morning between midnight and dawn, when he wrecked all the weight-testing machines he could lay his hands on. This was done three times before he was caught and arrested. At this he protested, saying that "he had been merely exercising his arms, and in the slot of each machine had honestly paid the toll." Having proved by indisputable evidence that his claim was true he was liberated, and his name was made in Amsterdam. The theatre which had refused his first offer of an engagement at ten guilders a night, now gladly offered him twelve hundred guilders a week.

When at San Remo the late German Emperor sent for Sandow :—

> With an old-time pride in his own powers, Frederick took a complete pack of playing-cards, and with a strong quick turn of the wrists tore them in two. It might have been courtly etiquette to leave the Emperor to the enjoyment of the pride he felt in the work of his hands ; but someone informed His Majesty that Sandow could beat him at his own trick, and it was with pleased surprise, and with no admixture of envy, that he saw two packs torn apart by the renowned athlete. After witnessing several other astonishing feats, the Kaiser took a ring of great value from his finger, which he had worn for eighteen years, and with frank heartiness presented it to Sandow.

W. P

* "Sandow's System of Physical Training" (Gale and Polden).

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

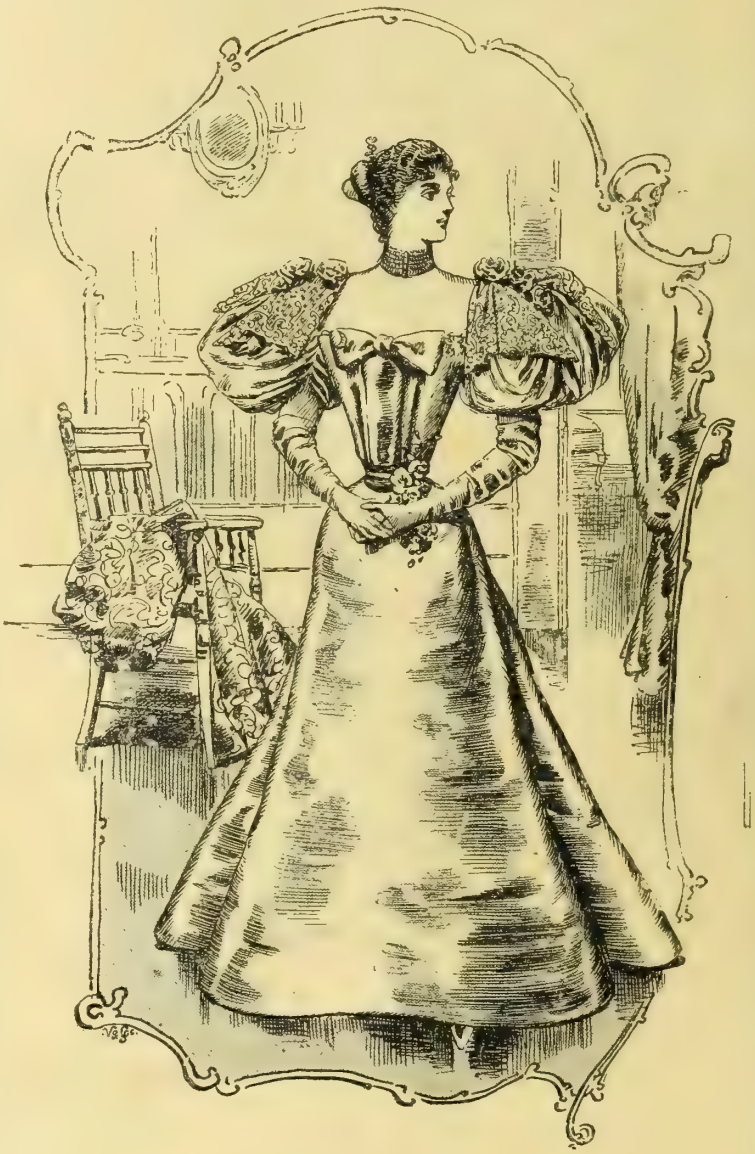
Dearest Nell,—You ask me what the spring fashions are here, and the truest answer I can make is that they are everything. Capes are as fashionable as coats, and coats as capes. Waistcoats made to fit tightly are as much to the fore as ever, and yet fronts with the box-pleat in the middle, and one at either side, are quite as much to the taste of well-dressed women. Blouses are, if possible, more worn than ever, and some of the evening ones are perfectly sweet. Imagine a white satin one with big sleeves, finished at the neck and elbows with open-work jet, a ruff of white feather trimming occupying the interval between the top of the jet and the chin of the wearer. Long, drooping cascades of lace fall from the elbow sleeves, shortening towards the front.

Even day dresses are to be made with these half-long sleeves, so that gloves will be a ruinous item this season. And Suède is to be more worn than ever, both by men and women. I discovered a capital colour for wearing — a sort of deep reddish-brown; but, of course, French kid wears twice as long as the Suède. I shall go in largely for black this season; they are so economical, especially if one gives a good price for them, and secures really well-made gloves.

About basque bodices, you know, the very elaborate dresses are almost all made to end at the waist without any basque, under a fold of ribbon. But tailor-mades have sometimes a full basque, this making them suitable for wearing in the street without a coat when warmer weather comes. I saw a very pretty tweed the other day —a mixture of bronze, amber, and pale blue, made with a basque coatee of this kind, over a Tattersall vest of deep yellow-brown, something like the very glossy brown paper that drapers use for parcels. Both skirt and coat were lined with blue in a rather decided tone, something like that of a convolvulus; and there was not one scrap of trimming, ribbon, or irrelevancy of any sort about it. There is almost a kind of distinction in this perfect simplicity, as contrasted with the frettings, flutings, frills, and furbelows of many of the fashionable costumes.

Two essentials for a successfully smart appearance are a good corset and a petticoat cut on similar lines to those of the skirt. It is useless to try to attain a good "hang" of the skirt without the latter, and it is very false economy to wear a last season's under-skirt with one of the full and flowing gowns of the present season. And so many people imagine that a ready-made corset can do justice to the figure. Why, figures are just as various as faces, and differ just as much in detail. Esmeralda, whose corsets have made such wonderful improvement in the figure of a certain Duchess, as well as of many lowlier folk, always declares that she has never found two figures precisely alike, so how can ready-made corsets possibly fit the thousands who buy them?

Is it not a pretty ball-dress that is illustrated on this page? It is white satin trimmed with spangled lace and pink roses, and would it not be lovely in pale pink, with deep cream-coloured lace and violets? Or in pale sky-blue and pansies?



WHITE SATIN BALL DRESS.

You want to know how the hair is worn now? Most delightfully tidy, you will be pleased to hear. No more birds' nests or miniature haystacks. The shape of the head is seen, and, instead of the atrocious bun, there is a shining coil of rolls and burnished curls, which, by-the-way, shows the disposition to rise rather high at the back. Just above the forehead the hair is very lightly raised, the crimping helping it to be frothed to a syllabub lightness. Fringes are reduced to a minimum, very soft and babyish, and there does not seem the same craze for a parting of the hair down the centre.

Remnants of silk or satin come in capitally for bodices, which are nearly always in a contrasting colour from the skirt. The sleeves, please remember, must match the skirt. There is one good thing about them — they are no longer bunched up in the ears, but, though as full as ever, they droop towards the elbows. They still make us out of drawing, but are not nearly so disfiguring as the very high ones were

At the present moment nothing is so fashionable as influenza; not even typhoid, which, for the nonce, is eclipsed by a more energetic foe to human nature. The poor doctors are run off their feet with so many demands upon them, and there is hardly a family without at least one member ill. There is a great demand for nurses, for even where there are several women in a house, their gifts do not always run in this direction, and they are too apt to omit important things and neglect details. Doctors like to have professional nurses, trained to the duty of implicit obedience and able to give a clear account of the patient. Someone was saying, not long ago, that there must be far too many nurses in England; but at times like the present it is far more likely to be found that there are too few

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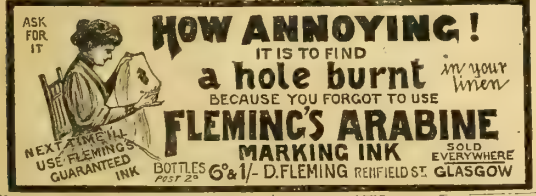

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I could never be a nurse, could you? But at the same time, I would rather be a nurse than a patient.—Your affectionate Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Adele.—Do not have too many gowns in your trousseau. It is a foolish thing to do, for they soon go out of fashion. It is far better to buy dress lengths, and wait to have them made up when you want them. That is what the Duchess of Teck did about her daughter's trousseau. With a fashionable skirt like your black crêpon I should advise two or three bodices, one for wear at the penny readings you speak of, one for At Homes, and one for cold afternoons indoors. The first might be old rose silk with black silk muslin fulled over it, and sleeves of black broche scattered over with old rose flowers. The second could be an elaboration of white or pale-tinted satin veiled with either black or cream-coloured guipure, and made with a box-pleat of the satin in the centre and three handsome buttons. The sleeves must be black crepon, to match the skirt. The third bodice or blouse might be one of the new cotton velvets or a figured black woollen one, fitted beautifully on the shoulders and at the waist, and trimmed with a little jet and black satin ribbons. You must have a tailor-made to travel in, for you would only wear your elaborate "going-away" dress on your wedding-day for travelling in. It would be your visiting costume afterwards, and would last a long time. By the way, I think it must be very pretty: mouse-coloured corduroy, brown fur, pink yoke, and silver-grey satin box-pleat with old silver buttons. Get a good stout tweed as tailor-made, and have the skirt cut short enough to clear the ground. Call it your wet weather dress, and treat it as such. You will want only one evening-gown in addition to your wedding-dress, cut low, and a pretty tea-gown.

Daisy's Sister.—The date of the dress would be about 1865, not very dissimilar in style to the present period. The gored skirt would be slightly trained at the back, and the material flowered delaine. The cap would be an airy trifle of lace and ribbon perched on the top of the back hair, which should be dressed so as to slightly suggest a chignon. The sleeves must not be nearly so full as those of the present time, and the shoulder seams should be long and sloping. Bishop sleeves would be correct. The fichu should be exactly like the frilled ones of the present fashion, and must be tied high on the chest so as not to interfere with the bib of the apron. I hope you will see this in good time, but unfortunately your note came just a day too late for last week's paper.

Provincial.—The very fact that Lipton has been appointed purveyor of tea to Her Majesty should decide you. I never hesitate as to where to buy my tea. In regard to your other question, I sho ld advise you to consult a dentist.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

With so much illness about, our recipes this week shall deal with sick-room cookery.

Barley Water.—Put an ounce of the best pearl barley in a stewpan, and cover it with water. Let it come to the boil, and then strain away all this water. With it will go certain injurious properties of the barley. Now pour on the latter a quart of cold water. Let it boil up, and then stand back on the range or over the merest glimmer of a gas jet, simmering slowly for five hours. Strain away the water from the barley, pouring the former into a perfectly clean jug that has been scalded with boiling water. It ought to have no more flavour of any kind than plain water before it is flavoured with lemon juice, and very slightly sweetened. If it is to be added to milk as a drink, there should be no lemon juice added. Doctors say that warm milk and barley water are a perfect food for invalids in cases of great weakness. The milk nourishes them, and the barley water, prepared as above, renders the milk digestible.

Portable Port Wine Jelly.—Steep one ounce of isinglass in two glasses of good port wine and one teacupful of cold water, add three ounces of sugar candy, and half an ounce of gum arabic. Put these into a jar and stand it in a pan of boiling water until quite dissolved. Pour it out upon a flat dish and when it is cold cut it into squares. A piece the size of a good nutmeg is as nourishing to the invalid as a glass of port. No straining is necessary.

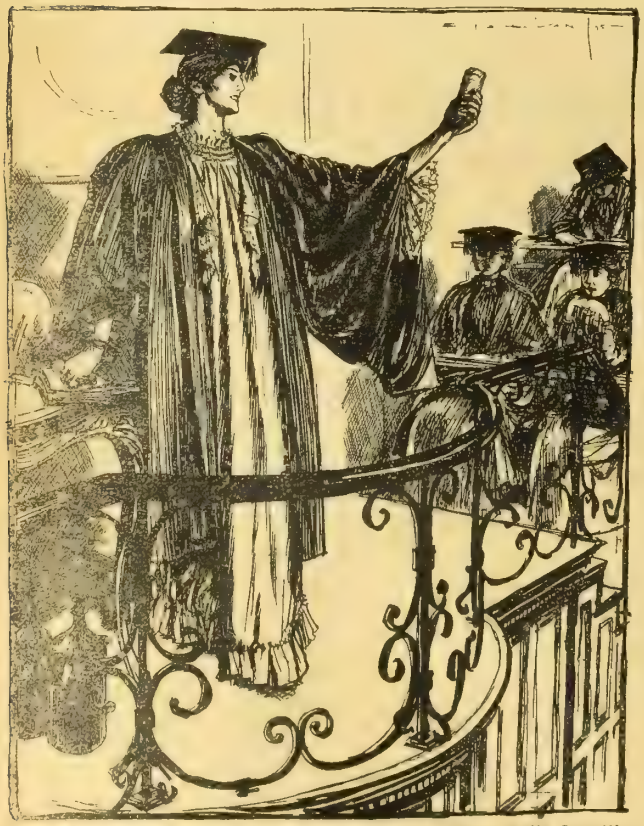
Ivory Dust Jelly.—One pound of ivory dust, procurable of chemists, three quarts of cold water; simmer these four or five hours until the water is reduced more than half, put it aside, and when it is quite cold, lift off the jellied part, being careful to leave the *sediment untouched.* (Clear it as for calve's-foot jelly.) This is a remarkably nutritious preparation.

To make Lemonade.—Slice a lemon into a pint jug, carefully ejecting the pips, add three pieces of lump sugar, pour boiling water on this, nearly filling the jug. Hot lemonade is a capital thing for a cough, loosening and soothing it, promoting perspiration, and in other ways acting beneficially.

A Glass of Milk with a tablespoonful of Liquid Sunshine rum in it, if taken immediately on waking in the morning, often averts a fit of coughing. The milk should, if possible, be tepid.

A COLLEGE INCIDENT.

(Drawn by E. SULLIVAN).



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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I MYE be right or I'mye be wrong, but as fur as I can remember we don't 'ave eglipses o' the bloomin' moon not in the sime profoosion as we yoosed ter when I was a lad. When we does 'ave 'em, as horftun as not they is inviserble, as looks ter me suspicious. Likely as not them inviserble eglipses is just a bit o' bloomin' kid on the pawt o' them asteronomers an' other chaps as writes the hormernacks. "'Ere's a eglipse a-comin,'" says they, "on'y it's one o' them inviserble sort as yer cawnt see." Ho, yus! so bloomin' likely! I'd tike on a bit o' prophecyin' myself on them lines. A eglipse as yer cawnt see is no better nor a dinner as yer my'nt eat. 'Ankin 'e 'olds as a inviserble eglipse is one as yer kin see if yer goes acrorst the Hatlentic Ocean fur ter look at it. "Very well then," says I, "yer kin tike it awye—I've 'ad some. And if I crorst your bloomin' Hatlentic ter see your bloomin' inviserble eglipse, you'd cock your thumb to your nose and remark 'Gort 'im agin!' I ain't tikin' any." I dunno as eglipses is anythink egsep a sort of norvelty, but if they is run at all I'd like to see 'em run on the strite, at presint theer's mismanidgement somewheer—or wus. They tell me as the eglipse as was gort up lite larst Sunday night was one o' the old-fashingd kind, one of the no-cure-no-pye, see-fur-yerself sort. I didn't set up ter egsamine it myself, bein' no berliever in lite hours. If them eglipses was to die art altergither it wouldn't do no 'awm. People sets up to see 'em, and yer cawnt set up on nuthink. And, o' course, the longer yer sets the more yer tikes. I mind a 'ole gint as 'ad a 'ouse 'Ornsey wye; 'e'd set up as long as yer pleased ter see a eglipse, or a comick, or anythink o' the kind. 'E used ter do it on rum, which I yooses myself, though joodishus like. Well, things went from bad ter wus, till 'e'd set up three or four nights a week ter see eglipses as there never wus, and one night, accordin' ter 'is own account, 'e see'd two at once. The fooneral were about a for'night arter that. No, it 'on't do. 'Ow are yer goin' ter do a dye's work if yer sits up asteronomin' all the night?

* * * *

Theer's one or two nice little berths goin' jest now as I wouldn't sniff at if they was offered me. One on 'em's the Speaker of the 'Ouse o' Commings. A very comfertable crib it seems ter be, nutthink ter do egsep catch the heye of any member as is wishful ter deliver 'isself of a speech, respected and honnud by hev'ry one, and a tidy screw ter retire on when yer feels like re-signin'. Thet 'ud jest do me proper. 'Ankin says theer's a lot o' hobserlete fawce an' formilism preventin' the expydishun o' business in the 'Ouse of Commings. I yooses 'is very words, bein' of a kind as I don't ginerally run to myself. "Well," I says, "thet's as it myebe, hall I knows is that if being Speaker on them terms is 'hobserlete fawce,' I cud do with a bit." Then, agin, theer's the Hegsaminer-ship o' Stige Plyes. I cawn't say whort that brings in a year, nort knowin', but theer simes ter be a suthin amarnt o' competishing fur it. Thet 'ud tike a pretty strengthy kind o' man, thet would. If 'e's gort to read through plyes as is any 'otter than some o' them as gits performed in the theayter, 'e'd wornt ter be av'rige tough. Why, my missus wouldn't let me tike it, if it were hoffered me. But, 'arrever, them remarks is nort spokin' serus. Nobody ain't never likely to offer me nutthink. Punchin' bloomin' tickits is whort I were born to, and whort I shall 'ave ter stick at ter my dyin' dye.

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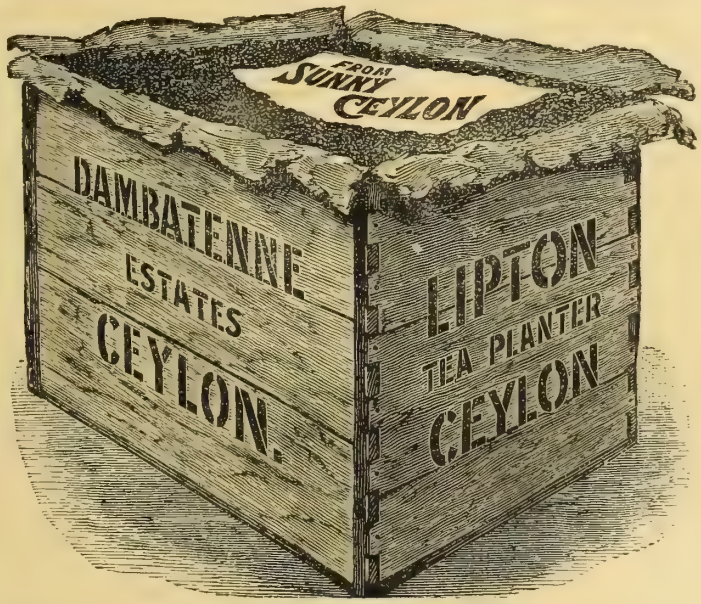

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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE. **AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.**

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

It seems to me as if the only book my customers wanted to read just now was Mr. Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did."[1] I added an unusual number to my library, but they are all out, though I have twice re-ordered it. Luckily it is only a three-and-sixpenny book, so many when they find how impossible it is to get the book from the library—buy it. A gentleman who came into the shop to-day, and knows Mr. Grant Allen very well, says that he has been thinking the matter out for a long time. One can understand the anxiety of the public to read the carefully-thought-out ideas of so distinguished a writer on a subject so full of importance, and one can hardly take up a paper that is not discussing it. The keynote of this most important volume of the Keynotes Series is that our false ideas on the marriage question are responsible for the immorality of the country. Some of the word pictures of the Surrey Hills and Italy are most poetical. I remember, when I read his magnificent folio on the lower Thames, being especially struck with this quality in Mr. Grant Allen's writing.

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Perhaps the prettiest story which I have stocked this week is Mr. Walter Raymond's "Tryphena in Love,"[2] the first number of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s Iris Series, which is got up with conspicuous beauty even for a Dent publication. "Tryphena in Love" was written by the "Somersetshire Crockett," Mr. Walter Raymond, author of those delightful books, "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," "Young Sam and Sabina," etc. I did not read "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," but "Young Sam" showed me that Mr. Raymond as an idyllist might almost be compared to Mr. J. M. Barrie. "Tryphena in Love" is as pretty a bit of rustic courtship as I have read for many a long day, and it has a strong vein of pathos running right through it. Mr. Raymond is not so humorous as Mr. Barrie, but he brings the Somersetshire farm life before us with Barrie-like distinction

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The head waiter at the Holborn, who is a neighbour of mine, let me stand behind the screen and peep through the cracks at the Alma-Tadema dinner of the New Vagabonds Club. There seemed to me about 150 present, among them being Mr. David Murray, A.R.A. (in the chair), Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., Mr. A. Bruce Joy, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. F. W. Robinson, Mr. H. E. Clarke, Mr. R. Le Gallienne, Mr. Morley Roberts, the Hon. Secretaries (Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. Douglas Sladen), Mr. "Adrian Ross," Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Mr. Bertram Mitford, Mr. William Le Queux, Mr. Phil May, Mr. R. Sauber, Mr. A. C. Corbould, and Mr. A. D. McCormick. After the chairman had proposed the health of the guests in a most interesting speech about Mr. Tadema's habits and methods of work, and Mr. Tadema and Mr. Walter Raymond had replied, Mr. Raymond gave a couple of capital recitations in the Somersetshire dialect. His humorous recitation especially was a very finished performance. After he sat down Mr. J. A. Welch gave his inimitable imitation of a lover with a cold, Mr. Frank Lindo a telephone sketch, and Mr. William Nicholl, the well-known tenor, sang delightfully. All these gentlemen were, I learned, members of the club.

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I took a good look at Mr. Tadema when he rose to reply. The famous Dutch R.A. is a man about the middle height, with thick fair hair that has a trick of tumbling over his forehead, a fair beard trimmed in the Spanish fashion, a fine curling moustache, and particularly full lips. His eyes are light and his complexion florid. Everything about him is suggestive of untiring energy and a splendid constitution.

* * * *

Mr. W. Martin Conway, the new chairman of the Council of the Society of Authors, who was born in the same year as Mr. Rider Haggard, became a patron of mine soon after he took his degree at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1879. Since then he has done many things. He practically founded the English Art Congress when he was Roscoe Art Professor at University College, Liverpool. He started the famous series of Alpine guide books. He wrote a classic on "The Woodcutters of the Netherlands in the Fifteenth Century," and to cap all, he climbed and wrote his great book about the Karakoram Himalayas. But though he wears glasses there is not a grey hair in the thick brown hair, which surmounts his fine intellectual forehead and studious face, or in th heavy dark moustache.

* * * *

Mr. Le Gallienne came into my shop the other day in a high state of indignation, complaining that Birmingham being under the sway of a Chamberlain of its own besides the Lord Chamberlain, was more "respectable" than Glasgow. The lecture by Mr. Le Gallienne which provoked the indignation of the *Gazette*, the Conservative organ in Birmingham, had already been received with unanimous approval by a Glasgow Presbyterian congregation listening to it in their own church, and a North of England Baptist congregation listening to it in their own chapel.

* * * *

The *Englishwoman*, Messrs. F. V. White and Co.'s new magazine, edited by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, has a really brilliant programme. Stories by Mr. Hichens, author of "The Green Carnation," and Miss Violet Hunt and Lady Lindsay; women's articles by "Belle" of the *World*, "Madge" of *Truth*, and Madame Aria; an interview with Pierre Loti by Miss Belloc; Plays of the Hour by Louis F. Austin, and books of the hour by Miss Marion Hepworth Dixon, are only some of the attractions of a number which includes an article on "Famous Stage Lovers" by Mr. George Alexander.

* * * *

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett came into my shop again the other day. I was delighted to find that the brilliant little lady had returned to her mansion in Portland Place, but was grieved to hear that she feels the weather so much that she is hardly venturing out at all at present.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Newton Hall.—Apply to a paper devoted to agricultural interests. I do not know of such a book.

T. S. M. W.—It is impossible to estimate its value. To anyone wanting it to complete a set it would possibly be worth a sovereign.

H. J.—You could get a Buddhist Bible from Kegan, Paul and Co., Charing Cross Road, and the price is about seven shillings and sixpence.

A. L. A.—Messrs. Routledge are publishing Sir John Lubbock's "Best Hundred Books," and you will find a list in their catalogue. Correspondents cannot be answered through the post.

Medicus.—Ogilby's book is worth about five shillings; that by Ross would not fetch more than a shilling.

J. W.—One of the best books on gold mining is C. G. W. Lock's "Practical Gold Mining," price two guineas.

H. W. R.—"English Surnames," by C. W. Bardsley, published by Chatto and Windus at seven shillings and sixpence.

V. B.—"The Imperial Gazetteer," edited by W. G. Blackie, 2 vols., 1874, is worth about ten shillings.

P. H.—"Jack" is published by Routledge, and "Diana" by Chapman and Hall. The price of each is three shillings and sixpence.

W. F. B.—The only other volume of Frank L. Stanton's poems is "Songs of a Day," published by The Foote and Davies Co., Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.

C. C.—Your letter interested me extremely. What you say is, alas! only too true. But one can hardly expect these poor men and boys, with their scanty education and little leisure for culture, to care for books that require a certain amount of thought in the reading. The best way to wean them from their "Deadwood Dick" style of literature would be to give them such romances as those by Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope, which appeal to every class of intellect.

Annual Subscriber.—I am afraid the sketches are of no commercial value.

Fez.—"Morocco, As It Is," was published in 1893 by W. H. Allen and Co., Waterloo Place. Its size is 8vo.

1. "The Woman Who Did." (Lane, 3s. 6d.)
2. "Tryphena in Love." (J. M. Dent and Co., 2s. 6d.).

The Directors desire to draw special attention to the Report made on this Property by Mr. E. BATES DORSEY, the eminent Mining Engineer, whose celebrated lecture, foretelling the future of the Witwatersrand Gold Fields, was delivered before the British Association, and published in "The Times" of September 19th, 1889.

THE EAST NIGEL GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1893. Capital £125,000, in 125,000 Shares of £1 each. Of which the Vendor stipulates for an allotment of 50,000 fully paid Shares in part payment of the purchase consideration. 75,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription. Payable 2s. 6d on Application, 2s. 6d. on Allotment, 5s. one month thereafter, the balance in calls of not more than 2s. 6d., at intervals of not less than two months.

DIRECTORS.

G. D. PETERS (of Messrs. G. D. Peters and Co.), Moorfields, E.C. (Director of the Natal Bank, Limited), Chairman.
Captain W. N. Lister, R.N.R., 2, Upper Avenue Road, N.W. (Director of the Sheba Gold Mining Company, Limited).
Samuel Green, 9, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. (Director of the Transvaal Coal Trust, Limited).
H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., Lynstead, Sittingbourne, Kent (Director of the Rhodesian Mining and Finance Company, Limited).
F. C. Poisson, 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C. (Director of the Matabeleland Adventurers, Limited).
Louis Campbell-Johnston, 1, Iddesleigh Mansions, S.W. (formerly Manager Ferreira Gold Mining Company, Limited).

BANKERS.

The Commercial Bank of Scotland, Limited, 62, Lombard Street, E.C, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Branches in Scotland.
The Natal Bank, Limited, 156 and 157, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Foster, Grave and Co., 15, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

BROKERS.

Browning, Todd and Whish, 2, Royal Exchange Buildings, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.
Hook and Bradshaw, 4, York Buildings, and Stock Exchange, Liverpool.
A. Ralph Brown, 48, West George Street, and Stock Exchange, Glasgow.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.).

C. C. Cannell, 120, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Company is formed to acquire and work the valuable gold mining properties on the Nigel Reef, known as the Cæsar and Draaikraal Blocks, situated in the Heidelberg District, Witwatersrand, South African Republic, and generally to carry on mining and other operations in South Africa.

These properties consist of 63 claims (equal to about 90 English acres), situate about twenty-eight miles south east of Johannesburg. The claims are mostly located on the same farm as the Nigel Gold Mining Company. The reef runs 20 degrees East of North and 20 degrees West of South, dipping at about 33 degrees West from the horizon, and has exactly the same appearance as the conglomerate vein in the Nigel Mine.

The properties have been thoroughly examined and reported upon by Mr. H. E. Junius, M.E., for the vendor, but the directors of this Company thought it advisable to have the independent report of Mr. E. Bates Dorsey, Mem. Amer. Soc. C.E. and M.A.S.Mng.E., who says in his report (inter alia) in speaking of the reef in this property, "In my opinion, as well as that of other experts, it is the same vein that passes through the Nigel property, and has not only the same general characteristics of formation, but where developed it varies in thickness and richness similarly to the Nigel developments." "I am satisfied that the profits per ton to be derived from the ores in your mines will be equal to any other company in the Transvaal."

"Three shafts have been sunk in the line of the outcrop near the eastern boundary of the property on the Draaikraal tract. Shaft A is 130 feet deep on the incline of the vein. Shaft B is 100 feet in vertical depth, and Shaft C is 70 feet vertical depth. The ores taken from these shafts by me assayed an average of 3 oz. 7 dwts. of gold per ton. The vein in each shaft has a westerly dip, proving that it underlies all the Company's property."

Mr. Junius states: "The reef in every way so far as gone down on bears out the characteristics of the Nigel Reef in the Nigel Mynpacht. **The reef at its lowest depth assayed 4 oz. to 11 oz. to the ton.**"

The Nigel Reef is by far the richest uniform reef yet known in the Transvaal. The Nigel Company is one of the leading twelve gold producers of the Randt—vide monthly Witwatersrand returns. The reef is a conglomerate, and after attaining a certain depth, lies on a blue slate, the roof or top wall being sandstone.

The following dividends have been paid by the Nigel Gold Mining Company: 1892, 47½ per cent.; 1893, 50 per cent.; 1894, 50 per cent.; and the £1 shares of this Company are now quoted at £6 5s. per share.

The total yield of the Nigel Gold Mining Company for the month of February amounted to 4,461 ounces of gold; and this with only a 30-head battery and the Cyanide process.

As a proof of the permanency of this vein, it may be stated that the Nigel Gold Mining Company have, in the eastern section of their property, developed the reef to a depth of over 1,100 feet.

The East Nigel property is very advantageously situated for cheap working. The rock is not hard, there is an abundance of water at short distance, and excellent coal is mined within seven miles of the property.

The railway now under construction from Durban to Johannesburg will run within three miles of the property, so that supplies of every kind will be secured at much less rates than at any other point of the Rand.

The vendor has fixed the purchase consideration to be paid for the property at £85,000, payable (1) as to £50,000 in fully paid shares of this Company; (2) £25,000 in such shares or cash or partly in such shares or cash, at the option of the directors, under and subject to the conditions of the contract of sale; and (3) as to the balance of £10,000 in cash, thus leaving £40,000 available for working capital. The vendor pays all expenses of promotion up to and including allotment, except legal expenses and the cost of registration of the Company. One of the directors, Mr. L. Campbell-Johnston, represents the vendors, and is interested in the sale of the property.

The only contract to which the Company is a party is one dated January 14th, 1895, and made between John William Lennon, of Capetown and Johannesburg, and John Wakeman Greenwood, as trustee for and on behalf of this Company.

The above contract, with a print of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen, together with the original reports and plans herein referred to, at the offices of the Solicitors. Contracts have been, or may have been, entered into with third parties as to the subscription of the capital and promotion of this Company, to none of which the Company is a party. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of these latter contracts and to have waived their right (if any) to the dates of, names of parties to, or any other particulars concerning any such, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Acts, 1867, or otherwise.

Application for shares should be on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the bankers, brokers, solicitors, and at the offices of the Company.

The LISTS OPENED on MONDAY, 11th MARCH, and WILL CLOSE on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13th, for London, and THURSDAY for Country

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Government gold exhibit of specimens from British Guiana is now on view at Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES, Regent Street.

Concession granted after Government inspection and report.—Twenty miles of gold mining claims; water carriage from London to the property water power and timber on the spot.

PARENT COMPANY.

BRITISH GUIANA GOLD CONCESSION AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL £100,000,
Divided into 100,000 Shares or £1 each.
67,000 Shares are now offered for subscription, payable—
2s. 6d. per Share on Application;
7s. 6d. „ „ Allotment;
The balance in two payments of 5s. per Share at intervals of not less than two months.

DIRECTORS, ETC.

LOCAL ADVISORY BOARD:

THE HON. B. HOWELL JONES, Member of the Court of Policy (Legislative Council), and Director of Arakaka Placer and Mining Co., Georgetown, British Guiana.
THE HON ARTHUR WEBER, Member of the Court of Policy, Georgetown, British Guiana.
THE HON. E. C. LUARD, Member of the Court of Policy, Georgetown, British Guiana.
ARTHUR E. H. SWIFT, Georgetown, British Guiana.

LONDON DIRECTORS.

A. BOVELL, 46, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington.
PHILIP CHURCH, Corn Exchange, London.
WALTER SMITH, 24, Portland Place, Brighton; and Ashfield, Crescent Road, Crouch End, N.
ERNEST L. SWIFT Stansted, Essex, and Corn Exchange, London.

BANKERS.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 21, Lombard Street, E.C.; and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. MORGAN, PRICE, AND MEWBURN, 33, Old Broad Street, E.C.

COUNSEL IN GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.

LIONEL E. HAWTAYNE, Esq.

BROKERS.

Messrs. HAGGARD, HALE, AND PIXLEY, 26, Austin Friars, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro. tem.).

A. E. HOLLINGSWORTH, 248 & 249, GRESHAM HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

BRITISH GUIANA GOLD CONCESSION AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Parent Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring 73 Mining Claims, about 1,250 acres, or in length, measured laterally, 20 miles of Gold Mining Claims. Five hundred acres of this area is held by the Vendors under a specially granted Concession, with special privileges, granted by the Government of British Guiana. The territory is situated at Darina, on the Demerara River, in that Colony, and is in no way affected by the Venezuelan boundary question. It is proposed to work, develop, and deal with the properties acquired, to form subsidiary companies, and generally to act as a Mining, Finance, Exploration and Trading Company. The amount of the working Capital will enable the Company to acquire interests in other properties, with the view of disposing of same at a profit, and to take an important part in the development of this most promising new gold region.

The Colony is rapidly coming to the front as one of the richest gold-producing countries of the world, and has already exported £2,352,000 in bullion to England. The industry commenced with an export of 250 ounces in 1884. In South Africa, seventeen years elapsed before the fields there produced gold to the value of £200,000. British Guiana is no other than the El Dorado sought for by Sir Walter Raleigh, whence came the stored-up gold of Mexico and Peru, which are both silver countries. Tradition has always pointed in the direction of British Guiana as the source of supply, which is now proved, presumably, to be correct. The Colony is distant only 14 days from England. The climate of the hilly gold region has been found to be good by Englishmen resident there.

The Concession was unanimously granted by the Governor and Court of Policy (Legislative Council) of British Guiana, in full session, to the Vendors, as explorers and developers, after debate and consideration of the report of the specially-appointed officer sent to examine the property, H. I. Perkins, Esq., Assistant Crown Surveyor, Government Officer for the whole Colony, Member of Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, London; extracts from which report appear further on in the full prospectus. The Concession bears date 1st November, 1894.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Solicitors, or Brokers.

IN THE CITY.

THE JUDGES ON "RIGS."

The *Financial Times* has published sundry extracts from the judicial decisions upon which, presumably, it rests its opinion that the promoters and directors of Australia, Limited, can be convicted of conspiracy to defraud. But these extracts remind us of the counsel who based an elaborate argument on certain Acts. The argument was flawless in a way. Given the Acts the case was complete. But the bottom was knocked out of it by the judge's observation that these Acts had been repealed. Not that the judgments upon which our contemporary sets store have been upset by higher, or later, authority. They remain a true exposition of the law as it bears upon certain matters, only those matters have nothing to do with the present issue.

The first quotation relied upon by our contemporary is from a judgment by Mr. Justice Wright, who ruled that persons making an artificial price for the purpose of inducing the public to take shares are guilty of fraud; next, a judgment of Lord Ellenborough, dealing with false rumours circulated to send up the price of the public funds; then a decision of Lord Justice Lopes in a case where promoters had purchased shares for the purpose of bringing in the public by means of a bogus premium; and, finally, a similar case in which the late Master of the Rolls described such action as a conspiracy to defraud the public. None of these cases apply to the "Australia" "corner."

The promoters and directors of Australia, Limited, did not take the initiative. True, the promoters had a hand in making the market—in getting the shares quoted at a premium before allotment. But that is not the complaint. The charge of conspiracy concerns itself only with what was done after the shares were quoted at a premium. What, then, did the directors do? But first, what was the position when they met to allot? It was a peculiar one. The share capital of the company is £120,000. The price to be paid to the vendors was £100,000. It was stipulated that £33,000 should be paid in shares. The balance was to be paid "in shares or cash, at the option of the directors." If the directors paid all the purchase-money in shares—as they had the right to do—only 20,000 shares would be left. But then 20,000 had been privately subscribed. Says the prospectus, "20,000 (shares) have already been subscribed for." The public were invited to subscribe for 67,000, but they were not promised any. They might get all, a part, or none. They could not get any if the vendors were paid in shares alone, and the 20,000 were all allotted, as we assume they had to be. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

It may be argued that since 67,000 shares were offered for public subscription it could not have been the intention of the directors to give the vendors nothing but shares. Perhaps not, but they changed their intention, and the terms of the issue authorised them to change it, for they expressly reserved to themselves the right to make no allotment. To quote again from the prospectus, "The directors reserve the right to refuse to allot to any applicant for shares." That right they exercised. Meantime the dealers had sold largely at the comfortable premium at which the shares stood immediately before allotment. When the parent company was brought out a similar premium had disappeared upon allotment. The public got all the shares they applied for, and the vendors took all the cash they could get. The dealers expected a repetition of this procedure. Instead there was complete reversal. Like the Scots at Dunbar, they had delivered themselves into the hands of the enemy. The directors might have helped them by releasing shares. But suppose it had been the other way about?

It seems to us, then, that the cases cited by our contemporary are beside the point, and that the directors of Australia, Limited, have not overstepped the law. The promoters have made a heap of money. Jog-trot industry is not in it with them. But they could not have made this money if the dealers had not played into their hands by selling what they had not. There is the flaw in the indictment.

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, Q.C.

Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., is a very worthy gentleman, and usually performs his duties as County Court judge to the satisfaction of everybody in Newcastle, except, perhaps, some of the debtors. But just now he is being subjected to a good deal of adverse criticism in connection with what may be called the whitewashing of Mr. Alderman Quin. Mr. Quin was a director of the Guardian Building Society, a concern having large dealings with the people of Newcastle, and now in liquidation. Mr. Quin was examined by the Official Receiver, and at the close of his examination, and in spite of the strong protest of the Official Receiver, the judge ordered that his costs, as between attorney and client, should be paid. In making this order, Mr. Digby Seymour made the following observations, among others:

> Mr. Quin, you are a public man; you have attended these proceedings. It is evident to all of us that it gave you exquisite pain to be summoned in this way, and to have suggestions made and reflections upon your commercial honour in the city of Newcastle. A year has scarcely elapsed since you, as Mayor of this town, representing its municipal dignity and its commercial honour in a manner which won the praise of everybody, assisted by your excellent wife, gave a reception to the Duke of York. You naturally felt that it was somewhat exceptional for you and painful that you should be called upon in an open court, in the presence of all men, and subject, it might be, to misunderstandings or to unkind remarks, and be made subject to this enquiry.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Quin, but we are quite sure she is an "excellent" wife, and as charming as she is excellent. But what has the fact that there is a Mrs. Quin, or that Mrs. Quin "gave a reception to the Duke of York," or that Mrs. Quin's husband has represented the "municipal dignity" of Newcastle, to do with Mr. Quin, the director of the Guardian Building Society? If Mr. Digby Seymour thinks Mr. Quin should have his costs it is in his power to give them, but Mr. Quin and his fellow directors have brought much misery and loss upon Tyneside folk by action which Mr. Quin now admits to have been "improper," and under such circumstances Mr. Digby Seymour's twaddle about "municipal dignity" and the rest of it is very much out of place.

THE WATCH-SELLING TRICK.

Our exposure of the methods of sale resorted to by the agents of Hastings, Limited, has brought us much correspondence from the employers of other servant girls who have been persuaded to buy watches at exorbitant prices. As here:—

> The agent of Messrs. Milner and Co., of 4, Broad Street Buildings, Liverpool Street, who describe themselves as watch manufacturers, induced a half-witted girl in service at Pemberton Terrace, Upper Holloway, to buy upon the monthly payment system a silver watch and chain, for which Messrs. Milner and Co. charge £2 18s., an identical article being sold by respectable watchmakers at 17s. for the watch and 5s. 6d. for the chain, together £1 2s. 6d.

A lady sends us a letter addressed to a servant girl who had left her employment, but who whilst with her seems to have allowed one of the agents of Messrs. J. W. Milton and Co., of 47, Courthope Road, Gospel Oak, to leave a watch with her. The instalments were not paid, whereupon Messrs. Milton and Co. wrote to her as follows:—

> Miss Maud C——,
> With reference to silver watch and chain, as you have failed to send on as promised, we hereby give you notice that unless we receive the goods, or the amount of £2 16s. 6d., within six days, we shall apply for a warrant to arrest you for absconding with intent to cheat and defraud us of our property lent on hire only, in accordance with the terms of hire-agreement signed by you. Besides this you have given us a false address, so you must put up with the consequences, unless you comply with this request, as we intend to make an example of you.

In this case the girl seems to have acted improperly in retaining and going away with the watch, but we agree with her mistress, who writes:—"I cannot defend the girl, but I think Messrs. Milton's system of business can be even less defended."

A third correspondent, a Birmingham surgeon, writes us:—

> During the absence of myself and wife from home, a man representing himself to be the agent of Messrs. C. Stone and Co., 72, Whiteladies Road, Clifton, called at my house, and induced the housemaid to purchase a silver watch and chain. For this article, worth at the very most 12s. to 14s., he charged 47s. He did not take any deposit, did not even make definite terms, did not even leave his name, or the name of the firm he represented, but said he would write. About a week after the girl received a payment card, and a notice exactly as you describe, telling her to send on the money, 4s. to 5s per month, to Bristol.

Again we agree with our correspondent as to this "disgraceful method of trading, whereby ignorant, unsophisticated servant girls, carried away by the glamour of jewellery and credit, are induced to run themselves into debts they cannot possibly discharge, and so to become dishonest."

"PILING IT UP."

A correspondent who lives just outside Richmond, and who is one of those excellent citizens who show their dislike of rates by paying the call on presentation, that they may have no unnecessary reminder of the ills of life, complains that for six weeks his taps have given him no water. He and his household have had to be content with what they can scoop out of the Thames, and a polite—our correspondent could not be other than polite if he tried—request to the Grand Junction people to put up a stand pipe—not opposite his house, or within a stone's throw, but somewhere

within half a mile—has not received even the courtesy of acknowledgment. Instead, he has been presented with his usual water bill to be paid in advance. Now, even a worm will turn if you bother him enough, and it is—well, really it is a little trying to be asked for payment in advance for water supply when for half a quarter water paid for has not been supplied.

The gods, we are told, first blind those they wish to destroy, and it will seem to most people something like midsummer madness on the part of the water companies to treat the public—with whom it rests to settle terms of purchase—as they have treated them since Christmas. Our correspondent is a sound Conservative, but on this water question he is as bitter as the most rabid Radical. And so it is with thousands of other decent citizens.

With reference to a remark that appeared in our correspondence columns last week the secretary of the Anglo-Californian Land and Improvement Company, Limited, writes to us to say that "the only case in which the company requires payment down before arriving at the place selected is when an investment is made under contract with the company, by which they guarantee, through a reliable insurance office, to secure a certain agreed return from the investmeut till the trees arrive at maturity—about four years—as well as undertaking to give remunerative employment to the investor during the same period."

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

The Tanquerey Portrait Society.—These people date from 29, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, and profess to supply "a crayon portrait free of charge." They make this offer a roundabout way of selling frames at prices which, of course, cover—and probably much more than cover—the so-called free portrait. And who, by the way, is the Mr. T. Heard, of the Imperial Russian Consulate, Hull, whose letter heads the list of testimonials? Mr. Heard should know that simple folk are misled by the appearance of official *imprimatur*.

NEW ISSUES.

British Guiana Gold Concession and Development Company, Limited. Capital, £100,000.—Formed to work a number of mining claims on the Demerara River. We do not know much about the London directors, but the local advisory board is composed of leading colonists, and men of high repute. British Guiana is coming to the front as a gold-producing country, and is infinitely richer than Coolgardie.

The East Nigel Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital, £125,000.—Formed to work gold-mining properties on the Nigel Reef. The reports speak highly of the value of these properties, and the company should have a prosperous future before it.

The Bamboo Cycle Company. Capital, £80,000.—This company is to use bamboo instead of steel in the manufacture of cycles, and for this "invention" the public are asked to pay £60,000. We cannot believe they will be such fools.

Van den Bergh's Margarine, Limited. Capital, £950,000.—To take over the margarine business of Messrs. Van den Bergh, of Rotterdam. It is a good business, and the figures given in the prospectus indicate large and rapidly-growing profits. With one exception Messrs. Van den Bergh are the largest manufacturers of Margarine in Europe, and their works at Rotterdam are of a very elaborate and up-to-date kind. The company will be managed for the next seven years by the three sons of old Simon, the founder of the business, and they are very capable business men. We do not see why the output should not continue to increase. The weak point is the very large sum paid for goodwill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The National Retail Jewellers' Association. T. F. (Aylesbury).—We are obliged to you for the papers, and your kindly appreciation of our exposure of the watch-selling trick. **Great Northern and City Railway Company.** Bubble Buster (Manchester).—Be kind enough to send us your name and address. **Outside Brokers.** W. H. (Sheffield).—1. They are persons of no standing. 2. We cannot undertake to give the winning numbers of Lottery Bonds. **Orion (New) and Langlaagte.** A. S. (Wiesbaden).—Take your profit. As to "how many years yet of life there may be in each," that is a question it would take a wiser man than any about this office to answer. **Birkbeck Building Society.** H. J. V. (Bermondsey).—It is a perfectly safe society. So is the other you name. **J. R Roberts, Limited.** (Southsea).—We think these shares worth the price you quote. **Smith and Beresford.** A. T. (Littlebrough). It is the old story. You had better write off the loss. **Stock Exchange Terms.** Mrs. F. (Midleton). — The words you quote are contradictory. Will you send us the printed quotation? **Minas and Rio Railway Shares.** ——— (Manchester). — Yes, but sell on any substantial rise. **Provident Association of London.** A. E. J. (Widnes).—The answer to both questions is "Yes." **Prospecting Party.** J. S. G. (Barnstaple).—We said "West Australia," not "South Africa." **Zapopan Gold Mine.** Wemyss (Glasgow).—Better leave it alone. **Outside Broker.** An Admirer (Belfast). —Have nothing to do with the people whose circular you send us. **Palace Theatre Shares.** Brooklands.—A fair speculative purchase at the price you name. **John North and Company.** M. T. E. (Stockwell).—The information is not sufficient to enable us to advise you. **Sundry Speculations.** J. B. S. (Downpatrick).—All highly speculative. **Safe Investment.** J. B. J. (Lytham).—The sum is too small to invest in stocks of the kind you mention. **Working "An Idea."** E.J.P.(West Holloway).—If there is nothing you can protect by patent, you must take the risk of possible competition; and if you want to form a company to work your idea, and are afraid of a company promoter, your only resource, not having the capital yourself, is a capitalist. But whether any "honest trustworthy business man" would be likely to find the money requisite is a point upon which we can express no opinion until you explain your "idea." **Cunliffe, Russell and Co.** T. H. C. (Worthing).—We take note of what you say. The incident is closed, so far as we are concerned. **Norman and Stacey, Limited.** E. B. (West Kensington).—They are respectable, and will treat you fairly. We have no information as to their "entirely new furnishing system." **Money Lenders** (Sunderland).—We have read your letter with interest, and agree with much of it. **Lewis, Hepworth, and Co., Limited.** C. M. (Epping).—It is the old story of glowing promise and frail performance. Your papers, which we now return, disclose little as to the absence of dividends, and we fear you can do nothing but wait and hope. The outlook is not cheering. **Beach and Harris, Limited.** W. F. H. (Spalding).—We understand that they were passed. **Olympia, Limited.** Latimer (Forest Gate).—1 and 2. Yes. 3. The company holds the freehold property at West Kensington. 4. It is not the description of share we should recommend for a person in the position you describe. **Bank of Australia, Limited.** Scot (Edinburgh).—We should hold for a time. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** O. W. (Cardiff).—It should have taken place. You will get particulars from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of 10, Place de la Bourse, Paris, who are the European agents. **Bartholomey's.** N. B. (Dublin).—1. It is a sound investment. 2. The drapery business will be offered shortly. **Hemp, Yarn, and Cordage Company.** Mrs. E. M. R. (Penrith).—We sympathise with you, but the call must be met, and there is the power to charge the ten per cent. interest after March 21st. **Bayley's Reward.** D. T. W. (Ladybank).—1. It is a toss-up. We should be disposed to hold on the chance of recovery. 2. We know nothing of the outside broker you name. **Elliott Smoke Combustion Company.** F. J. (Clapham Junction).—Sell if you have the chance. **Transvaal Gold and Exploration Company.** W. G. A. (Helensburgh).—1. We believe in taking "a handsome profit." 2. We do not think Day Dawns worth holding. 3. Sell the Kangarillas for what you can get. 4. Orions are too high. **Denver and Rio Grande Five per Cent. Gold Bonds.** Gold. (Forfar).—Yes. **The San Miguel Silver Mines, Limited.** W. B. (Hythe).—Leave them to those who are recommending them. **Provident Association of London.** J. G. (Walham Green).—The point is one of considerable difficulty. At first the Association made no difference between original members and those who held transferred Bonds. But it was found, especially after the agitation of 1888, that wreckers and others had bought a number of Bonds at rubbish prices with the object of harassing the Association and making money out of it. It was absolutely necessary to put a stop to this, and the amended rule of 1889 did so. Your Bond appears to have been taken out three or four months before this rule came into operation. We have had some correspondence with the Association on the subject, and we are informed by the Managing Director that the directors will be prepared to consider applications from transferees of Bonds issued between 1884-89 upon their merits. We understand this to mean that where an 1884-89 bond has been transferred in ordinary course to a person who, if he were an original bondholder would be entitled to an advance, a responsible person, the loan will be granted. If that is done your complaint will be met. **The Richard Green Building Society.** Aberafon (London).—We cannot answer your question without knowledge of the value of the properties upon which the society has advanced its moneys, which we do not possess. **Municipal Building Society.** G. S. (Leicester).—Yes, at any rate for the time being. **North Sheba Limited.** A. G. (Bristol).—They are likely to go better. Crushings are expected shortly. **Co-operative Credit Bank.** W. E. H. E. (Edinburgh).—1. We take note that you received the Banner Oakley circular in a price list sent you by a Leeds firm. The proposal to re-establish this bank is a very impudent one. 2. Have nothing to do with the other people. **Safe Deposit.** Zox (Sukhum Kaleh).—We think your friend has given you good advice. You have omitted to send us your name. Send it and we shall have pleasure in answering your other questions **Outside Brokers.** (Forfar).—Have nothing to do with the people you name.

INSURANCE.

Provident Life Office. H. B. (Bury St. Edmunds).—As the age has been understated two courses are open. Either deduct from the amount assured and bonuses the sum of the unpaid premiums plus compound interest at say four and a half per cent., or deduct from the amount assured and bonuses an amount proportionate to the unpaid premium. The office no doubt has fixed upon one of these plans as a practice in such cases (which are curiously rather frequent), and it probably is stated in one of the conditions of the policy. **Life Assurance.** A. G. (Lincoln). — Endowment assurances are best suited for most people under forty years of age. You incur no liability by becoming a policy-holder in a real life assurance company, beyond losing part of the sum assured. The Scottish Equitable is well managed and eminently respectable. The Midland Counties is amalgamated with the Royal. The Royal pays a splendid bonus. The Royal is a good office. **Endowment Assurance.** I. (Bath). — You will not do better than with the office you have numbered 2, the Liverpool, London, and Globe. **Life Policy for £5,000.** Beaurepor (Liverpool).—We recommend you to divide the assurance between the Equity and Law and the Hand in Hand. **Equitable of New York.** F. W. H.—Will you be good enough to give us the date of the policy and let us have a sight of the document containing the promises or estimates? It shall be returned to you. **New York Life Office.** Scotsman (Dowanhill).—The company is quite sound, but whether you, or rather your executors, would receive as much under a policy as the agent tells you is quite another matter. **Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.** X. X. X. (Manchester).—1. You are not entitled to a cash surrender value at the end of ten years. If the company pay such it is an *ex-gratia* payment. 2. The company does not lend money on security of its policies. 3. The omission of the British manager to give you any information on the point should lead you to conclude that a fresh medical examination would be necessary at the end of twenty years in case you desired to convert the cash bonus into a reversionary bonus. **Press Accident Insurance Company.** P. A. (Maldon).—As no names of persons appear upon the papers, nor any information as to its monetary resources, we advise you to have nothing to do with it. **Four Life Offices.** Q. H. B. (Glasgow).—All four are good offices, but what you have been told you would receive from the Equitable of New York is the result of an estimate, and we distrust estimates. We think you would do best with the Royal Exchange, but the Legal and General can do very well for you. We do not think the Scottish Amicable is able to do quite as well for the public as it did formerly. **Edinburgh Employers' Liability and General Assurance Company.** G.H.R.—The Rev. J. A. Smith, of the Free Church, Newcastleton, sued the directors, not as representing the company, but individually, for damages sustained by reason of mis-statement of facts, and they were glad to settle with him. See the *Edinburgh News* of 30th January last. Write the rev. plaintiff as to who acted as his solicitor, and then employ the same gentleman. Be sure you do not go to any other solicitor. **Gresham Life Office.** Vino (Whitby).—Yes, we think so. **Prudential Assurance Company.** J. H. C. (Geneva).—Cast your eye over the particulars published in another column. You need have no fear about the £1,000 being paid when you die, or on the expiration of the fifteen years. The Prudential is the greatest institution of its kind in the world. **Purchase of Annuity.** E. C. H. (Manchester).—Try the Sun Life of Canada. **Star Life Office.** J. A. B. (Chester).—You must have misunderstood what we wrote last week. We write you under cover. **Fire, Art, and General Insurance Company.** H. W. (Belfast). — We do not advise the transfer.

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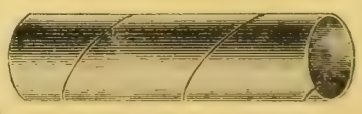
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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The approaching dispute in the boot trade is one of those lamentable events that make one almost despair of the future of the country. With the foreigner pressing upon us at every point, with our trade monthly diminishing, with our factories closing for want of work, and our rivals watching their every chance to slip in and take our every industry away from us, the boot trade seems to have deliberately conspired to commit suicide. American manufacturers have for years been eager to get their goods on to the English market. Up to the present this trade has been one of the few that has not been much injured by outside competition. The English workmen have kept it comparatively to themselves. Now they have made up their minds to give our friends across the pond an excellent opportunity of ousting them. For some two or three months the boot factories will be closed; at once the market will be flooded with American work, and we may be sure that the wily Yankee, having once got his foot inside the door, will never go out again.

According to the estimate of the labour papers, some 50,000 workmen will be thrown out of employment, with the chance that not 30,000 will ever go back again. All the long misery of a strike will be upon us—men, women, and children starving, small shop-keepers half-ruined, twenty other trades connected with boot manufacture permanently injured, want and misery, hate, anger, and violence let loose throughout the land—and the foreigner laughing in his sleeve while he looks on. These campaigns are entered upon lightly by both sides. The leaders of the men make glib promises of support to the workers, and talk loosely about funds which do not exist, and promises of help which they know will never be kept. The masters talk about the necessity of firmness and combination, and are sure that they can bring the men to reason before any permanent injury is inflicted upon the trade. When both sides are brought down to the verge of ruin an utterly unsatisfactory compromise is agreed upon, which angers both parties and benefits neither. The masters reopen their factories with an exhausted capital and lost contracts. The workmen return to their labour, their small savings lost, their few belongings pawned or sold, and weighed down with debt.

In this case the dispute seems to have arisen from the union workmen objecting to the introduction of new machinery. Do the unions really think that they can stop the progress of civilisation? No doubt it is hard for the particular generation of workmen which sees these labour-saving appliances introduced into their workshops; but the loss caused to them by improved machinery is small compared with the misery they inflict upon themselves by these strikes. For the community as a whole, for the future generations, every improvement in machinery is a gain. It increases production, it gives greater scope to labour. When steam was introduced, a large body of deserving and innocent workmen had to suffer. Hotels and inns were ruined throughout the country, and their employées turned adrift. Thousands of coach-builders must have starved. Horse-breakers, ostlers, grooms must have lost their places. But steam has given employment to a thousand men for every one that earned his living in stable or coachyard. So it is with all progress. The steamboat ruins the sail-maker. The cotton loom starves the cottage weaver. The Linotype takes work from the compositor. But, at the same time, they enlarge the bounds of labour as a whole. They open up new fields of enterprise and industry for the future. For the leaders of a trade union to think it is in their power to stay the hands upon the clock of time, proves them to be thinkers unworthy to guide their fellow-men.

In Pitt's day our request for Jabez Balfour's extradition would have been sent to Argentina accompanied by a couple of men-of-war and five hundred men of the line, and we should have had him back within six months. But since those days we have grown to be a very timid and a very circumspect nation. Even among the daring spirits of this day who advocate strong measures the only plan suggested is that we should *buy* Jabez Balfour from the Argentine Republic; and the simple solution of an ironclad, furnished with instructions to wait for the Argentine Government's reply for two hours before firing the first shot into Buenos Ayres would make a modern English Prime Minister hide his head under the bed-clothes with fear. We appear to be incapable of fighting with any other metal than gold. We have forgotten the great persuasive powers that our forefathers found in steel and iron. Verily Napoleon described us properly when he dubbed us a nation of shop-keepers.

Fortunately for the cause of fair play Lord Charles Beresford is far too important and influential a person for the grave injustice done to him to be lightly passed over or forgotten. Similar injustice, we know, is committed year after year by the Lords of the Admiralty upon men who are not in a position to make their case public, and thus the wrong-doing never comes to light; but in playing shabby tricks on Lord Charles they will find themselves face to face with that which they will find it difficult to bully or cajole—and that is the public. Of course, a "perfectly satisfactory answer" has been found to the accusations. I never knew a piece of jobbery committed in high places that was not most easily

and satisfactorily explained by some glib politician put up to do this rather contemptible work. But one can rest assured that Lord Charles's affair will not be allowed to remain where it is, and the Government will be forced to do something more than evade the direct question and dodge the real issue.

Lord Charles Beresford's frank and useful criticism of Admiralty folly has, of course, made him unpopular with the authorities; added to which he is a brilliant sailor, and has accomplished splendid services for his country. Either of these last two facts would be sufficient to make him disliked at the Board of Admiralty. Dull mediocrity has always been the ideal of service, both in the Admiralty and in the Horse Guards. The whole history of the English navy goes to show that no sailor ever yet proved himself the possessor of exceptional ability, that no commander ever yet performed a worthy service, without incurring the displeasure of those who call themselves his superiors. In both services genius and success have ever been rewarded by the active anger of the board of elderly incompetents, who seem to have been appointed by the nation for no other purpose than to injure and humiliate its best servants. The charge brought against the Admiralty authorities is that they have sought to injure Lord Charles Beresford's position out of pure spite, and by methods that no honourable man would resort to. The case calls for searching investigation.

Mr. W. H. Pannell, Chairman of the Central Markets Committee for last year, kindly sends me an advance report of the meat trade during 1894. From this report it appears that the total amount of meat delivered into the metropolis was 340,957 tons. Of this some 184,000 tons were home produce, and 156,000 tons imported. From America we received 71,900 tons, as against 56,000 tons for 1893. So that at this rate the American farmer, in addition to having ousted the English producer in the wheat market, will very soon be making it impossible for him even to rear cattle, which is at present the only profitable thing left to him. Free trade is an excellent thing. When nothing is produced in England, and everything is imported, perhaps the Government will see to the importation of a little gold and silver to pay for it.

I am glad to see that Mr. William Archer is raising his powerful voice against the growing danger of stage censorship. I should have been still more pleased with his observations if he had acknowledged his indebtedness to To-Day for the material upon which he based his arguments. I find that most of my contemporaries seem to regard my columns as public property. The stage censorship in this age is a deliberate and wanton insult to the British public, and one which, if they had the slightest spirit in them and were not—as far as the majority of the theatrical public goes—a body of court-ridden snobs, they would sweep away in a moment. Her Majesty may be the most excellent lady in the land, but I have as much objection to her dictating to me what plays I shall listen to and what plays I am not to hear as I have to our prudes regulating my literature. The age for this sort of interference from high places has passed away; a stage censorship is a relic of feudalism, and it is monstrous that it should still survive.

Here is a simple, unvarnished tale, culled from the columns of the newspaper. John Thomas Clayden, a well-dressed man, of Bushill Park, Enfield, was summoned for assaulting his wife. Mrs. Clayden, a little and delicate-looking woman, with one of her eyes discoloured, stated that on the evening of February 26th, when her husband came home, she asked if they could not manage to live together more happily than they had done during the nine years since they were married. Her husband replied that she must not hinder him in his work for Christ; and went on to say that he hated her with a murderous hate, and in about a fortnight, when he had fulfilled a pending engagement to deliver a religious address, he would "give her something." To impress her with an idea of what this something would be, he knocked her off her chair and blacked her eye. Mrs. Clayden said her husband had been cruel to her on many occasions. Corroborative evidence was given.

The chairman asked what was the organisation in connection with which the defendant preached. It appears that it was the Independent Church at Lower Edmonton. This is a man who goes about preaching Christianity to his fellowmen. One can hardly blame poor Thomas Clayden for the absurdity. He has probably gathered, listening to his betters, that Christianity is a religion that has nothing to do with kindly human feelings. He has probably imagined, listening to the Christianity of the present day, that a Christian should be brutal and savage to all those with whom he does not agree. He probably intended to knock Christianity into Mrs. Clayden, as his teachers would knock Christianity into men by the aid of the policeman, and by the terrors of the gaol. That Christianity should have anything to do with such foolish tenets as "Love one another," "Think no evil," "Do good to them that hate you," "Have charity," would probably be a revelation to John Thomas Clayden. There is much excuse for John Thomas Clayden's error. I would advise him to leave the chapels and the churches alone for a little while, and instead to read his Bible. He will gain many new ideas on this subject of Christianity.

Literary tragedy, by a curious convention, generally takes place amid romantic surroundings, and in towns or villages that have pleasantly-sounding names. Real tragedy is not so particular; it may occur in those very suburbs that your common and superior critic (privately behind with his rent for one room in a thirty-pound Clapham villa) always refuses in public prints to take seriously. Wherever people live—whether in Park Lane or in Tooting—there are all the raw materials that tragedy requires. The Tooting tragedy, that horrified London at the close of last week, has already been reported, with every sickening detail, in the daily Press. In half-an-hour, early on Thursday morning, eight lives were taken in one house. The irresponsible agent in this tragedy was no criminal; he was, up to the time of his madness, a good husband and father, a good workman, steady, temperate, high-principled.

It is not surprising that a tragedy of so sensational a character should have called forth a good deal of comment in the Press, or that the comment should

itself have been emotional and ill-judged. The *Weekly Sun*, for instance, closes its leader on the subject with these words:—"One more victim he of the chaos into which our industrial system has fallen. 'Tis pitiful—'tis wondrous pitiful!" I am not proposing to prove that our industrial system is perfect, and I need not say that the obvious remark that the Tooting tragedy is pitiful is perfectly true. But if we are to come down to plain matter-of-fact, the direct cause of the tragedy was not "the chaos into which our industrial system has fallen" at all. At the time of the tragedy Taylor had work, and a week's wages had removed some of the more pressing needs of his family; very poor though they were, it appears that they always had food. The direct cause of the tragedy seems to have been delirium brought on by an attack of influenza.

But, it may be urged, Taylor had been out of work for some time, and this had helped to weaken and depress him. Even so, I do not see where the chaotic state of our industrial system comes in. Taylor was a plasterer, and even before this supposed chaos it has not been customary, or possible, for building operations to be carried on during a hard frost. If delirium was the direct, the recent extraordinary weather may be taken to be the indirect cause; and neither of these things has any connection whatever with chaos or industrial systems. When one is writing "at the top of one's voice," with a view to impressiveness, one cannot be expected to be coldly accurate; but the want of clear-headedness, which finds its explanations for every tragedy in such vague terms as "unfortunate economic conditions" or "chaos of the industrial system," is none the less deplorable. Lazy people, who suffer for their own fault, will find in such empty tirades an excuse made to the hand.

At the same time, I do not want to imply that the tragedy was solely the result of forces against which it is impossible to fight. In such a climate as ours, it is unwise for a man to confine himself to a trade which stops dead in time of frost; he should have another string to his bow. It is unwise, also, to consider that the influenza is not a serious complaint; it may be a mere trifle, but it may lead to a condition in which actual restraint is necessary. And, lastly, I would urge, as I have urged before, that if those who want to help humanity would help the cases near them, those which are personally known to them, more good would be done than by vague denunciations or equally vague aspirations towards some Socialist's ideal. Surely somebody or other must have known the desperate condition to which Taylor's family was being reduced, and might have managed to help them.

I noticed the other day a paragraph of a kind with which I am too familiar. It described how "a well-known firm of American publishers"—their name is never given—had offered Tolstoi so many dollars a word if he would write for them. A short and simple sum in arithmetic will generally show anyone who knows anything about authorship and the business of publishing how little reliance can be placed on such paragraphs. But to the outside public they may be dangerously alluring. There are, of course, no great money prizes in the profession of literature, and it is a very overcrowded profession. There is room in the place where there is always room—at the top of the tree, and the best and most popular authors can make a decent livelihood; but the average man of the provinces will be grievously mistaken if he thinks that Tolstoi or anyone else can make dollars a word. Literature has its rewards, but they are not paid in coin. And it by no means follows that, even if Tolstoi could make dollars a word, the ordinary young man could make, say, a penny a page. It is a pity that a respectable evening paper should print these stupid stories.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

H. H. R. brings a very grave indictment against the Salford Councillors. He tells me that the soup tickets issued in Salford during the recent hard weather have been made use of by those councillors who are tradesmen to force people to deal with them. He goes on to say that a very deserving woman applied for a soup ticket at a shop occupied by one of these councillors. She was told they were only given to their own customers. If these tickets are provided at the expense of the charitable public of Salford and are entrusted to the councillors to distribute, then such action as this would not only be dishonest, but disgraceful and discreditable to a degree that it is difficult to imagine, and I should like further particulars, more especially the names and addresses of the tradesmen referred to. Continuing, my correspondent tells me that a young lady whose parents had subscribed to the fund applied to the mayor asking for a few tickets to distribute. Her request was refused because she was not a councillor's daughter. Perhaps the mayor of Salford may think the matter grave enough to write to me on the subject.

F. J.—Have you read the election speeches, addresses, and pamphlets by some of the members of the Progressive party? I can find no word for them other than cant and blasphemy. The Progressives do include prudes within their ranks. What do you call men like Williams and McDougall? Why don't common-sense members of the party insist that their leaders should not misrepresent them?

G. D. calls my attention to the cool impudence—to say nothing of dishonesty—on the part of the *Glasgow Evening News*, which calmly takes paragraphs from To-Day, without any acknowledgment whatever, and palms them off on its readers as original matter.

Constant Reader.—As a rule I doubt stories of teetotal lecturers drinking on the sly. I have no love for these gentry, but, to be frank, one must admit that generally they are intensely earnest folk, added to which fact the majority of them do not like beer or spirits; indeed, that is often the reason for their being teetotalers.

D. E. H.—We do not mind their raving as long as they confine their antics to themselves. M. T. S.—It is of a class with much of the literature circulated by these fanatics. The consolation is that nobody reads it but themselves. B. R. J.—It certainly seems unreasonable that a comparative stranger to the neighbourhood, and a man who will be leaving in two or three years time, should sit on your parish council and handle your rates; but the fault lies with your electors, it seems to me. J. L. (Newcastle).—There is no agency which would look after the placing of your play—at least, no respectable agency. Hubert.—Pitman's is practically the only system of shorthand worth considering. C. H. P. (Birmingham).—Apply to the offices of the Church Defence Association.

Auld Reekie.—Doctors' Commons no longer exists. You can obtain an opinion on the legality of a marriage from any solicitor. If you are an annual subscriber see particulars regarding legal advice, and follow the instructions given and your inquiry will be answered without charge.

Rich and Poor at Liverpool.—Some half-dozen correspondents have drawn my attention to two cases decided at Liverpool City Police-court last week, in which a gentleman of means, who was travelling with an expired season-ticket, was allowed to go scot free, while a workman charged with attempting to defraud the same railway company of a penny was fined twenty shillings and costs. There always has been one law for the rich and one for the poor, and I suppose there always will be, though flagrant cases of this kind are happily growing rarer.

Jack.—Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

J. A. B. (Liverpool) draws my attention to a strange case which seems to have happened about a month ago at Birkenhead. A woman was discovered lying upon some waste ground in an unconscious and nearly naked condition. The police were informed of the fact, but allowed some three hours to elapse before removing her to the station; the result of which was that, in spite of her being healthy and well-nourished, she died from the exposure. The Birkenhead coroner seems to have made no inquiry into the case whatever. The girl may have been criminally assaulted, or drugged, or robbed. If my correspondent's facts are correct the Birkenhead coroner does

not know his work, and the Birkenhead police seem to have strange notions of their duty.

Bimetallism.—A week or two ago a correspondent asked me whether he could obtain Bimetallist literature. Mr. John A. Tweedale, author of a Bimetallist pamphlet entitled "The Silver Question of To-day," tells me that the secretary of the Bimetallist League, 69, Lombard Street, E.C., will send free to anyone applying for them a selection of pamphlets dealing with the question. Mr. Tweedale also suggests that my correspondent and others interested should read "Jevon's Money," "F. A. Walker's Money," "Barclay's Silver Question," and "The Gold Question." Messrs. Effingham Wilson and Co., 11, Royal Exchange, also write me that they publish pamphlets on Bimetallism.

H. A.—I like John Burns because he is one of the few public men who don't cant. Right or wrong he says what he means. If you have read To-Day you will have seen that I have often disagreed from him. When he threatened, as he practically did in his speech after the County Council election, that he would try to reduce the park-keepers' wages because he thought they had voted against him, of course he did that which was utterly discreditable, but then he had the courage to make this threat openly. The rest of his party are probably intending to do it, but will take care to say nothing about it.

Beth.—Your friend should send her article, not to publishers, but to newspapers and magazines. It's wearying work, I know.—This paper "is full up," that paper "doesn't want it"; the other paper "never reads it." But it is the path that everybody has to tread.

Admirer, who does not want to part with his own To-Day, suggests that subscribers should occasionally send to this office names and addresses of their friends to whom they think a copy of To-Day could usefully be sent. We should be happy to send specimen copies to anyone whose name and address is thus forwarded.

Perplexed Lover.—I could not take the responsibility of advising you on such a momentous question with so very little data as you give me. It seems on first reflection that you ought to marry the girl you have injured, even against your parents' wishes, but there may be circumstances I know not of which render such a course unadvisable.

Essequibo.—It is extremely likely that many of the crests in everyday use have their origin purely in the imaginations of their owners. I don't think any particular harm would happen to you if you liked to concoct one and use it. Of course Somerset House would get the advantage, by charging you for the use of it.

Norwich Union.—The chief arguments to be found against the active interference of women with affairs outside their own home are to be found in the Old and New Testaments. Nature herself has supplied the practical side of the argument.

Light.—I cannot agree with you that there is any necessity for deformed children; and by deformed I mean, of course, in the plain sense the word implies—*i.e.*, creatures not born in accord with the laws of Nature. I have heard these poor things curse the parents who brought them into the world and left them there. You, with the free use of your limbs, a man who can face other men and not be ashamed, can have no idea of the endless hell this world is to the deformed.

E. W.—I don't write every word in To-Day, but I am quite prepared to defend my City Editor's phrase "played the Jew." The word "Jew" has, unfortunately, come to have a meaning quite apart from its racial definition. The fault lies not with those who use the phrase, but with those who made it usable. That there are thousands of upright, gentlemanly Jews one is only too glad to admit, but that the black sheep among them have gained for the word "Jew" an unpleasant significance it would be childish to deny. If there were no justification in the epithet there would be no sting.

R. A. B.—I don't consider drink a curse; I consider it a blessing when used in moderation. Anything used in excess would be a curse. There is a deal of exaggerated talk about the evil of drink, and the extremely useful purpose that it serves is overlooked.

C. C. R. wishes to know the answer to the riddle: "Sisters and brothers have I none, but this man's father was my father's son." I am not good at riddles myself. C. B.—I quite agree with you that the sentence on such a blackguard as Arthur Branson, of Stockton-on-Tees, was utterly inadequate. It seems impossible to get magistrates to take a proper view of brutality. G. S. C.—I thank you for your letter and enclosure. You will never make a narrow-minded man take broad views. F. M. (Putney).—I regret I cannot do anything in the matter.

To-morrow.—We publish an index for each volume of To-Day. H. B. G.—There are thirteen numbers to a volume, and the present one commenced with No. 66. W. S.—Your query has already been answered in these columns. The pamphlet on temperance can be obtained from Mr. F. Baker, Ely, Cardiff. Cadet.—I know nothing of the association you mention; your best plan is to apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster. A. V. C.—I have replied to your query before. I do not know the address of the society you name, neither is it to be found in the "London Directory." J. H. P. (Birkenhead).—I certainly agree with you that your coroner, Dr. Churton, should be urged to rest from his labours. S. W. B.—You say you have not studied the subject. It is rather a complicated one, and I am sure you would change your views if you gave careful consideration to the matter. You can't replace coin by paper; the moment paper is not backed by actual metal it falls utterly in value. If you ever travel in Italy you will experience this. B. W.—See answer to "Bimetallism." I daresay I shall be referring to the subject again, but you must not expect me to discuss the matter at length. Your letter shows that you have not studied the question.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

The LIST of SUBSCRIPTIONS for the PREFERENCE SHARES opens this day (Tuesday), March 12th, and will be CLOSED on or before THURSDAY, March 14th, both for Town and Country.

VAN DEN BERGH'S MARGARINE (Limited.)

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

Capital .. .. £950,000.

(Divided into 90,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, and 100,000 Ordinary Shares of £5 each.)

The Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and will rank both for capital and dividend preferentially before the Ordinary Shares of the Company. The dividends will be paid half-yearly on the 1st March and the 1st September. The first interim dividend on the amounts paid up will be payable on the 1st September, 1895.

ISSUE of the 90,000 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES, of £5 each (£450,000), of which 20,000 Shares (£100,000) have been subscribed by the Directors and their friends in cash at par, and will be allotted in full, and the balance of 70,000 Shares (£350,000) are NOW OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION at par, payable as follows: 10s. on Application, £2 on Allotment, £2 10s. on 7th April, 1895.

DIRECTORS

Lord EBURY, Moor Park, Rickmansworth, *Chairman.*
Herbert B. Praed, Esq., 29, St. James's Place, S.W.
Jacob Van Den Bergh, Esq., 21, Mincing Lane, E.C.
Henry Van Den Bergh, Esq., 21, Mincing Lane, E.C.
Arnold Van Den Bergh, Esq., Rotterdam, Holland.
(With power to add.)

Bankers.—The City Bank (Limited), Threadneedle Street, E.C., and their Branches.

Solicitors.—Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.; Walter B. Styer, 2, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Brokers.—Panmure Gordon, Hill, and Co., Hatton Court, E.C.; Pim, Vaughan, and Co., 1, Draper's Gardens, E.C.

Secretary (pro. tem.) and Offices.—J. Martin, 21, Mincing Lane, E.C

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company has been formed to acquire the business of Messrs. Van den Bergh Brothers, of No. 21, Mincing Lane, and Simon Van den Bergh, of Rotterdam and Cleves, which is one of the largest in Europe for the manufacture and sale of margarine or butter substitutes, a firmly-established commercial product, for which there is a great demand. The business has been carried on since 1874, and the excellence of the products of the firm is well known.

Messrs. W. H. Pannell and Co. have audited the firm's books for some years, and they have been further examined by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., who report as follows:

44, Gresham-street, E.C., 2nd March, 1895.

The Directors Van den Bergh's Margarine (Limited).

Gentlemen,—We have examined the books of Messrs. Van den Bergh Brothers, of London, and of Mr. Simon Van den Bergh, of Rotterdam and Cleves, carrying on business as margarine manufacturers at London, Rotterdam, and Cleves, for the three years ending 31st December last. The three establishments, although carried on under two different firms, belong to one proprietary.

We find that the profits earned during the above-named period, after making provision for bad debts, depreciation on buildings, plant, machinery and trade utensils, without charging interest on borrowed money, were as follows:—

For the year ending 31st December, 1892 ..... £64,498 19s. 1d.
" " " 1893 ..... £80,736 19s. 8d.
" " " 1894 ..... £103,361 12s. 10d.

During the last year the prices of raw materials were considerably lower than in the two previous years, enabling the increased profit to be earned, notwithstanding lower selling prices

The interest paid on borrowed money amounted for the three years to £3,995 13s. 7d., £5,119 18s. 3d., and £4,661 12s. 11d., respectively.—We are, Gentlemen, your obedient servants,

Price, Waterhouse, and Co.

In addition to their general powers of creating a reserve fund the Directors have determined that after the Preference dividend has been paid and before any dividend is paid upon the Ordinary shares a sum equal to at least 10 per cent. of the remaining net profits of each year shall be carried to reserve and be invested in first-class securities. Provision to this effect has been accordingly made in the Company's articles of association.

The business is taken over as a going concern.

The freehold property and plant taken over by the Company have been inspected and valued by Messrs. Weatherall and Green (whose report is annexed) at £137,486. The stock-in-trade, cash in hand and book debts, less liabilities to trade creditors and to the partners for undrawn profits, as taken on 31st December last, together with a sum of £50,000 provided by the vendors as additional working capital, amount to £142,784, making a total of £280,270.

The re-election of two of the Directors and of the Auditors will be in the hands of Preference shareholders.

The price has been fixed by the Vendors at £950,000, payable as to £500,000 in the whole of the Ordinary share capital, and the balance in cash.

The business will be taken over as from the 1st January, 1895, and the profits from this date will belong to the Company. The outstanding book debts are guaranteed by the Vendors.

The contracts entered into by and on behalf of the Company for the acquisition of the business, and which are dated March 7th, 1895, and made between the Vendors of the one part and Mr. John Martin of the other part, and the statutory declaration of Messrs. Jacob and Henry Van den Bergh (verifying the number of customers and the paragraph referring to the English Branch) can be seen at the Office of the Company's Solicitor, No. 2, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

The other usual contracts relating solely to the carrying on of the business cannot, on account of their length, be specified in detail, and applicants for shares shall be deemed to have waived the insertion of the particulars thereof, and to accept the above as a sufficient compliance with Section 38 of "The Companies Act, 1867."

It is intended to apply for a settlement and official quotation on the London Stock Exchange in due course.

Applications for shares should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers.

London, March, 1895.

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—As I told you last week, the influenza coming so sharply on top of the frost has shaken the foundations of stageland.

His Excellency has not yet run two hundred nights at the Lyric, but it is already doomed. This will be pleasant news for W. S. Gilbert, who is due home from the West Indies on Monday! The expenses at the Lyric are, I believe, about £960 per week. The show is run on a sharing arrangement, Horace Sedger finding "the front of the house," and taking 25 per cent. of the gross. The winding-up of the Lyric Theatre Company and the appointment of a receiver has, however, complicated matters. Under ordinary circumstances the run would probably have been continued in the hope of business reviving when the weather improved. But official receivers are not empowered to chance anything, and as nobody cared to come forward and guarantee anything—well, the end has arrived.

About the future of the theatre nothing definite is settled. I understand that probably it will pass outside the control of the Gaiety - Prince of Wales' Syndicate, and may perhaps be utilised for serious drama. This may surprise you, but remember the Comedy Theatre was at one time the home of such light operas as *Falka*, *The Mascotte*, *Boccacio*, and *Rip Van Winkle*. Why should not the Lyric, despite its name, become the home of comedy?

At the Comedy, by the way, *A Leader of Men* has gone into retirement, and *Sowing the Wind* has been revived very charmingly. It is admittedly only a stop-gap, however. What will follow it I don't know. Comyns Carr is generally credited with having a play by Pinero up his sleeve; but Pinero always stage-manages his own plays, and he takes time over it. Easter will come, I expect, before Carr puts up anything new, in any case.

Talking of Pinero, you know he is writing or has written a comic opera for the Savoy. The lyrics will be done by Adrian Ross, and the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. This work will not immediately succeed *The Chieftain*, which finishes at the Savoy on Saturday, but will be the next big production there. The interval will probably be filled by a revival of *Pericholi*.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has, as I told you months ago, written a ballet on the subject of *Faust* for the Empire, but though preparations for its production were commenced some time since, they have not been proceeded with, and I don't suppose we shall see the new entertainment till the spring. Meantime, I hear that the Empire directorate will justify its assertion, before the County Council, that it can't pay without a promenade, by issuing a half-yearly report announcing *no dividend*. Ordinarily speaking, this would entail a fall in the price of the shares; but the success of the Moderate party on the County Council will lead many people to imagine that the policy of the Council towards amusements will be reversed, and therefore those who hold shares will, very likely, stick to them. Consequently the shares may maintain their place in the quotations. A great deal will depend on the constitution of the Theatres' Committee. The Moderates have won a big fight, but they have not and cannot have a majority. The proceedings of the Council will, for the next three years, be characterised in all things by compromise. What you have to consider is whether the Progressives will concede the Moderates the Empire promenade, and whether, even if they do concede it, the people who patronised it formerly will patronise it again. There is a lot of fashion in these things, and frivolous patronage having once been driven out of a groove rarely returns to it. Personally I am of opinion that, as the Theatres Committee after all did not deal so very drastically with the Empire, things will probably be allowed to remain as they are. This much being conceded to the principles of the Progressives they will not aggravate the Moderates by carrying their campaign against other promenades any further.

Had the Moderates won a dozen more seats you might have seen promenades everywhere—even at the Empire-persecuted Palace.

The Fatal Card finishes up at the Adelphi on Saturday. It will be succeeded by *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, an American frontier drama, teeming with stockades, Red Indians, and things. The siege of a stockade, and its relief—rather on *The Relief of Lucknow* lines—by the hero form the central incident. The fate of these plays in England is very uncertain. Sometimes, like *Held by the Enemy*, they go. Sometimes they don't. They are essentially local in interest. Perhaps the best of them—Bronson Howard's *Shannendoah*—no one has ever attempted to bring over. This is a fact that speaks volumes.

At the Haymarket lately some uncertainty has been prevailing. Possibly with the intention of going one better than the St. James's, the company were called to hear a new farcical comedy read last week. It was read, but before anything further could be done, the moderation of the weather so improved business that the management felt disposed to hope that the *Ideal Husband* would satisfactorily fill their remaining time. I am sure I hope so too, but it's a trifle rough on the author of the farcical comedy, who at the eleventh hour has the cup of production dashed from his lips by the thermometer. By the way, you may remember that Morell wrote me to say that I was wrong in stating that Carton's play would be produced at the Haymarket, but I was right in asserting that the scenery was made. I wonder what theatre the scenery was made for? I wish he had told me. A manager, as a general rule, does not have a lot of scenery made to fit one theatre when he has no intention of using it there, but does mean to use it elsewhere.

Charles Wyndham, I am told, will have to desert the Criterion and move elsewhere in September. His theatre is said to have fallen under the County Council ban. Underground theatres they don't consider safe, and so Wyndham will either have to build himself a lordly pleasure house on a new site or take over some extant show. I wonder that he does not make a bid for the Court; it would exactly suit the method of his company, and so far as I can gather the projected Court Theatre Syndicate, or Company, is hanging fire. I am delighted to see that Wyndham and sweet Mary Moore have recovered from their respective influenzas, and are back again playing *Rebellious Susan* more charmingly than ever. It is a delightful play, and one of the best acted I ever saw.

Poor Toole is still far from well, and I hear that he will close his theatre for a few weeks while he goes to the seaside, re-opening and renewing the run of *Thoroughbred* at Easter.

The Vaudeville is closed for rehearsals of a new farce by Arthur Law.

George Edwardes, to whose enterprises there is no end, is going to have a dash at pantomime this Christmas. He will produce his pantomime at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool. Sir Augustus Harris will at the same time run the pantomime at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, so Liverpool will have nothing to grumble about.

I am recovering slowly from my own influenza, but I feel at present rather like a rag doll mixed with a boiled owl; but I hope to be back in town this week, and no doubt next week I shall have more to tell you.

Your Affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—Advt

CLUB CHATTER.

My exposure of the methods of a certain class of cycling journalists has naturally called forth great indignation among these precious gentry. I did not expect that it would please them, and by their strenuous and incoherent abuse of me they have shown how very closely the cap must have fitted them. I had no intention of charging cycling journalists as a body with these discreditable dealings. There are honest journalists and shady journalists in every department of newspaper work. But that unscrupulous manufacturers can, by means of a bribe, have worthless goods cracked up, and so foisted on the public, it is childish to deny.

The noisy shop-boys who seem to form the staff of too many of our cycling journals, and whose arguments are of the yahing and booing order, I leave to their silly screeching. I have said all I have to say concerning them, and I have no objection to their stupid howling. Mr. Percy Low is a journalist of a very different stamp. He writes me a reasonable and courteous letter on the subject, which I publish:—

I am, he says, sorry to trouble you again upon a matter which may possibly, in your opinion, be unimportant, but which to all cycling journalists is very serious. I am glad to note, in your issue of to-day, that you are actually in possession of facts pointing to one man, a representative of a cycling paper, having asked for tyres, and stating that he had had a machine in return for a notice. I wish to put it to you, with your well-known fairness, whether you do not think that this man should be shown up, if only for the sake of other cycling journalists who are by implication labouring under an aspersion on their characters? I well know, from long experience, that if a journalist desires to run on the "cross," there is no branch, except perhaps financial journalism, where he could do so with more profit than in cycling; but I do maintain, although I am not foolish enough to assume that there are no black sheep in our flock, that the large majority of cycling journalists would no more dream of accepting a bribe either in the shape of money or a machine for a good notice than they would dream of flying. If it has been done it has been done surreptitiously, and the man who did it should be shown up.

Of course, you will understand that it is not at all an unusual thing for a tyre-maker, who wishes his tyres tested, to fit a pair to a journalist's cycle; but there is no bribe in that, because it necessitates the taking off of the tyres already on the machine, which are valueless apart from the machine, so that the journalist gets no advantage th t way. Again, machines are lent for the purpose of being tried, and I daresay are kept possibly under some circumstances some two or three months; but they are always, as far as I know, conscientiously returned.

With regard to notices in papers, I do not think that the cycle press is in any way different to any other paper, even your own. Heaps of novelties are introduced in the same way that hundreds of companies are floated. No paper can hope possibly to notice the whole of them, and naturally the preference is given to advertisers in the same way as in your financial article. Should anything require to be touched upon critically from a reader's point of view, the question of advertising would not obtain for a moment, similarly to your own case. Take the Bamboo Cycle, for instance This was a novelty which, up to the Stanley Show, was never advertised at all, and yet I believe not a single cycling paper failed to have a most exhaustive and critical notice upon it as a novelty. The same applies to the original Dunlop tyre. I am sorry to trouble you at such length, but I do earnestly hope that you will see your way to pillory the man who is bringing discredit upon a class who, whatever may be their faults, do try to run straight.

Naturally, as Mr. Low says, cycle journalists feel very sore on the point. He adds that if the thing I complain of at all has been done, it has been done surreptitiously. Does Mr. Low suppose that it has been done openly? Mr. Low also admits, from long experience, that if a journalist wants to run on the cross, there is no branch—except, perhaps financial journalism—where he could do so with more profit. Mr. Low is quite correct; I agree with him in every word. Just as I agree with him that the large majority of cycling journalists do not accept bribes. I have been speaking, and am speaking, of a discreditable minority, whose editors know nothing of their shady transactions.

I am also at one with Mr. Low when he suggests that men who do this sort of thing should be shown up. I don't know whether Mr. Low has had much experience in libel actions. If so, he would know the extreme difficulty a paper would labour under in a case like this. Agent after agent I speak to greets me almost with a laugh when I ask if this tipping business is done regularly. Everyone also adds that it would not pay him to offend the cycle press by saying in the witness-box what he is willing to tell me solemnly over the counter. Then, again, how is evidence to be collected on this point? The class of journalists of whom I speak are not born fools. They don't write a letter asking for a bribe, and get a witness to attest the signature. They go quietly into a shop; and take good care that there is no witness about before they open the subject. The custom is notorious throughout the trade, and these precious gentry are confident in their dealings, from a knowledge of the difficulty of proving it against them individually.

But I am not, because of this, going to sit down, and refuse to expose a rotten system, and one which is rapidly growing. The financial world might as well be up in arms against me, and maintain that I have no right to say there are scoundrels among them, if I do not publish a full and corrected list, with addresses, up to the time of going to press. No abuse could ever be exposed if this were required; and it is with this knowledge that the dishonest journalists, with their tongues in their cheeks, clamour for what they know it is almost impossible to give. Mr. Low may depend upon it that if I can overcome the timidity of some of the agents to whom I have spoken, I shall not be behind-hand in publishing names. Meanwhile, whether the shady set of cycling pressmen like it or not, in the interests of the public, I shall continue to expose a crying abuse.

I may say that I have had an opportunity of meeting Mr. Low since I wrote last week. I placed him in communication with my informant in regard to one flagrant case I mentioned. In this week's *Wheeling* my readers will find, I believe, a note by Mr. Low, admitting in sorrow that I was right. Up till that time Mr. Low, during twelve years' experience, had never heard of such a case. I found it out in as many minutes. Nor do I think I shall in any way be breaking confidence by saying that Mr. Low admitted that he had had another man in his mind as the possible delinquent. One attacked and another suspected is a fair start.

Another point that I raised was in regard to the cost to the public through machines being noticed on the condition of an advertisement being given. A Manchester correspondent feels so strongly on this subject that he writes me a letter extending over six sheets, enclosing a copy of the *Wheeler* containing an account of the show at the St. James's Hall there. There are five pages devoted to notes on the exhibition; and he says, in despair, "Run through them, and say if it is possible from the reading to get the faintest idea as to which are the best machines?" I cannot say; but I frankly admit one thing—that each seems better than the best. The letter concludes with this striking paragraph:—

I spent several hours examining the different machines. Some of them left nothing to be desired, and were of the most approved model, splendidly finished, and of the very best material and workmanship. Others were badly designed, ill made, and old-fashioned: and yet you will see that the cycling paper makes no distinction, but speaks as highly of the bad ones as he does of the best machine in the show. It is well known that cycles cost the advertising firms far more to sell them than it does to produce them. As an instance: I picked out some half dozen of the best makes of bicycles in the show. There was so little to choose between them that a difference of 10s. in any one of them would have decided me, but to my astonishment a difference of £10 was asked. Of course, I bought the lower priced ones, and am quite satisfied now that I have got two of the best machines in the show. The reason of the difference of £10 in the price is not far to seek; the firm do not advertise so much as some others, make their own machines, and their agent (in Manchester) has a very modest establishment, works himself, and does not keep a staff of cigarette-smoking swell clerks loafing around.

I hope in our next issue to give the result of the solo whist competition. The work of adjudication has been very heavy.

I have received many letters on my notes advocating a reform in men's evening dress. One correspondent, who has had the courage of his opinions and has had a dress suit made in the style recently proposed in *Aglaia*, writes me:—"I expected some ridicule, but have found none. On the contrary, the dress is greatly admired. . . . It consists of rich brown velveteen coat and breeches, cream silk vest, lace tie and cuffs, turn-down collar, brown silk stockings, and small buckled shoes."

Another correspondent asks me if I think the dress suit illustrated in the autumn number of *Aglaia* would be a good investment to a man of moderate means. Certainly I do. It only requires a few men to start a change in evening dress, and the reform will be accomplished. When men are ordering new clothes, whether for evening or morning wear, they usually take their fellow-men as models. After we have once got right away from the idea that a breast-plate of stiff white linen for evening wear is a hall-mark of good breeding, we shall soon welcome the change to more artistic and comfortable clothes.

Space won't allow me to refer to a tithe of the letters I have received upon this subject, but the general idea of them all is pretty much the same. There seems to be a very prevalent opinion that the reason of our evening clothes being so funereal in appearance arises from a mistaken notion that to be respectable one must wear black clothes when "dressed." In the country a man may

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spend the best part of the day in a loose tweed jacket and knickerbockers, but directly he gets back to town life he has to array himself in a black coat and a sombre-looking tie. With regard to trousers, he is allowed a little choice, but as every man knows, the colours that look well "under" a black coat render that choice very limited.

Providing fine weather prevails, the two most enjoyable meetings at Sandown Park are "The Eclipse" and "Grand Military." The Esher track is an ideal one, as the spectators obtain an uninterrupted view of the racing; but the stands certainly do not do credit to such a wealthy race company. A noticeable feature at the recent Military Meeting was the improved riding of our soldiers. Not so many years ago farcical exhibitions of horsemanship were the rule; but such riders as Capt. Crawley, Sir C. Slade, and Mr. Campbell can hold their own against the best of the professionals.

The demand for quick racing results has reached an extraordinary pitch, and the competition between the various agencies during the forthcoming season will be very fierce. All sorts of plans are being mapped out, and the racecourse reporter's post will be no sinecure.

Lord Rosslyn has apparently deserted the Turf for good. Despite the fact that his father-in-law, Mr. Vyner, was always ready to advise him, and that his horses were in charge of such a capable man as Matthew Dawson, Lord Rosslyn fared very badly in his speculations. The best race he ever had was when that fine horse Buccaneer credited him with the Great Ebor Handicap. Then his lordship was so excited that he could not pen a telegram to Lady Rosslyn informing her of the result.

Lord Rosslyn has recently been taking a prominent part in amateur theatricals, and his "George d'Alroy" in Robertson's *Caste* has been highly praised. He now intends to turn his attention to literature, and we shall soon be asked to criticise a work on the House of Lords.

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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,

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Summary of the Report presented at the Forty-sixth Annual Meeting, held on 7th March, 1895.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued during the year was **61,744**, assuring the sum of **£3,282,120**, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of **£339,957.**

The Premiums received during the year were **£2,077,953**, being an increase of **£223,583** over the year 1893.

The Claims of the year amounted to **£518,131.**

The number of deaths was **3,534**, and **198** Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year, was **375,545.**

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during the year were **£4,244,224**, being an increase of **£272,360.**

The Claims of the year amounted to **£1,548,377.** The number of Deaths was **168,639**, and **1,304** Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those Policyholders of five years' standing, who desired to discontinue their payments, was **66,478**, the number in force being **398,078.** The number of Free Policies which became Claims during the year was **6,672.**

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year was **11,176,661**: their average duration is nearly seven and a half years.

The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the Balance Sheet, are **£21,213,805**, being an increase of **£2,674,940** over those of 1893. A supplement showing in detail the various investments is published with this report.

The Balance Sheet has been submitted to Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co., whose certificate is appended to the accounts.

THOS. C. DEWEY, } *Managers.*
WILLIAM HUGHES, }
W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

The full Report can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

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MRS. GRABURN, 13, Bonchurch Road, North Kensington (close to Notting-hill station). Specialité—Country Orders. Smart Costumes to measure supplied complete from 2½ Guineas. All Bodices cut on French principles. Ladies' own Materials made up from £1 1s.

I noticed quite a novel boot in Bond Street the other day. It was made of patent leather, but the usual kid tops had changed to a soft brown buck-skin, rather dark in colour, and slightly rougher to the touch than the gloves made of that material. The buttons were white pearl, and the effect of the whole was very neat.

Golfing enthusiasts grow in numbers daily. I was spending two or three days at Seaford the other week, and found the links there in capital order. In fact, Seaford seems to exist only for the sake of the golfers. No day seems too wet or too cold for men who are really fond of the game; and when the links are so well situated as they are at Seaford, there can be no doubt of the value of the game as a health-giving exercise.

Providing that King Frost does not return, the Waterloo Cup will be in full swing next week. So far there has been very little wagering on the Blue Riband of the Leash, and even the most optimistic coursing enthusiast must admit that the Dog Derby has lost a deal of its pristine greatness. The postponement has upset many owners' calculations, but one who appears to have benefited by the delay, is Mr. G. F. Fawcett, who will be represented by Fabulous Fortune.

It was only a few years ago that Colonel North was carrying all before him in the coursing world; now, however, the nitrate magnate has to borrow a dog from a friend. In the City the other day, it was freely put about that the Colonel had a "dark" flyer at the historic pile in the North of England known as Short Flatt, but such is not the case, and the chance of the Colonel's nomination running through the stake is a very, very remote one.

The National Cross-Country Championship promises to be productive of some exciting racing. With Crossland—who was recently married—ineligible to compete, the friends of Watkins, the Southern champion, predict his victory with confidence; but the Northerners have unearthed a rare stayer in Harrington, who won the Northern championship last month. Harrington is employed by Brunner, Mond and Co. The Essex Beagles, Finchley Harriers, and Salford Harriers will probably be the winning clubs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Robert Brown (Pollokshields).—"How to Play Solo Whist," by Wilks and Pardon. (Chatto and Windus.)

The Major.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

The old rail fence with aimless angles
Curved round the scented fields of old:
And wild, blown vines in quaintest tangles
Bloomed there in purple and in gold.
And winds went over, cool and sweet,
With rivery ripples in the wheat.

The white road to the river knew it—
The river running wild and fleet;
A cabin-path went winding to it,
With light prints of a boy's bare feet,
And cattle in the woods at morn
Roamed by and nipped the bending corn.

In corners cool the plowman rested
When rang the welcome bells of noon;
And there the thrush and partridge nested,
And sang the mocking birds of June.
And winds were sweet with muscadines,
And blooms were on the melon-vines.

There twilight paused in rosy dreaming,
And o'er the riot of the rills
When starlight on the world was streaming
Rose the love-song of whip-poor-wills,
And with the music and the stars
Love met his sweetheart at the bars

There, with the evening shadows falling,
In cabin door a woman stands;
And far and sweet her voice is calling,
And children heed her beckoning hands.
There, for the weary ones that roam,
Twinkle the dreamy lights of Home.

* * * * *

The corn still waves and vines are clinging;
The larks are hid in bending grain;
The birds sing, as my heart is singing,
Where, lonely in the woodland rain,
The old rail fence—its service o'er—
Curves round the blossoming fields no more.

Yet there I halt my horse, and sighing
Above the old rail fence I lean.
The snows upon life's pathway lying
Have left one living glimpse of green!
And still, through change of time and art,
The old rail fence runs round my heart!

Frank L. Stanton.

Revelation of the Foraminifera.—Some years ago, Ehrenberg, that old prince of microscopists, was employed by the Prussian Government to investigate a case of smuggling. A case had been opened, valuables extracted, and the case repacked, and shipped onward to its destination. The only clue to the criminals was that the unpacking must have been done at some of the Custom Houses through which the goods passed. To all appearance the microscope had a hopeless task. But not so. Ehrenberg took some of the sand that had been used in the repacking, placed it under his microscope, looked through his magic tube, and behold! there on the stand lay a peculiar specimen of Foraminifera. That animal was found at only one place in the world, and told just where the crime had been committed.

On one occasion, Mr. Balfour, when Chief Secretary, said to Father James Healy, parish priest of Killiney in Ireland, "Is it true, Father Healy, that the people hate me as much as the Nationalist papers say they do?" "Hate you!" exclaimed the priest; "if the people hated the devil as much as they hate you, Mr. Balfour, my occupation would be gone." At a dinner, several priests began to twit him on the fact that he was not a more active Nationalist. "It is all very well for you young men," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye; "but one night with my double-barrelled gun in a damp ditch would be the death of me." The owner of a great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical accomplishments of his daughter, when Father Healy, with hearty sympathy, said she would be "a regular oyster Patti."—*The Argonaut.*

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER X.

THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM.

FATHER BENOIT had the forethought, when we reached the cross roads, to leave a man there to await the party from Cahors, and warn them of Mademoiselle's safety; and we had not ridden more than half a mile before the clatter of hoofs behind us announced that they were following. I was beginning to recover from the stupor into which the excitement of the night had thrown me, and I reined up to deliver over my charge, should M. de St. Alais desire to take her.

But he was not of the party. The leader was Louis, and his company consisted, to my surprise, of no more than six or seven servants, old M. de Gontaut, one of the Harincourts, and a strange gentleman. Their horses were panting and smoking with the speed at which they had come, and the men's eyes glittered with excitement. No one seemed to think it strange that I carried Mademoiselle; but all, after hurriedly thanking God that she was safe, hastened to ask the number of the rioters.

"Nearly a hundred," I said. "As far as I could judge. But where is M. le Marquis?"

"He had not returned when the alarm came."

"You are rather a small party?"

Louis swore with vexation. "I could get no more," he said. "News came at the same time that Marignac's house was on fire, and he carried off a dozen. A score of others took fright, and thought it might be the same with them; and they saddled up in haste, and went to see. In fact," he continued, bitterly, "it seemed to be everyone for himself. Always excepting my good friends here."

M. de Gontaut began to chuckle, but choked for want of breath. "Beauty in distress!" he gasped. Poor fellow, he could scarcely sit his horse.

"But you will come on to Saux?" I said. They were turning their horses in a cloud of steam that mistily lit up the night.

"No!" Louis answered, with another oath; and I did not wonder that he was not himself, that his usual good nature had deserted him. "It is now or never! If we can catch them at this work——"

I did not hear the rest. The trampling of their horses, as they drove in the spurs and started down the road, drowned the words. In a moment they were fifty paces away; all but one, who, detaching himself at the last moment, turned his horse's head, and rode up to me. It was the stranger, the only one of the party, not a servant, whom I did not know.

"How are they armed, if you please?" he asked.

"They have at least one gun," I said, looking at him curiously. "And by this time probably more. The mass of them had pikes and pitchforks."

"And a leader?"

"Petit Jean, the smith, of St. Alais, gave orders."

"Thank you, M. le Vicomte," he said, and saluted me. Then, touching his horse with the spur, he rode off at speed after the others.

I was in no condition to help them, and I was anxious to put Mademoiselle, who lay in my arms like one dead, in the women's care. The moment they were gone, therefore, we pursued our way, Father Benôit and I silent and full of thought, the others chattering to one another without pause or stay. Mademoiselle's head lay on my right shoulder. I could feel the faint beating of her heart; and in that slow, dark ride had time to think of many things: of her courage and will and firmness—this poor little convent-bred one, who a fortnight before had not found a word to throw at me; last, but not least, of the womanly weakness, dear to my man's heart, that had sapped her reserve at last, and brought her arms to my neck and her cry to my ear. The faint perfume of her hair was in my nostrils; I longed to kiss the half-shrouded head. But, if in an hour I had learned to love her, I had learned to honour her more; and I repressed the impulse, and only held her more gently, and tried to think of other things until she should be out of my arms.

If I did not find that so easy, it was not for want of food for thought. The glow of the fire behind us reddened all the sky at our backs; the murmur of the mob pursued us; more than once, as we went, a figure sneaked by us in the blackness, and fled, as if to join them. Father Benôit fancied that there was a second fire a league to the east; and in the tumult and upheaval of all things this night, and the consequent confusion of thought into which I had fallen, it would scarcely have surprised me if flames had broken out before us also, and announced that Saux was burning.

But I was spared that. On the contrary, the whole village came out to meet us, and accompanied us, cheering, from the gates to the door of the château, where, in the glare of the lights they carried, and amid a great silence of curiosity and expectation, Mademoiselle was lifted from my saddle and carried into the house. The women who pressed round the door to see stooped forward to follow her with their eyes; but none as I followed her.

* * * * *

Much that passes for fair at night wears a foul look by day; and things tolerable in the suffering have a knack of seeming fantastically impossible in the retrospect. When I awoke next morning, in the great chair in the hall—wherein, tradition had it, Louis the Thirteenth once sat—and, after three hours of troubled sleep, found André standing over me, and the sun pouring in through door and window, I fancied for a moment that the events of the night, as I remembered them, were a dream. Then my eyes fell on a brace of pistols, which I had placed by my side over night, and on the tray at which Father Benôit and I had refreshed ourselves; and I knew that the things had happened. I sprang up.

"Is M. de St. Alais here?" I said.

"No, Monsieur."

"Nor M. le Comte?"

"No, Monsieur."

"What!" I said. "Have none of the party come?" For I had gone to sleep, expecting to be called up to receive them within the hour.

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MADEMOISELLE LAY IN MY ARMS LIKE ONE DEAD.

"No, M. le Vicomte," the old man answered, "except —except one gentleman who was with them, and who is now walking with M. le Curé in the garden. And for him——"

"Well?" I said, sharply, for André, who had got on his most gloomy and dogmatic air, stopped with a sniff of contempt.

"He does not seem to be a man for whom M. le Vicomte should be roused," he answered, obstinately. "But M. le Curé would have it; and in these days, I suppose, we must tramp for a smith, let alone an officer of excise."

"Buton is here, then?"

"Yes, Monsieur; and walking on the terrace, as if of the family. I do not know what things are coming to," André continued, grumbling, and raising his voice as I started to go out, "or what they would be at. But when M. le Vicomte took away the carcan, I knew what was likely to happen. Oh! yes," still more loudly, while he stood holding the tray, and looking after me with a sour face, "I knew what would happen! I knew what would happen!"

And, certainly, if I had not been shaken completely out of the common rut of thought, I should have found something odd, myself, in the combination of the three men whom I found on the terrace. They were walking up and down, Father Benôit, with downcast eyes and his hands behind him, in the middle. On one side of him moved Buton, coarse, heavy-shouldered, and clumsy, in his stained blouse; on the other side, the stranger of last night, a neat, middle-sized man, very plainly dressed, with riding boots and a sword. Remembering that he had formed one of Louis' party, I was surprised to see that he wore the tricolour; but I forgot this in my anxiety to know what had become of the others. Without standing on ceremony, I asked him.

"They attacked the rioters, lost one man, and were beaten off," he answered, with precision.

"And M. le Comte?"

"Was not hurt. He returned to Cahors, to raise more men. I, as my advice seemed to be taken in ill part, came here."

He spoke in a blunt, straightforward way, as to an equal; and at once seemed to be, and not to be, a gentleman. The Curé, seeing that he puzzled me, hastened to introduce him.

"This, M. le Vicomte," he said, "is M. le Capitaine Hugues, late of the American Army. He has placed his services at the disposal of the Committee."

"For the purpose," the Captain went on, before I had made up my mind how to take it, "of drilling and commanding a body of men to be raised in Quercy to keep the peace. Call them militia; call them what you like."

I was a good deal taken aback. The man, alert, active, practical, with the butt of a pistol peeping from his pocket, was something new to me.

"You have served His Majesty?" I said at last, to gain time to think.

"No," he answered. "There are no careers in that army, unless you have so many quarterings. I served under General Washington."

"But I saw you last night with M. de St. Alais?"

"Why not, M. le Vicomte?" he answered, plainly. "I heard that a house was being burned. I had just arrived, and I placed myself at M. le Comte's disposal. But they had no method, and would take no advice."

"Well," I said, "these seem to me to be rather extreme steps. You know——"

"M. de Marignac's house was burned last night," the Curé said, softly.

"Oh!"

"And I fear that we shall hear of others. I think that we must look matters in the face, M. le Vicomte."

"It is not a question of thinking or looking, but of doing!" the Captain said, interrupting him harshly. "We have a long summer's day before us, but if by to-night we have not done something, there will be a sorry dawning in Quercy to-morrow."

"There are the King's troops," I said.

"They refuse to obey orders. Therefore, they are worse than useless."

"Their officers?"

"They are staunch; but the people hate them. A knight of St. Louis is to the mob what a red rag is to a bull. I can answer for it that they have enough to do to keep their men in barracks."

I resented his familiarity, and the impatience with which he spoke; but, resent it as I might, I could not return to the tone I had used yesterday. Then it had seemed an outrageous thing that Buton should stand by and listen. To-day the same thing had an ordinary air. And this, moreover, was a different man from Doury; arguments that had crushed the one would have no weight with the other. I saw that, and, rather helplessly, I asked Father Benôit what he would have.

He did not answer. It was the Captain who replied. "We want you to join the Committee," he said.

"I discussed that yesterday," I answered, with some stiffness. "I cannot do so. Father Benôit will tell you so."

"It is not Father Benôit's answer I want," the Captain replied. "It is yours, M. le Vicomte."

"I answered yesterday," I said, haughtily—"and refused."

"Yesterday is not to-day," he replied. "M. de St. Alais' house stood yesterday; it is a smoking ruin to-day. M. de Marignac's, likewise. Yesterday much was conjecture. To-day facts speak for themselves. A few hours' hesitation, and the province will be in a blaze from one end to the other."

I could not gainsay this; at the same time there was one other thing I could not do, and that was change my views again. Having solemnly put on the white cockade in Madame St. Alais' drawing-room, I could not execute another *volte-face*. I could not recant again.

"It is impossible—impossible in my case," I stammered, at last, peevishly, and in a disjointed way. "Why do you come again to me? Why do you not go to someone else? There are two hundred others whose names——"

"Would be of no use to us," M. le Capitaine answered, brusquely; "whereas yours would reassure the fearful, attach many moderate men to the cause, and not disgust the masses. Let me be frank with you, M. le Vicomte," he continued. "I want your co-operation. I am here to take risks, but none that are unnecessary; and I prefer that my commission should issue from above as well as from below. Add your name to the Committee and I accept their commission. Without doubt I could police Quercy in the name of the Third Estate, but I would rather hang, draw, and quarter in the name of all three."

"Still, there are others——"

"You forget that I have got to rule the canaille in Cahors," he answered impatiently, "as well as these mad clowns, who think that the end of the world is here. And those others you speak of——"

"Are not acceptable," Father Benôit said, gently, looking at me with yearning in his kind eyes. The light morning air caught the skirts of his cassock as he spoke, and lifted them from his lean figure. He held his shovel hat in his hand, between his face and the sun. I knew that there was a conflict in his mind as in mine, and that he would have me and would have me not; and the knowledge strengthened me to resist his words.

"It is impossible," I said.

"Why?"

I was spared the necessity of answering. I had my face to the door of the house, and as the last word was spoken saw André issue from it with M. de St. Alais. The manner in which the old servant cried, "M. le Marquis de St. Alais, to see M. le Vicomte!" gave us a little shock, it was so full of sly triumph, but nothing on M. de St. Alais' part, as he approached, betrayed that he noticed this. He advanced with an air perfectly gay, and saluted me with good humour. For a moment I fancied that he did not know what had happened in the night; his first words, however, dispelled the idea.

"M. le Vicomte," he said, addressing me with both ease and grace, "we are for ever grateful to you. I was abroad on business last night, and could do nothing; and my brother must, I am told, have come too late, even if, with so small a force, he could have effected anything. I saw Mademoiselle, as I passed through the house, and she gave me some particulars."

"She has left her room?" I cried, in surprise. The other three had drawn back a little, so that we enjoyed a kind of privacy.

"Yes," he answered, smiling slightly at my tone. "And I can assure you, M. le Vicomte, has spoken as highly of you as a maiden dare. For the rest, my mother will convey the thanks of the family to you more fitly than I can. Still, I may hope that you are none the worse."

I muttered that I was not; but, in truth, I hardly knew what I said. St. Alais' demeanour was so different from that which I had anticipated, his easy calmness and gaiety were so unlike the rage and heat which seemed natural in one who had just heard of the destruction of his house and the murder of his steward, that I was completely nonplussed. He appeared to be dressed with his usual care and distinction, though I was bound to suppose that he had been up all night; and, though the outrages at St. Alais and Marignac's had given the lie to his most confident predictions, he betrayed no sign of vexation.

All this dazzled and confused me; yet I must say something. I muttered a hope that Mademoiselle was not greatly shaken by her experiences.

"I think not," he said. We St. Alais are not made of sugar. And after a night's rest—but I fear that I

am interrupting you?" And for the first time he let his eyes rest on my companions.

"It is to Father Benôit and to Buton here that your thanks are really due, M. le Marquis," I said. "For without their aid——"

"That is so, is it?" he said, coldly. "I had heard it."

"But not all?" I exclaimed.

"I think so," he said. Then, continuing to look at them, though he spoke to me, he continued: "Let me tell you an apologue, M. le Vicomte. Once upon a time there was a man who had a grudge against a neighbour because the good man's crops were better than his. He went, therefore, secretly and by night, and not all at once—not all at once, messieurs, but little by little—he let on to his neighbour's land the stream of a river that flowed by both their farms. He succeeded so well that presently the flood not only covered the crops, but threatened to drown his neighbour, and after that his own crops and himself! Apprised too late of his folly—but how do you like the apologue, M. le Curé?"

"It does not touch me," Father Benôit answered, with a wan smile.

"I am no man's servant, as the slave boasted," St. Alais answered, with a polite sneer.

"For shame! for shame, M. le Marquis!" I cried, losing patience. "I have told you that but for M. le Curé and the smith here, Mademoiselle and I——"

"And I have told you," he answered, interrupting me with grim good humour, "what I think of it, M. le Vicomte! That is all."

"But do you not know what happened?" I persisted, stung to wrath by his injustice. "You are not, you cannot be, aware that when Father Benôit and his companions arrived, Mademoiselle de St. Alais and I were in the most desperate plight? that they saved us only at great risk to themselves? and that for our safety at last you have to thank rather the tricolour, which those wretches respected, than any display of force which we were able to make."

"That, too, is so, is it?" he said, his face grown dark. "I shall have something to say to it presently. But, first, may I ask you a question, M. le Vicomte? Am I right in supposing that these gentlemen are waiting on you from—pardon me if I do not get the title correctly—the Honourable the Committee of Public Safety?"

I nodded.

"And I presume that I may congratulate them on your answer?"

"No, you may not!" I replied, with satisfaction. "This gentleman"—and I pointed to the Capitaine Hugues—"has laid before me certain proposals and certain arguments in favour of them."

"But he has not laid before you the most potent of all arguments," the Captain said, interposing, with a dry bow. "I find it, and you, M. le Vicomte, will find it, too, in M. le Marquis de St. Alais!"

The Marquis stared at him coldly. "I am obliged to you," he said, contemptuously. "By-and-bye, perhaps, I shall have more to say to you. For the present, however, I am speaking to M. le Vicomte." And he turned, and addressed me again. "These gentlemen have waited on you. Do I understand that you have declined their proposals?"

"Absolutely!" I answered. "But," I continued warmly, "it does not follow that I am without gratitude or natural feeling."

"Ah!" he said. Then, turning, with an easy air, "I see your servant there," he said. "May I summon him one moment?"

"Certainly."

He raised his hand, and André, who was watching us from the doorway, flew to take his orders.

He turned to me again. "Have I your permission?"

I bowed, wondering.

"Go, my friend, to Mademoiselle de St. Alais," he said. "She is in the hall. Beg her to be so good as to honour us with her presence."

André went, with his most pompous air; and we remained, wondering. No one spoke. I longed to consult Father Benôit by a look, but I dared not do so, lest the Marquis, who kept his eyes on my face, his own wearing an enigmatical smile, should take it for a sign of weakness. So we stood until Mademoiselle appeared in the doorway, and, after a momentary pause, came timidly along the terrace towards us.

She wore a frock which I believe had been my mother's, and was too long for her; but it seemed to my eyes to suit her admirably. A kerchief covered her shoulders, and she had another laid lightly on her unpowdered hair, which, knotted up loosely, strayed in tiny ringlets over her neck and ears. To this charming disarray, her blushes, as she came towards us, shading her eyes from the sun, added the least piquancy. I had not seen her since the women lifted her from my saddle; and, seeing her now, coming along the terrace in the fresh morning light, I thought her divine! I wondered how I could have let her go. An insane desire to defy her brother and whirl her off, out of this horrid imbroglio of parties and politics, seized upon me.

But she did not look towards me, and my heart sank. She had eyes only for M. le Marquis; approaching him as if he had a magnet which drew her to him.

"Mademoiselle," he said, gravely, "I am told that your escape last night was due to your adoption of an emblem, which I see that you are still wearing. It is one which no subject of His Majesty can wear with honour. Will you oblige me by removing it?"

Pale and red by turns she shot a piteous glance at us. "Monsieur?" she muttered, as if she did not understand.

"I think I have spoken plainly," he said. "Be good enough to remove it."

Wincing painfully under the rebuke, she hesitated, looking for a moment as if she would burst into tears. Then, with her lip trembling, and with trembling fingers, she complied, and began to unfasten the tricolour, which the servants—without her knowledge, it may be—had removed from the robe she had worn to that which she now wore. It took her a long time to remove it, under our eyes, and I grew hot with indignation. But I dared not interfere, and the others looked on gravely.

"Thank you," M. de St. Alais said, when, at last, she had succeeded in unpinning it. "I know, Mademoiselle, that you are a true St. Alais, and would die rather than owe your life to disloyalty. Be good enough to throw that down, and tread upon it."

She started violently. I think we all did. I know that I took a step forward, and, but for M. le Marquis' raised hand, must have intervened. But I had no right; we were spectators, it was for her to act. She stood a moment with all our eyes upon her, stood staring breathless and motionless at her brother; then, still looking at him, with a shivering sigh, she slowly and

mechanically lifted her hand, and dropped the ribbon. It fluttered down.

"Tread upon it!" the Marquis said, ruthlessly.

She trembled; her face, that child's face, grown quite white. But she did not move.

"Tread upon it!" he said, again.

And then, without looking down, she moved her foot forward, and touched the ribbon.

(*To be continued.*)

"TREAD UPON IT!"

THE TEST OF ABILITY.

The mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the court sage, old Enekazi, as follows: "You are always ready to give sensible advice, O Enekazi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councillors are really sincere."

"A very simple matter," replied the sage, confidently. "I will tell you at once, mighty sheik, how it is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day."

"Stop!" interrupted the sheik. "You forget that I am no poet."

"That's just it, mighty sheik! Go and write at once a long ballad, and read to your assembled councillors."

"But, Enekazi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"So much the better! When you have read the long ballad to your courtiers, you will judge of the effect yourself. To-morrow I will come again and learn of your observations."

The next day the wise Enekazi entered, saying—

"Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?"

"Certainly."

"And what happened after you had read your ballad?" inquired the old man, smiling.

"Oh, I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ibu Yemin; another, that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—in a word, they were all in ecstasy and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies."

"And what about old Henri Adin?" eagerly questioned the sage.

"Ah, he dropped to sleep while I was reading."

"Ha! ha! What did you conclude from that, mighty sheik?" said the old man, triumphantly.

"What conclusion could I come to," replied the sheik, with some surprise, "if not the same as all the rest—namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry?" Enekazi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and—held his peace; for he was, in sooth, a wise man.

—*Current Literature.*

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S INVENTION.

Is the air conquered, and is it conquered by an Englishman? Mr. W. J. Bastard, of 300, Upper Street, Islington, says it is, and that he has done it, and after I had spent an hour with him the other day I came away with a haunting suspicion that he had got as near to it as any inventor up to the present.

"There she is," said Mr. Bastard affectionately, as he pointed to a cone-shaped body, with "dressings," as Mr. Weller would say, in the shape of pulleys and cords, the screw propellers of a steamer, the fins of the fish, and the wings and tail of the bird. "Usually it is hung from the ceiling. It's proper place, naturally; but the string rotted and one fine morning I found it on the ground, and that is why a little of the gear looks the worse for wear."

"Rather a ridiculous thing for a flying machine to do, Mr. Bastard. So I take it that if at the present moment I opened the window and dropped it out, the charitable would not have another species of bird to feed during the cold weather?"

"There are laws relating to the respective weights of gas and air," replied Mr. Bastard with a laugh, "that even inventors cannot despise. When I have the machine made that I am determined to have made, you will see a balloon that will allow you to remain above land and water just as long as you like, and which will take you just where you want to go, for the mere trouble of touching so many switches and cranks."

"Then you claim more for your invention than even Maxim claims for his?"

"Certainly. Mr. Maxim will get his motive power either from petroleum or electricity, and accordingly he will have to come to the ground to replenish his stock. Personally, I believe that that machine of his will fly. Only—I am not going to fly with it. The machine that is to conquer the air is the one that will depend solely upon the air and passengers for its motive force, and mine fulfils those requirements. I claim that it is just as navigable in the air as a ship is on the water."

"What turned your thoughts to aerial navigation?"

"Well, my thoughts have turned in that direction for over a quarter of a century. In the first place the study of natural history suggested to me that after all the air was to be conquered. I studied birds in their flight, and I have leant over old bridges and watched the fish darting about. From the latter I learnt one thing in regard to navigation. In changing its course a fish does not back the water with one fin and pull with the other. It throws its whole strength on the one fin and tail. This principle I have adopted in my balloon. The sails you see on the side can be drawn up flush with the body, and used to steer and lower or raise the balloon at pleasure. Meanwhile the large screws you see on either side would revolve and their revolution would have exactly the same effect as the movement of a bird's wing."

"Do you claim that you could navigate the balloon in a storm?"

"I do, certainly. We should have to tack just as a ship has to do, but any storm a ship can weather, I can weather in my balloon."

"What do experts say about it?"

"The many military and naval experts I have consulted consider that I am on the right tack, and it is through no fault of my own that it has not been submitted to the cleverest in the land. Some years ago you will remember the Balloon Society offered £3,000 for a navigable balloon. I competed, but before the exhibition took place one of the guarantors died, and as he left no provision in his will for his share of the prize the proposed exhibition collapsed."

THE INVENTOR.

"Supposing then, Mr. Bastard, we are agreed that the balloon is navigable, how long could you stay above land? By degrees the gas becomes heavy, and it is necessary to let a certain amount escape, owing to expansion at great heights."

"I have mastered the former difficulty, but I cannot tell you how it is done, for the reason that I have not yet patented this part of the invention. While in regard to your other point, I have fixed a long loose bag under the body, which would allow for this, and prevent the loss of any gas."

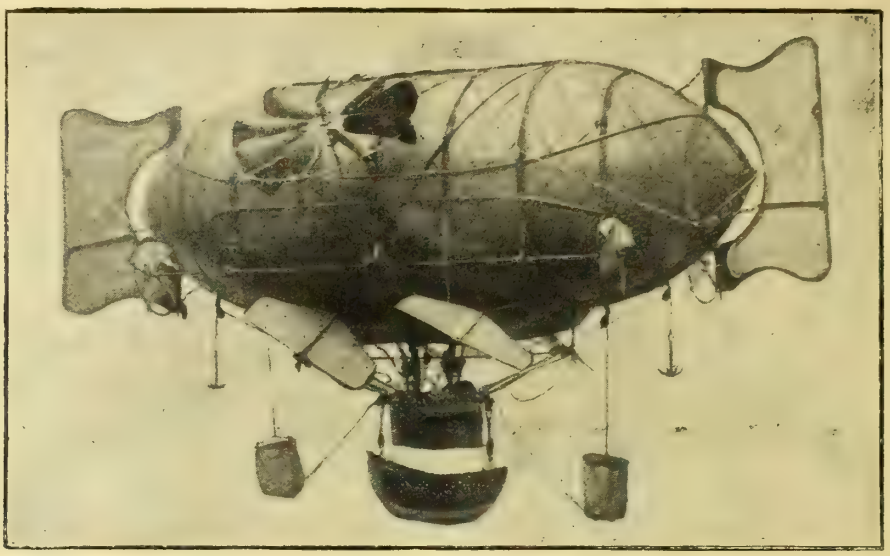
"A navigable balloon seems destined to play a part in warfare on some future date. Would your machine fulfil the requirements?"

"Yes; but one thing I do not claim is that it would be able to stand the reverberation of the discharge of its own artillery. Nor do I believe any balloon will ever be able to do that. But you could drop explosives easily, and that seems all that is required."

"In case an unlucky shot struck you, you would be down among the enemy more quickly than your bombs, I suppose, Mr. Bastard?"

"Oh no. For the purpose of warfare, I make the body in sections and fill them with smaller envelopes filled with gas, the compartments being afterwards filled up, so that in case of injury to any part the loss of gas cannot be great, especially as there is no pressure by weight on any part of the balloon, the atmospheric pressure being greater than gas, without force. If loss of gas should occur, by the use of the travelling weight the proper

level of the body can be maintained, and the fight continued. But I believe that the value of a navigable balloon will be found to be greatest for the purposes of exploring. Wait, though, till I can get one made on a proper scale, and I will undertake to lift 3,500 lb., and make the balloon answer every question I put to it."



THE MACHINE.

"You still live in hopes of seeing your invention disputing proprietorship with the birds?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bastard, as he wished me good-bye, "I have made up my mind to have a long, long voyage, and when all is ready I shan't malinger, and ask someone to take my place." H. J. P.

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TO-DAY
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 72. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.
Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

IX.

THE BASKET OF PEACHES.

I HAD many little trips to the Continent and elsewhere while in the service of Mr. Balthazzar. I remember particularly a very pleasant excursion into Normandy which is worth describing, both on account of its unexpected finale, and because it illustrates Mr. Balthazzar's peculiar habit of often concealing from his agents the real objects he had in view.

The ostensible purpose of my mission was to verify the death of a French nobleman, the Marquis de Boudeville, who had been heavily insured in the British Monarchy Insurance Office in England. The claim was not disputed, but it was deemed advisable to make inquiries on the spot, in view of the fact that the widowed Marquise de Boudeville was a lady of somewhat doubtful antecedents. My visit, however, was to be regarded as a mere official formality, and every facility had been offered to the insurance office in the conduct of their investigations. Their representative was invited to stay at the Château Boudeville and—as such—I was furnished with a letter of introduction from the secretary of the insurance office, together with a reliable photograph of the late Marquis.

Why the Company thought it necessary to employ Mr. Balthazzar in such a simple matter was not very apparent; but that, of course, was no affair of mine. My principal was unusually reticent and gave me very brief instructions; and I started off almost at a moment's notice for my destination. which was the Château Boudeville, près Pont des Puits, Calvados, Normandy. My route, as I had ascertained by studying a Continental Bradshaw, lay viâ Rouen to Mantes, and thence along the Cherbourg line to the little town of Pont des Puits.

I accomplished the journey without misadventure, and alighted at the last-named station about seven o'clock in the evening. There was only one person, besides the railway officials, on the primitive little wooden platform, and this was a smartly-dressed footman, who obsequiously conducted me to a neat brougham with yellow wheels which stood outside.

A brisk drive of half an hour through charming and picturesque country brought us to the château, which was approached by a fine avenue of elms and surrounded by a magnificent park. The mansion was quite a palatial building of handsome elevation, with numerous towers and pinnacles, and as I mounted the fine, circular flight of stone steps which led to the front door, I was respectfully greeted by a grave butler or major-domo, who came forward bowing, followed by a little, clean-shaven, middle-aged gentleman in a frock-coat.

"Madame la Marquise de Boudeville," I mumured, interrogatively, not knowing quite how to introduce myself.

"Parfaitement, Monsieur," said the butler, with another low bow.

"Monsieur speak French?" inquired the little gentleman in the frock-coat, coming forward politely.

"Do you speak English?" I returned anxiously.

"A leetle, yesh. Not vermoosh," was the smiling reply.

"Better than I speak French," I answered, overjoyed in my helplessness at finding someone whom I could understand. "Here is a letter for the Marquise," I added, presenting my credentials.

"Bien," said the little man, pouncing upon the letter, which was unsealed, and reading it without ceremony. "Bien! You are Mister Millicent?"

"Yes."

"Ver good. Come this way, if please, zar. Ze dinner is nearly served. I will do myself ze honour to conduct you to your apartment," he said, motioning to me to follow him, and to the footman to bring my luggage.

The exterior of the château had prepared me for the splendour within; it was such a mansion as I had never

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entered before. The entrance-hall was almost as large as the nave of a church; the broad staircase was of fine oak; the walls were adorned with family portraits and trophies of arms. My guide conducted me upstairs, and then along a grand corridor hung with pictures, into an enormous bedroom, upholstered in yellow damask, which had three large windows overlooking the park. This, I gathered from my companion's gestures, was to be my private apartment, and I was quite overawed at the sight of the stately canopied four-post bedstead, looking like a glorified hearse, which was destined for my couch.

While I was staring about me, the footman placed my valise on a small table, and left the room. My companion, in a business-like way, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the valise, and, finding it locked, he held out his hand, smilingly, for the key.

Up to that moment it had not occurred to me to speculate what position my companion occupied in the household of the Marquise, for the novelty of the surroundings had absorbed all my attention. I now began to suspect that, in spite of his frock-coat and the red ribbon in his button-hole, he was a sort of superior domestic—perhaps the valet of the late Marquis—and I therefore handed him my bunch of keys.

In the twinkling of an eye my valise was unlocked, and the modest contents ranged neatly, one by one, upon the table. It struck me that my companion manifested considerable curiosity about my personal effects, for I noticed that he rapidly scrutinised each article, passing his hands between the folds of the clothing, and leaving no corner of the valise unexplored. There was nothing, however, to excite either interest or curiosity, for my travelling-kit consisted only of the most essential toilet requisites. Having disposed of everything in different parts of the room for my convenience, this assiduous individual pulled out a gold watch from his pocket, and said:—

"Monsieur has five minutes to prepare for dinner."

"I have no dress clothes," I remarked, nervously.

"That is no matter. Madame la Marquise does not dine. For the rest, I have no dress clothes either. I shall sit at table like I am," he said, pointing complacently to his attire.

"Oh! do you dine with the family?" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"Certainly; and as I speak leetle Inglise, I shall be placed beside Monsieur," he replied.

"What does the family consist of?" I inquired.

"Several persons. Monsieur le Marquis, who is the nephew, and what you call ze heir of ze late Marquis; also M. le Baron d'Evreux, M. de Treport, and other members of the family. Oh! but no ladies, for example. Only gentlemans. When ze bell rings," he added, "I shall be at the top of the grand staircase, waiting to conduct Monsieur."

He bowed himself out as he spoke, and I lost no time in preparing myself for the repast. It was evident that my obliging companion was not a servant or valet, since he was to sit at the dinner-table; but, on the other hand, it was difficult to determine his social position. He had performed towards me the duties of a confidential domestic, and seemed to have placed himself at my disposal, but he was apparently by way of being a gentleman. Yet there was something about him which suggested a lower grade of life, and, in short, he puzzled me exceedingly.

I had hardly completed a hurried toilet ere a deep-toned bell resounded all over the house, and I hastened to descend to the dining-room. At the stair-head my mysterious friend awaited me, and he passed his arm through mine in an amicable manner.

"It is strange that Monsieur does not speak French at all," he remarked, glancing shrewdly at me, as we walked down the stairs.

"I know enough for my purpose," I replied, shortly.

"Ah! the purpose of Monsieur is to assure himself, on behalf of the honourable Insurance Company which he represents, that the late M. le Marquis died what you call a natural death?"

"Yes. Do you recognise this?" I inquired, producing the photograph which had been given to me, and thinking I might as well commence my investigations.

"Perfectly. It is the late Marquis. You will see his portrait on the wall of the grand salon; also in the salle-à-manger. That is all right. Do you know Madame le Marquise?" he added, abruptly.

"No."

"Madame la Marquise has been in England," said my companion, watching me narrowly.

"If so, I never met her. In fact, till I received my instructions yesterday I never heard the lady's name even," I said, a trifle annoyed at my friend's persistence.

We had by this time crossed the large square entrance-hall, and were approaching an apartment on the ground floor, from which the sound of voices proceeded. My companion, stepping forward, opened a door, and ushered me into a grand drawing-room, in which a dozen gentlemen, attired in evening dress, were assembled. A stout, fair young man at once came forward from the group which surrounded him, and very politely shook me by the hand. My guide, in French, announced my name to the company, adding that I was the representative of the British Monarchy Insurance Office. Evidently my arrival had been generally expected, for I was greeted with grave and formal bows, as a person whose mission was perfectly understood. The new Marquis, the fair young man who had first approached me, commenced a conversation in French, but my companion interrupted by saying that Monsieur did not speak the language, upon which the Marquis, with a shrug and a smile, made me another bow, and returned to his former position by the fireplace.

I felt awkward enough, standing silent in the midst of the curious, though not unkindly, glances which were directed at me; but, fortunately, the folding doors at the further end of the room were thrown open almost at the moment that I made my appearance, and the company moved in a body towards the dining-room. My companion again took me by the arm, and piloted me to a seat at the large round table, which glittered with silver plate, and was lit by dozens of wax candles in golden candelabra. My polite friend sat at my right; on my left was a stout old gentleman, who smiled upon me amicably, but was evidently unacquainted with English. In fact, I afterwards found that not one of the company could exchange a word with me in my native tongue, though all were apparently persons of good social position.

The dinner was excellent, the wines perfect, and the conversation animated and lively. What it was all about, I, of course, did not know, and I was thrown entirely upon the society of my right-hand neighbour, whose name, I discovered, was M. Antoine.

"All these gentlemen are relations of the family of the Marquis," he remarked, seeing me glancing curiously round the table. "The stout gentleman next to you is, however, M. Dubois, the notary. That is the Baron d'Evreux to the right of the Marquis, the military-looking man opposite is M. le General de Loture, a distinguished cavalry officer."

"Where is Madame la Marquise?" I asked.

"Madame la Marquise rarely appears. She resents these gentlemen being here, and keeps to her own apartments."

"Why so?"

"There is a dispute about the succession. The late Marquis, when an old man, married a young woman. There are fine stories about the past of Madame la Marquise," said M. Antoine, with a shrug.

"But what is happening now?" I inquired curiously.

"There are many quarrels. The late Marquis made a will, which is already before the Courts. Madame la Marquise claims to be entitled to remain here for life.

The present Marquis denies her right, so he has come here, and taken possession. Madame la Marquise refuses to budge. The Marquis has summoned a family council, which you see before you, to consider the whole situation, with a view to avoiding a public scandal. It is strange, is it not?" he concluded, with a sidelong glance at me.

"Why do you look at me like that?" I asked, having already noticed that he was perpetually watching my face. "Do you imagine that I have come here for any other purpose than the business I have explained?'

"No, certainly not, Monsieur," replied M. Antoine, hurriedly.

"Are you a member of the family council?" I inquired, determined to find out something about him.

"I! No, for example! I am the secretary of the present Marquis," he added, in an undertone.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and the Marquis has directed, as I speak Inglese, to make myself agreeable to Monsieur," he replied, bowing.

I thanked M. Antoine, and felt satisfied with his explanation, though I still could not help suspecting that his politeness was not entirely disinterested. However, as I had nothing to conceal, M. Antoine's conduct did not cause me any uneasiness, and I spent a very agreeable evening. The dinner lasted till a tolerably late hour, and afterwards the guests dispersed in an informal manner, some to drink coffee and chat in the drawing-room, others to play cards, and the remainder to the billiard-room, where I betook myself, with M. Antoine at my elbow. I refused an invitation to join in the game, but sat looking on for an hour, smoking an excellent cigar, and then, feeling fatigued with my journey, retired to my bedroom.

M. Antoine accompanied me, of course; in fact, he never left my side; but beyond seeing that I had all I required for the night, he did not intrude upon me. He shook me warmly by the hand at parting, and, promising to assist me next morning in my investigations respecting the late Marquis, took himself off, and left me to myself.

It was not very long before I was in bed and asleep, and I certainly never enjoyed a more grateful repose. One little incident however, occurred which rather startled me. In the midst of a dreamless slumber I seemed to be suddenly seized with nightmare. I imagined that I was falling from a great height, and woke with a gasp and a start with a remarkable sensation, as though the pillow under my head was being shifted. So strong was the impression upon me at the moment that I jumped up and struck a light. My

HER CONVERSATION CAPTIVATED ME.

pillow, however, was in its normal position, and my watch ticked peacefully upon the bolster underneath it.

Nevertheless I was so startled that I got out of bed and gazed round the room. There was no one to be seen, and my things were all undisturbed, but, curiously enough, I now noticed for the first time that my bedroom door was ajar. I could not feel absolutely certain that I had shut it before retiring to rest, but I certainly thought that I had, and the discovery gave me a sudden thrill of nervousness.

I am, fortunately, not superstitious, and I soon persuaded myself that the open door was a mere coincidence, and that I had imagined the rest. I therefore returned to my bed, and quickly fell asleep again, nor did I wake until late the next morning, when the footman, after placing a bowl of coffee and some toast on the table by my bedside, pulled up the blinds and let a flood of bright sunlight into the apartment.

Refreshed and invigorated, I lost no time in dressing myself, resolved to make a few inquiries on the subject of my mission independently of M. Antoine. So far as I could judge, the Marquis' secretary had neither object nor intention to deceive me with regard to my task, but I thought it advisable at least to glean what information I could without him.

I therefore descended from my room, and passed down the grand staircase and through the principal apartments on the ground floor. It was still quite early, and nobody was astir except a few servants. These I questioned by asking who was the original of the two portraits of the late Marquis, which M. Antoine had pointed out to me in the salon and the salle-à-manger. Having obtained satisfactory and evidently sincere replies, I strolled out into the grounds, questioning any gardener or employé whom I chanced to meet. The formula I adopted was to produce my photograph of the late Marquis and inquire innocently—

"Do you know this gentleman?"

"Certainly. It is the late Marquis," was the more or less emphatic but always convincing reply.

"Il est mort alors?"

"Dead! Why, certainly he is dead! Did we not see him lying in state in his bed? Does he not lie buried in the chapel over yonder?"

In short, I easily convinced myself by numberless inquiries that there was no doubt about the matter, and I felt almost shamefaced at my futile occupation. Nevertheless, I spent nearly three hours over the business, extending my inquiries to the village, and even interviewing the Curé, who had attended the Marquis in his last hours. My stock of French, meagre though it was, proved sufficient for my simple questions, while the answers, being invariably the same, caused me no perplexity.

On my way back I met M. Antoine, who came smiling down the avenue, raising his hat with his usual politeness.

"Good morning, Monsieur! Monsieur has been abroad early. Monsieur has doubtless been pursuing his inquiries?"

"Yes, Monsieur Antoine."

"With satisfactory results?" he asked, turning to walk back with me.

"Yes," I answered.

He proceeded to question me as to where I had been and whom I had seen, until I cut him short by saying—

"What is the good of keeping up this nonsense, M. Antoine? You know very well you have been watching me all the morning."

"Comment donc?" he exclaimed, stopping short with his shoulders up to his ears.

"Whenever I looked back I saw you dodging among the trees. You followed me into the village. I did not interfere. If it amused you, it did me no harm," I said laughing.

"It is true I walked in the park—however, since it did Monsieur no harm, why should he complain?" said M. Antoine, with ludicrous consternation.

"I do not complain, but it is as well you should know that I am not so simple as you evidently think me," I said, enjoying his discomfiture.

M. Antoine made no reply to this, and as we had reached the château, we mounted the steps in silence.

"Déjeuner is nearly finished," murmured a servant to him as we entered.

"It is true; I forgot to tell Monsieur that we are late," said M. Antoine, resuming his ordinary friendly tone, and leading the way towards the salle-à-manger.

I had forgotten the time and felt rather ashamed of my ill manners towards the host. In the dining-room were assembled round the well-spread table most of the guests of the preceding evening, but the Marquis and one or two others were absent. On the other hand, the place of honour was occupied by a lady, whom I at once guessed must be Madame la Marquise.

She was certainly a beautiful creature, tall, stately, and dark, with magnificent eyes, flashing teeth, and a complexion like ivory. She was dressed in a sort of tea-gown of white plush, with a cluster of white roses at her bosom; and the vivid contrast between her jet black hair and eyes and the pure white of her attire was quite dazzling. I judged her to be about twenty-seven years of age, and her graceful figure was at its prime of youthful fulness.

She bowed graciously at me as I entered, and motioned me to take a vacant chair near her. While I was doing so, awkwardly enough, I am afraid, her glance suddenly lighted upon my companion, who was modestly seating himself lower down the table, and her cheeks flushed.

"What is that man doing here?" she exclaimed in an imperious voice.

One of the gentlemen near her muttered something apologetically, which I took to be an explanation that M. Antoine was present in the capacity of interpreter to me.

"I will not be insulted to that degree in my own house!" she cried, drawing herself up with queenly dignity. "Either that man leaves the table or I do."

There was an awkward pause, while most of the gentlemen looked down assiduously at their plates; then one of them made a hasty sign to M. Antoine, who got up very sheepishly, and left the room.

"Do you know that man is a police detective, Monsieur?" she said to me, in excellent English, still quivering with indignation. "It is thus that these noble gentlemen and the noble head of the family insult the widow of the late Marquis."

Her furious glance seemed to flash round the table like consuming fire, and though probably none of the company understood her words, they showed unmistakably that they guessed what she was saying. Then suddenly the Marquise's anger seemed to evaporate in a musical ripple of laughter, and, turning to me, she commenced to talk about indifferent matters.

I must confess that her conversation captivated me immediately. I am not a susceptible man, and shall die—as I have lived—a confirmed bachelor. But there was a charm of manner about the Marquise which, combined with her radiant beauty, rendered her irresistible. She put me at my ease at once, and chatted as pleasantly as though we had been old friends. She touched lightly upon the object of my visit, but manifested no displeasure or resentment; she confined herself to polite commonplaces, and showed herself well acquainted with our drama and current literature. Incidentally she mentioned that she had once been at school in England, hich accounted for her knowledge of our language. She spoke it with accuracy and taste, and her accent I found bewitching.

When luncheon was ended the Marquise—who seemed to pointedly ignore the rest of the guests—rose from her chair, and said to me—

"Have you seen the garden?"

"No," I replied.

"Come, then. I will escort you. You must put up with me instead of with M. Antoine."

She swept from the room as she spoke, while I followed like a disintegrated atom at the tail of a glorious comet. She waited a minute on the steps, while a maid brought her a lace shawl, which the Marquise wore mantilla-wise over her head, and then we sallied forth together.

"M. Antoine is watching us like a cat from somewhere. He will be furious," she said, with a gleam of malice in her eyes, as we descended the steps of the house.

"Why?" I asked.

"He would give his ears to know what we are talking about. He is a spy, I tell you, set to watch me. I am surrounded by spies. But why should I trouble you, an English stranger, with my miserable affairs?"

She nevertheless proceeded, with considerable animation to describe her wrongs and to denounce her enemies. She was at feud, it appeared, with her late husband's heir and family; was accused of having procured an unjust will; and even of vulgar robbery and pillage. She did not enter into details, but she so excited my sympathy that I warmly offered my services in case I could render her any assistance.

"You can do nothing, my friend," she said, breathing the last word with a softness which made my cheeks glow. "I can only await, alone and unprotected, the decision of the law courts. Meanwhile, I cannot write a letter without its being opened and read. I am a prisoner in my own house."

"I could convey a letter for you," I said, catching at the suggestion.

"I have no one to write to. Besides, if I gave you a letter you would be robbed. You may depend that M. Antoine will know before you go every document that you may carry. I will guarantee that he has rifled your pockets, and will do so again."

I laughed incredulously at this; but I suddenly remembered the incident of the preceding night. Then I realised that the detective had probably paid me a nocturnal visit, and, having no doubt inspected the contents of my pockets, had passed his hand under my pillow, to see if I had any document secreted there.

What the reason of his vigilance was I could not imagine; but the Marquise's words were a revelation to me, and aroused my indignation. Meanwhile, we had passed through a beautiful Italian garden, and had reached the kitchen garden, one wall of which was crimson with a wonderful crop of ripe peaches. I made some remark about them, when the Marquise said, suddenly —

"Tiens! I had quite forgotten!"

"What?" I asked.

"At this season I have always sent a basket of peaches to a little English friend, with whom I used to be at school. Now I wonder," added the Marquise, fixing her fine eyes inquiringly on me, "whether you would mind executing that small commission."

"I should be delighted," I replied, earnestly.

"Even a little thing like that it is impossible for me. If I sent them myself my poor friend would be subjected to espionage; she would be suspected of I don't know what. It sounds absurd, but it is so," said the Marquise, with a bitter laugh.

"What is the address?" I asked.

"Mees Amy Thompson, 4A, Avenue Road, Regent's Park. Can you remember that?"

"I will write it down," I said.

"No, no!" said the Marquise, checking me as I was preparing to get out my pocket-book. "Remember what I warned you. M. Antoine would obtain that address."

I grimly thought otherwise; however, the point was not worth arguing. I fixed the address in my mind by an effort of memory.

"You must not say that you have undertaken a commission for me. You can tell M. Antoine, if he asks, that they are a little attention from me to you."

"I wish they were," I said, blindly.

"Well, here is a little rose for yourself," said the Marquise, handing me a flower from the bunch at her bosom.

I put it in my button-hole with a sentimental sigh, and we resumed our walk. Somehow, though I did not

PUT IT IN MY BUTTON HOLE.

realise it at the time, the Marquise persuaded me to fix my departure for the next morning, and I agreed, being under the impression that it was my own wish. I promised the Marquise that I would deliver the basket on the evening of my arrival in town, and would write and acquaint her of the fact. The remainder of our conversation was incoherent as far as I was concerned, and I do not mind owning that my foolish head was completely turned by the polite attentions of the fascinating Marquise.

I may as well say at once that I never saw her again, but her image is enshrined in my memory as that of the most beautiful of human beings. After this, it will surprise none to hear that, in the first glow and fervour of my adoration, I was extremely short with M. Antoine. In fact, it was as well that I had arranged to leave early the next morning, for even the detective's long-suffering and self-interested politeness was abashed by my truculent fierceness. As I refused to hold communication with him, my position in the midst of foreigners was a little uncomfortable; I found myself completely isolated, owing to my ignorance of the language; but I was consoled by the fact that M. Antoine must be wild at the thought that I was intriguing with the Marquise.

I retired early to my room after dinner that night, and as I took the precaution to double-lock the door, I do not think that M. Antoine honoured me with another visit. Next morning early, however, he came in to me while I was dressing, and, in the frankest manner, held out his hand.

"Monsieur Millicent," he said, "why should we part bad friends? I am only doing my duty. You do not know Madame la Marquise as well as I. Anyhow, I express my regret if I have inconvenienced you, and I ask the pleasure of accompanying you to the station."

"You suspect I am undertaking some commission for Madame la Marquise," I said, unable, after this interval, to keep my resentment at fever heat.

"I am sure Monsieur is not. I have kept Monsieur under observation," he replied, with a smile.

I did not continue the discussion, for, though I doubted the honesty of his motives, I was not unwilling that he should accompany me, and see me off on my return journey. I therefore shook hands with him, and we resumed our former amicable relations. When the hour of my departure arrived, a maid-servant handed me, as I was stepping into the brougham with M. Antoine, the promised basket of peaches.

"With the compliments of Madame la Marquise," said the girl.

I affected a gratified surprise, and M. Antoine looked at me keenly as he seated himself beside me.

"A polite attention," he said, suspiciously.

"They are peaches," I remarked, lifting up the paper covering, and peering into the basket.

"They smell nice," said M. Antoine.

He put his nose to the basket as he spoke, and then somehow—it was really very cleverly done—the basket seemed to slip out of his hands, and the rosy fruit inundated the brougham. I was annoyed at first, and then the obviousness of the manœuvre tickled me. I burst out laughing, while M. Antoine, covered with confusion, went down on his knees, and commenced to replace the peaches.

"There is nothing, you see, M. Antoine," I said.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed; "but there might have been."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," he murmured, sulkily.

"Well, will you tell me what is the meaning of it all?" I inquired.

"It is a long story. In a word, the Boudeville family jewels have disappeared. They are worth £50,000. The Marquise is suspected of having hidden them, and we want to find out where."

"It's a vile calumny!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"I am sure Monsieur believes so," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Did you think the jewels were in that basket?" I asked, scoffingly.

"No; but there might have been a note for Monsieur to deliver," he replied, with a crestfallen air. "To tell the truth, I suspected at first that Monsieur was a friend of Madame la Marquise, and that the insurance business was a blind," he added bluntly.

I laughed more than ever at this extraordinary notion. It was so absurd that it seemed impossible to be angry on my own account; while as for the Marquise—well, during our drive M. Antoine told me some stories about her which, while not diminishing my admiration of her charms, opened my eyes a good deal to her character.

However, the commission I had undertaken was innocent enough, and I was not startled by M. Antoine's confidences into betraying it. My obliging acquaintance and I parted the best of friends, and he gave me a solemn assurance, in spite of his unflattering opinion of the Marquise, that the claim against the Insurance Office was perfectly valid and honest.

Well, I arrived safely in England with my little luggage, and, having announced my arrival by telegram from Newhaven as instructed, I was met at Victoria Station, to my great surprise, by one of my colleagues, who brought a message from Mr. Balthazzar that I was to come straight to the office. This I accordingly did, and although the hour was late in the evening, I found Mr. Balthazzar awaiting me, and with him a well-known police-inspector, Mr. Balustrade.

I made my report, which Mr. Balthazzar interrupted impatiently by asking—

"Did you have any conversation with the Marquise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she give you any letter or message to deliver to anyone in this country?"

"No, sir."

"No commission of any kind?" said Mr. Balthazzar, rather blankly.

"Only this basket of peaches to take to a lady friend," I said.

"What address?" asked Inspector Balustrade quickly.

"Miss Amy Thompson, 4A, Avenue Road," I replied innocently.

"That is the address, sir. That is where M. Rolland is staying," said the Inspector quite excitedly.

He seized the basket as he spoke, and for the second time the unfortunate contents were unceremoniously turned out upon the floor. But Inspector Balustrade seemed as disappointed as M. Antoine had been with the result, and he even opened one or two of the peaches with a penknife.

Mr. Balthazzar watched him a little contemptuously, and proceeded to scrutinise the paper wrappings, first looking them carefully over, and then spreading them against the hot globe of a large lamp till the papers began to scorch.

"Here is another piece at the bottom of the basket," said the Inspector, observing Mr. Balthazzar's occupation, and following his example.

It was a square piece of thin bluish paper folded double. There appeared to be no writing or inscription upon it, but when the Inspector had pressed it for a few minutes against the lamp globe, he uttered an exclamation.

We crowded round him, and as we looked, the following words, evidently written in some fluid invisible to the naked eye, but which yielded to the heat, gradually became legible.

"3me à gauche, A. des Tilleuls. Viens vite enlever Puis plus rester ici."

"Third to the left in the Avenue of Limes. Come

and take them away quickly. I cannot stay much longer here," read Mr. Balthazzar, translating exultantly.

"Buried 'em at the foot of the third tree. Dare not remove 'em herself, because she is watched. That is the reason she is keeping up this ridiculous claim to the property, and remaining there. But 'puis plus rester ici,'" added the Inspector reading, "wants her accomplice to remove 'em at once. Well, we will do it for her."

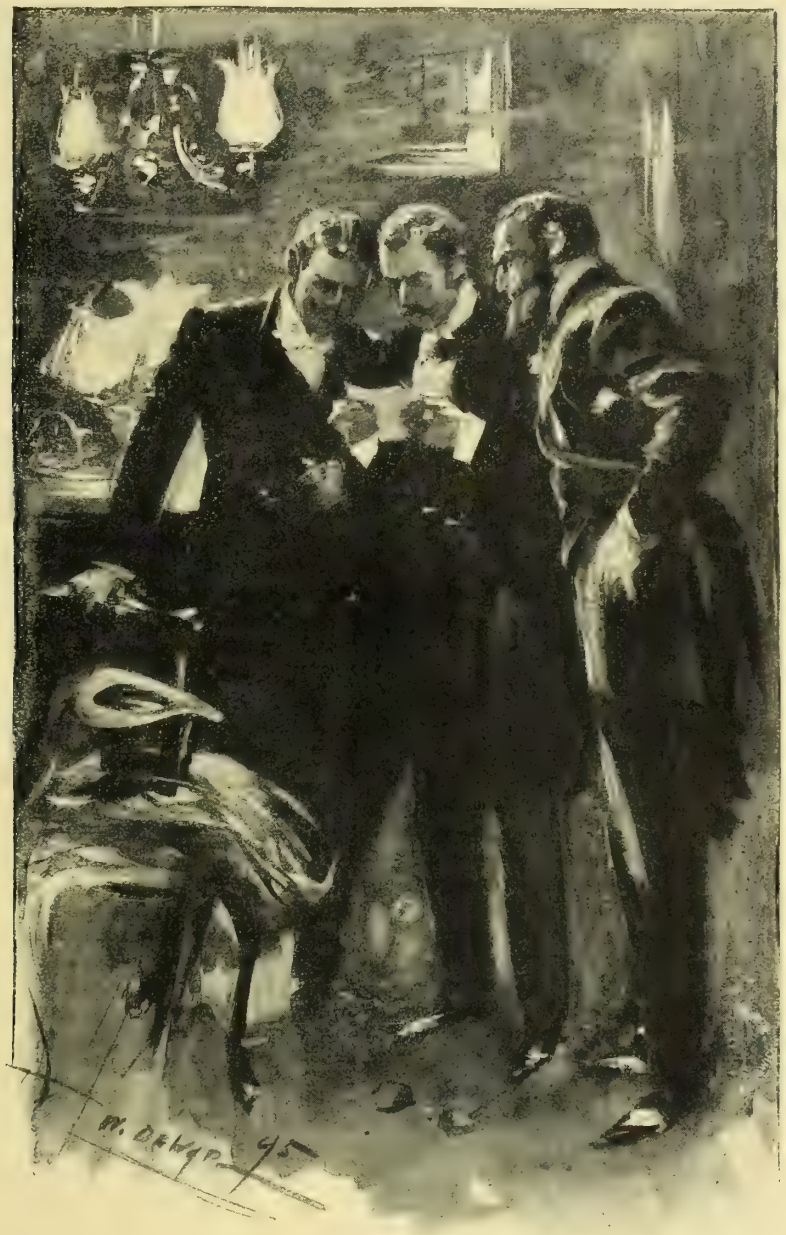
"A score for the English police, eh, Balustrade?" remarked Mr. Balthazzar, lighting a fresh cigar.

"The credit is yours, sir," said the Inspector modestly.

"Well, my plan has succeeded," said Mr. Balthazzar, complacently. "I suggested suspicious circumstances to the Insurance Office, and got them to authorise me to send a clerk over. I thought it probable that the Marquise would seize the opportunity to send some compromising message by an English stranger whose presence there could be accounted for. You must have made yourself very fascinating, Millicent," he laughed.

"I've been useful without knowing it," I remarked, rather resentfully.

"It was a case that required delicate handling," said Mr. Balthazzar, whose unusual elation showed me that he had earned a very handsome fee.



WE CROWDED ROUND HIM.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—Someone says that the quadrille is coming into fashion again this season. I sincerely hope not. Would it not be slow? Fancy dancing four or five "sets" of quadrilles in an evening! It would be enough to make one feel one's self a dowager all in a moment. I do not think this assertion can be at all correct, for the quadrille has nothing in common with the spirit of the age. How can the quadrille and the skirt-dance both flourish in the same atmosphere? Impossible! But if the former should ever really become fashionable again we may bid a long good-bye to our convenient short dancing-dresses, for trains will in that case most certainly come in.

I had an Austrian officer for a partner for two or three waltzes at a dance the other evening, and never had a better one. He seemed to have the rhythm within him, and was as light as a feather. It was quite a new sensation. I never enjoyed a dance so much before. He amused me very much by asking me why so many young men stood about and did not dance. "Have they just had the influenza?" he inquired. When I told him that this was the usual behaviour of the ordinary Englishman at such entertainments, he very naturally asked, "Then why did they come?" It does seem strange, for there can be very little amusement in leaning up against a door frame or a mantel-piece, and looking on. It seems absurd to suggest that supper has anything to do with it, and yet the way in which the rooms are thinned of these standard ornaments after the supper-hour gives some colour to the idea. But in what an unfavourable light this places the average young man!

IN THE PARK.

I acquired a certain amount of information on the subject of collars one day last week while engaged in morally supporting Adeline through a morning's shopping. You know how impossible she finds it to decide on even the smallest purchase without asking someone's advice about it. And a word will sway her this way or the other. She is like boiled macaroni—the long sort. When someone proposes to her she will certainly ask the gentleman to wait while she puts on her hat and runs round to her nearest girl acquaintance to ask her what she would do in the circumstances! But I want to tell you about the fashionable collars. The prettiest I saw was on a handsome girl, and was made of the finest white mull muslin, hem-stitched, and turned over in square tabs upon the high velvet collar of the dress. You can't think how becoming it was. Another was simply a band of hem-stitched muslin turned down all round over the dress collar, and not quite deep enough to hide it. The muslin was edged with the finest Torchon lace. And a third was also in white muslin, slit down about an inch and a half at regular intervals, and button-holed round the slits, coloured ribbon being drawn through the spaces and tied in a dainty little bow under the chin. This collar, too, was edged with lace. Tatting is coming in again for these as well as the deeper ones. Do you know what tatting is? I did not until I had made inquiries. It is a sort of work done with an ivory bobbin, threaded with very fine cotton or linen thread, and passed in and out of loops made with the fingers. It is very like old Irish point. Mother was hunting for her bobbin when I told her that tatting was to be fashionable, and at last fished it up from the bottom of an ancient workbox, all covered with porcupine quills, and inlaid with ebony and ivory. She is going to teach me how to tat. Sounds funny, doesn't it?

Very yellow is the new lace for collars, rather like the turnipy butter we used to have in the country in winter, when the cows had to be stall-fed. Do you remember?

Some of the very newest collars in this lace have deep points in front, a very old fashion revived. Others have the square yoke we all know so well, finished off with most wide-awake looking bows of ribbon, either black or coloured, on the shoulders and at each side. Ribbon, you know, is to be used by the mile this season.

I like ribbons floating about my gowns, don't you? But I wish they would stay fresh longer than they do. They should, not being necessary, be "all in all or not at all," and really good ribbons are by no means cheap.

Do you like the blouse in our illustration? This useful garment may be divided into two classes this season—that with loose, full fronts, and that with the inevitable box-pleat, so arranged as to be neat and close-fitting. I can foresee such awful developments of the former sort later on when hot weather comes, and floppy blouses are supposed to be cool. I am sure it is only supposition, for nothing on earth makes me hotter than having a lot of irrelevant material hanging about, and needing bracing in. There is one comfort about the new blouses, and that is, that they have all plain, tight-fitting backs. How horrid is the round-shouldered look that the loose-backed ones give to their misguided wearers.

The regulation ribbon belt is plain in front and hooks

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at the back with four loops, two standing up and two hanging down. Instead of the latter, young girls wear long ends. There is no end to the varieties of fancy ribbons, and it is expected that gros-grain will rival satin in the coming summer. The gros grain is the more economical. It wears better.

The blouse (sketched at Redmayne's) is in shot silk, cherry colour and gold, with crescents of gold all over the surface. It has a double box-pleat in front, but is tight-fitting at the back. In any colour, price two guineas.

The toque (sketched at Clematio's, 49, Maddox Street, W.) is in palm green mohair straw, with jet wings, shaded cyclamen, and black osprey. The ruff, also a model of Clematio's, is in black net, quilled up, and tipped with ostrich feather.—Your affectionate

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hilda.—I found the very recipe you asked for in the *Caterer*. You will find it in our Cookery Column. You will find the "Oberon" spirit cooker exactly what you want. In most of those in which methylated spirit is the medium used for producing heat, the fault is that the container is so shallow as to need constant replenishing; but, in the "Oberon," the container is elevated above the level of the cooker, and, by means of a slender tube, is conveyed to the saucer beneath the kettle or stewpan. By means of a very ingenious contrivance, the flame can be regulated to any degree, and thus food can be kept hot over it without being brought to boiling point. The advantage of this will be immediately apparent to those who, like yourself, have to keep an invalid's beef-tea hot without the waste involved in long boiling. There is no wick to become charred and need constant renewing. It is capital for shaving.

Missy.—You might have a full evening bodice of scarlet satin covered with jet sequined net and a wide belt of scarlet satin ribbon; no basque. The black satin skirt must be very neatly fastened, and held up by means of a skirt-holder. Let the sleeves be made with stiff epaulets of the satin, shaped like the peak of a jockey's cap, and with a deep double frill of the jet-sequined red net falling over them. Or have the sleeves of brocade, either ivory ground with red flowers or a sort of mixture in which these colours play a part. The prettiest bodices for girls are made of silk with pleats of silk muslin, chiffon or tulle arranged upon them perpendicularly, and double frills of the same round the shoulders, and a single frill finishing the sleeves. The belt should be white satin ribbons. I saw a pretty one the other evening finished with a ruche of hyacinths round the top.

Cookery Column.

W. K. D. writes:—I note your reply to "Jeannette" in current issue of To-Day. The secret of making good coffee is, like everything else, very simple when you know how it is done. Firstly, you must buy *good* coffee; secondly, you must buy it in the green berry; thirdly, you must roast every morning sufficient for the day's consumption; or, if this is inconvenient, say twice a week for the semi-weekly allowance; fourthly, you must grind enough for the meal—breakfast, lunch, etc.—just before making your coffee, and a "grinder," or coffee-mill, can be bought for a few shillings; fifthly, you must pour boiling water over the ground coffee; half a pint to each tea or dessert spoonful, according to whether the "brew" is wanted strong or weak. You must cover closely, and keep at a few degrees below boiling point for from five to seven minutes, and your coffee is ready to pour out. It will, indeed, be *coffee;* not the nauseous stuff which too many of the boulevard cafés give you, but the fragrant and delicious beverage which the bourgeois *bonne* makes, and which can still be obtained at one or two of the old-fashioned cafés near the Pont St. Michel, in *the* Quartier loved by the students of old. That coney in cream, of which you wrote, is a heavenly dish; but the novice, who has never made it before, would find your directions insufficient. You do not give directions for jointing the bunny, and reserving the inferior parts for the *sauce montée;* you forget the cream, in which the prime parts are to be stewed, requires judicious flavouring; and finally, the *garniture* of the dish, its chief charm, is altogether ignored."

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

The other night I picked up a evenin' piper as 'ad bin lift in my 'bus, and theer I read as them docters is reg'lar turned rarnd on the subjic' of early risin'. They syes nar as it ain't 'ealthy, and yer didn't ought fur to do it. Ah, theer's chinges goin' on all ararnd us nar-a-dyes. Whort man alive ever 'eard before of any docter syin' as anythink enjyable could posserbly be good fer yer? Beer—give it up! 'Baccer—storp it orf! Chuck ev'rythink as yer feels any tiste fur, an' feed yerself on bloomin' pills. Thet yoosed ter be the line as they took. Well, yer see, they're comin' rarnd nar. And, mawk my wuds, as fur as this 'ere early risin' is concerned, they're backin' the right 'orse. I've tried early risin'—'ad ter try it, 'cos when I was a boy I got the strap if I didn't—and I tell yer it's a wrong 'un. Onless yer 'as yer stummick full o' sleep—awskin' yer pawdon fur the familyarity o' them wuds—yer ain't no yoose at all. 'Ankin minetines as six 'ors sleep is enough fur any man. I 'as no pyshunce with sich talk. I says ter 'im, says I, "And whort might you be nar? As fur as I knaws you're one man, of the nime of 'Ankin, and don't yar mistake yourself fur the bloomin' yooniverse, a-lyin' darn yar rooles and reggilishuns fur ev'rybody." Why, it's pline common-sinse. The only man as knows 'ow much sleep any man wornts is the man as wornts it. Still, 'o course, 'Ankin went on with 'is argyin'. 'Ankin's 'Ankin. If 'e didn't berlieve as 'e was right and hev'rybody else wrong, 'e wouldn't be 'isself. But 'arrever I'm glad ter see as the docters is come raund ter my wye o' thinkin' abart early risin'. 'Ere's luck to 'em!

More noose of Jibez, I sees. Good old Jibez Belfoor! 'E's kep' the telygrawft-wires busy a goodish time, 'e as. Fust it's one thing an' then it's another, and then both of 'em git corntradicted and yer stawt over agin. I'll berlieve we've gort 'im when I sees 'im and nort afore. Yer cawnt deny as friend Jibez is a man of talinks. Theer is diffrunt talinks; theer is the talink as comes art in the shipe o' poytry; theer's 'Ankin's talink fur gassin' ararnd gin'rally; theer's all sorts. I knowed a man myself as yer might a' thought reg'lar stoopid if yer 'adn't plyed a gime o' skittles with 'im; if yer 'ad, yer knoo whort 'is speshal talink was. Nar, with Jibez it tikes the form of all-rarnd slip'riness. E's a beauty! E's a disy! And it ain't only slip'riness either; 'e 'as sech a bloomin' cheek with it tew. 'Ave yer read 'is letters? Do yer mind thet book as 'e were goin' ter write, sell millyings and millyings of copies, and pye the Liberitor victims art o' the proceeds? Cheek's no wud fur it. 'E feerly tikes the cike, does Jibez. I cawnt 'awdly 'elp admirin' o' 'im. But then I 'adn't no money in the Liberitor. Thet's the best of 'avin no money ter put anywheer. Yer cawnt put it wheer yer didn't ought.

The other dye a man as lived in a flat brought a complinte ter the police-court with regawd to 'is bein' kep' awike o' nights by the man whort 'ad the flat over 'im snorin' like a prize ox. They couldn't do nuthink fur the pore feller—couldn't give 'im no summons against anybody, nor nutthink else. Snorin' ain't a crime, and so 'e's jest gort ter grin an' bear it. It sims a 'awd kise, but I knows o' a 'awder, which were a cousing o' mine. 'E used ter snore sutthink crool; it were a reg'lar misforchun to 'im. It gort wus and wus, until 'e snored so 'ard 'e yoosed ter wike 'isself up, and that's the truth. The momunt 'e went orf ter sleep, 'e'd begin ter snore, and the momunt 'e begun ter snore 'e woke 'isself up with the noise o' it. 'E was a parful snorer, yer see. 'E yoosed ter keep the 'ole street awike. Well, whort with it preyin' on 'is mind, and 'im gettin' no sleep, 'e went balmy in the nut, and thet were the end of 'im.

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THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A CHAT WITH MR. GRANT ALLEN ABOUT "THE WOMAN WHO DID."

Mr. Grant Allen, who is an old customer of mine, had promised to show me a view equal to anything south of Scotland and east of Somerset if I would call upon him at his home at Hindhead, beyond Haslemere. So as Saturday is a very slack day with me, my *clientèle* consisting almost entirely of business men, who scamper out of the City the very moment they are able on Saturdays, I determined to give myself a holiday and take him at his word. Not to make a long story of it, the day turned out utterly hopeless. When I reached his house the morning was so misty that it was impossible to see that it stood right on the edge of the Devil's Punch-Bowl. It might just as well have been in South Kensington. So there was nothing to do but go and sit in his study and talk.

Conversation naturally turned on "The Woman Who Did," which had been the book of the week with me. Mr. Grant Allen said:—"It has been very generally taken for granted that this is the suppressed book—I never said so, as a matter of fact it is not. The suppressed book was written three years earlier, written, not wholly and solely to suit my own tastes and wishes, but for publication by a very particular publisher. This one I wrote entirely for myself, whether it should be published or not published. The suppressed book may come out sooner or later, the original publisher is willing to bring it out. It will be under a different name but otherwise quite the same.

"Many have talked about what the book proved or didn't prove. I'm so simple and scientific that it did not occur to me that a work of art proved anything. Though I have heard a Scotchman urge against 'Paradise Lost' that it proved nothing, I didn't expect to hear this objection in England.

"I could very easily have written a story in which things should come out all right for my pair of lovers. I could make them live happily for ever, but that wouldn't prove anything, except that I thought such a result possible. My characters are puppets to me; by pulling strings I can make them do anything either way. My object in making it a tragedy was that I wanted to rouse sympathy, and you cannot arouse sympathy for a woman who is unconventional except by a tragic end.'

"You say that this is not the suppressed book?" I said. "But does it give your theory on the subject?"

"A good many have talked," he replied, "as though one ought to have developed a theory in the book. I didn't want to develop anything, I wanted to make people think. I have a theory of how society could be re-organised, and a very definite theory, but I don't know that I think it desirable to express it in full, except in a definite treatise—such a treatise as it is in my mind to write hereafter. On the other hand several objected—'Why write this in novel form at all. Why not make a dry volume of it?' My answer is, I want to get at women, and especially at young women who are still plastic, and may yet be susceptible to influence. I want to say to these—'Your purity, of which you make so much, is an artificial product, which can only be kept up at the expense of unspeakable misery to thousands of other women who are sacrificed on your account. Are you prepared to go calmly on without heeding that sacrifice? Are you ready to let these poor wretches suffer and die in order that you may be kept as good marketable commodities for the men who want to buy?'

"I wrote 'The Woman Who Did' because I wanted to appeal directly to women. If a man wishes to address the working-men of Bermondsey on a question of labour and capital, it's no use saying to him, 'why don't you print your address in Latin; all the University graduates in Bermondsey will understand it, and you won't inflame the evil passions of the tan-yard labourers and the draymen against their masters and employers.' To inflame them is just what he wants; and what I want is to make women think. The present system is to tell them as little as possible of the facts of life, especially when they are young and when some good might come of it. Mrs. Grundy says, 'Obscure the real issues.' I say, 'Tear down the veil and let women see the whole truth and choose for themselves how they will act accordingly.'"

"It is not true, I suppose, that the book was dashed off at white heat; and that there are things in it that you might have stated differently after mature deliberation?"

"Certainly not. No pains were spared in the making of the book. I had the idea turning over in my head for five years before I put pen to paper. There wasn't an idea or a sentence, or even a phrase, which I did not weigh over and over again. One particular point on which critics almost unanimously lighted struck me by surprise. They all, or nearly all, said that I had made Herminia conceal from Dolly the fact of her illegitimacy in order to make a climax to the story. Now, I don't pretend to an exceptional delicacy in my feelings of what a young girl ought or ought not to be told, but it does seem to me simply monstrous to suppose that a mother would tell her own daughter a personal secret of such momentous importance before the daughter was of an age fully to understand it. Dolly, you must remember, was only seventeen. It would have been unwise to tell the secret till she was of an age to enter into the feelings of a woman, not merely intellectually, but emotionally, instinctively, by pure internal knowledge. It never even occurred to me that Herminia could tell her daughter before she was twenty. She would prepare her mind, of course, but only by instilling the general point of view which Dolly proved quite incapable of understanding.

"Another interesting point of criticism to my mind was the almost unanimous way in which reviewers insisted that Hermina must have been able to influence Dolly's mind and to secure her affection. This shows a touching faith in the power of a good mother which was almost obligatory in the fifteenth century, but seems to me absurdly out of place in the nineteenth. Novels are usually written in accordance with a conservative psychological or conventional idea of something that is called the interaction of characters. This is all purely *à priori* and also false. I have written a dozen novels on a conventional basis, and full of false psychology; nobody ever took the trouble to say so. I write one in which I make everybody's motives as true to life as I can in the teeth of convention, and everybody says it isn't true."

"Have you any objection to giving me the outlines of your system?"

"No, I suppose not. I should say myself every adult, man and woman, ought naturally to form a union of affection at the moment when such unions are normally possible. If this were the rule we should have neither celibacy nor the social evil. Get rid of mediæval preconceptions and our problem solves itself. No young man innocently beginning life would take by preference to vulgar vice if he could blamelessly and openly form such a union with a woman he loved and the woman who loved him."

As I was hurrying off to catch my train, Mr. Grant Allen said to me, "To put it in a nutshell I might say that my objection is not to marriage, but to making a fetish of marriage, and exacting penalties from those who think otherwise. Of course, any reform must come very slowly, for one has first to influence opinion. What I wish to insist on is that instead of being a subject not to be discussed, this subject has to be discussed like any other."

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MR. CORNEY GRAIN.

By the death of Mr. Corney Grain and Mr. German Reed, what has become practically a national institution seems for the moment absolutely eclipsed. Within a few days of one another, the son of the founder of the German Reed Entertainments and his most famous coadjutor have passed away.

Mr. Corney Grain, notwithstanding his many imitators, stood alone to the end as a monologue artist, and his particular public regarded him in the light of an indispensable friend, as well as an entertainer. He constantly received the most extraordinary letters from members of his audience, suggesting new sketches, and telling him funny stories with a view to his making use of them. Strangely enough he never found any of these of the slightest value in his work.

On one occasion, when long skirts were the fashion, he used to sing a song "My Lady's Train," which was universally popular. One of his auditors, however, seemed to take the good-natured chaff to herself, for she wrote him a furious letter, winding up with the words: "I can't imagine how you dare sing such a song; I can only attribute it to the supposition that in your long-passed youth you were well snubbed by a lady!"

For many years after he had become the leading entertainer of the day, people entirely refused to believe in the reality of his quaint patronymic; yet among his most valued treasures was a quaint harpsichord, once the property of the Miss Corney who brought her good old Yorkshire name into the Grain family.

Apropos of his odd name is the following, I believe unpublished, story:—On one occasion two elderly ladies received an invitation to an afternoon party, and on the corner of the card was written "Corney Grain." "I wonder what that can mean?" said the one sister to the other. "Do you think we ought to go?" "My dear Priscilla," she answered, "the warm weather is coming on, and this probably indicates some new kind of summer drink!" Nothing was more common than for him to be addressed "——, Esq.," his supposed pseudonym following in brackets.

Corney Grain took infinite pains over the preparation of each of his sketches, and when evolving an apparently light trifle out of his inner consciousness, he would practice for hours in the charming, old-fashioned drawing-room of his house in Weymouth Street. There, close to the grand piano—the most faithful and least disappointing of his friends—hung some fine drawings by one of his intimates, "Spy," of *Vanity Fair*.

He would often carry about the idea of a sketch during several years before finding time to elaborate the initial thought; occasionally he satirised some passing fad or craze of the day, but generally he relied on his songs for topical and up-to-date matter.

Unlike most dramatists—for dramatist he was, and in a very real sense of the term—Mr. Grain kept no notebook. He had a very retentive memory, and a few mems jotted down on the backs of envelopes or any other scrap of paper which came handy at the moment would suggest to him months later a whole train of ideas and jokes. On the other hand, he was scrupulously honourable and high-minded. Never did he caricature or "take off" living personalities, and he frequently refrained from making use of a humourous incident for fear it might annoy or pain those concerned in it.

Though himself so strikingly successful in the profession which he may be said to have created—for, with the exception of old John Parry, no one had ever even attempted the kind of one-man entertainment now so familiar to us all—Mr. Grain did not recommend young actors and reciters to follow in his footsteps. I remember he once gave me a telling account of the difficulties, disappointments, and manifold worries which beset the path of even a popular entertainer. "No man," he concluded, "can succeed at my kind of work unless he can write his own sketches and songs." As may easily be imagined, various of his musical compositions were constantly "borrowed," and even tranposed into other sketches. His own favourite among the sixty odd entertainments of the kind he originated was one entitled "Poor Piano," and of his songs, "The Old Couple's Polka."

M. A. B.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST for London will CLOSE TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY), the 20th March, and for the Country at mid-day on THURSDAY, the 21st of March, 1895.

The Company proposes to commence its first season at the Royal Court Theatre on or about the 20th day of April next, with a new play and a powerful company.

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Divided into 500 Debentures of £50 each.

Total..... £75,000

The Debentures will be secured by a first charge on the valuable premises known as the Court Theatre, held for a term whereof over 70 years are unexpired, and will be repayable at par on the 31st March, 1915, but redeemable earlier at the option of the Company at a premium of £5 per cent. on six months' notice. The interest will be payable half-yearly on the 31st March and 30th September in each year. The first half-yearly payment will be made on the 30th September, 1895.

ISSUE of 50,000 SHARES of £1 each (of which upwards of 10,000 have already been subscribed by the Directors and their friends). Payable—2s. 6d. on Application, 7s 6d. on Allotment, and the balance within fourteen days after Allotment

Of the above Debentures, £10,000 have already been subscribed, and the BALANCE of £15,000, in 300 DEBENTURES of £50 each, is OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION at par, payable £5 per Debenture on application and the balance of £45 per Debenture within fourteen days after Allotment.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE HOLDERS.—The International Trustee, Assets and Debenture Corporation (Limited), Billiter Buildings, E.C.

DIRECTORS.

ARTHUR W. PINERO, Esq., 63, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., Chairman.
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.
HERBERT BENNETT, Esq., 175, Sloane Street, S.W., Director of Harrod's Stores (Limited).
ARTHUR CHUDDEIGH, Esq., Court Theatre.
* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS—The City Bank (Limited).
SOLICITOR—ARTHUR B. CHUBB, Esq., 6, John Street, Adelphi
BROKERS—Messrs. R. B. SMITH AND CO, 10, Throgmorton Avenue E.C., and Stock Exchange.
SECRETARY—Mr. A. S. DUNN.
OFFICES—The Court Theatre, Sloane Square, London, S.W.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the ground leases of the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, London, S.W., together with the sceneries, properties, furniture, and stage accessories, and goodwill of the Theatre.

The leases of the Theatre, which are held direct from the Freeholders, are for terms whereof upwards of seventy years remain unexpired, at the low ground rents of £285 a year in all, subject only to a further rent-charge of £50 a year.

The holding capacity when full is over £200 per night.

The Directors are all well known, and their names afford a sufficient guarantee that the business of the Company will be under competent management. Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has consented to act as Managing Director.

The interest on £25,000 Debentures will amount to the sum of £1,250 only per annum, whereas the least rental value of the Theatre should be £4,000 per annum. After payment of the Debenture interest and rent, all the net profits will be devisible amongst the shareholders, and it may be fairly estimated that substantial dividends will be earned.

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh is the vendor and promoter, and (in order to acquire all outstanding interests) has fixed the purchase price for the lease, scenery, furniture, stage accessories, and goodwill, and also the benefit of various existing arrangements with authors and artists at £60,000, to be paid as to £17,000 in cash or shares at the option of the directors, and the balance in cash, and the vendor undertakes to pay all expenses of the formation and registration of the Company. This will leave £15,000 available for working capital.

There are contracts besides those particularly mentioned below which Mr. Chudleigh has from time to time made in connection with the business carried on by him at the Royal Court Theatre, many of which are still subsisting, but these are too numerous to specify, and applicants for shares must be taken to have notice of them, and to have waived further compliance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1867.

The following agreements have also been or will be made:—

(1) An agreement dated the 27th of December, 1894, between Joe George Calthorp, of the one part, and Sidney Marler, of the other part, and an agreement dated the 13th day of March, 1895, endorsed thereon, and made between Sidney Marler, of the one part, and Arthur Chudleigh, of the other part, together with a letter dated the 11th day of March, 1895.

(2) An agreement dated the 27th December, 1894, between Matilda Charlotte Wood, of the one part, and Arthur Chudleigh, of the other part, together with a letter dated the 1st day of March, 1895.

(3) An agreement dated 13th March, 1895, between Arthur Chudleigh, of the one part, and Herbert Royal, as trustee for the Company, of the other part.

There are in addition various contracts already made or in the course of being made between Mr. Chudleigh and certain persons for the underwriting of the capital of the company, whereof applicants for shares shall be deemed to have notice, and whereof they shall be deemed to have waived the right to further particulars. The directors, besides subscribing for shares, are in consideration of their services, receiving other shares from the vendor.

Copies of the memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, of the leases from the freeholders, of the form of debenture bond and trust deed to secure the debentures, and the said agreement between Mr. Chudleigh and the trustee for the Company may be seen at the offices of the solicitor of the Company.

Full Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained of the City Bank (Limited), Threadneedle Street, E.C., or at the Knightsbridge Branch of that Bank in Sloane Street, S.W.; of the solicitor, Mr. A. B. Chubb, 6, John Street, Adelphi; of the Brokers, Messrs. R. B. Smith and Co., 10, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.; and at the office of the Company, at the Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, S.W.

IN THE CITY.

CENTRAL PACIFICS.

Sir Rivers Wilson's report has sent up the price of these shares several points, and it is generally accepted as encouraging to British holders. The arrangement under which the Southern Pacific guarantees a small dividend for a couple of years has been the main factor in producing the more hopeful feeling, but after all this guarantee is a small matter. The pressing question for stockholders is whether Congress can be induced to extend the time for the payment of the debt due to the Government. Everything hinges upon that, and unless the extension can be secured the promised guarantee will be of small value. What, then, does Sir Rivers Wilson say upon this crucial point?

The most that Sir Rivers Wilson allows himself to say is that "the constitution of the new Congress which assembles next December promises a better prospect of a settlement of the question, and it is confidently expected that it will be dealt with at as early a period as possible after Congress meets." Confidently expected. Not more confidently, we venture to say, than it was expected that the Reilly Bill would pass. Sir Rivers Wilson tells us that the referring back that Bill to the Pacific Railroads Committee "was generally unexpected." We question that. We think Sir Rivers Wilson underrates the hostile feeling with which the advocates of that Bill had to reckon. It was referred back on February 2, and as some indication of the feeling in San Francisco we give below copy of a letter before us dated from that city on January 22, 1895, and signed by the secretary of the Anti-Funding Bill Committee :—

> We write you hurriedly to request and *urge* that a mass meeting be called in your city for Saturday or Monday night, to protest against the Reilly Funding Bill. Now is the critical time. Congress is about to act on this infamous measure. Protests should go by telegraph from all the principal cities of the State. We will hold one here.
>
> A few thousand dodgers will get a big crowd on twenty-four hours' notice on this important subject. Men who signed the petition will generally attend to help make it a success, and contribute enough to pay the small expense.
>
> We hope you realise the great importance of immediate action on this suggestion, and that you will secure the co-operation of some friends, and push it through to success. See the San Francisco morning papers of the 19th, which contain our latest efforts in this matter.
>
> Inform us what you decide, and please go ahead without delay.

The suggested action was taken, the protests had the desired effect, and the Reilly Bill was virtually thrown out on February 2nd.

A correspondent who has been for ten years resident in the States, and is specially familiar with the financial aspects of the Central Pacific question, past and present, writes to us as follows :—

> What are the prospects of the Central Pacific worth?
>
> This road owes the United States Government 47,000,000 dols.
>
> The road could be duplicated for 25,000,000 dols.
>
> The debt is now due.
>
> Congress practically has refused to extend it. A petition signed by 310,000 voters in 17 States was presented to Congress this Session protesting against the extension of the debt.
>
> The people of California and many other States are bitterly opposed to the extension.
>
> Mr. Collis P. Huntingdon, who is president of the road, and who is asking Congress to extend the debt, was denounced in the report of a special Congressional Commission made in 1887 on the finances of this road as having made 20,000,000 dols. by corruption and jobbery out of the Government in connection with the road.
>
> This report was reprinted by the people of California last October and 100,000 copies circulated over the States.
>
> Public feeling in politics is intensely opposed to the extension of the debt. It is an issue in the election of all the public officers in California.
>
> The liability of shareholders is illustrated by the fact that the United States Government has attached the estate of the late Leland Stanford, who was formerly president of the road.
>
> The charter of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which proposes to guarantee interest on the shares expires in 1911. The State of California will refuse to renew it, as a very strong feeling against the road prevails all over California.

Taken with the very guarded statements of Sir Rivers Wilson, these letters should convince readers interested in the matter that it is extremely unlikely that the new Congress will be willing to extend the debt. We advise our readers not to touch Central Pacifics.

THE CALDERBANK STEEL AND COAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

It is to be regretted that at the general meeting of the London and Northern Assets Company the chairman did not give any sufficient explanation of the difference between the board and its auditors as to the value of the securities held by the corporation. Something, indeed a good deal, was said by Mr. Maclean about the value put upon the shares held by the corporation in the Calderbank Steel Company and, Mr. Maclean expressed himself as confident that the view taken by the directors would prove to be the correct one. But that opinion was questioned, and it may be useful, therefore, to give the facts as to the present position of the company.

The latest quotations of Calderbank shares are, Ordinary, 10s. Preference, £2 10s. Upon this basis the realisable value of the corporation's holding would work out as below :—

		£	s.	d.
1,128	Ordinary shares	564	0	0
565	Preference ,,	1,412	10	0
	In all	£1,976	10	0

or a loss to the corporation of £15,903 10s. But the prices we have given are very nominal. No Scotch investor would think of buying at these prices. If forced for sale it is not likely that the Company's holding would realise more than £1,500.

At what are these shares valued in the corporation books? If at anything over £1,500 it is a fancy valuation.

Then we have the London and Northern Debenture Corporation, whose business should be dealings in debentures, holding 1,127 Ordinary Shares and 570 Preference. Thus the holdings of the two Companies are together of the nominal value of £33,[illegible], but have a market value at the present time of only £3,965.

Mr. Maclean fell back upon the usual plea, namely, that the securities are not generally in the balance-sheet brought to the market figures of the day, because they fluctuate so much, and if really less in value than those in the balance-sheet the ensuing year will bring them all right. But this forecast of happy things to come will hardly apply here. It is much to be feared that the ordinary shareholders will get little or nothing out of the concern. The close of the current year (June 30th) may well see a reconstruction, or a wiping-out scheme of some kind.

Roughly, the capital expended on the steel works may be taken at £200,000. This is now represented by a collection of bricks and old iron, saleable only for scrap and old material The whole might realise anything between £5,000 and £25,000.

VAN DER BERGH'S MARGARINE, LIMITED.

In commenting upon this issue, we said "the weak point is the very large sum—we might have said the monstrous (£669,730) sum—paid for goodwill." Nobody is likely to traverse that, but we also said "we do not see why the output should not continue to increase." Several correspondents have written to us to say that such increase is highly improbable. A Glasgow correspondent writes :—

> There is a very serious reason why the output of any margarine factory should not only not increase but decrease. Margarine is, as everyone knows, a substitute for butter, and the prospects of a more than plentiful supply of this latter article will handicap margarine very much. Until this last winter Australia and New Zealand had only to be reckoned with as of secondary importance, but this last few months they have poured in such vast quantities of butter into this market that again and again there has been a glut. Further arrangements have been made for shipping from these countries all the year round, and this summer will see not only thousands of tons pouring in from New Zealand and Australia, and that at a time when our own supply is good, but the latest news shows that Canada is making active preparations to become a competitor. Take these facts into consideration and it is plain that margarine factories have rather a bad outlook.
>
> If you will take the trouble to look at the imports of margarine into this country from the Continent during the last winter compared with those of a year earlier, you will find that they show a big decrease. Something like a third if I remember right, but the exact figures I cannot lay my hands on at the moment. Part of this decrease is accounted for by home competition, but only part. A good deal by the increased quantity and consequently lower price of butter.

A Liverpool correspondent says much the same thing.

> I am not an authority on margarine, but I have been told by many in the trade that *pure butter* will be imported from Canada and Australia in such large quantities as to reduce pure butter to a *retail* price of sixpence per pound. Such being the case, margarine will be practically unsaleable.

We are a little sceptical as to the price of pure butter shrinking as our correspondents imagine it will, but if they are right it is good news for *materfamilias*, and anyhow their statements deserve attention.

SALMON AND GLUCKSTEIN, LIMITED.

We have been amused by some of the newspaper criticisms of this issue. It has even moved the City Editor of the *Sun* to remember that Insurance Companies and Building Societies do not monopolise the attention of the City. This "impudent" prospectus, with its "monstrous" directorate, is too much for him. He assures us that it surpasses "in pure cheek and unlimited assurance" anything he has ever seen before. He has to go back to the days of the South Sea Bubble to find anything like it. But he consoles himself with the reflection that though there are many fools among British investors they "draw the line somewhere," and "draw it a very long way above such a prospectus as this." He derides the expectation of response to the invitation of the promoters. "If a single person subscribes a single far-

thing for a single share in this concern on the strength of this prospectus there are many more and greater fools in this country," than the City Editor of the *Sun*—ingenuous man that he is—"ever imagined there were." Nay, more. "The truth is the mere issue of it, the bare fact that anyone should have persuaded himself that a prospectus like this would draw 1s. from anyone almost amounts to a reflection on the intelligence of the whole of the population of these islands." We do not quite see why, but the writer's meaning may be guessed at. In his opinion this prospectus is such a cynically open fraud that nobody in his senses would subscribe to it.

Alas, and alas! It was on Thursday that the City Editor of the *Sun* sent forth his fulmination, and on Friday the following letter was addressed to the newspapers by the Secretary of Salmon and Gluckstein, Limited:—

> I beg to inform you that the public subscription for the £267,000 in shares of this company amounted at the head office alone of the London and County Bank, where the list closed at four o'clock this afternoon, to £858,251. This amount is exclusive of applications which have yet to come in from the London branches of the bank, and from the country.

The City Editor of the *Sun* may say that this is no answer to his criticism. True. But is it quite so clear as he and others say—that the subscribers are arrant asses? It is buying a pig in a poke? Not quite. Very few particulars are given, but there are some, and they are important. And there are as many as were given by the same group of promoters when they brought out G. Lyons and Co., Limited, whose £1 shares are now worth £3 5s. 0d. The persons who form this group may be—well, Jews—but Jews though they be, is it not a fact that they give the public more value for their money than is to be got from their Christian rivals! Let us give a homely illustration. Some of us have a weakness—it should win us the blessing of our friend of the *Sun*—for lemon-squash. If we go to the Aerated Bread Company they want 6d. Now, that lemon-squash costs the seller less than threehalfpence, including the fraction for extra services. The 4½d. is clear profit. Lyons and Co. sell that same lemon-squash for 3d., and the 3d. gives them a profit of 100 per cent. Or take tea. The Aerated Bread Company charge you 3d. a cup. The cost of the tea with milk and sugar to th Company is not more than 1d. That leaves 2d., or a profit of 200 per cent. Lyons and Co., Limited, supply good tea for 2d., being content with a profit of 100 per cent. What is the result? Lyons and Co., Limited, are opening shops all over London, which are crushed to suffocation, largely at the expense of the older company. You can be too greedy.

Now, it may be that Salmon and Gluckstein, Limited, is to be worked on similar lines. The men who give the name to the Company have been starting tobacco shops in many parts of London, as others of the clique have been starting tea shops, and with much the same result. Old-fashioned sellers, wedded to old-fashioned prices, have been displaced and the new men, with their lower rates, have secured the business. It may be that even with a Salmon or a Gluckstein, or a nephew or cousin of one or the other, at every counter they have cut prices too fine for profit. We do not know how that may be. There is nothing to guide us. As the boy said to the alderman when asked where he expected to go when he died, "I don't know, you don't know, nobody knows"—nobody that is outside the ring. But be this as it may, whether Salmon and Gluckstein have been working at a profit or not, it is not more idiotic on the part of the public to apply for shares in Salmon and Gluckstein, Limited, than it would be for them to apply for shares in three-fourths of the mining and other companies that are being brought out and floated in such numbers at the present time. And if we come to the honesty of it, is it less honest—is it not more honest—to say nothing, simply to put your wares before the public, to take or leave, rather than to frame a prospectus crammed with cunning sentences meant to mislead, and buttressed by figures intended to deceive? After all these people are in our midst. We can test the quality and price of their goods for ourselves if we choose to do so. And it is pretty evident that a good many folk *have* tested them, and have got some sort of idea, which may or may not be eroneous, as to the character of the business. Do our contemporaries imagine that without the help of a single big name, with the baldest of bald prospectuses, £858,000 would be subscribed in a few hours at a single bank of the many open for subscriptions if the subscribers were not moved by something sounder than blind credulity?

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

The Monochrome Portrait Company.—Since our reference to this so-called company, which carries on its operations from Ealing, we have received many complaints from correspondents who have sent photographs to these people on the promise of receiving a frame, but who can get back neither the frame nor the photograph. Circulars received from this so-called Company should be thrown into the fire.

NEW ISSUE.

The Court Theatre of London, Limited. Share capital, £50,000, First Mortgage, Five per cent Debentures, £25,000.—Formed to buy and work the Court Theatre. The Board, which includes Mr. Arthur Pinero and Sir Arthur Sullivan, with Mr. Arthur Chudleigh as managing director, is a very strong one, and we are informed that the company could earn an income by simply sub-letting the house. Of course, they expect to do much better than that by the production of plays on their own account. Business begins about April 20 with a new comedy promising well, and with average luck the company should do.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

The Bamboo Cycle Company, Limited. E. H. L. (Gateshead).—We cannot recommend it. We are sceptical as to the value of bamboo for cycle making, and we are very certain that if there be any "invention" it is not worth the £60,000 asked for it, or anything like it. **Regina Gold Mine.** G. B. (Polruan-by-Fowey).—None. **George Newnes, Limited.** J. P. (Dent).—We think these shares "a reasonably safe industrial investment." **Two Mining Shares.** Western (Newport).—It is quite possible that the price may be put up again to the price at which you bought. If it is, or gets near it, we advise you to sell. **Three Mining Companies.** Mining Shares (Manchester).—Yes, in either 2 or 3. **Hampton Plains Estate.** J. F. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—They are hardly suitable for your purpose. **St. Paul's Company, Limited.** D. G. (London).—We prefer to express no opinion upon "Madame." **St. Augustine's.** W. C. H. (Bedford).—We are told that the best men have bought in lately. **The Almada and Tirito Company.** D. E. (Aberystwith).—Your forgetfulnss has left you entirely in the power of the liquidator. **The Lancashire Watch Company, Limited.** A. T. (Edgbaston).—We are obliged by your letter. Since the remarks to which you refer the report and balance-sheet have been issued, and they are much less satisfactory than we were led to believe they would be. Until certain points are cleared up we think you had better not add to your holding. **The London and New York Investment Company.** R. T. H. (Gateshead).—Not if you hold ordinary shares which are paid up. **Midland of Canada First Mortgage Bonds.** Cautious. (Watford).—No. **Commercial Bank of Australia.** A. B. (Perth). The chairman's statement at the Melbourne meeting on February 1st, was very reassuring, and we think it probable that the recent improvement in the price of the shares will continue. The other shares you name are not quoted. **The Aitchee's Luck Gold Mining Company.** Enquirer. (Bradford).—1. We see no future for the concern. 2. We cannot give you "names of likely people to tackle two theatres."

MISCELLANEOUS

Davey, Lester and Co. J. A. T. (Harrogate).—We will have the necessary enquiries made and refer to the matter in our next issue. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land.** R. N. M. (Eastbourne).—We cannot give you the winning numbers. **The Underwriting Bureau.** R. C. W. (Weybridge).—Thanks for the papers. **The Watch-selling Trick.** D. D. B. (Dublin).—Hold the watches at their disposal, but pay nothing. They will be glad to take them back when they find they can get no money. **The Middleburg Competition Company.** B. (Leicester).—Have nothing to do with it. **The Advertising Clock (Pioneer) Company.** J. E. C. (Manchester).—We question the estimates of the prospectus, and cannot advise you to put money into this very speculative investment, even though you are offered a bonus of £150 if you take £1,500 worth of shares, or influence that amount to be subscribed.

INSURANCE.

Endowment Assurance. F. J. E. (Newport).—The premiums charged by No. 1 and No. 3 are almost identical in amount, whilst the bonus likely to be paid by No. 3 is almst double that of No. 1. No. 2 charges a much higher premium and gives only three-fourths the bonus of No. 3. All the offices offer complete security. **Tontine Assurance.** Alma Mater. (Belfast).—So much disappointment has been experienced in the past by this class of business that we do not recommend it. **Scottish Metropolitan.** Mon. (Preston).—We believe the directors are doing their best. There is a respectable capital either paid up or subscribed, which is ample guarantee that twenty shillings in the £ will be paid. Its system of dealing with its surplus, which by the way is very small, will not, we think, give satisfaction. **Life Policy.** A. J. S. (Cardiff).—All three offices named by you are good ones, but as you do not say how old you are, or what sort of an assurance you want, we cannot say which may suit you best. **Life Assurance.** Ergo (West Hartlepool).—Seeing that you are quite a young man, we recommend you to take a with-profit endowment assurance policy, payable either at, say, 50 or 55, or previous death, whichever may first happen. There are many good offices, and we prefer not to make recommendation of some to the exclusion of others. If you will name, say, half a dozen, we will give you our opinion of them. **Insurance Shares.** C. C. P. H. (Norwich).—We think No. 1 company has reached its summit for some few years to come. No. 2 may improve a little, but we do not expect a great rise. We think you would do well, however, to hold both. As to the annual savings, would not an endowment assurance suit you? **City of Glasgow Life.** Baxter. — This office is sound, but somewhat sleepy. **Annuity.** E. C. H. (Manchester).—We cannot best answer your question because you have not stated your age. We have, however, assumed it to be sixty in which case you will get an annuity on the cheapest terms from the General, the Guardian, the National of Ireland, the Scottish Life, and the Star, all of which offices afford perfect security for regular payment. **Sickness Assurance.** E. W. Barnes (East Dulwich).—The Ocean, Accident, and Guarantee has a large share capital, and you may rely upon that as affording you sufficient protection. **Endowment Assurance.** Segontium (Carnarvon). — 1. The Guardian is absolutely safe. 2. The premium you pay is very moderate. 3. If you prefer to put further eggs in another basket, you will do very well with the Liverpool and London and Globe, or the Marine and General. **Policies for £500.** W. W. (Belfast).—You cannot do better than carry out your intentions with regard to the whole life policy. As to the policy of estimates, we reject all such, there is too much speculation in them. Much of what has been told you is quite justified by facts. The British Life Office will give you a better endowment assurance than the Scottish office

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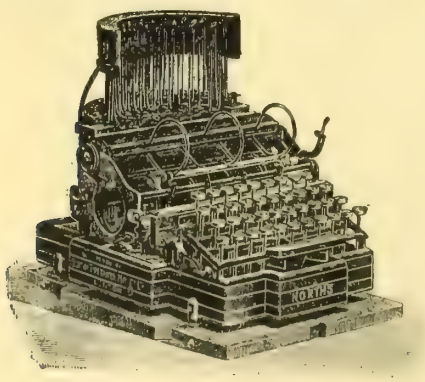

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

It is not my intention to make bimetallism the subject of a duel between Mr. Nisbet of the *Referee* (a gentleman for whose opinion, on most other matters, I have the highest esteem) and myself. But Mr. Nisbet represents the intelligent man who opposes bimetallism, without ever having really thought out the subject; and the arguments he advances are so typical of the reasons one hears urged against the scheme, by those who persist in regarding the bimetallist as a cross between an insane crank and a revolutionary traitor, that it is simpler to answer him direct than to create an imaginary adversary. If of any service to the discussion, I can tell Mr. Nisbet that some time ago I was quite in agreement with himself. I regarded bimetallism as a mere Stock Exchange quarrel between two rival schools of financiers. Would a dual currency, I asked, make two stalks of wheat grow where only one grew before? Would it make sheep breed faster? If not, what possible service could it be to the working and eating citizen? Since then I have come to the conclusion that it is of far more importance to the workman, shopkeeper, and professional man than it can ever be to the capitalist or the gambler; that it is a matter in which the prosperity of the nation, from its highest to its lowest citizen, is distinctly concerned. I will take Mr. Nisbet's arguments against bimetallism *seriatim*.

I am glad to see that the *Referee* has given up the argument that the subject is unimportant, because it only affects the producer. On reflection, Mr. Nisbet has evidently seen that the producer is the backbone of every country: that it is he who makes its wealth; that the rest of the populace are mere parasites dependent upon him; and I fancy Mr. Nisbet has also come to see that the question of trade between England and silver-governed countries is not quite so indifferent a matter to the British citizen as he at first seemed to think. Mr. Nisbet also acknowledges his error in imagining that under bimetallism people could go about buying a hundred pounds' worth of silver for seventy-five pounds. But he is still not quite clear even upon this point.

He foresees that, under bimetallism, the value of silver would at once rise. He says that the man who possessed silver to the present value of seventy-five pounds, would suddenly find that silver worth a hundred pounds; and Mr. Nisbet adds that the twenty-five pounds' profit would come out of our pockets—his, yours, mine. Well, I admitted to Mr. Nesbet, the week before last, that the men who had been hoarding silver would undoubtedly benefit, though not to the extent of the thirty-three and a third per cent. suggested. There is no reason why the ratio between gold and silver should not be fixed according to the present market value of silver. But, allowing for the sake of argument, that a price is arranged which would give the silver owner a profit of 5 or 10 per cent., and allowing also that the profit would have to be paid by us, let us see what would happen.

The Spanish merchant, the Colorado mine owner, the Hindoo trader, who for years have been sitting in their counting-houses, seeing their wealth diminish, would suddenly find themselves men of capital. Does Mr. Nisbet think they would put their money into a box and sit down before it to chuckle? The history of every civilised country tells us what would be done. A dozen Spanish merchants would at once put their heads together, and come to the conclusion that a mountain railroad here, a harbour there, would be a profitable enterprise. The Hindoo trader would at once think of mills and mines. The American would think of fresh openings in hitherto untouched lands; and it is we in England who would chiefly benefit. Orders would pour in from every one of these silver countries for English work. English labour would be in demand all over the world. The manufacturer would find his income doubled. He would employ more men, for longer periods. Wages would go up, enterprise would revive, and there is not a shoeblack in a provincial town, who, before six months were passed, would not have indirectly felt the throb of revived prosperity. So much for Mr. Nisbet's indignation at the possibility of benefit accruing to the silver owner. I cannot understand how it is that a gentleman of his broad-minded views cannot grasp this primary fact—that throughout the civilised world you cannot benefit commercially one single individual, without sooner or later benefiting the whole race.

As for Mr. Nisbet's love for tin, I really do not see what that has to do with the question. His logic would tell equally against his beloved gold. Continuing, I find with regret that lower down in the column his argument descends to personalities. Mr. Nisbet suggests that all bimetallists are corrupt; that they only argue for bimetallism, because they have silver to sell themselves. Suppose it true. Suppose that Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Grenfell, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Conybeare, M.P., Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Joseph Cowan, the Duke of Fife, Mr. Hoare, the banker, Mr. Henniker Heaton, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Praed, another banker, and hundreds of other gentlemen, are one and all willing to plunge their country into financial ruin, for the sake of the profit they may make to themselves,

by selling some secret hoard of silver which they have been accumulating; let us suppose this. But how does Mr. Nisbet explain away the bimetallic anxiety of thousands of poor men, such as myself, who have no silver to sell, who have not even the small amount of silver plate which I am delighted to find is possessed by Mr. Nisbet? Are we all fools, or have we been squared? The personal motive is never a good argument, and is always open to the *tu quoque* reply. I am sorry to see Mr. Nisbet making use of it.

Mr. Nisbet goes on to say that bimetallism would be destructive of all credit. That everybody who had money owing to him would call it in, *knowing that if he did not he would only get seventy-five pounds for every hundred.* Will Mr. Nisbet explain to me how, with the value of silver fixed by Government, a hundred pounds worth of silver is going to be worth only seventy-five pounds? A man owes me a hundred pounds. Bimetallism being an established fact, he pays me in silver. Mr. Nisbet tells me that it is only worth seventy-five pounds. All I know is that I could pass it on to any creditor of my own as legal tender for a hundred pounds; that I could go into the open market and buy a hundred pounds' worth of goods with it; that I could go to the Stock Exchange and purchase a hundred pounds worth of stock with it; that, at any moment, I could exchange it for gold or notes. What is Mr. Nisbet thinking of?

Again, and finally, Mr. Nisbet tells us that under bimetallism people would have to carry their money about in a wheelbarrow. Does Mr. Nisbet forget that gold would still be in circulation? Its quantity would not in any way be diminished; and has he forgotten that there are such things as bank-notes? Mr. Nisbet might as well tell us that at present any man purchasing an estate for ten thousand pounds would have to march through the City pushing in front of him a barrow load of gold coins. The silver would simply be hoarded at the banks to represent the notes issued. For all personal purposes, the present state of things would remain entirely unchanged. The bimetallist does not claim that bimetallism would turn this earth into a heaven, or that it would make the poor rich or the hungry full. But he does say, and he can prove, that it would give a stimulus to trade and commerce such as has not been known for eighty years; that it would revive enterprise in every corner of the globe; that it would create fresh outlets for labour; that it would draw the nations closer. Such arguments as are usually advanced against it merely prove its strength.

Every now and then there struggles into the light a record of brutality inflicted upon some poor little drudge of a servant-girl. Ella Spooner, of Liverpool, has been found guilty of wounding a child of thirteen, who lived with her as her servant. Mrs. Spooner enforced domestic discipline with a hot shovel. She beat the girl with barrel staves, and applied a hot poker to her tongue and lips. The girl's face and body were a mass of bruises and wounds, and she will, most probably, be lamed for life. The case itself is, alas! unimportant. The lust of cruelty reigns throughout the world, as strongly, I doubt not, as ever it did in the ages that we call barbaric. It is only suppressed for want of opportunity. Cruelty to man, cruelty to woman, cruelty to child, cruelty to beast—it surrounds us everywhere. One grows indifferent to it.

But in the case of the servant-girl the story always presents an added horror to me. I seem to see a door opened for a moment and closed quickly. In lonely country-houses, in quiet suburban streets, behind the respectable venetian blinds there must be many thousands of poor, overworked, overdriven, bullied and starved little sluts, whose lives are made to them one long hell by the tyranny of their mistresses. No one knows what these little drudges suffer. They are taken from their home or from the workhouse when they are mere children; they know nothing of the world; they cannot defend themselves; they have no one to appeal to. Month after month they hardly ever leave the house to speak a word into a sympathetic ear.

To their poor terrified minds the hard-faced woman who drives them is all-powerful. The policeman and the prison cell are instruments at her beck and call. Religion is used as a further whip, with which to keep the poor little devil in subjection. Half-starved, worked to death's door, abused and often beaten, every ounce of spirit is driven out of her. She becomes a crushed, helpless little animal—the terrified slave of some brutal, uneducated, vixenish woman. Now and again, scuttling through the dark streets, one catches glimpses of such. The picture, to those whose acquaintance with the British domestic is gathered from the stage and the comic journals, may appear absurd and exaggerated. I would it were. The lives of these little sluts is one of the tragedies of civilisation.

The Rev. Mr. Creighton, of the Perth Free Presbytery, thinks it shocking that domestic servants should ever have a Sunday out. He said the practice ought to be denounced as unChristian; it was a dangerous thing for a young woman to be allowed to spend the Sabbath as she pleased. A few weeks ago a Nonconformist minister at Exeter tried to induce the Exeter tradespeople to prevent their shop-assistants from taking a stroll in the evening after some ten or twelve hours standing behind the counter! It is these men who bring discredit on their cloth, who make the very name of religion a hateful sound. They are the true descendants of the petty tyrants who cropped men's ears for singing a song—of the Puritans who, when they had the power, tortured and sent to the stake every human being who did not agree with them.

What right has the Rev. Mr. Creighton to say that no domestic servant is to be at liberty for one day in the week to take God's air? What right has this Pharisaical priest to dictate to his fellow-men and women what day in the week, forsooth, they are to go out and what day they are to work? Is nobody but the Rev. Mr. Creighton fit to be trusted with the leading of his own life? Who has appointed the Rev. Mr. Creighton as God Almighty throughout Perthshire, to say to every unfortunate little servant-girl, "That thou shalt do, and this thou shalt not do"? A piece of more gross, contemptible impertinence I have not heard of—even from a

Scotch minister. If such men as Mr. Creighton were true representatives of Christianity then Christianity would be the greatest curse that had ever been inflicted upon the human race, and a thing that it would behove every decent man to fight against with all the strength that God had given him.

It is an old story; it happened last week, but it has also happened many times before, and will happen many times again. A young man was found driving a hansom cab; the time was midnight or thereabouts, and the place was the Haymarket; and as the young man was not a licensed driver, he was given an opportunity of explaining at the Marlborough Street Police-court that he only did it for fun. A fine of twenty shillings as some slight acknowledgment of the young man's general mistakenness, closed the incident. And it is such a common incident! In the moment of exhilaration, when he has tasted to the full the joy of life, the young man feels that he cannot adequately mark the occasion except by driving a hansom cab with his own fair hands. As a rule, he would be incapable of driving the patient, though ordinary, moke; therefore, as a rule, some policeman concludes that either this young man is not a licensed driver, or ought not to be; therefore, the police-court follows. Cannot the young man grown frolicsome find some other way of expressing his feelings? Must he always drive a cab?

When I come to think about it, I am really afraid that he must. I do not see what else there is for him to do. To remove a knocker from a door (though I am far from denying that this is a natural result of excessive blitheness) is somewhat old-fashioned; we must move with the times. In fact, the young man who has definitely made up his mind to be rowdy for one night is very limited in his programme. He cannot commence with assaulting the police (though the sheer gaiety of it is beyond argument), because that would unduly abbreviate his night; if that is to come at all, it must come afterwards. He can, it is true, present an entire stranger with something sold at a music-hall as champagne at two hundred per cent. above the price in the open market; he may also, if he is young enough, drink of the liquid himself. But the inevitable termination of your real rowdy night is to drive a cab. And the more one meditates upon this, the more one doubts if it is really worth while definitely to make up one's mind to be rowdy.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Parsons.—Many parsons I know work hard throughout the week, and as a rule it is not these who are always up to mischief. A clergyman who is really attending to his Master's work would not find time to interfere with this that and the other as so many of the lazy ones do. The beautiful lives among your body are led by those men of whom we never hear.

E. S., who is eighteen, a chemist's assistant, very dark, and who has "always had a great fascination for the stage"—though up to now the stage has been singularly silent on the subject which is not it's way when it feels strongly—asks me if I can give him any advice as to how he could become an actor. My earnest advice to the young man is to wait at least until he is twenty-two before he throws up a comfortable berth to starve. Actors of education, talent, and even genius, men with influential connections and well-known names, find it impossible to earn a living on the stage.

J. W. H.—The millennium is the thousand years of peace and perfect happiness that will come to this earth with the second advent of Christ.

P. G. urges me in a courteous and sincere letter to refrain from making any remarks on Free Trade, and, I think, if I read his letter aright, on most other subjects, for the next ten years. Why for only ten years P. G. does not explain. I cannot understand why he does not suggest twenty years, or say, forty. I will tell P. G. what I will do for him. If he will give me a solemn undertaking that nobody else will ever mention the subject I will consent to remain silent also. That is really the most I can do.

Teetotaller writes me: "May I as a teetotal Nonconformist Minister put in a word on behalf of many of my brethren, who, though abstainers, are neither 'narrow-minded' nor 'bigoted.' I can assure you, sir, that many, both lay and clerical, teetotallers deplore and condemn quite as strongly as you the mistaken action of those who would unjustly bring force to bear to advance the cause they champion. Neither do we condemn any man who may conscientiously disagree with us. We fully recognise that this is a matter which each man must decide for himself, and we do not think any worse of a man if he comes to a different conclusion to that we have arrived at. We also recognise that we have no Scriptural warrant for teetotalism, so that it is a matter not of right or wrong but of *expediency*." This is sound common-sense and Christianity. If teetotallers were all of the stamp of my correspondent no reasonable man would have any words for them but "God speed." But what has my correspondent to say of the noisy, fanatical, bigoted majority who have made the very word temperance hateful? What has he to say of the conduct of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in spying into the lives of its ministers and reintroducing the old hateful tyranny of the Inquisition? My correspondent goes on to say that there are two parties among the teetotallers. I wish to Heaven his party would obtain the upper hand and silence the bigots among them. It would be the greatest victory that the cause of temperance had ever gained.

H. D. asks me my opinion of poaching. I don't know whether it is of much importance. Poaching is illegal, and those indulging in it must be prepared to take the consequences. Personally, I have very little doubt that if I lived in the country and were a poor man I should take to poaching myself. There is a natural instinct in the male human animal which prompts him to kill game. A healthy man who is unable to rent shooting is bound to be a poacher. There would be something wrong with his organisation were it not so. I confess to having poached myself, but I would rather not give further details. Morally speaking there is no harm in poaching, but, as I have said, the laws of the land are severe upon it, and until the injustice of them is generally recognised, those transgressing must be prepared to take the risk.

J. J. K.—I have no knowledge of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in his character of Christian preacher. So far as that part of his career is concerned he seems to have successfully hidden his light under an ample bushel. I only know him as a rabid and unscrupulous politician, who makes use of his God as a partisan weapon.

Red Rose.—A private visiting card should not have any letters after the name. H. B. W.—Thank you for your letter. I am glad you were able to convince your acquaintance that To-Day is not quite dead. Subscriber.—You can obtain bimetallist literature by applying to the Secretary of the Bimetallic League, 26, Lombard Street. W. R.—If you intend studying the languages by yourself you could not do better than begin with Ollendorf's grammars.

F. F. S.—Of course, an author's work is copyright. I doubt if any publisher would take up such a technical subject as evolution written by an unknown man. The book would never sell without a big name attached to it.

Cautoris.—I have explained over and over again that the ramifications of the wholesale trade render it utterly impossible for us to give subscription advantages to any but those who take the paper from this Office by post. M. W. H. tells me that "Tess of the Durbervilles" was turned out of the St. Helens Library by the ignorant prudes who seem to have got control of the ratepayers' money. D. M.—Your scheme would be a bigger infringement of personal liberty than total prohibition itself. M. O.—I regret that I cannot assist you in the matter.

Yorkshire Reader tells me that Grant Allen's book, "The Woman who Did," has been refused admittance to the York Free Library. The committee were not quite sure as to what the woman did, and the question they put to themselves was, "If she did it, what happened?"

Anglo-Argentine.—Notwithstanding, I should like to try the effect of an ironclad—or say, two or three ironclads, if one were not sufficient. As to not taking advantage of superior force, that is utter nonsense. You might as well accuse the judge and gaolers of not giving the pickpocket fair play, because they are stronger than he.

T. N. B. was on a committee for the relief of the poor. Tickets for groceries were given out, and some of the poor people asked to be allowed half an ounce of tobacco. T. N. B. asks me if I consider this should be permitted. I don't think it should. In these cases one must be practical and not sentimental. I know it is alleged that smoking enables a man to exist with less food, but it would be letting in a bad precedent, and some who did not care for tobacco might be asking for snuff or whiskey. Temporary charity is bound to concern itself only with the actual necessities of life.

J. M. draws my attention to the language of the Rev. John Robertson of the Glasgow Tabernacle, who dubbed distillers as "fillers of hell." I have no particular objection to strong language in a fight; but teetotalers should confine themselves to language and not endeavour to use force.

C. J. L. sends me a delightful letter, from which I am brazen enough to quote the last paragraph:—"May I trespass on your time for one minute to say how thoroughly I, and doubtless many thousands of other men, appreciate the simple straightforwardness with which you treat topics and phases of life which should, and must be, looked at full-face, and not after the manner of the pseudo-righteous, with the whites of their eyes. Concerning these things many of us could say to you with Browning, 'What we felt only, you expressed'; and for this expression I take this opportunity of thanking you. Another and better method is not at present open to me, but I hope before long to be able to express my appreciation—not in words, but in the 'golden silence' of a contribution to your Gallantry Fund."

Bimetallist Literature.—Octopus strongly recommends to those interested in the subject a pamphlet written by Dr. Walsh, R.C. Bishop of Dublin. This book, my correspondent tells me, makes the subject intelligible to every reader, and at the same time probes it to its depths. My correspondent goes on to speak of Protection *v.* Free Trade, and makes a statement so valuable to the controversy that I quote it. "When I was a student of political economy I would laugh at anyone who said Protection might serve Great Britian. At present, I merely think I don't know." The majority of men would rather not think about the matter at all than risk the chance of having to change their opinions.

J. U. L. sends me an account showing how the members of the Dundee School Board have insisted upon writing themselves down asses. They objected to Tennyson's "Revenge" being recited by the scholars, saying that it was an "empty, inane production," and contained nothing "worthy of remembrance." The Rev. H. Williamson—one can always rely upon finding a parson in the thick of folly—drew attention to the terrible fact that some of the boys were reading "Robinson Crusoe." Here the reverend gentleman's feelings seem to have been too much for him. Reflecting upon such wickedness he becomes, so far as the report goes, quite incoherent, and the rest of his talk is chiefly about Dutch cheese. It was decided that all poetry should be submitted to the Dundee School Board before being taught to the children. I expect the only two pieces that will pass muster will be "Mary had a little lamb," and "Oh, Willie, we have missed you."

(*Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.*)

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—Of the *Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* Pinero himself is reported to have said, "I am not quite satisfied with the play; it is stronger, certainly stronger, than *Tanqueray*—but it's rougher."

It would be difficult to criticise the new play at the Garrick more keenly, correctly, and concisely. That it lacks the marvellous perfection and faultless polish of the celebrated St. James's revelation is obvious, yet it rivets your attention and compels your interest more completely. Indeed, it is not an entertainment at all. It is an intellectual exercise. It is a tremendous and enthralling lecture on mental dissection, with illustrations and examples.

Incidentally it demonstrates that Pinero studies character most accurately, that he thinks profoundly, and expresses himself with almost unexampled lucidity. He displays not the least of his cleverness in his choice of types. Ibsen photographs just a bit of everyday life as he sees it; to ordinary audiences, therefore, he is not attractive. The rather squalid dulness of ordinary suburban life does not amuse them in a playhouse. We know that human documents are to be found at Clapham, but we do not care to seek for them in that locality. Pinero knows it too, and almost invariably he seeks an unusual environment and abnormal types. Nearly all the people in his new play have a mental "twist" of some sort. Mrs. Ebbsmith is the daughter of a demagogue, and has been herself a Socialist agitator and lecturer. She is the widow of a barrister, who did not understand her and, therefore, in a sense ill-treated her. She becomes a nurse, and while attending Lucas Cleeve, when he is suffering from fever in Rome, she falls in love with him. He has made a bit of a mark in Parliament, but he is an emotional, hysterical, rather morbid, an unconsciously-selfish and egotistical man. Sensuality is not altogether absent from his nature, and having separated from his wife, there is but a short step between feeling grateful to the woman who has brought him back to life and health and wanting to make her a permanent companion. She is unconventional and semi-atheistic; she can see no reason why they should not gratify their mutual inclination, so when the curtain rises there they are in Venice frankly and openly living together in simple unadultered adultery.

Agnes—Mrs. Ebbsmith—however, considers that by so doing they are vindicating a principle. Lucas likes the arrangement, but shies at the publicity. She realises this, and the first little difficulty arises between them when she expresses a wish that they could live more for principle and less for themselves, that they could boldly state to the little world around them that they *are* living together, that they are *not* man and wife—and yet their private relations should be purely intellectual, unsullied by the intrusion of passion.

Lucas, being human, hardly sees the force of this. He is game for an unconventional life, but he likes the accessories. Just at this crisis the Duke of St. Olpherts comes on the scene. He is a relation of Cleeve's, and he is anxious to patch up a reconciliation between his wife and himself before a public scandal ruins the political career of the young man.

The Duke exerts his utmost endeavours to convince Lucas that he is making a fool of himself. To some extent he shakes his resolutions. Agnes feels this, and at once the woman in her rises and sweeps away all her cut-and-dried theories. She flings away her dowdy dresses, she puts on a fascinating and *décolletée* evening frock, she dresses her hair, she feels almost ashamed of herself for resorting to such pitiful devices, but she knows their effect, she will captivate her feeble, fickle lover all over again. She hates herself for wanting to do so—but she can't help it, she does want. As she herself puts it, "My sex has found me out!"

To my thinking this is as near to human nature as a dramatist can possibly get. I have never seen on the stage anything more completely enthralling than this struggle between the woman and her womanhood—between flesh and blood as it actually is and a set of theories concerning what it ought to be.

Agnes triumphs. Her lover sighs at her side in a rhapsody of new-born emotion. But her victory is barren. The man is not worth fighting for. His selfishness is unconquerable. The Duke sardonically suggests a hideous compromise. Why should not Lucas keep both his beautiful mistress and his political career too? Nothing is simpler. Let there be a nominal reconciliation with Mrs. Cleeve, let them live in the same house, but in separate wings, and let there be "a suburban villa, with two discreet servants" for Agnes, where Lucas can go to her whenever he feels in need of companionship and sympathy.

The Duke proposes this arrangement to Agnes, who angrily resents it. She says that Lucas will do the same. "Ask him," replies the Duke, drily. Agnes does so.

His hesitating, half-hearted answers reveal the truth only too clearly. His wife and brother are in Venice. He goes off to see them, leaving Agnes dazed and soul-stricken.

Then comes the first ray of light. Agnes has a friend, Mrs. Thorpe, who, with her brother, a clergyman, pity her rashness and wish that they could lead her to better things. On the eve of their departure from Venice they come to say good-bye. They find her crushed and heart-sore, and the clergyman, seizing the opportunity, writes their address on the flyleaf of a pocket Bible. He quietly puts it beside her, but she shrinks from it,

denounces it, and in an excess of frenzy she hurls it into the burning stove. The clergyman and his sister turn sadly away, when Agnes gives an hysterical scream, and dashing her hand into the flames pulls the Bible out. She clasps it to her breast, and falling on her knees turns her eyes to Heaven.

The roars of applause that greeted this powerful scene ought to have lifted the roof. They certainly must have strained it, and yet—well, Dick, my dear boy, there is only one sort of drama after all, and that is *drama*. It is an appeal through the senses to the emotions, and *not* to the intellect. Agnes—the Socialistic Agnes, the psychological brain-dissecting Agnes—suddenly became the "converted Sal," saved at a Salvation Army saturnalia, and we cheered her to the echo. Nobody stopped to really think. "Poor girl, she is all right now, and I'm jolly glad of it." That was the prevailing sentiment. "She is all right now, and the parson is a real good sort." There you are! Don't you remember in *Shall We Forgive Her* a scene where the villain says to the good parson, "I would thrash you, but your cloth protects you." Whereupon the parson takes off his coat, and quietly remarks, "Well, it doesn't now—come on," and he promptly punches the villain's head. The audience used to go frantic over this, and it is in exactly the same spirit that they cheer to the echo the sudden salvation of Agnes.

The last act of *Mrs. Ebbsmith* is the most lurid, and certainly the boldest. Agnes, in a convulsion of repentance, leaves the rooms of Lucas before he returns from his wife and brother, and seeks refuge with the clergyman and his sister.

She is followed in hot haste by the Duke. He tells her that his beautiful arrangement has been knocked on the head, that Lucas is frantic, that she must absolutely consent to remain his mistress, or else he will not return to his wife.

You will hardly believe it, but the wife then enters, and when she is alone with Agnes she says precisely the same thing. It is a marvellously-written scene. It does not contain a word that would offend a grandmother, yet its implications are truly awful. Agnes, tired, nerve-shattered, worn-out, limply consents. She will go back to this nameless degradation, she will give herself body and soul for the contemptible cur of a man, when suddenly the decency of the wife revolts. She will have no more of it. She almost commands Agnes to have done with Lucas for ever. She sweeps from the room, and the play is practically ended. Lucas comes himself to make a last appeal, but Agnes now estimates him at his true value. She tells him to go, and adds that she will remember him always when she "has learnt to pray." Lucas gazes in astonishment, "*You* pray?" he says, and then drifts away out of the room. Here the play obviously ended for the majority. Pinero's termination is superb, but super-subtle. The old Duke, still murmuring of reconciliations, comes down the stage, bows to the parson, bows to his sister, and then turning to Agnes holds out his hand. She holds up her's. It is maimed, scorched in snatching the Bible from the fire, and is bandaged. The Duke notices the wound sustained at the supreme moment of her unexpected and sudden salvation. "An accident?" he says.

"Yes."

"Oh! I am sorry."

Then the curtain falls. And it is a curtain, properly considered, full of stupendous suggestion. The soul of the woman is sore and wounded, through the chance accident that placed next her hand a Bible at the crisis of her life. All is conveyed in the few words I have quoted. I can't honestly say that the curtain "went." Perhaps some people had not watched the play as intently as I had. Perhaps the strain had wearied them. Perhaps the showy, I had almost said tawdry, curtain of the third act had vitiated their palates. In any case, the end came rather limply as a sort of disappointment.

Mind, it was not so to me. I am merely telling you what I conceive to be the general impression.

So far as the acting is concerned Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Agnes was absolutely perfect. I speak strongly, but I feel strongly on this point. Often she has puzzled me and disappointed me. Pinero alone seems to possess the grand secret of getting the last ounce out of her. Yet everything that she did seemed so easy, so natural, so simple. The fight of the woman with herself was exquisitely conveyed. And another thing—the strange nervous rhapsody that seemed to seize her when she talked rabid Socialism was almost uncannily natural. Knowing, as I do, a number of the most advanced apostles of extreme Democracy, knowing the weird wrapt fervour that seems to seize them when they begin to proclaim the faith that is in them, I sat amazed as Mrs. Campbell poured out her Socialistic aspiration with a strength and conviction that seemed to demonstrate that either she herself, or Pinero, or more probably both, were confirmed Socialists. What the truth may be I do not know. But never was the mirror held up to nature more closely and directly.

For the rest—John Hare, as the Duke, was faultless. Forbes Robertson was very good, but I wish he had not accentuated his priggish, selfish speeches. The effect would have been better, and more true, if he had played the part quite naturally without pointing the egotistical lines emphasising the author's intention. His brother Ian Robertson, as Sir Sandford Cleeve, was even a worse sinner in this particular, and I felt that somehow he did not belong to the play at all, but had strayed out of one of Pinero's Court Theatre farces. I have neither space nor adjectives at my command to applaud the parson of Aubrey Smith, the Mrs. Cleeve of Miss Calhoun (an admirable performance), nor the Mrs. Thorpe of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who has now established herself as an actress of the first rank. Indeed, like many other critics I feel that I have passed through a kind of theatrical cyclone, and until I have somewhat recovered myself I am not quite able to dispassionately chronicle the minute episodes of a climatic convulsion.

I have not very much to tell you in the way of news. *His Excellency* will after all be run on till April the 6th, the management having determined that the "notice" shall not take immediate effect.

Weedon Grossmith has married pretty Miss Palfrey, a member of his Vaudeville company. Young George Grossmith, jun., is about to marry Miss Adelaide Astor, a sister to Miss Letty Lind, of Daly's Theatre.

Harry Nicholls, though he has lost two stone in weight, is better. I saw him on Saturday looking really well. He starts for Ceylon immediately, remaining there until he is wanted to rehearse for the autumn drama at the Adelphi. Wyndham is only recovering his strength slowly. I expect that he will take a thorough rest shortly, when the Criterion will be run by himself in partnership with Waller and Morell.

John Hare will visit America and Australia afterwards, starting in the autumn or thereabouts. The run of his last production will, of course, determine the precise date.

By-the-way, Sir Augustus Harris's leading pantomime lady, Miss Marie Montrose, is about to break new ground, and will appear in the forthcoming Adelphi piece, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*.

Be sure to write to the Avenue Theatre for a ticket for the special *matinée*, which will be given on April 4th, by Mr. Arthur Fry. There will be a long and attractive programme, in which a galaxy of "star" talent will appear.

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CLUB CHATTER.

My proofs of the shady transactions of low-class cycling journalists have been accepted. It was impossible to reject them. *Wheeling* this week publishes a late paragraph, admitting my accuracy, an admission all the more notable because, in dealing with the subject on its leader page of the same issue, this very journal stated that proof "cannot be forthcoming," and sought to establish the ignorance of my informant. This week I have had an interview with a very well-known cycling journalist of several years' experience, from whom I gathered that the trade notes of the general run of the cycling papers are usually inspired by the makers, and frequently printed verbatim as they come from the works. "Often," he said, "you will find identically the same puff paragraphs appearing in different papers, without any indication that they are advertisements; and not only that, but couched in language intended to lead the reader to imagine that they are the independent opinions of the editor, or known staff of the paper."

"But surely that is a poor trick very easily seen through!"

"No doubt it is, and that is why the scheme has been perfected by the large advertisers, who fancy that by paying for a page a week in the advertisement columns, they can claim a right to a share of the general space as well. They have grown wise enough to issue differently worded and really cleverly constructed paragraphs dealing with their own wares, often employing a special clerk for this department; and to such an extent has this practice grown that some firms in the trade, particularly the tyre trade, employ an advertisement contractor, not only to compile the ordinary advertisements, but to concoct these cunningly contrived and ostensibly independent eulogies concerning the advertised goods, until it is impossible to tell, in the unsigned portion of a modern cycling paper, what is 'inspired' and what is 'independent.'"

"Do the editors of the papers acquiesce in this sort of thing?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes; some few months ago they tried to combine amongst themselves to relegate inspired trade paragraphs to a special heading, such as 'Facts from the Factories,' or 'Makers' Mems,' or some such title, and in these columns you will find the grosser and more obviously factory-made items; but those other advertisements, cleverer because more difficult of detection as such, still bubble over into the bulk of the paper. I know one manufacturer, who was also an enthusiastic rider, who used to secure the insertion of paragraphs, as news, about himself and his friends riding 'Blank' machines to well-known resorts. This sort of thing: 'More than half the men at Slocum on Sunday rode "Blanks," which proves what favourite machines they are for winter riding.' This would mean that two riders on 'Blanks' saw only one other machine in the stable of the inn, where they had their Sunday dinner on some unpropitious day. That's only a sample; the practice of makers sending in paragraphs is very widespread, and editors like it because it brings in cheap 'copy,' which in its cleverer form is really good reading, but nevertheless is nothing but puffery. When a novelty comes out, the cycling papers are the worst places in the world to look for independent criticism. Reporters dealing with the trade side of cycling have to keep both eyes on the manager's department, so as not to give offence. That is the rule. Of course there are great exceptions.

"One of the best of the papers—no, don't smile, I'm not on its staff—lost a regular weekly page advertisement from a tyre company because it commented too favourably on a rival tyre to please the aforesaid advertiser. This paper stood its ground and lost its advertisement, but the majority could not afford the luxury of independence. The majority of them adopt a style of universal and fulsome approbation of everything, especially of advertised things, so as to keep friendly with advertisers; but also of hopeful new unadvertised things, in order that the notices, duly encircled with a halo of blue pencil, may be sent to the manufacturer as a reason why he should support the paper. Not until the papers have larger circulations, and have become less servilely dependent upon their advertisers, will their anonymous critical departments become of much value. Signed articles, and comments known to proceed from actual experience of novelties by known men, are increasing in the more reputable journals; and, on the whole, the general tendency is to improvement in independence, but the cringing and servile attitude is the prevailing and unblushing one at present."

"Do you think that cyclists would support a really independent paper?"

"Most certainly I do; but it would have to be on different lines, excluding the hidden advertisements, and maintaining a staunch character for fearlessness and independent criticism. Praise from such a paper would be praise indeed, and the public would have a guide which did not confine its duties to unrestricted outpourings of flattery."

"Have you ever had any personal experiences of this sort of journalism?"

"Well, not of the catch-ad. kind, exactly, but I remember being asked to assist in the report of a show of cycles, and the editor of of the paper cautioned me not to blame anything, but ring the changes on all the complimentary adjectives I could think of; and on another similar occasion I had the same instructions from another editor, with the remark that I must only praise, and if I could not, must be colourless and ambiguous, or else leave out the notice altogether. It is orders like these that make the average show report absolutely silly and worthless. 'Write something about each exhibit that the exhibitor can cut out and use as what the "Wheelman's Whirligig" says about him.' That was the gist of another job I once had; and on one occasion a well-known paper was so keen not to miss anything, that its imaginative reporters put in a stereotyped eulogy of the exhibit of a maker who failed to materialize during the course of the whole period of the show. I am afraid my show work was never very satisfactory, as my paragraphs were usually much edited into a louder tone of praise, and frequently toned down into milder disapproval, when that kind of thing was allowed at all. An editor once told me I was dangerous, as my articles offended advertisers. 'We *must* give good notices of them,' he said, 'and the others you can do in a line or two.' Another cycling editor, for whom I was doing work, once declined to name a new invention, and asked me not to praise it (although trial had proved it good), as the company running it did not support his paper. I remember another occasion when I had tried and reported on a new tyre, which certainly had many good points, I afterwards received a letter of thanks from the firm of makers, saying: 'We shall be very pleased to present you with a pair of wheels, tyred complete, as a slight recompense for your kindness.' So that (although I did not accept the offer) it is clear that such gifts are not absolutely unheard of; and perhaps in that connection as an honorarium afterwards, not as a matter of bargaining beforehand, such a present would not be open to the same objections; but even then the acceptance of them seems to me to be a lowering of one's independence as a critic."

This day week, the 30th inst., the Inter-'Varsity boatrace will be contested. Oxford, with six old Blues in the crew, are warm favourites, and their work on the river has justified the position. Still there's many a slip, and it may be that Cambridge may be able to reach the winning-post at Mortlake before their rivals—a feat which they have not performed since 1889. Up to the present the record is in favour of the Dark Blues,

who have won twenty-seven races, to twenty-two by Cambridge. In 1877 there was a dead heat.

The time of the start has been fixed for four o'clock. As the race is on a Saturday there is sure to be an enormous crowd, and seats to view it will be at a premium. One of the best points is the Ranelagh Club, at Barnes Elms, and doubtless the pretty grounds will be well patronised. The Thames and the Leander Club houses are sure to be well filled, but only the early stages of the race can be seen from these points. Barnes Bridge as usual will be available to those willing to pay half-a-sovereign, and this really is the best place to see the finish, as the first through Barnes Bridge is generally the winner.

The most pleasant way of seeing the race, if the weather be fine, is to take passage on one of the fast steamers which follow the umpire's boat. This method, however, has its drawbacks, and there is always the prospect of running down something or of being run down by somebody else. Both the London and South Western and the District Railway Companies will run special trains to Putney, Barnes, Hammersmith, and Mortlake, so that there should this year be a record crowd.

The Cambridge men appear to have a mania for rowing trials over the full course. So far they have failed to accomplish a performance equal to the one done by Oxford, and those who dearly like to wager on the great aquatic race would be quite justified in laying odds of 2 to 1 on the Dark Blues.

Some time ago I hinted in these columns that the prevailing colour this season would be brown. Theatre-goers have lately had opportunities of seeing my prophesy fulfilled. Mr. Hare in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, Mr. George Alexander in *The Importance of Being Ernest*, Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Lewis Waller in *An Ideal Husband*, all wear brown frock-coats. I fully expect they will be the rage this season.

I saw a novel advantage claimed for coloured shirts the other day. A pile of materials were ticketed in the window in the usual way, but in addition there was a printed slip announcing that "Ladies dresses can be cut from any of these materials." Are lawn-tennis tournaments responsible for this, or is it simply one more device to enable a man and woman to display their cheap sentiment?

How football history repeats itself. On April 20th, at the Crystal Palace, Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion will fight out the final tie for the possession of the English Cup. Twice before have these two teams

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contested the final—viz., in 1887, when the Villa won by two goals to none, and again in 1892, when the Albion defeated their neighbours by three goals to none. The latter occasion will long be remembered for the imputations cast on the Villa goal-keeper. Birmingham went mad over it, and Warner had to leave the Perry Barr club. That was the last time the final tie was played at the Oval, and the Villa team were hot favourites. Who will win the rubber?

The International Rugby wooden-spoon has fallen to the lot of Ireland, whose defeat by Wales was most unlucky. The Irishmen had as much of the game, though the Welsh backs were perhaps more clever. The win was by a goal to a try. Bancroft converted for Wales. He is a wonderfully accurate kick, and three years ago won the match for Wales against England at Cardiff by a dropped goal just before the whistle blew for "no side."

Woolwich Arsenal and Millwall Athletic, the two best professional teams in the south, have arranged to play three matches; and the interest will certainly be very great locally. The first will be at Plumstead, on the 25th inst., the second on April 8th, and the third on April 27th.

W. B. Thomson, the famous Blackheath three-quarter back, will be known no more to football, as he leaves for South Africa shortly. He will be greatly missed even by a club so prolific in talent as the Blackheath organisation.

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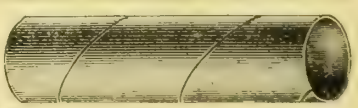

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The misere competition has, I am sorry to say, been more successful from what a chemist would term the quantitative than the qualitative point of view. I suppose that this may be held accountable to two causes—firstly, that the problem was one not easy of solution; and, secondly, that the science of misere play is very imperfectly understood. The prize was offered for the best illustrative misere in which the game should so develop itself that the leading hand must at one stage play to prevent his partner, or partners, discarding, and at either that or another stage of the game the player who was leading could permit the caller to discard, and through the adoption of these tactics the caller was to be eventually defeated.

The solutions sent in may be classified under three headings:—(1) Those which embodied the required conditions, but in which the play was faulty. (2) Those which did not fully embody the required conditions, but in which the play was fairly correct. (3) Those in which the conditions and the play were both faulty.

After a lot of weeding out, the final selection was narrowed down to one of two papers—that of Mr. J. H. Hunter, Ingham Infirmary, South Shields, or of "Intro," Stockton-on-Tees, and although both games are disfigured by errors of play, Mr. Hunter's contains the fewer mistakes, and the prize, a silver-mounted cigar-case, with monogram, has therefore been awarded to him for the following solution:—

THE HANDS.

A: Jack—spades; Queen, 10—hearts; 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—clubs; Queen, 10, 5, 2—diamonds.
B: King—spades; King, 4, 3—hearts; King, 8—clubs; King, Jack, 9, 8, 7, 6, 3—diamonds.
C: Ace, 10, 7, 6, 3—spades; Ace—hearts; Ace, Queen, Jack, 10, 9—clubs; Ace, 4—diamonds.
D (dealer): Queen, 9, 8, 5, 4, 2—spades; Jack, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 2—hearts.
Queen of spades turned up. A and B pass. C calls solo. D calls misere. C fears to go abundance, as he infers from D going misere with Queen of spades turned up he has it well supported; so he passes.

THE PLAY.

First trick (A): Jack—spades; King—spades; Ace—spades; Queen—spades.
Second trick (C): 10—spades; 9—spades; Queen—hearts; King—clubs.
Third trick (C): 7—spades; 5—spades; 10—hearts; 8—clubs.
Fourth trick (C): 6—spades; 4—spades; Queen—diamonds; King—hearts.
Fifth trick (C): Ace—diamonds; Jack—hearts; 10—diamonds; King—diamonds.

Seeing that his partners are both discarding hearts, and knowing from this that the misere hand must have length in that suit, C stops the discards by changing the lead to Ace, followed by a small diamond, in the hope that he may be able to throw off his solitary Ace of hearts on the third round of diamonds. A lead of the small diamond first would saddle him with all the rest of the tricks.

Sixth trick (C): 4—diamonds; 9—hearts; 5—diamonds; Jack—diamonds.
B has seen D renounce Jack and nine of hearts; A has thrown the Queen and ten, and he therefore locates the Ace with C, and to enable him to discard it leads to the
Seventh trick (B): 9—diamonds; (C), Ace—hearts; (D), 8—hearts; (A), 2—diamonds.
Eighth trick (B): 4—hearts.
Ninth trick (B): 3—hearts.
And catches the caller.

The faults in this game are pretty obvious. On the third trick, C should have led his solitary Ace of hearts, and his immediate resumption of the spade lead would have told his partners that he held no more hearts. On the fourth trick, B has no justification for discarding King of hearts. A, by his discards of Queen and ten of hearts, followed by a diamond, has shown that he is free of hearts; and B, holding the key to the situation with King, four, three of hearts, should have kept them intact until he was in a position to bring them into effective play.

On the eighth trick, B should have made quite sure of C being free of hearts by leading another diamond. The order in which the caller discarded hearts was quite wrong. When he threw off the Jack, it was of exactly the same value as the 5. A discard first of the 6 and then of the 5 would have gone far to baffle the calculations of the leading hand.

In giving "Intro's" solution, I must do that gentleman the justice to explain that he puts it forward as a game in which he actually took part on the evening prior to his seeing the offer of the prize in "To-Day," and he gives it exactly as it was played.

THE HANDS.

A: Queen, Jack, 9, 8, 7—spades; Ace, King, 9, 8, 5—hearts; 9, 5, 2—diamonds.
B: 3—clubs; 4, 2—spades; 6, 4, 3, 2—hearts; Jack, 10, 7, 6, 4, 3—diamonds.
C: Ace, King, Jack, 7, 4, 2—clubs; King, 10, 6, 5—spades; Queen, Jack, 10—hearts.
D (dealer): Queen, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5—clubs; Ace, 3—spades; 7—hearts; Ace, King, Queen, 8—diamonds.
3 of spades turned up. (First call not stated.) B goes misere.

THE PLAY.

First trick (A): 5—diamonds; 4—diamonds; Ace—clubs; Ace—diamonds. D has the lead, and the chance of giving C three discards by playing diamonds; but he prefers taking his chance of discarding them by leading a single heart, and leaving an uninterrupted attack in diamonds to A, who first led them.
Second trick (D): 7—hearts; Ace—hearts; deuce—hearts; Queen—hearts. A assumes D's object, and secures the trick, to afford the required discard. The misere caller tries to frustrate this by dropping his deuce. A places the possibility of a false card in his mind, and decides first to see how spades lie.
Third trick (A): 9, 4, King, Ace—spades.
Fourth trick (D): 3, Queen, 2, 10—spades.
A knows now that only the 5 and 6 of spades are left besides his own. B may have both, neither, or the 5 only. Presumably D has neither; so he plays to the
Fifth trick (A): Jack—spades; Jack—diamonds; 6—spades; King—diamonds.
Sixth trick (A): King—hearts; 3—hearts; Jack—hearts; Queen—diamonds.
A cannot continue hearts, as he knows C has the 10; so, rather than lose the lead, he plays for both B and D to discard.
Seventh trick: 8—spades; 10—diamonds; 5—spades; 8—diamonds.
Eighth trick (A): 7—spades; 3—diamonds; 10—hearts; Queen—clubs.
Ninth trick (A): 2—diamonds, catches the caller.
This game is a strange mixture of good and indifferent play. The first and most important fault is the useless discard of Ace of clubs instead of Queen of hearts in the first trick. "Intro" admits that this was bad, and might have been fatal. Then why illustrate it? In Trick 2, A should have experimentally covered with 9 of hearts to feel for the whereabouts of Queen, Jack, 10. C would be bound to return hearts.
In Trick 3, the heart lead was too favourable to abandon without trying one more round.
In Trick 4, A should have covered with the 8, to ascertain whether 10 was with the caller or with C. In Trick 5, caller should have discarded the 3 of clubs; the diamond discard is futile. In Trick 6, A should have gone on with the spade lead.
Had this game been played in accordance with the canons of ordinary misere play, I have no hesitation in saying that it would have made an ideal prize solution. The situations are unstrained, and the motives clear. I append an alternative mode of treatment:—
First trick (A): 5—diamonds; 3—diamonds; Queen—hearts; Ace—diamonds.
Second trick (D): 7—hearts; 9—hearts; 2—hearts; Jack—hearts.
Third trick (C): 10—hearts; King—diamonds; Ace—hearts; 3—hearts.
Fourth trick (A): King—hearts; 6—hearts; King—spades; Queen—diamonds.
Fifth trick (A): 8—hearts; 4—hearts; 10—spades; 8—diamonds.
Sixth trick (A): 5—hearts; 3—clubs; 6—spades; Ace—spades.
Seventh trick (A): 9—diamonds; 4—diamonds; 5—spades; 3—spades.
Eighth trick (A): 2—diamonds.

An excellent example of a correctly played game is that of Mr. W. J. Dyer; but he has illustrated only one of two required conditions. The caller is not knowingly permitted to discard.

THE HANDS.

A: King, 10, 9, 8, 6—hearts; Ace, Jack, 9—clubs; King, Queen, Jack—diamonds; Queen, 9—spades.
B: Ace, Jack, 5, 4, 3—hearts; King, 10, 8, 3—clubs; Ace, 4—diamonds; Ace, 10—spades.
C: Queen, 7, 6, 4, 2—clubs; 7, 3, 2—diamonds; Jack, 8, 6, 5, 2—spades.
D (dealer): Queen, 7, 2—hearts; 5—clubs; 10, 9, 8, 6, 5—diamonds; King, 7, 4, 3—spades.
7 of hearts turned up. A proposes. B accepts. C calls misere. D, A, and B pass.

THE PLAY.

First trick (A): Queen—spades; Ace—spades; Jack—spades; King—spades.
Second trick (B): 10—spades; 8—spades; 7—spades; 9—spades.
Third trick (B): Ace—diamonds; 7—diamonds; 10—diamonds; King—diamonds.
Fourth trick (B): 4—diamonds; 2—diamonds; 9—diamonds; Queen—diamonds.
A assumes that the only chance of defeating the calls is in spades; and believing from B's play that he has no more, is desirous of placing the lead with D.
Fifth trick (A): 9—clubs; 10—clubs; 6—clubs; 5—clubs.
In the ordinary play against a misere, B would now go on with clubs, so that D could discard on the suit; but, being now convinced that D holds some of the remaining spades, for he is short of clubs, and unlikely to have much strength in the heart suit, from the fact that hearts were trumps and first hand proposed, and fearing that he might make the mistake of throwing off his hearts—the only suit in which he can possibly take a trick (Jack of diamonds is unmistakably in A's hand)—B changes the suit, and leads to the
Sixth trick (B): 5—hearts; 6—spades; Queen—hearts; 10—hearts.
Seventh trick (D): 4—spades. Eighth trick (D): 3—spades; catches the caller.

During the progress of the misere competition I have purposely refrained from commenting on misere play. In future I hope to give a considerable amount of attention to miseres in general, and some further notice to this competition in particular. The Major.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville

CHAPTER XI.

THE TWO CAMPS.

"THANK you, Mademoiselle, now you can go," he said.

But he need not have spoken, for the moment his sister had done his bidding she turned from us, and before two words had passed his lips she was hurrying back to the house in a passion of grief, her face covered, and her slight figure shaken by sobs that came back to us on the summer air.

The sight stung me to rage; yet for a moment, and by a tremendous effort I restrained myself. I would hear him out.

He either did not, or would not see the effect he had produced, however. "There, Messieurs," he said, his face somewhat pale. "I am obliged to your patience. Now you know what I think of your tricolour and your services. It shall shelter neither me nor mine! I hold no parley with assassins.

I sprang forward, I could contain myself no longer. "And I!" I cried. "I, M. le Marquis, have something to say, too! A moment ago I refused that tricolour! I rejected the overtures of those who brought it to me. I was resolved to stand by you and by my brethren against my better judgment. I was of your party, though I do not believe in it; and you might have tied me to it. But this gentleman is right! You are yourself the strongest argument against yourself. And I do this! I do this!" I repeated passionately. "See, M. le Marquis, and know that it is your doing!"

With the word I snatched up the ribbon, on which Mademoiselle had trodden, and with fingers that trembled scarcely less than hers had trembled, when she unfastened it, I pinned it on my breast.

He bowed, with a sardonic smile. "A cockade is easily changed," he said. But I could see that he was livid with rage; that he could have slain me for the defeat.

"You mean," I said hotly, "that I am easily turned."

"You put on the cap, M. le Vicomte," he retorted.

The other three had withdrawn a little—not without open signs of disgust—and left us face to face; on the spot on which we had stood three weeks before on the eve of his mother's reception. Still raging with anger on Mademoiselle's account, and minded to wound him, I recalled that to him, and the prophecies he had then uttered, prophecies which had been so ill-fulfilled.

He took me up at the first word. "Ill-fulfilled?" he said grimly. "Yes, M. le Vicomte, but why? Because those who should support me, those who from one end of France to the other should support the King, are like you—waverers who do not know their own minds! Because the gentlemen of France are proving themselves churls and cravens, unworthy of the names they bear! Yes, ill-fulfilled," he continued bitterly, "because you, M. de Saux, and men like you, are for this to-day and for that to-morrow, and cry one hour 'Reform,' and the next, 'Order!'"

The denial stuck in my throat, and my passion dying down I could only glower at him. He saw this, and taking advantage of my momentary embarrassment, "But enough," he continued in a tone of dignity very galling to me, since it was he who had behaved ill, not I. "Enough of this. While it was possible, I courted your aid, M. de Saux; and I acknowledge, I still acknowledge, and shall be the last to disclaim, the obligation under which you last night placed us. But there can never be true fellowship between those who wear that——" and he pointed to the tricolour I had assumed—"and those who serve the King, as we serve him. You will pardon me, therefore, if I take my leave, and without delay withdraw my sister from a house in which her presence may be misunderstood, as mine, after what has passed, must be unwelcome."

He bowed again with that, and led the way into the house; while I followed, tongue-tied, and with a sudden chill at my heart. There was no one in the hall, except André, who was hovering about the farther door; but in the avenue beyond were three or four mounted servants, waiting for M. de St. Alais, and half-way down the avenue a party of three were riding towards the gates. It needed but a glance to show me that the foremost of these was Mademoiselle; and that she rode low in the saddle, as if she still wept. And I turned in a hot fit to M. de St. Alais.

But I found his eye fixed on me in such a fashion that the words died on my lips. He coughed drily. "Ah!" he said. "So Mademoiselle has herself felt the propriety of leaving. You will permit me, then, to make her acknowledgments, M. de Saux; and to take leave for her."

He saluted me with the words, and turned. He already had his foot raised to the stirrup, when I muttered his name.

He looked round. "Pardon!" he said. "Is there anything——"

I beckoned to the servants to stand back. I was in misery between rage and shame, the hot fit gone. "Monsieur," I said, "there is one more thing to be said. This does not end all between Mademoiselle and me. For Mademoiselle——"

"We will not speak of her!" he exclaimed.

"I do not know her sentiments," I continued, doggedly disregarding his interruption, "nor whether I am agreeable to her. But for myself, M. de St. Alais, I tell you frankly that I love her, nor shall I change because I wear one tricolour or another. Therefore——"

"I have only one thing to say," he cried, raising his hand to stay me.

I gave way, breathing hard. "What is it?" I said.

"That you make love like a bourgeois!" he answered, laughing insolently. "Or a mad Englishman! And as Mademoiselle de St. Alais is not a baker's daughter, to be wooed after that fashion, I find it offensive. Is that enough, or shall I say more, M. le Vicomte?"

"That will not be enough to turn me from my path!" I answered. "You forget that I carried Mademoiselle hither in my arms last night. But I do not forget it, and she will not forget it. We cannot be henceforth as we were, M. le Marquis."

"You saved her life, and base a claim upon it?" he

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said scornfully. "That is generous and like a gentleman!"

"No, I do not!" I answered passionately. "But I have held Mademoiselle in my arms, and she has laid her head on my breast, and you can undo neither the one nor the other. Henceforth I have a right to woo her, and I shall win her."

"While I live you never shall!" he answered fiercely. "I swear that, as she trod on that ribbon—at my word, at my word, monsieur!—so she shall tread on your love. From this day seek a wife among your friends, Mademoiselle de St. Alais is not for you."

I trembled with rage. "You know, monsieur, that I cannot fight you!" I said.

"Nor I you," he answered. "I know it. Therefore," he continued, pausing an instant and reverting with marvellous ease to his former politeness, "I will fly from you. Farewell, monsieur—I do not say, until we meet again; for I do not think that we shall meet much in future."

I found nothing to answer him, and he turned and moved away down the avenue. Mademoiselle and her escort had long disappeared; his servants, obeying my gesture, were almost at the gates. I watched his figure as he rode under the boughs of the walnuts, that meeting low over his head let the sun fall on him through spare rifts; and, sore and miserable at least myself, I marvelled at the gallant air he maintained, and the careless grace of his bearing.

Certainly he had force. He had the force his fellows lacked, and he had it so abundantly, that as I gazed after him the words I had used to him seemed weak and foolish, the resolution I had flung in his teeth childish. After all, he was right; this, to which my feelings had impelled me on the spur of anger and love and the moment, was no French or proper way of wooing, nor one which I should have relished in my sister's case. Why then had I degraded Mademoiselle by it, and exposed myself? Men wooed mistresses that way, not wives!

So that I felt very wretched as I turned to go into the house. But there my eye lighted on the pistols which still lay on the table in the hall, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling I remembered that others' affairs were out of order too; that the châteaux of St. Alais and Marignac lay in ashes, that last night I had saved Mademoiselle from death, that beyond the walnut avenue with its cool, long shade and dappled floor, beyond the quiet of this summer day, lay the seething, brawling world of Quercy, of France—the world of maddened peasants and frightened townsfolk, and soldiers who would not fight, and nobles who dare not.

Then, Vive le Tricolor! the die was cast. I went through the house to find Father Benôit and his companions, meaning to throw in my lot and return with them. But the terrace was empty, they were nowhere to be seen. Even of the servants I could only find André, who came pottering to me with his lips pursed up to grumble. I asked him where the Curé was.

"Gone, M. le Vicomte."

"And Buton?"

"He too. With half the servants, for the matter of that."

"Gone?" I exclaimed. "Whither?"

"To the village to gossip," he answered churlishly. "There is not a turnspit now but must hear the news, and take his own leave and time to gather it. The world is turned upside down, I think. It is time his Majesty the King did something."

"Did not M. le Curé leave a message?"

The old servant hesitated. "Well, he did," he said grudgingly. "He said that if M. le Vicomte would stay at home until the afternoon, he should hear from him."

"But he was going to Cahors!" I said. "He is not returning to-day?"

"He went by the little alley to the village," André answered obstinately. "I do not know anything about Cahors."

"Then go to the village now," I said, "and learn whether he took the Cahors road."

The old man went grumbling, and I remained alone on the terrace. An abnormal quietness, as of the afternoon, lay on the house this summer morning. I sat down on a stone seat against the wall, and began to go over the events of the night, recalling with the utmost vividness things to which at the time I had scarcely given a glance, and shuddering at horrors that in the happening had barely moved me. Gradually my thoughts passed from these things which made my pulses beat; and I began to busy myself with Mademoiselle. I saw her again sitting low in the saddle and weeping as she went. The bees hummed in the warm air, the pigeons cooed softly in the dovecote, the trees on the lawn below me shaped themselves into an avenue over her head, and thinking of her, I fell asleep.

After such a night as I had spent it was not unnatural. But when I awoke, and saw that it was high noon, I was wild with vexation. I sprang up, and darting suspicious glances round me, caught André skulking away under the house wall. I called him back, and asked him why he had let me sleep.

"I thought that you were tired, Monsieur," he muttered, blinking in the sun. "M. le Vicomte is not a peasant that he may not sleep when he pleases."

"And M. le Curé? Has he not returned?"

"No, Monsieur."

"And he went—which way?"

He named a village half a league from us; and then said that my dinner waited.

I was hungry, and for the moment asked no more, but went in and sat down to the meal. When I rose it was nearly two o'clock. Expecting Father Benôit every moment, I bade them saddle the horses that I might be ready to go; and then, too restless to remain still, I went into the village. Here I found all in turmoil. Three-fourths of the inhabitants were away at St. Alais inspecting the ruins, and those who remained, thought of nothing so little as doing their ordinary work; but, standing in groups at their doors, or at the cross-roads, or the church gates, were discussing events. One asked me timidly if it was true that the King had given all the land to the peasants; another, if there were to be any more taxes; a third, a question still more simple. Yet with this, I met with no lack of respect; and few failed to express their joy that I had escaped the ruffians *là-bas*. But as I approached each group a subtle shade of expectation, of shyness and suspicion seemed to flit across faces the most familiar to me. At the moment I did not understand it, and apprehended it, even, but dimly. Now, after the event, now that it is too late, I know that it was a symptom of the social poison doing its sure and deadly work.

(To be continued.)

AN INJUDICIOUS PRESENT.

BY

W. L. ALDEN.

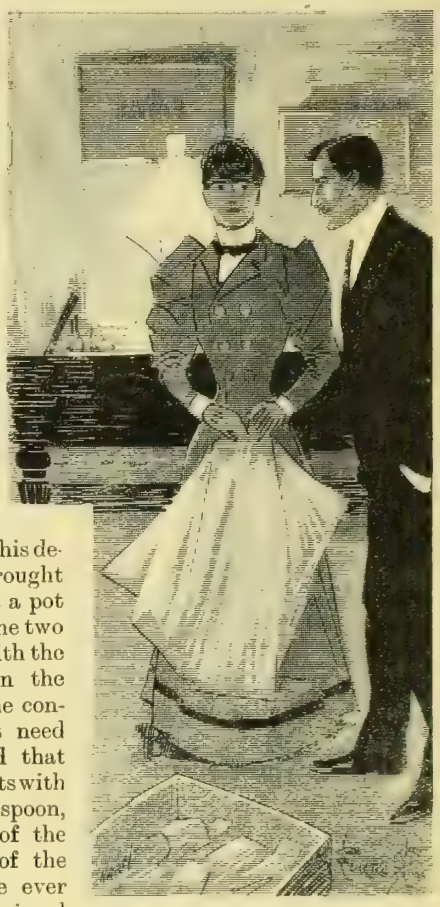
Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

HERE is a young man dwelling in the North of England who wanders sadly over the face of the country with his eyes fixed upon the ground, searching vainly for the fragments of a vanished and valuable girl. As yet, his search has been unsuccessful, and it is to be feared that he will sink into abject despair in the course of a very few more years.

The world is by no means agreed as to what is the most appropriate and unobjectionable present that a young man can make to his beloved object. As a rule, young ladies prefer presents in the shape of jewellery, since gold, silver, and precious stones do not perish with the affections, but survive to be worn in the presence of many successive adorers, and can always be converted into money. There are, however, young men who are addicted to gifts more useful, and much cheaper than jewellery. There was a Manchester young man, who, when he became engaged, gave his beloved a dozen pair of shoes, which he had bought at wholesale rates. As he wisely remarked, his wife could get along without a diamond ring, but she could not get along without shoes, and the more shoes he might give her before marriage the fewer he would have to give after that happy event. Less astute than the man educated in the Manchester school of political economy, but far more sentimental, was the Brixton youth who presented his girl with a

YOUNG LADIES PREFER JEWELLERY.

string of remarkably fine onions, accompanied with a letter (which was subsequently read at a breach of promise trial), in which he said: "Eat them, Mariar; and when the sycophants of fashion find fault with you, remember that I am coming to see you to-night, and that onions can't make me love you the less." There might also be mentioned, as a beautiful union of the useful with the romantic, the conduct of a young man residing near Bloomsbury Square, who courted a young lady of the vicinity with a passion for a certain South American jelly, which is sold in small pots. Twice a week this devoted lover brought to his fair one a pot of jelly, and the two devoured it with the same spoon in the seclusion of the conservatory. It need hardly be said that these two hearts with but a single spoon, caught much of the adhesiveness of the jelly, and have ever since remained closely united.



THEY WERE ACCEPTED WITH MUCH GRATITUDE.

Returning thus circuitously to the young man of Manchester, it becomes proper to remark that in addition to being peculiar in the matter of presents, he was, as became a disciple of Cobden, a thrifty and economical person, and preferred to lavish useful instead of purely ornamental articles upon his heart's idol. Every Saturday night he brought her something new. At one time it would be a box of soap; at another a box of pills suited to a small liver; at another a dozen pairs of—let us say scissors, and thus disappoint the wicked person who vainly hopes that this page may be sullied by the mention of elastic ligatures. He gave her during last winter a paper of pins, a hair-brush, a stomach-pump—which, as he justly said, it would be always handy to have in the house in view of the indiscriminate appetite for unwholesome things so often manifested by children, a waterproof cloak, a monkey wrench, capable of being adjusted so as to wrench a monkey of any size, a belt ribbon, and a bottle of horse liniment. In fact, he uniformly gave her articles which were fully worth the money paid for them, and which were adapted to convince the young lady's father that his future son-in-law was a man who would never waste his substance in riotous jewellery.

One evening in May last this excellent young man, who had just returned from a visit to London, brought to his betrothed a large pasteboard box, full of articles of dress of snowy whiteness. Among these were a pair of wristbands, a collar, and a—in fact, a number of other articles—all apparently made of the finest linen. The remarkable merit of these things consisted in the fact that they never needed to be either washed or ironed. "You can wear that collar, Mary Jane," explained the young man, "for a whole year without washing it. When it begins to look sort of darkish, you know, all you have

to do is to wipe it with a wet towel, and it'll be as white as ever. Then there's that other thing. It don't need no sort of stiffening. It'll stand out like a hoop skirt all the summer, and the rain can't wet it if it tries." Of course, these miraculous garments had been bought in London, and were made of that curious material called culluloid, the basis of which is gun-cotton. They were accepted with much gratitude, and, after being thoroughly tested, were found to justify all that had been said in praise of their admirable qualities.

ARRAYED IN HER BEST GARMENTS.

On the 21st. of May occurred the annual combined picnic and missionary fair of the local Congregational chapel, to which the young man and his beloved belonged. To this picnic the young man escorted the young woman, the latter being arrayed in her very best garments. Around her arms and neck were the culluloid cuffs, and the culluloid collar, and the other girls who had placed their trust in the *Sunday Observer*, relying upon the stiffness of the paper upon which that journal is printed, were filled with envy as they noticed the way in which the celluloid garment, previously referred to by the young man as that "other thing," stood out, and refused to lose its elasticity, no matter how rudely it was sat upon. Toward the end of the picnic the young man led his fair companion to a secluded nook, where he proposed to smoke a cigar of the purest Hamburgh brand, while lying dreamily at her feet. Throwing himself carelessly in that position, he drew a match from his pocket, and struck it on a convenient stone. A terrific explosion followed, and the young man, scorched and insensible, was picked up by his friends nearly two rods from the place where he had struck the match.

Not the slightest trace of that young woman has since been found, with the exception of one of her shoes, which was driven deep into the ground at the place where she was sitting when she exploded. The flame of the match had set fire to some one of the young lady's celluloid garments, and in the explosion which followed she was either blown bodily miles away, or was completely dissipated in the form of gases. It is improbable that she was blown away, for had such a fate been hers, she would long ago have been picked up by somebody, and, being a valuable girl, the finder would have undoubtedly have answered the advertisement offering a reward for her, which the girl's father inserted in the leading Manchester paper. We must, therefore, conclude that the explosion was so violent as to resolve her into her original gases, in which case nothing is more certain than that she will never again be seen in the flesh. The young man, however, has not lost all hope of finding some relic of his beloved one, and he spends hours daily in searching the plains and hillsides, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his bosom filled with the hope of finding something that might be still worth a trifle in the second-hand clothing market. Let us draw a veil over the anguish which wrings his heart as he estimates the aggregate value of his presents, and reflects that neither they nor the young lady were protected against explosion even by the smallest insurance policy.

GOOD-NIGHT, SWEETHEART.

"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"
The words ring out while hot tears start,
And little hands so fair to see
Are tenderly stretched out to me;
Yet coldly from them I depart—
"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"

"Good-night—ah, such a night!—I knew
The sweet lips yearned for kisses too—
Asking no other earthly bliss
Than just one fond, forgiving kiss;
One kiss—and as my steps depart,
Unanswered words—"Good-night, sweetheart!"

Ah, dear! if we could only know
The gentle hearts that love us so,
The angry words that give you pain—
We'd let you kiss them back again!
I answer now, while hot tears start,
"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"

FRANK L. STANTON.

HOW PARROTS SHAPED AMERICA'S DESTINY.

A flight of birds, coupled with a sailor's superstition robbed Columbus of the honour of discovering the continent. It is a curious but historical fact. When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic, he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been 216 nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion he yielded to the opinion of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of the *Pinta*, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was guided in his opinion solely by a flight of parrots, which took wing in that direction. It was good luck to follow in the wake of a flight of birds when engaged upon a voyage of discovery—a widespread superstition among Spanish seamen of that day; and this change in the great navigator's course curiously exemplifies the influence of small and apparently trivial events in the world's history. If Columbus had held to his course he would have entered the Gulf Stream, have reached Florida, and then probably have been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have given the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish population instead of a Protestant English one, a circumstance of immeasurable importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, "had the flight of birds more important consequences."—*Current Literature.*

Catalani, like most prima donnas, had a great weakness for showing off her jewellery. "You see dis brooch?" she would say; "de Emperor of Austria gave me dis. You see dese earrings? de Emperor of Russia gave me dese. You see dis ring? de Emperor Napoleon gave me dis," and so on. Braham, the tenor, in imitation of this, would say, pointing to his umbrella, "You see dis? de Emperor of China gave me dis." Then, pointing to his teeth, "de Emperor of Tuscany gave me dese." —*The Argonaut.*

CHARACTER AND THE READING THEREOF.

A CHAT WITH PROFESSOR OPPENHEIM.

"It was through reading Dickens," said Miss Annie Oppenheim, as I seated myself before a bright fire in her study, and arranged my chair so that two grinning skulls were not necessarily in my line of sight. "Yes, it was Dickens that first turned my thoughts to the study of physiognomy. He was a master in the art. When he introduces you to a character he describes him minutely—his nose, his eyes, his jaws—and whenever that character reappears you will find he is still acting consistently. If only I had a better memory for names I would recall to you a dozen of such creations, notably in 'David Copperfield,' 'Our Mutual Friend,' and 'Bleak House.'"

"Is Dickens alone in this particular strength, Miss Oppenheim?"

"No; Thackeray is equally good. But his characters are not so varied. You know that old gentleman in 'Vanity Fair'—oh! I wish I had a better memory. He was that old fellow who had seen good days and then came to grief. You remember how he went up to the City every day, with papers showing that in the past he had been trusted and honoured. In his poverty he still tried to meet people on an equality. He could not humble himself. Thackeray's description of his appearance is absolutely true to physiognomy."

"As we have got on the subject of the physiognomist in literature, Miss Oppenheim, can you instance living writers?"

"Nowadays, you know, the novelist does not go in for the elaborate description of appearance that earlier writers did. But there are few writers who do not give the colourless man in their stories a receding chin, and credit the shrewd man with deep-set eyes. Even these small admissions show that they believe in physiognomy. Rudyard Kipling shows his character in his eyes in a remarkable manner. He will regard the same scene with an ordinary man, but he will see more than that man sees. He will overlook, possibly, or forget what his companion remembers, but he will retain in his mind details that no ordinary man would ever notice."

"You have met Mr. Kipling, then?"

"No; I judge from his photographs."

"That raises an interesting point. If I were to place before you photographs of a dozen writers and actors whom, we will suppose, you had never met, and of whom you had no knowledge, could you say such an one is a humorist, another a romancer, and so on."

"Certainly. Take Irving and Bernhardt side by side, and it will only require a small study of physiognomy for you to detect many similarities in their features. Stevenson's face was distinctly that of a highly-imaginative man, Toole is humorous in every line, George R. Sims' face is that of a man who has no high aspirations, but who understands the people, and desires to be popular with them. I could go on for hours, but, possibly, more noticeable than in any other art is the invariable similarity in the formation of the forehead of great musicians."

"Is the reading of the face a sure understanding of the character of the individual?"

"No; that is the distinction between physiognomy and phreno-physiognomy. The development of the head may counteract the impression left by the face, and so the two must be taken in conjunction."

"Do you find much scepticism nowadays about physiognomy and phrenology?"

"Very little indeed. The last sceptic I met, if I remember rightly, was at a lecture I was giving in the provinces. A labourer came on to the platform with the idea of having a good joke at my expense. He made a few remarks to amuse the audience, and then assured me—'Young 'ooman' was his description—that he did not believe in anything I was going to tell him. I examined him carefully and honestly, and then I told him that he was right, because he lacked the necessary brains to understand physiognomy; he left the hall without an instant's delay. Really you cannot imagine the humours of lecturing to a large audience. I mention the nose, for instance, and describe how it indicates the character. Throughout the audience there is a surreptitious movement. Handkerchiefs are produced as one blind to cover the search for certain developments, and the remainder carefully brush away imaginary flies. While, when I deal with the head, it is almost apoplexy for a bald-headed gentleman with young people behind him. For my own part, I cannot understand how people can doubt. You meet a man for the first time. You form your impression of him, and then by degrees you begin to change it. Different actions and different moods influence you. But if you part and remember him after a period, you will find that your original estimate of him was the right one. Everyone in a way is a physiognomist. Talking of scepticism, I had an amusing experience the other day. I delineated the character of a young married lady. She agreed with me in every particular, till I told her that she was jealous, and then she emphatically contradicted me. 'But,' I said, after a little debate, 'Do you mean to say that you would feel no jealousy if you saw your husband paying marked attention to another lady?' 'But,' she answered emphatically, 'he never goes out at night.'"

We afterwards indulged in a general chat, in which Miss Oppenheim admitted that she disbelieved in palmistry pure and simple, and believed that most palmists were reading the face at the time they read the hand; that superstitions were ridiculous, and that presentiments were the result of the liver. "In these things, you know," she said, "one counts the hits and forgets the misses. You have a presentiment and nothing happens. You have a hundred and nothing happens. But the liver still being responsible, something happens, which would, under any circumstances, have happened, and you tell everyone about it, and everyone says, 'How wonderful!'"

"Do you know," said Miss Oppenheim, after a pause, "that the skull gets worn in places? The skull of a proud man, for instance, becomes thin where the organ of self-esteem lies. Look at these skulls."

I held a heavy, ugly jowled one up to the light and near the summit of the crown the light was visible.

"That came from a Warwickshire graveyard, and was the skull of a day labourer," she said. "The worn place is where the organs of reverence lie."

"Reverence and a labourer, what is the connection?"

"Now, really, who is more reverent (in a general sense) than the villager. He reveres the lady of the hall, the squire, the parson. He respects everyone who might or who has done him some good."

"The next skull was light and delicate, and worn in many places.

"Rather a strong development here," I suggested, pointing to a place near the base, where it was almost transparent.

"Amativeness," said Miss Oppenheim.

"A woman?"

"Yes" (with a laugh), "a Frenchwoman!"

I left my hostess convinced.

H. J. P.

THE FOX-TERRIER.*

When a fox-terrier wants to draw attention to his blue-blood he doesn't do so by dropping casual hints that his family came over with the Conqueror, or that many years of active fighting service entitle his family to respect. He would be far more likely to assert his position by claiming direct descent from Old Jock, Old Trap, or Old Tartar, for, as Mr. Rawdon Lee tells us, the blood of one or other of these dogs is to be found in all the best strains of the present day.

As a matter of fact, the earliest reliable record of the existence of a fox-terrier is to be found in a book written in the fourteenth century, but the dog mentioned differs considerably from the fox-terrier as he is known to-day. If we trace back the origin of the modern fox-terrier we cannot go farther back than the beginning of the present century. Before that time we have little guide left to tell us what the old fox-terrier was like, but the illustration of a dog of this breed as he appeared in 1806 corresponds in many respects with the fox-terrier up-to-date. The difference is in the colour, which in the earlier generations was black and tan, and in the coat, which was thicker and rougher than that usually found in the present smooth-coated dog. The old fox-terrier was, in fact, very much like the Welsh terrier as we now know him.

THE FOX-TERRIER IN 1806.

As far as the pedigrees of our modern champions go, it is sad to reflect that the best of them cannot go back for much more than thirty years, when the fox-terrier crept into public favour. Since that time, as Mr. Lee says, "he has never socially looked behind him."

Mr. Lee has gone thoroughly into the gradual development of the public's favourite, and when a fancier has read this book he has read all there is to be known on the subject.

As far as practical use is concerned, the fox-terrier has attained to the dignity of being able to live without doing any work, though I doubt if the majority of our show dogs could fairly earn a right to their name by drawing a fox. The owner of a dog, worth say forty to fifty pounds—no uncommon price for a really good fox-terrier now-a days, and not nearly enough to buy a crack dog—naturally has an objection to risking the life of his pet, and so the fox-terrier has gradually become used to a luxurious life. His hardest work is going from show to show, and a very successful dog is quite intelligent enough to become conceited. At shows many old stagers disdain the attentions of the common people, and utilize their spare time by sleeping in solemn grandeur, knowing full well that three or four prize cards are nailed up over their heads.

Most people who are not fanciers will be surprised to learn from this admirable book the prices that good dogs fetch. Perhaps the most sensational purchase was that made in 1892 by Mr. S. J. Stephens of Acton, who now has one of the most famous kennels in the country. When this gentleman decided to go in for fox-terriers he determined to spend £2,000 on dogs. He was naturally anxious to get the best blood obtainable, and therefore approached Mr. R. Vicary with a view of purchasing his Champion Vice Regal—

> Mr. Vicary did not care to part with his dog, but Mr. Stephens meant business, and ultimately forwarded a blank cheque with a request that Mr. Vicary would fill in the sum he thought the dog was worth, which amount would be duly met and no questions asked. Mr. Vicary made the cheque £500, which was to include payment for a bitch already purchased for £30. Thus £470 was the sum given for Vice Regal, and this is the largest amount ever paid for a terrier of any description, and not a bad sum either. Since that time Mr. Stephens says he has had no reason to regret, even from the purely pecuniary point of view, the big investment he made in fox-terriers.

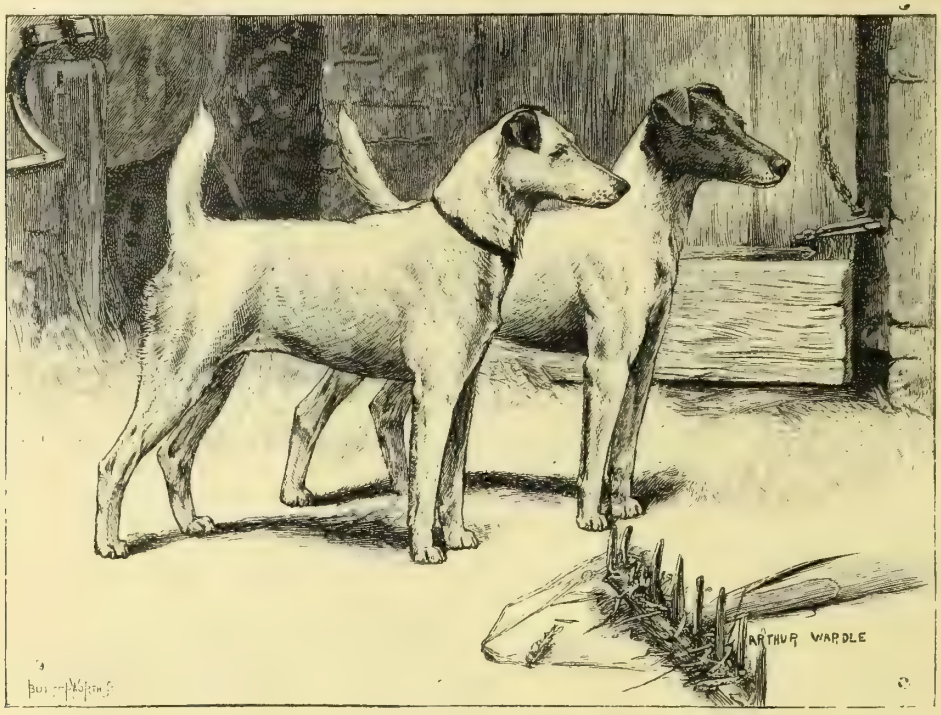
Mr. Rawdon Lee quotes a curious instance of the maternal instinct in a fox-terrier bitch getting the better of her equally natural instinct to kill. A pack of hounds . . . hunting near Sudbury, had an extraordinary run of an hour, when the fox went to ground. The terriers, owing to the pace, were left far behind, and as the master wished to blood his hounds, a terrier bitch from the village was produced, and with another dog drove or killed the fox, which was thrown to the pack. Whilst the operation of breaking up was progressing, one of the terriers slipped back into the earth, and in due course a bitch fox was dug out, and two cubs worried underground. The mother was allowed to escape, but her three other cubs were taken and put to the terrier which had killed the first brace. The bitch took kindly enough to the little things and suckled and attended them equally as well as her own offspring, which had been born five weeks previously to the time she adopted her foster-children.

The author has devoted one chapter of his book to the breeding, rearing, and training of fox-terriers, and his advice is equally applicable, of course, to any small dog. The hints for preparing dogs for exhibition contain some excellent "tips," which should be of immense value to anyone going in for this somewhat expensive hobby. The more common ailments of dogs are also discussed and the best remedies suggested. In fact this book must be a distinct compliment to a breed which, in a little more than thirty years, has

* "The Fox Terrier," by Rawdon Lee (Horace Cox, 3rd Edition, 5s.).

become popular enough to have a club and a monthly journal devoted entirely to its interests. It would be impossible to compile a more complete work on the subject.

W. P.



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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 73. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

X.

A PECULIAR CASE.

WHEW!

A sharp, shrill whistle from the speaking-tube which communicated with Mr. Balthazzar's room startled me in the midst of my work on a certain afternoon. I was well accustomed to being thus disturbed, but the peremptoriness of the present summons showed me that my principal was either impatient or unusually perturbed.

"Yes, sir?" I said, after removing the whistle, and placing my lips to the mouthpiece.

"Bring your pencil and note-book at once!" cried Mr. Balthazzar's voice.

I seized the appliances mentioned, and hurried into the adjoining room, where I found Mr. Balthazzar standing in front of the fireplace, in the act of lighting a cigar, while the client's chair was occupied by a gentleman whose agitated demeanour at once attracted my attention. The visitor was a stranger to me—a youngish man, good-looking, and well-dressed. He was extremely pale, and the hand with which he was nervously passing a pocket-handkerchief across his forehead trembled violently. Mr. Balthazzar, who preserved his habitual calmness, motioned to me to place myself at the table.

"Shorthand, sir?" I inquired.

"No," said Mr. Balthazzar, abruptly. "Take a sheet of paper from the drawer there, and write in ink. I shall have to ask you to sign the statement you are going to make, Dr. Bassett," he added, evidently from an afterthought.

The client, who had looked additionally uneasy at my entrance, and was watching my preparations with evident distrust, exclaimed irritably—

"You wish me to repeat what I have told you, Mr. Balthazzar?"

"Yes."

"And—and to sign the written statement?" he added, raising his voice protestingly.

"Certainly; that is why I sent for my clerk," said Mr. Balthazzar, coolly.

"But I—I decline. I came to you in the strictest confidence, Mr. Balthazzar; I did not anticipate the presence of—of a third party," said Dr. Bassett, angrily.

"Your communication is of such an extraordinary nature, that I must insist upon having it written down in black and white, and duly signed and witnessed," said Mr. Balthazzar, with decision.

"Why?" faltered Dr. Bassett, with a despairing glance round the room, as though he meditated instant flight.

"Your story amounts to a charge of murder. It is a criminal matter, and I must take due precautions for my own protection," said Mr. Balthazzar.

"I came to you for advice and assistance—in confidence," repeated Dr. Bassett.

"I'm not going to put my neck into a noose for you or any man," said Mr. Balthazzar, sharply. "In any case, I prefer to conduct my business in my own way. I must beg you to remember that my time is valuable."

Mr. Balthazzar assumed, on occasions, a dictatorial tone, which completely cowed nervous or agitated clients. Dr. Bassett was evidently upset and overwrought, and with a mute gesture of reluctance, he appeared to resign himself to an unpalatable task.

"Repeat your story slowly and distinctly, please, so

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that my clerk may have time to take it down. You had better begin by giving your name and address," said Mr. Balthazzar, lounging with his back against the mantelshelf.

"My name is John Eugene Morfield Bassett," began the client, turning towards me, and speaking in a low, shaking voice. "I am a L.R.C.S. of England and M.D. of Edinburgh. I am in private practice at No. 4, Lydbrook Park, Notting Hill."

"A general practitioner, I suppose?" interposed Mr. Balthazzar, while I took down the young doctor's words.

"Yes."

"Age—thirty-five, I think you said. Been at Notting Hill about seven years. Unmarried. I suppose you have someone who looks after your house?" continued Mr. Balthazzar, in a sort of aside.

"I have a housekeeper—an old servant of my family's," replied Dr. Bassett.

"Am I to take this down, sir?" I inquired of my principal.

"No," he replied. "Confine yourself to the doctor's narrative. Go on, doctor."

"On the evening of Thursday, the 29th April last," continued Dr. Bassett, in the same low voice, "at about nine o'clock, a gentleman called and said he wished to see me. He gave no name, and was ushered into my consulting-room."

"Describe him carefully," interposed Mr. Balthazzar.

"He was tall and dark, with a beard and moustache—wearing gold-rimmed spectacles—aged about forty-five, as far as I could judge. He asked if I was Dr. Bassett, and on my answering in the affirmative, he inquired if I desired to earn fifty pounds."

"Yes; and what did you reply?" said Mr. Balthazzar, flicking the ash off his cigar.

"I am, and always have been, more or less in money difficulties," said Dr. Bassett, with an uneasy laugh. "Of course, I answered, half jestingly, that fifty pounds would be very useful. Naturally, I wondered what was coming."

"You asked him his name, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar.

"Yes; and why he had happened to come to me. The last question he answered evasively; the first, emphatically."

"He refused his name?" said Mr. Balthazzar.

"Absolutely. He came at once to the point."

"Go on, Millicent," said Mr. Balthazzar, nodding at me.

"With scarcely a word of preliminary conversation—he was completely self-possessed and determined—he said he wished to put an end to his life," resumed Dr. Bassett, with increasing agitation. "He offered me fifty pounds in bank-notes, on the spot, if I would supply him with the necessary means and directions."

"Go on, Millicent," repeated Mr. Balthazzar, sharply, as I started in the midst of my writing.

"I was indignant at first, but he argued very plausibly. He said that his life was a failure, that he had no relatives——"

"No relatives?" interrupted Mr. Balthazzar, interrogatively.

"Yes, I am certain he said that. No relatives, and was ruined in business," resumed Dr. Bassett, addressing me again. "He was determined to destroy himself, but did not wish to bungle over it. We had some further conversation on the ethical question of a man's right to kill himself. I have views on that subject myself——"

"Never mind your views," interrupted Mr. Balthazzar, contemptuously, "just state what happened."

"He pressed the fifty pounds upon me. I wanted the money, the man seemed determined, so I yielded, God forgive me!" exclaimed Dr. Bassett, with a sudden burst of emotion.

I cast a sidelong glance at him when I had written this down; the unhappy man had placed one hand before his eyes, apparently overcome. There was a moment's silence, which was broken by Mr. Balthazzar inquiring abruptly —

"Who are your bankers?"

"The British Joint Stock Bank, Notting Hill branch," replied Dr. Bassett, in a dazed voice. "Why do you ask?" he added abruptly, as though roused by the question.

"Didn't you say the man paid you fifty pounds?" said Mr. Balthazzar.

"Yes, but I didn't pay it into my account. These are the identical notes," he replied, nodding towards a small packet on the table at Mr. Balthazzar's elbow.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Mr. Balthazzar, taking up the packet and fingering the notes with an appearance of renewed interest; "you never parted with them, then? I see. Pray go on."

"I took the £50 and I gave the man a phial containing a fatal dose of aconite," said Dr. Bassett, once more dictating to me. "The man carried it away with him, after I had answered certain questions concerning it. The whole interview didn't last ten minutes, and I yielded to a sudden temptation."

"Yes," said Mr. Balthazzar, when I had finished writing.

"I repented almost immediately—when it was too late! I suffered an agony of remorse, but I was powerless. I didn't know the man's name and address, and I dared not communicate with the police for my own sake. It would have meant professional ruin, and worse. I could only hope for the best—that the man had faltered in his resolve. Meanwhile, I never touched a farthing of the money; it remained in my drawer till I brought it here."

"I see. Well?" said Mr. Balthazzar.

"I carefully watched all accounts of inquests in the newspapers for the next week or so, but saw nothing resembling a suicide by the man who had visited me. I was beginning to feel reassured, until one day last week when I had occasion to go into the City on business. The fact is, I have been dabbling a little on the Stock Exchange——"

"Never mind that," interrupted Mr. Balthazzar.

"I was passing a large block of offices in a court near Throgmorton Street, when I suddenly came face to face with him."

"With whom?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"With—with the man," said Dr. Bassett, glancing up at Mr. Balthazzar, who was smoking imperturbably.

"Then he didn't kill himself after all," I cried involuntarily.

"No—but he was in mourning—in deep mourning," said Dr. Bassett, lowering his voice again impressively.

"The doctor's theory is that this man wanted the poison for somebody else—and used it," explained Mr. Balthazzar, impatiently. "Get on."

"REPEAT YOUR STORY."

"Directly he saw me, the man hurried into an adjoining block of offices and disappeared. I was too startled to follow at the moment, but fortunately the hall-porter recognised him from my description. His name is Hugh Shipley, his office is in Copthall Court, he is what is called an outside broker on the Stock Exchange, and his address is 59, Maudesley Gardens, Belsize Park."

"Are you quite sure?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, eyeing his client keenly.

"Absolutely. I hung about and watched him come out and followed him all the way home. I am absolutely certain of the man's identity."

"Why didn't you speak to him?" said my principal.

"Because I had a presentiment—an awful presentiment. I wished to find out why he was in mourning," said Dr. Bassett, trembling with suppressed excitement.

"And this is what you found out, eh?" said Mr. Balthazzar, taking up a newspaper which had lain upon the table; and he proceeded to read aloud the following announcement:—

"On the 3rd inst., at 59, Maudesley Gardens, Belsize Park, Rosina, the beloved wife of Hugh Shipley, aged 27."

"Yes, and I am certain that he murdered her," cried Dr. Bassett, with a wild glitter in his eyes. "I obtained a copy of the medical certificate. It is before you. I tell you, as a medical man, that the symptoms are all consistent with poisoning by aconite."

"But the doctor who attended her—Dr. Brownlow, of Hampstead—certifies natural causes," said Mr. Balthazzar, scrutinising the document.

"Quite so. She had been ill before, no doubt, and Shipley had profited by my instructions. The doctor, you must remember, had no suspicions. That certificate goes for nothing—except as evidence in favour of my theory."

Dr. Bassett rose excitedly from his seat as he spoke, and seemed to be entirely overwhelmed with the horror of the situation. Mr. Balthazzar—who, it must be remembered, had heard the story before and had therefore recovered from the first shock of the grim recital—calmly read through the statement I had taken down and nodded his head approvingly.

"I think that will do," he said, returning it to me. "Dr. Bassett can sign it, and you can be the witness."

The doctor came forward at my invitation and hurriedly affixed his signature.

"And now, Mr. Balthazzar, what do you advise me to do?" he inquired, anxiously.

"The man Shipley, you say, has disappeared?" said Mr. Balthazzar, meditatively. "When was that?"

"Within the last few days. I think he must have been frightened at the sight of me. Anyhow, his house

and furniture are advertised for sale, and he has gone abroad," said Dr. Bassett.

"You ought to have communicated with the police at once," said Mr. Balthazzar, severely.

"How could I? I would have been arrested! I came here to place myself in your hands, Mr. Balthazzar, and to be guided entirely by you," he added, more calmly.

"It's all very well to say that; but what is it you want?" said Mr. Balthazzar, quite irritably.

"My name must be kept out of the affair," said Dr. Bassett, doggedly.

"I don't see how that is possible," replied Mr. Balthazzar.

"If the man has committed a murder he shall suffer for it!" said Dr. Bassett, between his teeth."

"Undoubtedly."

"On the other hand, I'm not going to put *my* neck in a noose, either, as you said of yourself just now. I've suffered enough already, God knows! If the scoundrel cannot be brought to justice without my coming forward and blasting my reputation he must go free—that's all," said Dr. Bassett, abruptly, taking up his gloves.

"No, there is another aspect of the case," said Mr. Balthazzar, seriously. "You have given me certain information and evidence," he added, referring to the the bank-notes, "which I may be compelled, for my own protection, to pass on to the police. A lawyer's office, after all, isn't a confessional. If you tell me a murder has been committed, it may be my duty to reveal what I know about it."

"I shall kill myself if you do!" cried Dr. Bassett, frenziedly.

"That is your affair," said Mr. Balthazzar, shrugging his shoulders. "However, I shall verify your story, at all events; and when I have considered the matter, I'll write to you. Meanwhile, go about your business as usual, and keep your mouth shut."

The doctor, who seemed considerably taken aback by my principal's attitude, stood for a moment as though dumfounded, and then, abruptly turning on his heel, he left the room without another word.

Mr. Balthazzar stood watching him with half-closed eyes till he disappeared, and he remained in front of the fireplace, puffing at his cigar, absorbed in thought, for several minutes, till I fancied he had forgotten me. Then he laughed, and said, lightly—

"I think you had better go to that address, and make inquiries there and in the neighbourhood about this man Shipley. You may as well also find out what you can about the doctor himself. You can report to me to-morrow."

He gathered up the bank-notes, as he spoke, from the table beside him, and put them away in his safe; while I, perceiving that he was not in a mood to discuss the affair, left the room to carry out my instructions. For my part I felt convinced, from the doctor's tone and manner, that his story was perfectly genuine, and that his suspicions were well founded, and the only doubt on my mind was whether Mr. Balthazzar ought not to give information to the police immediately.

I TOLD HIM ALL I HAD LEARNT.

However, that, of course, was for my principal to decide, and I hastened to obey his orders. The result of my inquiries in the neighbourhood of Maudesley Gardens was to confirm the dreadful suspicion which Dr. Bassett had suggested. To begin with, Mr. Shipley" house was closed; there were bills in all the windows announcing that the residence and furniture were for sale; and the premises were in charge of an ancient charwoman, who could only tell me that Mr. Shipley had disbanded his establishment and gone abroad. But what seemed more significant still was that Mr. Shipley and his late wife had lived unhappily; it was well known among the tradespeople of the district that the poor lady had been neglected and ill-treated; and it was rumoured that the widower would easily console himself for her loss. In a word, Mr. Shipley bore a doubtful reputation, both as a husband and as an honest householder; and one thing was quite certain—namely, that

Dr. Bassett's description tallied exactly with his personal appearance.

Naturally, I discovered nothing of an incriminating nature respecting the man; but every detail of his life and circumstances was grimly suggestive of the possibility of a domestic tragedy such as the doctor had foreshadowed. On the other hand, Dr. Bassett's account of his own affairs was completely borne out by inquiries made at Notting Hill. I found that the young doctor had been for several years making an uphill struggle to establish a practice; that he was known to be impecunious, and for this and other reasons was regarded with a certain amount of distrust; but, nevertheless, he had a good character for respectability, and was the sort of person whose word might be relied upon. At neither place, of course, was I able to ascertain any facts having a definite bearing upon the alleged crime; but I returned home at the end of the day with an uncomfortable feeling whether, as a good citizen, I ought not to put the police in possession of all the circumstances without even waiting till the next morning.

However, I was sufficiently mindful of my duty to Mr. Balthazzar to refrain from taking any step on my own account, but directly I reached the office on the following day I waited upon my principal, and told him all I had learnt.

"You think the story is true, then?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, quietly.

"So far as it is possible to verify it at present," I replied. "Of course, the doctor may be wrong, in spite of appearances."

"I expect we shall find he has disappeared," sad Mr. Balthazzar, looking up carelessly from a letter he was reading.

"If so, I suppose you will inform the police at once, sir?" I replied, eagerly.

"I don't know. We mustn't be hasty. I must see him again first. You had better take a cab, and fetch him," said Mr. Balthazzar, rousing himself.

"But if he has disappeared?"

"Then you can bring his housekeeper here instead," said Mr. Balthazzar, returning to his correspondence.

I set off immediately, a little mystified by something in my principal's manner which suggested that he had definitely satisfied himself. I concluded that he had adopted the doctor's suspicions, especially as he seemed to have made up his mind that Dr. Bassett had disappeared. Upon reflection, I thought it extremely probable that the wretched man might have taken flight to avoid the disgrace and exposure which his share in the tragedy would entail, and his disappearance would afford a strong presumption of the truth of his statements and the force of his conviction of Shipley's guilt.

I jumped into a hansom, and drove straight to Dr. Bassett's residence in Lydbrook Park, Notting Hill. The door was opened to me by a new housemaid who, in reply to my inquiry, said that her master was not at home. There was nothing in her tone, however, to suggest that anything unusual had occurred, and I therefore imagined Mr. Balthazzar's conjecture was wrong and that the doctor had followed my principal's recommendation and remained at his post.

"Can you tell me how long he will be?" I asked.

"No, sir, I cannot," answered the girl.

"I want to see him very particularly," I said. "I think I will step in and wait for him. Do you know where he has gone?"

"If you will walk in I will ask the housekeeper, sir," replied the girl civilly.

She ushered me into a neat consulting room, and there left me. I took a hurried glance round, but noticed no signs of disorder. Some unopened letters awaited the doctor on his desk, and the newly-lighted fire burned brightly. While I was making these observations, the door opened and an elderly woman entered the room, evidently the housekeeper. She was a pleasant-looking grey-haired dame, just such a person as the doctor had described her.

"Did you wish to see Dr. Bassett very particularly, sir?" she inquired.

"Yes; most urgently," I replied.

"Then I think I ought to tell you, sir, that I don't know where the doctor is or how long he is likely to be," she said, evidently supposing that I was a patient. "If you will leave your name and address, I will send him round to you directly he comes in."

"I suppose you expect him back any moment?" I said.

"Yes, sir, but the fact is that he has been away all night. No doubt he was summoned to some urgent case and has been detained."

"When did you see him last?" I asked quickly.

"I heard him come in about five o'clock yesterday evening and he went out again shortly after without saying anything to me. I kept dinner waiting for him till nearly ten o'clock—I hope nothing has happened to him, sir!" exclaimed the housekeeper, with a sudden note of alarm.

"Nothing that I know of," I replied with some excitement as I realised that Mr. Balthazzar was right after all. "But I am afraid I must trouble you to come with me at once to see his solicitor."

I explained briefly that the doctor had called at the office the day before, and that I had been sent to fetch him, whereupon the housekeeper, looking somewhat scared and startled, at once consented to accompany me. She asked no questions during our drive, and I deemed it prudent not to volunteer any information, but I could see that the good dame had turned pale and was evidently very uneasy on her master's account. When we reached the office I went in to Mr. Balthazzar and told him that Dr. Bassett had left his residence the preceding evening, and had not yet returned.

"I expected it," said my principal with an enigmatical smile, motioning to me to show the housekeeper in. "Well, my good woman," he exclaimed, when she appeared, "so your master has gone away! Did he take any luggage?"

'Oh, no, sir," said the woman nervously. "I expect he is back by this time."

"You mustn't be disappointed if you don't see him," said Mr. Balthazzar. "Unless I am very much mistaken he has left the country."

"Indeed, sir!" gasped the housekeeper.

'Yes, I expect so. I wanted to ask you a question or two," he added more briskly; "you needn't be afraid of answering. It won't harm your master. On the contrary, my object is to do him a service."

"I'm sure the doctor has done nothing to be ashamed of, sir," cried the faithful soul tremulously.

"H'm. Anyhow, it will be all right if you will answer me truthfully. Can you remember the evening of the 29th April?"

"No, sir, I can't; I'm that flustered," said the poor woman, beginning to weep.

"Well I don't suppose you can. You needn't be frightened," said Mr. Balthazzar, encouragingly. "The 29th of April, you know, is within a month from now—about three weeks ago. Now have you been at home most evenings this last month?"

"Every evening, sir. You see I am never able to go out of an evening, because I have to answer the bell to patients and others," said the housekeeper.

"Isn't there a housemaid to answer the bell?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar.

"No, sir. We have a girl in for the day who acts as housemaid. She comes at nine o'clock in the morning and leaves at six in the evening. It's for the sake of appearances, sir. You see the doctor is not very well off," added the housekeeper, apologetically.

"I understand. Then nobody could come to the house in the evening without your knowledge?"

"No, sir."

"Does the doctor see many patients at his house of an evening? Take the past month for instance. How many have there been?"

"I can't recall that anyone has come the last month, except to leave messages for the doctor to call somewhere — or letters," said the housekeeper.

"Did a tall, dark, bearded gentlemen in gold spectacles call about nine o'clock one evening, about three weeks ago, and ask to see your master?"

"No, sir."

"Gave no name, but saw your master in his consulting-room?" persisted Mr. Balthazzar.

"I should certainly remember, because I'm most particular about asking names," said the woman, emphatically.

"Perhaps your master opened the door to him, and subsequently showed him out again without your knowing?" suggested Mr. Balthazzar.

"If the doctor says so, of course——"

"Never mind what the doctor says. Is such a thing possible?"

"No, sir. I've never known the doctor answer the bell himself. I'm always on the look-out. I should have noticed such an unusual thing," said the housekeeper, with conviction.

"Very well," returned Mr. Balthazzar, glancing at me while I opened my eyes. "One more question. Has your master's manner been at all strange lately?"

"Well, sir, since you mention it, he has seemed very much upset the last few weeks," said the housekeeper, distressfully. "It has worried me a good deal; but when I spoke to him he declared there was nothing the matter. The fact is, sir," added the dame, confidentially, "poor Master Eugene has never been quite the same since he was badly treated by a young lady some years ago."

"HOW DID YOU FIND HIM OUT, SIR?"

"Jilted, you mean, said Mr. Balthazzar quickly.

"The doctor was always very reserved. He never told me much. But he was engaged for a very short time—I never saw the young lady—some years ago; and the young lady married somebody else."

"Who did she marry?"

"I don't know, sir; I never heard."

"What was her name?"

"I'm afraid I can't remember, sir. I *did* hear at the time; she came from Manchester, where Master Eugene's parents lived before he came up to London."

"Was it Rumbolt?" said Mr. Balthazzar quietly.

"Yes, sir—that is the name sure enough. She was a Miss Rumbolt," replied the housekeeper, eagerly.

"I think I need not keep you any longer, ma'am," said Mr. Balthazzar, in a calmly triumphant tone. "I am afraid your master has gone abroad; but probably he will communicate with you in some way. When he does, you can give him a message from me."

"Yes, sir," said the housekeeper, as she rose from her seat.

"Tell him, with Mr. Balthazzar's compliments, that he can safely return to England whenever he pleases; that Mr. Balthazzar has burnt the statement because he is satisfied that the whole story is pure nonsense. Will you remember that?"

"Certainly, sir. I'm sure Master Eugene must be ill if he has done anything wrong, for he wouldn't harm a fly," murmured the poor old lady, evidently alarmed by the significance of Mr. Balthazzar's tone.

"H'm! Fortunately he *hasn't* succeeded in harming

anyone," said my principal, drily. "Good-day to you, ma'am. Mr. Millicent, will you show the lady out?"

When I returned, wondering, to Mr. Balthazzar's room, he had just filled up a bank credit slip, which he handed to me, together with fifty pounds in notes, which he had taken from the safe.

"Let these be paid in, Millicent," he said, in high good humour. "Credit receipts. I consider it a fee well earned."

"How did you find him out, sir?" I inquired, open-mouthed.

"I had my suspicions from the first," said Mr. Balthazzar, complacently; "but the story had realistic touches, particularly those bank-notes. From your inquiries up at Hampstead it had evidently been carefully planned. After you had left yesterday, I drove to the Notting Hill branch of the British Joint Stock Bank. There I found that those notes were drawn out by Dr. Bassett from his own account about a week ago. He had paid in no similar or larger sum for months past. Then I perceived that the whole affair was a desperate and unscrupulous conspiracy to injure this man Shipley."

"Why should he wish to injure Shipley?" I asked.

"That is what puzzled me till just now. But I had an idea. I sent this morning to Somerset House, and discovered that Shipley's wife, before her marriage, was a Miss Rosina Rumbolt."

"Then it was all jealousy!" I exclaimed.

"There is no doubt that this man Shipley treated his wife badly, and when she died the shock probably affected the brain of this unfortunate doctor. He evidently had a mad idea of revenge, of retribution, of exposure——"

"But Shipley's innocence would easily have been proved," I interposed.

"No doubt; but if the doctor's statements had been conveyed by me to the police, Shipley would have had an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. It was a cunning plot—the plot of a madman, but with enough method in it to have led to disclosures about Shipley's domestic life and private affairs, which might have ruined him."

"It was fortunate for all parties that Dr. Bassett made the mistake of coming to you, sir," I remarked.

Mr. Balthazzar accepted the compliment with very good grace; but, seriously, if Dr. Bassett's story had come to the ears of the police he would probably have ended his days in a lunatic asylum or a gaol; while Mr. Shipley would have been the victim of a most damaging public scandal.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dearest Nell,—There is many a glimpse of the new fashions to be seen, though it is Mid-Lent. Paper hats and bonnets are a decided novelty, are they not? Yet we are promised these in the form of coloured straws made entirely of paper plaited in all the new fancy fashions, most of which are suggestive of nutmeg graters seen through a magnifying-glass! Another new thing is a dress material made of glass, but as this promises to be very expensive it will not concern either you or me very particularly. This glass cloth, however, is to be practically everlasting in wear, and it can be cleaned with a damp cloth, just like windows. Lamp shades are made of it as well as sunshades, but the inevitable weight of the spun glass makes it rather unsuitable for the latter purpose. Four pounds a yard is the price of the cloth. Bonnets and toques made of it are shown in a window in Paris by the inventor, as well as men's ties and cravats.

The new mauve foliage which Paris has devised for mixing flowers of every colour can scarcely be called an improvement on nature's greenery; but, of course, it will have a certain vogue for a time, like the hideous mauve veils that Paris inflicted upon feminine humanity, Gallic and Britannic, some seasons since.

A propos to this, have you ever noticed how extremely becoming a brown net and chenile veil is? I never remarked it until the other day, when Cicely was putting on her toque, and tried veil after veil in her usual fashion. When she picked up a brown one the effect was magical. The pretty pink in her cheeks immediately became soft and bright. Her blue eyes looked more intensely blue, and the whole complexion was improved in a remarkable manner. I determined to have one, and went to Wigmore Street this very morning to get a pretty one from Lee. He is selling veils in brown net, with very pale blue or pink chenile spots, and these, too, are very becoming. Surely complexions were never half so much studied as they are just now.

A MONTE CARLO GOWN.

Every third girl one meets has a bunch of violets, false or true, fastened on her coat. Double Neapolitans are most in demand, and it is rather expensive to have a great bunch of these for every occasion, and they fade so very soon, too, that they need renewing after lunch, after tea, and after dinner. You see, I have no one to "bunch" me, as Clara has, so I wear a nice big cluster of artificial Naples violets with the stalks showing in the most ingenuous manner. By the way, her rich American *fiancé* told us yesterday that his countrymen are wearing hyacinths in the button-holes, and that brides over there have lily-of-the-valley on their wedding gowns, instead of orange-blossom.

I hear rumours of forthcoming fancy balls to be given after Lent, and there seems to be a dearth of ideas in the matter of fancy costume. Shepherdesses, Dresden china, and the costumes of various countries are now terribly hackneyed in fancy dress. It is not easy to strike out anything new. The heroines of opera and opera-bouffe are also overdone. Classical verse is overhauled in vain. All the available ladies have been too frequently copied in fancy dress. Penelope with her web, Medea in her wrath, Ophelia in her wildness, and Desdemona in her innocence are familiar figures in modern drawing-rooms. Of Queens of England and France the same may be said. Nature has exhausted her Springs, Summers, Autumns, Winters, Days, Nights, Frosts and Snows. Only the realms of purest fancy remain to us if we wish to be original in our selection of character and costume. The idea of a cloud might be realised so as to produce a lovely fancy dress. The material should be of the most diaphanous kind, either white, pale grey, palest pink, or buff. The drapery could be arranged in loose floating scarves, some of which should be draped loosely round the head, shoulders and arms. This diaphanous drapery, mixed golden and pale rose would form a good representation of the goddess Aurora. A lovely costume could be thought out representing autumn foliage, in which the whole range of dead-leaf tints could be tastefully introduced. The scale of yellows, from the pale tint shown in the fading poplar-leaf to the deep orange of the laurel, would be effective enough when mingled with russet and deep red. Only a brunette could wear such a dress. A Jerusalem artichoke would make a capital fancy dress, with all the pale green points overlapping each other, and widening towards the ground.

I hope you will enjoy your ball, whatever you may elect to wear. I wish I were going with you.

The subject of the illustration I send you (a Monte Carlo gown) is a biscuit-coloured crocodile crêpon, with a plain skirt, the bodice arranged with a short, full basque, and opening in front to show a vest of white silk gauze, striped with insertions of Mechlin lace, and finished at the neck with a lace cravat and diamond buckles. The fronts of the crêpon are caught together on the chest with a little bow of periwinkle-blue ribbon, matching the band at the waist, which fastens under a jet cabochon with two little loops. The puffs of the sleeves are caught up with a knot of periwinkle-blue ribbon, showing under-sleeves of the gauze and lace insertion. The blue mohair straw hat is bordered with a frill of lace, and trimmed with gauze, a large Rhinestone buckle and a few loops of periwinkle-blue ribbon.

Niagara is still the place to see and study the most elaborate of blouses and the most finished of fashionable bodices. The new buttercup-yellow lace is used for trimming many of them, and I saw one made of mauve velvet, and completely covered with the lace.

By the way, dear, what a mistake it is to have one's photograph taken with a great blotch of white or tinted lace about the shoulders. A word of warning to you! I have just seen a photograph in which this mistake was perpetrated. It makes the face of the sitter look almost black.—Your affectionate, Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cyclamen.—It was with special reference to you that I got the sketch of the new blouse inserted. It is one of Redmayne's prettiest models. Some of the new patterns have basques, but the smartest are finished off at the waist, as you see in this sketch. Pale pink and heliotrope would combine admirably, and are very much the fashion just now. It could be worn with a black cloth or silk skirt.

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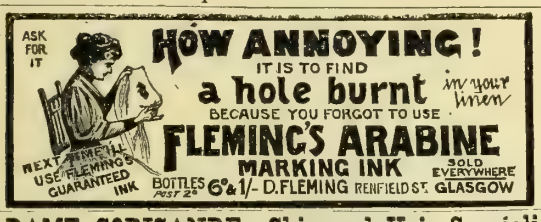

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Alcestis.—You could have a bodice or blouse of almost any colour with your black crêpon skirt and revers of the lovely brocade. I should advise, however, plain black bengaline or satin; or, if you prefer colour, something rather vague and indefinite, perhaps biscuit and pale blue mingled together in some fancy fabric. Why not have the vest in your brocade? Or, if you choose black for the bodice, have a vest in some colour that suits you specially well.

Lavinia.—Tansy is an herb. It is said to be a sure preventive of moth. Moths are not due just yet. May and June are said to be their lively months, but if you keep your furs and woollens, blankets and quilts well beaten, they will never go into them. Store-places where pieces of old dresses and odds and ends of every sort are kept are their happy hunting grounds. Carbolic soap is a trusty foe of theirs, and perfect cleanliness the surest preventive of all. Every drawer and wardrobe should be turned out at least once in every two months and cleansed with a wet flannel on which a little carbolic soap has been rubbed. When perfectly dry, the receptacles can be filled again.

Young Dora.—Yes. There is such a thing as a potato masher. It mashes two or three pounds in a couple of minutes, and the price of it is 10½d. Ask for stewpans with handles to the lids the next time. They are very comfortable to use, and you cannot, with them, repeat your feat of scalding your hands with the steam.

Sufferer.—I can sympathise with you, but I think I can suggest a cure. Buy a bottle of "Herbuline." It cured me of neuralgia, and another friend was just as fortunate when suffering from a nasty attack of toothache. I saw in a local paper the other day that the firm had undertaken to cure the poor out-of-works employed in the Glasgow Corporation stoneyards—of neuralgia, tic, and toothache on the spot, and some hundreds of cases were treated successfully.

Our Cookery Column.

Amnastich is a Jewish dish, and is as much to the taste of Gentiles as that of Hebrews. This is how it is done. Wash thoroughly one pound of rice by passing a stream of water through it in a colander, and stirring briskly until the water runs away quite clear. Put this into a lined stewpan, with one quart of white stock, and bring slowly to the boil over a moderate fire. When the rice has begun to soften add a large onion stuck with twelve cloves and a bundle of selected sweet herbs. Into this mixture put a fine young chicken, stuffed with forcemeat, to simmer, and stew until thoroughly done. Then place the fowl on a dish, strain off the rice, picking out the herbs, onions, and any loose cloves. Beat up with the rice the yolks of four eggs and the juice of a lemon; if desired, one tablespoonful of strong infusion of saffron may be added. Garnish the fowl with the rice, and season according to taste. Serve hot.

A Perfect Welsh Rarebit.—This dish is most excellent if prepared in the dining-room on one of the chafing-dishes now in demand, heated by a spirit lamp. Melt half a pound of rich cheese, cut in bits, with a good-sized tablespoonful of butter. Add a gill of rich milk, a speck of cayenne and an even teaspoonful of mustard. Pour the preparation of melted cheese over the toast, which must be cut half an inch thick, trimmed of crusts, crisp on the outside, but soft in the centre. Some people melt the cheese with old ale instead of milk, but the best authorities agree that it is better to melt the cheese in milk and serve the ale with it.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Good ole Orxfud-an'-Kimebridge Boat-rice! What crards it do draw, ter be sure, when the weather's anythink like! And why it is so yer cawn't 'awdly sye. As horftun as not the rice ain't a rice, not in a manner o' speakin,' bein' as much a suttunty as tossin' a two-'eaded 'ipe'ny. And I'm told that the bettin' on it's ommust nutthink. Some years all the money theer is on wouldn't buy yer a 'orse good enough ter lose the Derby with; but that myebe as it myebe. The Boat-rice is a popular event any'ow, an', in course, some years it's a sight ter see, an' no mistike. Ah! my old fawther were theer the year it were a dead 'eat. 'E sharted ter sich an egstent as 'e had no voice ter speak with fur a week arterwards, and 'e likewise 'ad 'is silver watch stole. And 'e alwise said as it were well wuth it. 'E wasn't a man ter go back on 'is enjyment, wasn't fawther. Thet's a nawsty knack as 'Ankin 'as. 'E'll go art on the hi-tiddly-hi, as yer might sye, and do 'isself very nicely too, and next dye blest if 'e won't stawt calcilitin' 'ow 'e might 'ave spent 'is money better on sutthink yooseful. Nar, in 'Ankin I puts it darn ter the natcheral argyfyin'ness o' the man. It's 'is practice ter be alwise provin' as some other man's in the wrong. When 'e ain't anyone else ter plye it onter, 'e plyes it onter 'isself, and proves one dye as 'e were all wrong the dye before, and that sims ter give him setisfection, though I don't see a bloomin' grite lot of amoosement in it myself. I'm more o' my fawther's wye o' thinkin'—when I enjyes myself, I enjyes myself, and don't go a regrettin' o' it arterwards. But, then, the yoomin' rice is mide up o' all sorts.

Yus, yer don't horftun see tew people egsackly alike, nort even in apperunce. I did once, and I wish I 'adn't. It 'appened this wye. A young man gort on my 'bus, 'at back of 'is head, grye coat, and striped bags, kerryin' a brarn-piper pawcil, and a black walkin'-stick with a white handle to it. 'E wen up on the top, I followed 'im, punched a penny ticket, and give it 'im, turned rarnd and went down agin. As soon as I got darn, I finds 'im sittin' inside aginst the door, sime fice, sime 'at wore the sime wye, sime clothes, pawcil, walkin'-stick, and ev'rythink. "Egscoose me, sir," I syes, "but 'ow did yer git 'ere?" "The ornery wye," syes 'e, lookin' surprised. "Thet you didn't," says I, "or you'd 'ave 'ad to come pawst me." "I dunno whort you're talkin' abart," 'e says. "Give me my ticket." "I've jest this moment give it yer," says I. "'Ave yer?" says 'e, "well, I 'aven't got it any'ow." "'Ere yer aw, then," says I. "You kin 'ave a dozen o' 'em fur a shillin', if you're fond o' 'em." "Yer'd better be keerful," says 'e. Pressintly I 'as to go up top, and blest if 'e wasn't theer jest wheer I left 'im the fust time. "Look 'ere," I says, "I don't know 'ow you works this 'anky-panky, but I've 'ad abart enough of it, and so I tells yer strite." 'E says, "I dunno whort yer think you're syin', but you kin tike it from me that if yer gits drunk while you're on this 'bus you'll find yaurself in trouble." I goes darn agin, and theer 'e was settin' aginst the door as afore. "Very well," says I, shikin' my first in 'is fice. "If yer moves agin, egsep ter git art in the ornery wye, I'll tike yer an' throw yer inter the road." "You're drunk," 'e says. "You ain't fit ter 'ave chawge of a 'bus." "I ain't fit ter 'ave chawge of a bloomim' box o' miracles like this," says I, "but I'll kup my heye on yer all the sime, my friend." Just then the 'bus stopped, and art 'e got. As I was lookin' arter 'im the other one cime darn off the top and went pawst me. Theer was two of 'em, as like as two peas. They went off tergether lawfin'. At fust I'd a mind ter go fur the two of 'em, and chawnce it, but I sees 'em stawt ter plye the sime gime agin on another 'bus, and let 'em be. If yer 'as ter be mide a fool of it's jest as well ter 'ave comp'ny.

A CHAT WITH AN OLYMPIA BALLET-GIRL.

"Excuse me, but are you on the Olympia ballet?"

"Yes," answered the elder one, somewhat shyly.

"Well, would you mind my walking a little way with you, and asking you a few questions?"

She looked a little dubious, so I hastened to add, "Oh, just about the work at Olympia: I want to do it for a paper."

She assented graciously, and I began, "Well, I have heard that the work is very hard, rehearsals in the morning, two performances daily, and the pay wretched. Is that so?"

"Not at all; we had to rehearse for two months, but now we have the mornings free. We had to rehearse much longer for Constantinople. My sister and I were both in that."

"How did you get on it at first?" I asked.

"Well, we had been at the Empire, and the Prince's Hall—in Morritt's illusions, but he wanted us to go to Ireland, and mummy didn't like us to leave her, so we wrote to Kiralfy, and got taken on here. We didn't know how to dance, but we soon learnt the steps, and were promoted to the fifth row."

"And what is the pay, if I may ask?"

"Well, you see, we get paid according to the rows we're in. We, being in the fifth row, get 18s. a week; those in the last rows get 12s., and the children 9s. No one gets less."

"And those in front?"

"Oh, they're nearly all professional dancers—mostly Italian. They get from 30s. to £2 a week."

"And you like the work?"

"Oh, awfully. It's not tiring when you are used to it."

"But don't you get annoyed and accosted on leaving?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. There are always people waiting outside; but if you take no notice you're all right. Many people have such ideas about the ballet, and think there's not a decent girl in it. Of course, there are always some low girls, and then people judge us all by them. In Constantinople two girls came on drunk, and were instantly dismissed."

"And are the managers nice? I have heard different opinions about that."

"They are all very nice," said she emphatically, "and very respectful and generous. Mr. Kiralfy is so patient teaching the girls, and it was no easy job, for many of the figures are very intricate. We have to change costumes four times; those who are paid more change oftener."

"Yes, of course, if we stay away we get our pay docked—3s. for a whole day, and 1s. 6d. for half. We don't get passes now; some of the girls used to go and look on when they ought to have been working, so they were stopped."

"I was thinking," said I, confidentially, "of going on the ballet for a week, just to get copy for an article. I thought of taking the place of some girl who might happen to be ill, but, I suppose, it would be noticed."

"Yes, it would. Mr. Kiralfy knows all the girls by name, and would see at once. Besides, vacancies are filled up from the back rows. You might get taken on as an extra, though."

"In which case we shall meet again," said I, smiling and holding out my hand. "Well, good-night. I hope you will pardon my having asked you so many questions."

"Certainly; don't mention it," said she politely, and with a graceful nod of her pretty little head she tripped home to her "mummy," while I returned to my diggings to write down my interview.

S. B.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

There is a form of flattery which is sincerer than imitation. The editor of a great magazine—I won't say whether it was in London or America—was asked if he had read the whole of the story he was publishing, of George Meredith's, his inquirer thinking that Mrs. Grundy had not been sufficiently consulted. "Yes," said the editor, "I have read every word of that story, and I would publish every word of anything George Meredith chose to write over his signature."

* * * *

My author customers have many of them from time to time shown me congratulatory post-cards which they have received from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is one of the few old-fashioned people who, in writing upon a post-card, puts his own full address and the full name of the person to whom he is writing, and signs his name instead of initials.

* * * *

Mark Twain is very amusing when he is giving an account of how he became a dietudinarian. Coming across the Atlantic one stormy winter voyage he caught a frightful cold. An old lady on board, of the pattern that wears shawls and jet jewellery, advised him to pour rum on lumps of sugar, and take them all day until the cough was relieved. He found the remedy efficacious and agreeable, but it absorbed so much saccharine into his system that it brought on a severe and chronic indigestion. One favourite dish or drink after another he sacrificed on the altar of this indigestion until at last starvation stared him in the face. Then he said to himself that even murder by indigestion was preferable to that painful and lingering death; so one night at supper he broke through, ate curried lobster, kidneys, smothered rabbit, soft-shell crab, cream trifle and Welsh rabbit, and wound up with a pound of crystallized fruit. He slept like an angel and woke up perfectly well. He is now more anxious about starvation than indigestion, so he told me, when he came into my shop during the few days he spent in England last year.

* * * *

A member of the Cobden Club, Kensal Road, N.W., writes:—Sir,—Could you recommend any book containing stories (humorous or otherwise), or anecdotes suitable to be thrown into after-dinner or other speeches?" Has he read Mr. W. R. Le Fanu's "Seventy Years of Irish Life" (Arnold)? *The Freeman's Journal* said "The Japs at Home" (Hutchinson) was the best book of the kind, and Joseph Hatton's "In Jest and Earnest" is full of good after-dinner talk.

* * * *

"Lucretia's" requirements are slightly different:—"Dear Sir,—Wishing to have a perfect knowledge of logic and all its rules thereto, I should like to know what books to study. I have studied Jevons, but wish to know the subject better. Are there any books which practise one in its rules and errors? If so, would you kindly let me know them. I wish also to continue from that to the study of mental philosophy. What books are best, and what system should I follow in my desire to know those subjects? I wish to be as well versed and have as perfect a knowledge as I possibly can, by self study of them. Your advice shall be willingly followed. —Lucretia." "Lucretia's" questions are rather beyond a plain old-fashioned Bookseller, born before the days of Board Schools. She should write to John Oliver Hobbes, care of T. Fisher Unwin and Co., Paternoster Square.

* * * *

That charming little lady—for the real name of John Oliver Hobbes is Mrs. Craigie—is a pretty, smart, bright-eyed, bright-witted American, who wrote in two numbers of the *Weekly Sun* a masterly study of Mr. A. J. Balfour's new book, which was Greek to me. If I had read it through conscientiously from beginning to end, my mind would have been in a state of chaos. I should have felt like the millionaire in "The Golden Butterfly" when he was reading Browning. And I should like to read it too from a sense of gratitude, for I have sold a goodly number of the hundred copies a day at which it has been selling. Thousands have been sold though it is a big twelve and sixpenny book of the most subtle reading. It was all I could do to read Mrs. Craigie's very clever articles on the book. Philosophy is such dry bones to me.

* * * *

It is the fashion to remark how *The English Illustrated* has degenerated since the days when it was edited by Mr. Comyns Carr. But did the magazine in those days have an array of names like the March number—Grant Allen, Stanley J. Weyman, Anthony Hope, Gilbert Parker, Julian Hawthorne, Phil Robinson? It has, too, a pleasantly told little story by John Foster Fraser, and a most interesting article on Lord Bass and his ale.

* * * *

The great success of Mr. Grant Allen's book should give a fresh impetus to Mr. Frankfort Moore's "I Forbid the Banns,"[1] which is now in its eighth edition. It, too, deals with a charming heroine, who will only live with her lover in a union of consent. But the two books are treated from entirely different standpoints. "I Forbid the Banns" had only one rival among the lighter books in my library when it came out two or three years ago, and I can't think of any book which has come out since in its own line which I like as much, unless it be "One Fair Daughter."

* * *

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's short story about the beautiful frolicsome actress, Kitty Clive, in the volume he has just brought out under the title of "Two in the Bush"[2] (A. D. Innes and Co.), is simply admirable. It achieves the "atmosphere" of the last century with unusual success, and the story of her prank is told with infinite spirit—Kitty is absolute. In the cleverness with which it brings the actual Kitty and her day before us, it reminds me of the late Sir Edward Hamley's "Shakespeare's Funeral," published in *Blackwood's* a good many years ago, though, of course, one is laid early in the seventeenth century, and the other late in the eighteenth.

* * * *

I have been compelled to stock a certain number of Mr. John Davison's "A Full and True Account of the Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender."[3] It sells among a class of customer attracted possibly by Mr. Beardsley's unpleasant frontispiece. The book is said—by Mr. Davison's press friends—to be really funny, but I suppose I am too old-fashioned a person to see the wit. This newest of all humour used to be called indecency in my young days, and I am surprised to see a man of Mr. Davison's talents dabbling in a subject which men of the world would tell him is chiefly interesting to elderly debauchées.

* * * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J.—I do not know of any book by F. Taysen. You should write to William Blackwood and Son, George Street, Edinburgh, as they published an article of his in their magazine.

J. H. (New Club, Cheltenham).—A usually well-informed customer told me that "The Island Story" was by Miss Corelli. Why not write to her, care of her publishers, Methuen and Co.?

Skipper.—I never heard of Charles Gray, and do not think either his book or autograph is of any value.

J. M. W.—You might try a second-hand bookseller or put it in a sale, but it is not worth a great deal.

Ion.—(1) Morley Roberts' books are published by Lawrence and Bullen. Cornish, of New Street, in your town, would show you a list with prices. (2) I believe Stevenson left a work nearly completed which will shortly appear. (3) Apply to the above-mentioned bookseller.

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1. "I Forbid the Banns." (Hutchinson, 6s.)
2. "Two in the Bush." (A. D. Innes and Co., 6s.)
3. "A Full and True Account of the Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender." (Ward and Downey, 6s.)

Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P., have given favourable opinions upon the validity of the English Patents. The List Opened on Monday, the 25th day of March, and will close on or before Thursday, the 28th day of March, 1895.

THE HABILIS PATENT SELF-OPENING UMBRELLA COMPANY, LTD.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL £75,000,

Divided into 75,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 55,000 are now offered for Subscription. Payable 5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, 5s. on the 18th day of May, and 5s. on the 18th day of July.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Honourable Lord WATERPARK, Doveridge, Derbyshire (Chairman of the British North Borneo Development Corporation, Limited), Chairman.

Alfred Chaworth Lyster, Esq., Gisburne House, Abbey Wood, Kent (Director of the Civil Service Co-operative Society, Limited, Haymarket, W.).

Colonel James Ainslie Stewart, 44, West Cromwell Road, S.W. (Auditor to the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Limited, and to the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Supply, Limited).

Major-General Hale Wortham, 38, Marine Parade, Brighton (Chairman of the Junior Army and Navy Stores, Limited, York House, Regent Street, S.W.).

*Commander the Hon. Nelson Byng, R.N., The Priory, Kingston-on-Thames (Director of the Austrian and Belgian Patent Self-Opening Umbrella Syndicate, Limited).

*Edwin Docker, Esq., Grove House, Grove Crescent, Surbiton, S.W. (Director of the French Patent Self-Opening Umbrella Syndicate, Limited).

*Stuart Dixon Ross, Esq., Rostrevor, Sydenham Park, S.E. (Managing Director).

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS—London and South-Western Bank (Limited), Fenchurch Street, E.C.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Jackson, Pixley, Browning, Husey, and Co., Chartered Accountants, 58, Coleman Street, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Alfred Docker, Esq., 1 and 2, Milk Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Messrs. Speed and Harvey, St. Peter's Gate, Nottingham.

SECRETARY (pro tem.)—Mr. F. C. Vernon.

OFFICES—61 and 62, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

1. This Company has been formed to acquire the Patent Rights for improvements in Self-Opening Umbrellas and Sunshades for the following countries, viz.—(i.) The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. (ii.) The United States of America. (iii.) France. (iv.) Austria. (v.) Belgium. (vi.) Italy. (vii.) Germany. (Designs Patent); also the right to acquire patents in all other countries, and to acquire from the Vendors all the rights in improvements of the same.

2. The Invention is called and known in the Trade as the "Habilis Frame."

3. The necessity has long been felt of a device for opening and adjusting umbrellas without requiring the use of both hands, as with the present method By the "Habilis," the umbrella opens and adjusts itself automatically, thus leaving one hand free for holding the dress, carrying parcels, alighting from vehicles, driving, and the numerous other purposes for which the hand is so often required, especially in wet or muddy weather.

4. The efforts of experts to construct a practical self-opening Umbrella have hitherto been frustrated by the apparently insurmountable difficulties of complicated action, additional weight, and excessive cost. It is claimed that the "Habilis" has successfully overcome all these difficulties, without in any way altering the appearance or adding to the weight, and although very slightly increasing the cost, at the same time greatly strengthening the frame. The Directors therefore feel justified in assuming that the universal adoption of the "Habilis" frame is only a question of time, in which belief they are greatly strengthened by the already encouraging response from the trade and public generally.

5. The fortune amassed by the late Mr. Samuel Fox, the inventor of the Paragon Frame, will give some idea of the profits which can be made from inventions of this character.

6. The appliance consists of a simple light spring, so ingeniously devised that on pressing the "catch" or "button" the umbrella is released, and opens and adjusts itself automatically. Moreover, the simplicity of its construction admits of easy and immediate repair, and reduces to a minimum the liability of imperfect action. The invention is attachable to any ordinary umbrella or sunshade at a small cost.

7. The Vendors have without public advertisement tested the market, with very satisfactory results. Large orders have already been received from the trade, and the Company is entitled to the benefit of such as have been obtained since the 1st January, 1895.

8. Trade returns show that Fourteen Million Umbrella Frames are made annually in England alone, and the Directors feel that the Company has undoubtedly an exceptional prospect of creating and developing a business which bids fair to prove a great commercial success. It is not proposed, at any rate for the present, to compete in the Umbrella Trade, the orders already in hand for "Frames," alone showing an extensive and remunerative business. It is proposed to make arrangements with Firms to manufacture the Patent for the Company and to stock and deliver the same free of charge, thus saving expense of warehouse and staff.

9. Without in any way including Sunshade Frames, which alone must be a substantial source of revenue, the following is believed to be a safe, and at the same time moderate, estimate of the demand which may be anticipated for "Habilis Frames" during the first year of the Company's existence; after that period the sales must inevitably increase.

ESTIMATE.

COUNTRY.	Population.	Estimated Sales.	Profit at 9s per Dozen, "Habilis Frames." £ s. d.
United Kingdom	40,000,000	20,000 doz.	9,000 0 0
United States of America ..	60,000,000	10,000 ,,	4,500 0 0
France	40,000,000	7,500 ,,	3,375 0 0
Austria and Belgium ..	50,000,000	7,500 ,,	3,375 0 0
Germany and Italy	80,000,000	7,500 ,,	3,375 0 0
			£23,625 0 0

Deduct Directors' Fees, Salaries, Office Expenses, &c., say	£2,000 0 0	
,, Advertising, say	5,000 0 0	
		= 7,000 0 0
Balance		£16,625 0 0

Or sufficient to pay over 20 per cent. on the Share Capital of the Company.

10. The profits accruing to the Company in subsequent years of its existence will materially increase as the "Habilis" becomes better known and universally adopted, without taking into account the revenue accruing from the rights which the Company possess to take out and dispose of Patents in other countries.

11. The purchase price fixed by the Vendors for their Patents and other rights is £60,000, payable as to £5,000 in cash, as to £20,000 in fully-paid shares, and the balance in cash or shares at the option of the Directors. All the preliminary expenses in connection with the formation of the Company will be paid by the Vendors.

12. The following Contract has been entered into, viz:—An Agreement dated the 21st day of March, 1895, between Stuart Dixon Ross of the first part, George Bertram Ross of the second part, the French Patent Self-Opening Umbrella Syndicate, Limited, of the third part, the Austrian and Belgian Patent Self-Opening Umbrella Syndicate, Limited, of the fourth part, Joseph Chave Cox of the fifth part, and Frederick Charles Vernon (as Trustee for and on behalf of the Company) of the sixth part; being an Agreement for the purchase by the Company of the above-named Patents and other rights.

13. The Vendors have entered into various agreements and arrangements, to which the Company is not a party, in respect of the several Patents, the formation of the Company, and the underwriting of the whole or some portion of the Capital thereof. Subscribers shall be deemed to have full notice of such agreements and arrangements.

14. The Memorandum, Articles of Association, Counsels' Opinions, Contracts, and other documents can be inspected at the Offices of the Company, where also specimens of the "Habilis" Umbrella are on view.

15. Application will be made in due course for a Stock Exchange quotation.

16. Application for Shares should be made on the accompanying form and sent to the Bankers of the Company.

17. In case of no allotment of Shares the deposit will be returned in full.

18. Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company; at the Company's Bankers and Solicitors; from Messrs. Haes and Sons, 1, Drapers' Gardens, E.C., and Messrs. Harvey and Speed, 1, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.

London, 22nd March, 1895.

The following (among other) London Houses have already ordered "The Habilis":—

WHOLESALE.

I. and R. Morley, Wood Street, E.C.
Rylands and Sons, Limited, Wood Street, E.C.
Copestake, Lindsay, Crampton and Co., Bow Churchyard, E.C.
Pawson and Leaf, Limited, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.
Rotherham and Co., Shoreditch.
George Brettle and Co., Wood Street, E.C.
J. Howell and Co., Limited, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.
Bradbury, Greatorex and Co., Limited, Aldermanbury, E.C.
Fore Street Warehouse Company, Limited, Fore Street, E.C.
Foster, Porter and Co., Limited, Wood Street, E.C.
Silber and Fleming, Wood Street, E.C.
Devas, Routledge and Co., Cannon Street, E.C.
Duncan and Co., Aldermanbury, E.C.
W. Jones, Aldermanbury, E.C.
Bayzand and Co., Aldermanbury, E.C.
Piper, Son and Howard, Aldersgate Street, E.C.
A. J. Norman and Co., Monkwell Street, E.C.
Lloyd, Attree and Co., Wood Street, E.C.
M. Desaxe and Son, Addle Street, E.C.
T. R. Croger, Wood Street, E.C.
Milnes and Shales, Wood Street, E.C.
T. Hart, Wood Street, E.C.
W. Earl, Hamsell Street, E.C.
Attree and Co., Milk Street, E.C.
London Umbrella Co., 33, Cheapside, E.C.
W. Long and Co., Paddington Street, W.
Bishop, Ellis and Co., Ludgate Hill, E.C.
Coe and Company, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.
J. Morland and Son, Wood Street, E.C.
Welsh, Margetson and Co., Cheapside, E.C.
Carless, Whittaker and Bignold, Addle Street, E.C.
Frank Walmsley, Regent Street, W.

RETAIL.

Army and Navy Stores, Limited, Victoria Street, Westminster.
Civil Service Supply Association, Limited, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Civil Service Co-operative Society, Limited, Haymarket, W.
Junior Army and Navy Stores, Limited, Waterloo Place, S.W.
Spiers and Ponds Stores, Limited, New Bridge Street, E.C.
Harvey, Nicholl and Co., Limited, Knightsbridge.
Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge.
J. Barker and Co., Limited, Kensington.
D. H. Evans and Co., Limited, Oxford Street, W.
Harrod's Stores, Brompton Road, W.
W. Sangster and Co., Limited, Regent Street, W.
Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.
James Shoolbred and Co., Tottenham Court Road, W.
Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.
Lewis and Allenby, Regent Street, W.
Allison and Co., Regent Street, W.
Jay and Co., Regent Street, W.
Wm. Whiteley, Westbourne Grove, W.
Wm. Owen, Westbourne Grove, W.
Gask and Gask, Oxford Street, W.
Hitchcock, Williams and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.
Russell and Allen, Bond Street, W.
Fox's Umbrella Warehouse Co., Fore Street, E.C.
F. Gorringe, Pimlico., S.W.
W. Tarn and Co., Newington Causeway, S.E.
T. Wallis and Co., Limited, Holborn, E.C.
Henry Heath and Co., Oxford Street, W.
Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.
Spencer, Turner, Boldero and Co., Limited, Lisson Grove, N.
Wm. Hoodley and Co., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.
Charles Baker and Co., Holborn, W.C.
Samuel Brothers, Ludgate Hill.
Capper, Sons and Co., Limited, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, E.C.
Nicholson and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.
J. Spence and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

Most of the leading Export Houses have also sent in orders.

IN THE CITY.

A DRUG STORE DEAL.

It would be interesting to have the comments of chemists upon Lewis and Burrows' Drug Stores, Limited. This company has been brought out with a capital of £100,000, for the purpose of acquiring, amalgamating, and working eleven drug stores placed in various parts of the west and north of London. These stores are described as "well known," but as none of them seems to have been in existence much more than three years, and some of them not half that time, we must take this description with several grains of salt. The "average nett profits" are certified to have "amounted to the sum of £6,905 12s. 3d., but having regard to the age of the several businesses we do not quite understand what is meant in this connection by "average nett profits." And, whatever the explanation, we read with surprise, that we are sure will be shared by the Trade, that these eleven new shops have been making an average nett profit of £627 per annum, and for the last twelve months an average nett profit of £686 per annum! Messrs. Ward and Willing, from whose certificate we take these figures, must forgive us when we say that we think there must be error somewhere in the calculations. How many first-class chemists' shops in London show a profit of £686 or even of £627 per annum? We say without fear of contradiction from any informed and honest person that in these days of Store prices it must be a first-class chemist's shop that gives its owner, even when he is on the spot to control and direct, a nett profit of £600, even of £500 per annum, and yet we are asked to believe that the mushroom shops in the Seven Sisters Road, New Oxford Street, and Stamford Hill, one and all show a nett profit of close upon £700 per annum.

Let us, however, for a moment assume that these eleven shops have made an "average annual nett profit" of £6,905. Would that make them worth the price asked by the vendors, £65,900? We are told that the stock is taken at cost price, and amounts to £16,139, whilst the leases, fixtures and plant are worth £17,791. That makes £33,930. We should be much surprised if that valuation was borne out by other valuers, but we will for our present purpose accept these figures, and they leave in round numbers £32,000 for goodwill. Divide this £32,000 by eleven, the number of shops taken over, and you have an average of £2,900 for the goodwill of each shop. If the goodwill is worth that, or anything like it, a new and easy road to fortune has been discovered. All you have to do is to start and run a druggist's shop in half a dozen different districts for a few months, and then bring out a company to "acquire and amalgamate."

The directors are confident, as they say, that the profits will be "considerably augmented." Why? Because it seems they are to "purchase direct from the manufacturers," and so save "the intermediate profit" hitherto paid to the wholesale dealers. In this way they mean to save five per cent. upon the annual purchases, by which "a yearly gain of £1,750 would be secured." Would it? The vendors know or ought to know that there would be no such saving, that for most articles the difference between the price of the manufacturer and that of the wholesale dealer is infinitesimal, is nothing approaching five per cent.

We have, it may be hoped, said enough to guard readers of To-Day, who have not already applied, from applying for shares in this company. The truth is that the chemist's business, once amongst the most profitable, is not in these days the kind of business to be profitably run by a company. In the prospectus before us much is made of the fact that Henry Hodder and Co., Limited, pay good dividends. They do; but one swallow does not make a summer, and the prospectus omits to say that whereas the capital of Lewis and Burrows is £100,000, that of Henry Hodder and Co. is only £25,000. And Bristol is not London.

"TO-DAY" AND THE JEWELLERY TRADE.

Mr. Thomas Field, hon. secretary of the National Retail Jewellers' Association, has forwarded us the following resolution: –

> At a special general meeting of the above Association, held on Thursday, March 14, 1895, at the Grosvenor Rooms, Halford Street, Leicester, Mr. Simpson Yeates (Penrith) in the chair, it was unanimously resolved that a vote of thanks be given to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, in recognition of the support they have given to the Association by exposing in the columns of their respective journals the stratagems and tricky methods of trade pursued by irresponsible and unlicensed vendors of jewellery and watches.

We are still waiting for a somewhat similar resolution from the Birmingham Grocers' Association. Or must we assume that members of this Association are not grateful to us for proving to them that some of their colleagues have been running Bond tea shops?

We have received a communication from a Wigan correspondent, who complains that Messrs. Graham and Co., of 277, Strand, W.C., advertise that they give away a watch in order to introduce Egyptian gold jewellery, when the watch is in fact a mere toy. Our correspondent further complains that the advertisement of these people is inserted in certain newspapers.

The advertisement begins:—

> In order to introduce our Egyptian Gold Jewellery to the notice of the readers of this journal we intend presenting a watch as shown in engraving to every purchaser of one of our gold chains, which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10.

The "engraving" shows a keyless watch with second hand, and none but a fool would suppose that he could get a gold chain and a watch to boot for 2s. 6d. The advertising agents of one of the papers concerned wrote to our correspondent in answer to his complaint that the advertisement induced him to purchase as follows:—

> We fail to see the ground of your complaint. You sent 2s. 6d. for a chain and 3d. for postage to get the chain. You say it is worth a shilling. To our own knowledge these chains are being sold in London at 4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. Possibly the latter may have a trifle more gilt on. No charge was made to you for the watch, and we should really like to know what sort of a genuine watch you expected the advertisers to send for 2s. 6d., including the chain.

This reply is not as complete as Messrs. Greenberg and Co seem to think it, but we have no concern with the question whether such advertisements ought or ought not to be accepted. That is a matter for the newspaper men concerned and their customers. It may, however, be useful to say that the chains for which Graham and Co. charge 2s. 6d., and which Messrs. Greenberg imply are worth twice as much, are supplied wholesale at 6s. 6d. per dozen, and one well-known trader told our representative that he could do them at 4d. to 4½d. a piece. Graham and Co. consists of two Jews named Goldstein.

SIR CHARLES DOUGLAS FOX.

In directing our attention to certain facts connected with the promotion of the Great Northern and City Railway a correspondent reminds us that Sir Charles Douglas Fox was one of the promoters, and asks if this is the same Sir Charles Douglas Fox who is, or was, the president of the Lord's Day Observance Society, who in 1893 moved a resolution in the House of Laymen at Canterbury against Sunday labour and entertainments, and more recently formed one of a deputation to Mr. Asquith on the subject of the suppression of betting and gambling. Yes, as we are informed.

The president of the Lord's Day Observance Society has been a busy man in his time. As an engineer his name is familiar to readers of prospectuses, and he has been associated with many enterprises the investing public have cause to remember.

He was the engineer of the Southport and Cheshire Lines Extension Railway, whose £100 stock is now quoted at about £10.

He was engineer to the Mersey Railway Company, of which his brother, Mr. Francis Fox, was chairman. The £20 shares of this railway are now quoted at about £1.

He was the engineer whose report upon water-gas headed the Sampson-Fox prospectus, and informed the public that water-gas could be made at 4d. per 1,000 cubic feet.

From all of which, and more that might be said, it will be seen that rigid notions upon Sabbath observance are not always considered incompatible with association with commercial ventures that spell heavy loss to investors.

GAMBLING TOUTS.

We print below a letter we have received from a working-man, who encloses sundry circulars and a lengthy letter his son, a lad of fifteen, received from Miller and Steel, who describe themselves as "The Turf Advisers." Here is the father's letter:—

> The enclosed circular and so-called wonderful system was sent to my son, a boy of fifteen, who has just gone to his first situation. I was mentioning the matter at business the next day, and was surprised to hear that the porter, a lad of eighteen, who is employed at our establishment, had also received one. This lad, who has valuable property to look after when the house is closed, had Esq. written after his name, and was very proud of it, and might (had he not been told) have been foolish enough to send money to these pests. I think it is a

scandalous shame that papers of this kind should be sent to mere boys. My boy was very fond of reading stories of the Deadwood Dick type until I forbade him to do so, but which, I think, more worthy of perusal than this pernicious and dangerous horse-racing circular. Being an annual subscriber to your admirable paper, I should like to have your opinion on the matter.

One of the circulars to which we refer is headed as below—

Of course you could do with Twenty Sovereigns to start the Season ?

MILLER AND STEEL,

THE WELL-KNOWN TURF ADVISERS,

As an Advertisement to extend their circle of Clients, are

GIVING AWAY A £20 BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE,

or Twenty Sovereigns at the winner's option.

ANYONE can win this, there being no charge to try for it. All you have to do is to fill in the form below with what you judge will be the first three in this year's Lincoln Handicap, as directed, and post it to us by or before the **16th of March** next.

The one who is nearest the actual placings, having followed the directions properly, will receive the £20.

And we take the following from a four-page type-written letter, also sent by Miller and Steel—

It is a fact that, with an initial outlay of only fifty shillings (£2 for your first stake and ten shillings for our first winner), you could have paid all your expenses for the season, and pocketed the handsome total of £875 17s. Those commencing on a £5 first stake clear £2,247 7s. 6d.—a nice income with no trouble to earn it.

We entirely agree with our correspondent in his denunciation of this pernicious trash. Unfortunately we do not see how people like Miller and Steel are to be prevented from communicating with boys and young men whose addresses they may happen to get.

We understand that the subscriptions to the Court Theatre, Limited, have been returned. There were not many of them. To quote one of the parties concerned, "The thing was a perfect fizzle."

Some startling news has been received by the directors of one of the West Australian Mining Companies floated a few months ago. We may make further reference to the matter

---

Commenting upon our remarks of last week on Salmon and Gluckstein, Limited, a correspondent informs us that the firm made little or nothing upon their packet tobaccos, but a handsome profit from loose tobacco and cigars.

Among the Australian mining companies about to be brought out, we hear of the "True Blue" (Hannan's), Coolgardie, formed to work claims said to be exceptionally rich.

NEW ISSUES.

Royal Sovereign Gold Mining Company, Limited. Capital £60,000.—The directors of this concern want £40,000 for the two mining leases, covering 24 acres, they have to sell. There are sundry reports, from the first of which we learn that "an accurate estimate of quality (of reef) cannot be formed." A more hopeful man says the reef carries "rich gold"; and W. G. D. Gorrie, who is described as "a practical man," indulges in one of the hypothetical calculations often found in prospectuses when there is nothing solid to go upon. The board is not a strong one, and our readers will do well to let other folk have the shares.

The Habilis Patent Self-opening Umbrella Company. Capital, £75,000.—Formed to acquire and work the patent rights in what for this purpose we may call the Habilis umbrella. This umbrella "opens and adjusts itself automatically, thus leaving one hand free." If it works without hitch, does not affect the appearance of the umbrella, or shorten its term of service, and does not add to the cost, the invention will probably commend itself to the public, and the company may have a prosperous future before it.

The Debenture Securities Investment Company, Limited. Capital, £500,000.—The aim of this company is said to be "to promote absolute security for investors, whereby they can obtain, by means of the principle of average, a return of four per cent. on the preferred shares, and of five per cent. on the ordinary shares, with a minimum of risk." The idea is not novel, but it is none the worse for that. The object of the company is attainable, and Mr. Ellerman will make a capital chairman. With honest and sagacious management this company should do well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES

Motreff, Boulay and Co. —— (Bury).—You are a little impatient. Questions of the kind you submitted necessitate inquiry, and inquiry takes time. The prices in the *Chronique Financière* differ, in some cases widely, from the Bourse quotations of even date, but they are not always higher. Motreff, Boulay and Co. are small bankers in Jersey, with a fair reputation, but as "aliens"—they are French — they cannot hold property in the island. **Outside Brokers.** BURTON BEER (Burton).—Have nothing to do with them unless you want to lose your money. **Other Outside Brokers.** GRESHAM (Leeds).—The firm may have been established twenty years, but its founder died some three years ago. The present proprietor is a man credited with large means. **Ramsgate Marine Pier and Lift Company.** H. A. (Stockwell).—Yes; we have no belief in it. **Harrod's Founders' Shares.** J. W. (Bristol).—The business is a very flourishing one. **St. Paul's, Limited.** Q. H. B. (Glasgow).—Newspaper company shares are a very speculative investment. Most of the prosperous newspapers are controlled by partnerships, or syndicates. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** J. H. N. (South Shields).—You are mistaken in saying that we advised you to buy. What we said (February 16th) was, "We are inclined to advise you not to sell at the price offered or anything near it," a very different thing, seeing that the price, if we remember rightly, was 1s. 6d. per share. As to the call, you will have seen our remarks in TO-DAY of March 9. We do not know that we can usefully add anything to them. We remain of the opinion that with efficient management the company will by-and-bye get into the dividend-paying list. To a very large extent success or failure depends upon the manager. We should not have advised you to increase your holding, but having done so you should hold. **New Zealand Mercantile and Finance Company.** J. M. (Glasgow).—Yes. **Cunliffe, Russell and Co.** R. B. (Brighton).—We must really ask you to remember what has been published in previous issues. We cannot be continually repeating ourselves about Cunliffe, Russell and Co. and Ottoman Bonds. **Sundry Shares.** JUSTICE (Paisley).—Hold the Londonderrys, they will go higher, but don't hold over-long. As for the rest they are mostly rubbish. **Beeston Tyre Company.** S. E. R. (Denmark Hill).—We have sent them by post. Forgive the delay. W. C. (Newcastle).—The previous answer is equally applicable to you. **McDonald's Puncture Proof Tyre Company, Limited.** VICTIM (Belfast).—We will see what can be done, but remember in future that companies brought out to work a cycle patent are necessarily of a very speculative character. **Boudard Peveril Gear Company.** W. R. M. T. (Cork).—Other shareholders are much of your mind, but you have delayed over long. You should have acted as we advised when the company was brought out, or immediately afterwards. **Poorman's Consolidated Gold Mines.** MEMBRANE (London).—What is your holding? **Gillman and Spencer, Limited.** SANSE (Keighly).—You will have to be very patient if you are to get a better price than the current one. **Northampton Brewery Company.** M. C. (Derby).—What you say is correct, but we do not see what can be done now. The purchase should have been resisted at the time. **Canadian Pacifics.** T. MCB. (Perth).—(1) We advise you to hold. (2) Yes, but you are not likely to get in at the prices you name. **T. Wallis, Limited.** M. M. (Perth).—It is the great drapery house in Holborn. The present price of the shares is £9, not £8. It is a very sound investment. **Moore Brothers, Limited.** X. Y. Z.—We advise you to surrender your stock upon the best terms you can get. Messrs. J. and W. Moore may be the "upright business men" you describe. We assume them to be so, but the fact remains that instead of the company making a nett profit as promised of at least £1,650 per annum, it shows a loss on the first sixteen months' working of £2,239 2s. 10d. It owes the Wilts and Dorset Bank £10,492, and the auditors only certify the accounts "subject to a re-valuation of factory stock-in-trade on August 12th, 1893." If, as the report says, the directors "look forward with hope and confidence to the future of the company," they should deal with you liberally in the matter of surrender. **Harrod's Stores.** B. (Bristol).—We think them worth buying. **Oriental and Sheba Mining Company.** SHAREHOLDER.—We agree with what you say as to the payment of outstanding fees to the directors, when the committee which did such good work for the company was not even thanked for its services. But we fear it is too late to do more than protest. This liquidation is another illustration of the unwisdom of allowing directors of a company to be its liquidators. **Chartereds.** G. F. (Leicester).—Take your profit. **Burma Rubies.** SHAREHOLDER (London).—We advise you to sell, and to be thankful for the turn that enables you to sell at a premium.

INSURANCE.

Best Life Office. SOUNDNESS.—It is not easy to say which is best if all circumstances be taken into account, but if you will name a few we shall be willing to give you an opinion of each. **Endowment Assurance.** R. JAMES (Haverfordwest).—The Equity and Law, the English and Scottish Law, the Legal and General, and the National Provident all pay better bonuses on this class of business than the other offices you have named, and the premiums charged run much the same. The Hearts of Oak does not seem to us to be managed with that degree of intelligence which characterises insurance companies. The best way of making provision for old age allowance is to take out an endowment assurance payable when you are, say, sixty, and when that age arrives buy an annuity with the money. **Edinburgh Life Assurance Company.** VAN ACTON.—It is impossible for this company to be surpassed by the Equitable of the United States. The income-tax question is too trivial to be taken into account. **Fine Art and General.** THE SECRETARY.—We have always known that the company has sufficient funds to pay all losses, and we are as fully convinced that they will be paid as promptly as possible, and we are glad to see the improvement which has taken place in the accounts, but we are opposed to the transfer of business, except for the policyholders' benefit, and in the case you refer to, he would not have been better off by a change. **Scottish Life Office.** HAROLD.—Perfectly sound. **Endowment Policy in Mutual of New York.** T. R. Y. (Kirkwell).—Undoubtedly the company spends a lot, both absolutely and relatively, in expenses, as do all the American offices, but it is not unsound, and we have no fear that it ever will be. We see no reason why you should discontinue your policy, especially as you have paid two premiums. **Journal of the Institute of Actuaries and Text Book.** NORTH.—The Journal is 2s. 6d. per quarter, the Text Book 21s., both published by C. and E. Layton, Farringdon Street, E.C. **Scottish Metropolitan.** PRUDENCE (Bristol). — The company is not nearly as strong as most others, but it is honestly managed. **Endowment Assurance.** FIFTY.—Of the offices you mention we recommend you to divide the amount between the Equity and Law and the U.K. Temperance. **Whole Life Assurance.** W. H. L. (Longton).—If you mean the Equitable Society of England, established in 1762, we decidedly recommend it. The Royal and the Prudential are also two good companies. The Foresters is a ridiculous concern, and in view of the sham assurance it sells, the rates are really high. **British Natural Premium Provident Association.** H. E. M. (Sheffield).—If you read the Insurance column of TO-DAY, the question put in your letter of the 22nd would be unnecessary. Be content with the company in which you are insured. **The Press Accident Insurance Company.**—We have received the following letter from the secretary of this company —"My attention has been drawn to a par in your paper advising your correspondents not to insure in this company as no names of directors and amount of capital is disclosed. If you had chosen to make an inquiry instead of making a statement at random, you would have found that the office guaranteeing payment of claims is the Sun, of India; and this company being under the same directorate as the Sun Life, of London, it is, I presume, sufficient guarantee for any reasonable person."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Estate George Barker and Company. A. H. S.—The Official Receiver hopes to be in a position some months hence to declare another and final dividend, but it is not likely to exceed sixpence in the £. **Davey Lester and Company.** G. E. A. (Knaresboro').—As you have been supplied with the goods, and are satisfied with them, you had better let the matter rest. We know nothing of Messrs. Levi and Company, and their connection with Davey Lester and Company. **Limited Risks.** SUBSCRIBER (Lady Bank).—If you take our advice you will close the account and not risk more money on "tips." It is as good a way as we know to lose what you may have. **The Tanquerey Portrait Society.** C.W. (Harlow).—There is a mistake somewhere. It is incomprehensible that the French Railway Company should pay these people the £2 2s., and ask the Great Eastern to collect it from the consignee. We will have inquiries made.

LYCEUM.—KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr. EVERY NIGHT at 8 punctually. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. Music by Arthur Sullivan. Scenery and Costumes designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30. and SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30, by arrangements with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Humperdinck's Fairy Opera, HANSEL and GRETEL (in English). Box Office now open.

PALACE, Shaftesbury-avenue.—THE HANDSOMEST THEATRE in EUROPE. The finest Variety Entertainment in London, including the NEW SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS. Full Licence. Prices from 6d. Doors open 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.—Free Entertainments, 11 a.m. At no place in the World can so many Sights be seen.—Wet or Fine. THOUSANDS CAN WITNESS the MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCES, 2.30 and 7.30.—GREAT FISHERIES EXHIBITION. COLORADO GOLD MINE. SIX WEEK'S EASTER CARNIVAL, April 15th.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
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New Comic Songs, new Ballads, and Choruses.
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THE BLACK CONSTABULARY COMIC MUSICAL FARCE,
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ASK YOUR GROCER for a Tin of
FREDERICK MASON'S
HOME-MADE
BEEF-TEA.
It will only cost you 1s., and it's well worth a trial.
ACRE LANE, BRIXTON, S.W.

The GREAT EASTERN HOTEL,
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Centrally Situated. Electric Light Throughout. Moderate Charges
RESTAURANT adjoining HOTEL for MID-DAY LUNCHEONS and PUBLIC DINNERS.
H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

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FOR
South African GOLD FIELDS, MASHONALAND, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, NATAL, & EAST AFRICAN Ports to ZANZIBAR.
Departures from SOUTHAMPTON every SATURDAY.
The MAIL Steamers call at MADEIRA.
The INTERMEDIATE Steamers call at LISBON and TENERIFE.
Union Line Express from Waterloo every Saturday.
Free Rail Tickets London and Plymouth to Southampton. Cheap Tickets for Passengers' Friends.
For all information apply to the UNION STEAMSHIP Co., Ltd., Canute Road, SOUTHAMPTON; 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; and South African House, 94 to 96, Bishopsgate Street Within, LONDON, E.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited,
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.
FOUNDED 1848.
Invested Funds ... £20,000,000

The Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society,
LIMITED.
33, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.
FUNDS EXCEED £1,750,000
POLICIES issued under the ORDINARY, MODIFIED TONTINE, and Mortuary Dividend Systems.
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GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE (LTD.)
ESTABLISHED 1848.
Assets Exceed £5,250,000.
Head Office: St. Mildred's House, Poultry, London, E.C.
THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.

EDINBURGH SUMMER MEETING.
9th Session, August 5–31.
SOCIAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY—
Professor Geddes, Mr. William Sharp, M. Demolins Dr. Wenley, &c.
CIVICS AND HYGIENE—
M. Desjardins, Drs. Irvine and Stephens, &c.
HISTORY, LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE—
Messrs. Branford, Capper, Klein, &c.
PSYCHOLOGY, BIOLOGY, GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY—
Sloyd, &c.
Prospectus from Secretary, Summer Meeting, University Hall, Edinburgh

Volume I. of "TO-DAY," containing the whole of
R. L. STEVENSON'S LATEST STORY,
"THE EBB-TIDE,"
Is offered as a premium to any person sending us an Annual Subscription (Eleven Shillings) to "TO-DAY."

To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

No strike or lock-out—or whatever the reader, according to his respective sympathies, may choose to call it—ever succeeded yet without violence. The men know this well enough, the leaders know it, and their Press organs know it. Just ask yourself for a moment how it could possibly succeed without violence. In every trade there are thousands upon thousands of unemployed eager for a job. Their wives and children are crying for bread. They are distracted for want of a little money. Sometimes, as we know, the agony drives them mad. The master, whose workshop has been cleared by the order of the union, puts up a notice outside his door that he is in want of hands. What do you think would prevent the poor devil who has been out of employment for months from rushing in? Is a starving man with his children's moan for bread ringing in his ears likely to trouble himself about the technicalities of a trade dispute? Is such an one likely to put back the proffered food from his hungry lips, merely in obedience to the orders of some paid secretary, dictating in comfort, from his easy-chair? No; what prevents him from crowding in to take possession of the work discarded by others is the knowledge that, if he does so, he will be hounded through the streets as though he were a mad dog by a brutal mob; that he will be torn and wounded, and if he persists, killed outright in the daylight, while English law stands by and says, "I will not interfere with 'combination.' The labourer must be allowed to 'persuade' the blackleg." We know that not many months ago, when the cab strike was on, a non-union driver was murdered in the sunlight, under the eyes of the London police, and Sir Edward Bradford has never to this day moved a hand to bring punishment to the murderers. He knows that he dare not.

The question for a successful strike is how to obtain the maximum amount of violence, with the minimum loss of public sympathy. The problem seems to have been solved by giving a wink to the rowdy and irresponsible fringe surrounding the unions, and then to gravely repudiate all connection with their doings. The Press at the same time is put on to pooh-pooh the reports of the outrages, and water down the truth. This latter part of the game has been cleverly played, as one might expect, by the labour Press during the present strike. I take one example, among others. A clerk named Twist was set upon late on Thursday night in Northampton by a large mob. (A mob never tackles more than two men at a time, or when the proportion is less than a thousand to one. An English mob prefers not to take risks. We were always a prudent nation. One cannot be too cautious in these matters). Mud and stones were thrown at him; his eyes and his arm were injured; and he received considerable internal injuries. The Radical Press mentioned casually that during the dispute at Northampton a clerk, named Twist, had some mud thrown at him while passing through the streets. Two men in Leicester, who stopped to finish some work, had to be escorted to and from their factory by an army of police. The labour Press are already speaking of this as an interference with the right to "persuade." This is the beginning of the business. We know from experience how it will grow. If unionists and non-unionists were at all equally balanced in these contests one would feel inclined to say nothing—to let them fight it out. But the cowardice of the arrangement, as it now exists, and as it is encouraged by law, is an insult to manhood. The details are always the same. One or two struggling wretches seeking to earn their living are attacked by mobs numbering thousands.

Is it not time that this cant about "combination" and "persuasion" was put an end to? We all know what the true meaning of it is. I for one am tired of the acted lie. If the labour world is to be controlled by force, let us at least acknowledge it, and face the fact. If by reason and argument, then this ever-recurring violence should be sternly suppressed. Strikes have been denounced by their founders as barbarous methods. They injure the trade; they injure the workman; they injure the employer. They do no good to any one; and their conduct in the hand of the labour leaders is becoming a disgrace to civilisation. The law must do one of two things: It must accept the socialistic argument that it is its duty to interfere in the private affairs of its citizen; or it must abide by the individualistic theory, and say, "Settle your disputes by combination, by persuasion, by arguments, by public opinion, by what you will, but you shall not have recourse to violence. The party who first uses force will have to reckon with me, and, if necessary, with my ultimate whiff of grapeshot." At present the law plays only the part of the timid meddler; refusing to get out of the way, and not daring to act.

I have hope of converting my friend, Mr. Nisbet, to bimetallism even yet; for week by week he recedes from one position to another, each time protecting himself behind a feebler defence, and he is far too clear-headed a man to allow himself to be dictated to by prejudices, the feebleness of which he evidently sees himself. He has given up the argument that, under bimetallism, silver would be worth only three-quarters of its nominal value, and now asserts that its effect would be to send up gold to twenty per cent. above its present value. The argument of the monometallists has hitherto been that the dual currency would depreciate gold, and that Eng-

land, who is the largest owner of the metal, would thereby severely suffer. I will leave Mr. Nisbet to reconcile his new argument with his *confrères*. Meanwhile, I will put it to him, as a plain man, how, if a dual currency would, as he suggests, ruin creation, the world managed to get on as it did to the year 1873, until when, in consequence of the good sense of the French Government, a dual currency prevailed over the whole of Europe. Up to that date trade advanced by leaps and bounds. How is it that, since that period, it has, in spite of the occasional vagaries of an ebbing tide, steadily receded?

Personally I have no very great love for the Salvation Army. Their methods appear to me noisy and vulgar; but then, in all probability, the "respectable citizens" of ancient Jerusalem were seriously disturbed at the noise and racket of the first Palm Sunday procession; and the quiet-loving householder's objections to the Salvation Army's plan of campaign should in fairness be weighed against the good that the Army undoubtedly performs. Its work is among a class that are not to be moved by droning platitudes; who—unlike their respectable brethren—cannot be driven into the fold by mere fear of Mrs. Grundy. The Salvation Army has now been in existence a sufficient length of time to enable us to take a dispassionate view of its position; and no reasonable man will deny to General Booth, that, even after allowing for all shortcomings and mistakes, he has accomplished a great work of regeneration among that portion of the population which before his advent was utterly neglected; that, indeed, he has accomplished more actual practical good than has been done by all the other religious denominations put together.

This being so, it is interesting to examine into the General's methods, and to try and discover the principle of his success. I notice this difference between the methods of the Salvation Army and those of its religious rivals. The Salvation Army appeals to men; it pleads to men; it exhorts and urges; it never clamours for force. It threatens men with the terrors of God, but never with the terrors of the magistrate or the policeman. I know that General Booth is a strong temperance advocate, but we never hear him demanding an Act of Parliament as to what people shall drink. We do not find Salvationists spying round public-houses, and peeping through citizens' back windows, with the hope of discovering something that will bring some poor wretch within the clutch of the law. The Salvation Army tries to rescue the fallen woman; it does not hound the police after her; it does not stump the country, demanding that she shall be driven forth from every place of shelter, from every house of refreshment, from every hall of entertainment. General Booth asks no assistance from Parliament. He does not insist that he shall be given an army of detectives and police. We do not hear of him abusing and denouncing this class and that, stirring up hatred, and promulgating agitations for the purpose of ruining everyone whose views are not in accordance with his own.

Could not some of the folk who persist in calling themselves the ministers of religion, and the servants of Christ, take a lesson from the General? Too many of our religious denominations are simply political organisations masquerading in the cloak of religion. Nonconformity seems to have forgotten that its original purpose had any connection whatever with Christianity. The Church of England, in a quieter and more respectable way, has drifted almost equally far from its purpose. The one is a Radical Caucus, the other a huge Primrose League. It is politics, not Christianity, that to-day is preached from every pulpit. Such men as Doctor Clifford, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the Rev. Alderman Fleming Williams, and thousands of their followers, are no more Christian preachers than are Mr. Schnadhorst and Mr. H. J. Hyndman. Such men have mistaken their calling. They would have made admirable journalists. They would have been good party managers and political wire-pullers. Christianity is with them only a convenient disguise, by means of which they hope to add weight and dignity to their party cries. On the other side, the parson who sits alongside the squire on bench and in County Council is simply using the great organisation of the Church for the purpose of upholding what he thinks to be the rights and privileges of respectability. He becomes the servant of Mammon, not of God.

These things have nothing to do with Christianity. You cannot serve two masters. You cannot be an ardent politician and a teacher of the religion of Christ. The two things are utterly incompatible. The result is seen in the steady falling away of the people from our churches and chapels—a falling away that is daily lamented by the very men who have done their best to cause it, and have not the sense to see it is they who are the stumbling-block in the way of the cause they profess to serve. The Salvation Army, which sides itself with no party, with no class prejudice, with no faction, with no social movement, goes quietly on its way, calling into its ranks the lowly and the weary throughout every country under the sun. As I have said, I have no particular love for the methods of the Salvation Army. They do not appeal to me. But, as a dispassionate observer, I am bound to confess that they alone, of all the sects of Christianity, seem to have retained the true spirit—seem to understand the true meaning of Christianity.

Poor Mr. Whistler! He is to be condoled with for several reasons. The law has not been altered to suit the requirements of the distinguished artist, and, as the law stands, the distinguished artist is not allowed to break a contract even to secure the exquisite pleasure of insulting one of that class on which he is dependent for his livelihood, so Mr. Whistler has to suffer. Filled with the conviction that the public must be agape with interest in his little private squabble, he has embarked on a correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; he has done much the same thing before, and by dint of unscrupulous vulgarity (or "wit," as I believe his friends call it) he has on previous occasions managed to score. Now, there is something wrong with him; he cannot score at all. Every blow goes wide of its mark. He has to take a beating from Mr. George Moore. Here again I condole with Mr. Whistler. He also appears to have a warm friend—or is it a relation?—on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and this is one more reason for condolence, because the friend—or relation—writes injudiciously, not to say fatuously

When shall we hear the last of this stale and stupid nonsense that is so often talked about art and art-patrons? According to this nonsense, the art-patron has the business instinct and the artist has not, and the patron's only idea is to cheat the artist; it seems to be suggested, more or less, that contracts between an artist and his patron should only be binding on the patron, and that if the artist takes the cheque but refuses to deliver the picture, the patron must either consider himself honoured and obliged, or be guilty of bad taste. If by business instinct you mean exact probity and punctuality, possibly the artist has not always got it; if you mean rather the instinct to make all the profit one can, the artist and the patron are about equal. As far as knowledge of the real value of the picture is concerned, the artist generally knows far more than the patron, and has him at a disadvantage. The artistic temperament is not the handy and universal excuse that those who flatter themselves that they possess it are inclined to think. If an artist makes a contract he must carry it out; if the profit to him is less than he had hoped, that is his own fault and his own affair, and it will do him no good to start bleating about the artistic temperament.

It is seldom that a cow does anything to attract attention. However, the other day one ran down Rosherville Pier and jumped into the Thames. No motive is suggested for the rash act; it looks a little as if it had been "spending a happy day." Once in the Thames, it swam for three-quarters of a mile, and was subsequently found much exhausted in a ditch. This singularly disreputable and probably dissipated beast is said to have now fully recovered. That may be, but this kind of thing will not do. Cows are not built for fancy diving, and if this animal persists in the practice it will come to a bad end. Besides, it's the business of a cow to give milk, and it cannot attend to that business when it's establishing a long-distance record in this way. It offers an excuse, too, for anybody who sells milk that does not come up to the analyst's standard. He has merely to say: "My cow jumped into the Thames, and percolation did the rest." Really, some of my teetotal friends must catch this animal and remonstrate with it.

A negro "evangelist" was holding forth in Hyde Park, in front of a flag bearing the words "Millennium Mission." Amongst the crowd was a carpenter, who disagreed with the negro on the subject of America. So naturally the coloured exponent of the Millennium came down from his platform and started a fight. As he was immediately taken into custody, he is probably a disappointed man, and inclined to believe that the Millennium has not arrived yet. How much longer is this kind of thing going to be allowed? At the Marble Arch, any day, you may find some blasphemous hypocrite preaching, in order to make a collection afterwards. There is generally someone in the crowd who disagrees with him, and then this sort of rowdyism begins, and the pickpockets get their chance. In the interest of the public these nuisances should be turned out of the park, once for all.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

G. S. (Leicester) sends me an amusing account of a meeting of the Anti-Gambling League in that town. The chairman of the meeting, Sir Israel Hart, was very severe upon the evils of gambling. "Vested interests," said the chairman, "were very difficult to grapple with, and there were great vested interests connected with gambling. Here some simple-minded person wanted to know whether or not Sir Israel was a shareholder in the Oadby Racecourse Company. The chairman said he was glad the question had been asked. He was a shareholder in that concern, but had not the shares now, however, as the company had not succeeded. Another speaker, a Mr. H. Bedford, also denounced horse-racing. He had admitted that he had been a punter and had done a little book-making. He thought the whole system was demoralising in the extreme. It really looks as though when the flat-racing season fairly sets in that the Anti-Gambling League will have to disperse.

F. A.—I don't think these little papers do much harm, narrow-minded and silly as they are. They are only read by very young children and very old women—by the former involuntarily.

E. T. C.—I know well the sect, and have many friends among them. I thank you for your letter.

C. F. H. sends me a very interesting letter on the subject of bimetallism, in which he regrets the utter ignorance of the matter displayed by many who attempt to speak authoritatively on monetary affairs. He refers in particular to an article in the *Standard*, in which the bimetallists are coolly dismissed by the writer as a party of ignorant cranks. Seeing that the bimetallists include in their ranks Balfour, Courtney, Chaplin, Lidderdale, the ex-governor of the Bank of England, and a host of others in Parliament and in high office, my correspondent thinks that the *Standard* writer's air of superiority is somewhat amusing. He denies my statement that the introduction of bimetallism would be an experiment, pointing out that the system was in vogue prior to 1873, but my correspondent forgets to add that this was in France. In England the dual currency was abolished in 1819; so, speaking of this generation, one may perhaps be excused in alluding to the scheme as an experiment.

R. D., writing on the subject of crests, tells me it is necessary to make application to the "Garter or Lion King," who, on payment, will grant an appropriate "coat" invented by himself. Without this grant it is illegal to display any crest or "coat," and the displayer will be liable to a fine. Notwithstanding which, I think I know one or two families who display—and display in no niggardly spirit—various crests and "coats," for the invention of which I am sure the "Garter or Lion King" is quite unresponsible.

Medicus.—Once a week I have to explain that it is utterly impossible to extend our subscription scheme to any but those who have the paper direct from this office. By doing so we should lose heavily, and you can hardly expect us to do that.

S.B.—Translation is wretchedly paid, and there is very little of it going. A "standard author" means an author who has come to be recognised as a leading writer. There is no hard and fast definition.

A. B. C. does not approve of me. He objects to my views on Art. He regrets my sense of proportion, my anti-teetotal tendencies, also my anti-Socialism, likewise my contempt for the Nonconformist conscience; in addition to this, my bimetallism. He also thinks me blasphemous and irreligious. He seems to consider me a disgrace to my own pages; he dislikes my spelling; he is sure that I am "just a lovely humbug." I have never laid claim to exceptional beauty, but the "lovely," I confess, rather touches me. He thinks my journalistic ethics weak. He finds me ill-natured. He says that my columns are regarded as humorous; he is also sure that no one can think any part of To-Day humorous. He tells me that I make mistakes. I admit this comes to me as a thunderbolt. It was the one vanity that I hugged to myself that I never made mistakes. He calls me "cheeky," but it is all right, for at the end of his letter I see that he mentions that he merely writes for my good. Still, I confess his letter has made me sad, for it came at a moment when I was feeling exceedingly pleased with myself. But life is a vale of tears.

G. V. asks me if a widow, at her second marriage, should continue to wear her first wedding ring. I think it might cause unpleasantness, and I certainly think it would not be in good feeling.

C. G. S.—It can be obtained either at the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, or Messrs. Russell and Co., Baker Street.

Factory Girls' Holiday Fund.—I have received from the hon. sec. of this fund a copy of their seventh annual report. The object of the fund is the providing of a week's or a fortnight's holiday in the country for poor girls and women who would not otherwise have change. Subscriptions for this excellent institution may be sent to the hon. sec., Miss Canney, St. Peter's Rectory, Saffron Hill, E.C.

Humane.—I cannot agree with you that God could ever have an object in allowing persons to be born deformed. The laws of Nature work automatically, and accidents of this kind are generally due to human influence. A mere departure from the normal, as in the case of Pope, could hardly be called a deformity in the general acceptation of the term. What the

doctor was thinking of and what I was thinking of were monsters. Perhaps you have never seen any.

With reference made by a correspondent a few weeks ago in regard to the manipulation of the Salford Charity Funds, I have received the following letter from the Mayor of Salford:—

"Town Hall, Salford,
"Town Clerk's Office.

"Dear Sir,—The Mayor of Salford has had his attention called to a paragraph in your issue of the 16th instant, in which you say (1) that soup tickets had been made use of by the Councillors who were tradesmen to force people to deal with them, and (2) that a deserving woman applied for a soup ticket at a shop occupied by one of them, and was told that the tickets were only given to customers; and you go on to characterise this action by very strong language, which it would have deserved had the statements been true. But the Mayor does not believe either of these statements. It is not likely that any tradesman, whether a Councillor or not, would have been so foolish as to act in the manner stated, and declare that a public benefaction was intended for the benefit only of his own customers. But more than this, it was well known that the tickets were distributed not only by members of the Council, but by ministers of religion, representatives of public charitable institutions, and many others who took a personal interest in the work. Between three and four thousand people were relieved daily at different centres in the borough for nearly three weeks, and none were sent away without relief, whether they possessed tickets or not. Your correspondent tells you, so you say, that a young lady whose parents had subscribed to the fund applied to the Mayor asking for a few tickets to distribute, and that her request was refused because she was not a Councillor's daughter. The statement is absolutely untrue. The Mayor, if he had refused 'a lady,' would surely have found some better reason than the one stated by your correspondent. I am requested, however, to say that the Mayor is not concerned to know who your correspondent is, who in this way neglected to perform a public service by at once and at the time making his protest, and producing the two persons referred to—the one who was refused relief by a Councillor because she was not one of his customers, and the other who averred that she was refused tickets by the Mayor, because she was not the daughter of a Councillor!—I am, yours truly, Samuel Brown, Town Clerk."

[I am sending a copy of this letter to my original correspondent with a request for further details.]

P W.—I hardly expected my views on poaching to be in agreement with those of an owner of shooting, but I think if you examined your own mind, quite free from prejudice, you would discover that you were at heart very much in accord with me. You are so keen a sportsman that you will spend three or four hundred pounds a year for the mere renting of some shooting. What would you do with that sporting instinct if you were a poor man? There always has been a moral distinction between creatures bred for sport and those reared for trade.

W. L. S. writes me from India, speaking of the frightful state of disease present throughout the British Army, in consequence of the abandonment of the Contagious Diseases Act. This perfectly necessary act was repealed purely to please the British prudes, who, in their utterly impracticable crusade against human nature, are willing to see a large proportion of the human race ruined by disease that spreads from generation to generation. I have spoken more than once on this subject. It is always with us.

S. F. calls my attention to an advertisement issued by the Liverpool Tramways Company, offering to give free travelling to a few ladies and gentlemen "willing to report any case of neglect of duty or inattention on the part of the company's servants which may come under their notice." It seems a pretty calling for so-called "ladies and gentlemen," but recent licensing reports have proved that Liverpool is by no means ill-supplied with "ladies and gentlemen" willing to devote their time to the contemptible calling of a spy.

S. H. C. tells me that it is no uncommon thing among the clergy for those who are by no means total abstainers themselves to preach total abstinence to others, and he tells me that he himself has been asked to deliver an address to school children holding up to them the evil of all communication with such a thing as alcohol. On replying that he was not a total abstainer, he was told that "this doesn't matter in the least." I have always given teetotal bigots the credit for sincerity. I confess I slightly doubted the entire correctness of this statement, and accordingly asked my correspondent to furnish me with actual particulars. This he now does, giving me names, addresses, and dates, thus leaving no room for doubt. I still hope that such cases are tolerably exceptionable.

Yearly Subscriber, who is a Glasgow citizen, and who appears to be thoroughly disgusted with the Radical members of the Glasgow municipality, writes me a very strong letter in condemnation of the silly and monstrous Coercion Bill, with which the Dogberrys of Glasgow hope to harass and annoy their fellow citizens, and to make Glasgow and the name of Scotchmen a laughing stock to the rest of Britain. The utter idiotcy of this folly has already been exposed both in Parliament and out. My correspondent tells me that all the decent citizens are in arms against it. It is generally the fault of the "decent citizens" that these things happen. They pay no attention to municipal affairs, and allow a gang of bumptious ignoramuses to get the whole power of the City into their hands. Then your "decent citizen" turns round and grumbles. If only he did his duty in the first instance the tale of human folly would be less than it is.

Mercator asks me if there is a Fair Trade League or club. Perhaps some correspondent will oblige with information. C. M. B.—No stamp accompanied your MS., so I am unable to return it. Churchman.—I darcsay the congregation were not sorry. G. C. O.—The Government have already fixed an arbitrary value on gold, and therefore why should not they on silver? R. C. and many other correspondents write me that it is time for the Free Trade question to be taken up as a practical policy. A. G. M.—I should have no objection to our workers obtaining higher wages, if the trade were able to afford it. If you examine other papers you will see that the system is universal, and you may be sure it would not be universal if it were not necessary. T. J. D.—If you were acquainted with the business side of journalism, you would see the utter impracticability of your suggestion. N. H.—Artists are past praying for. They will do these things. Victor.—It would be impossible for me to give you any information concerning the man. I know nothing of the person you mention. It is not my custom to take notice of anonymous letters. Modern Girl.—These new women are capable of anything; I really cannot undertake to be answerable for them. F. S. G.—I don't remember hospitality being discussed in the *Idler*. I could not give you any definition of the phrase, "A first-rate fellow." Such expressions have a different meaning to every person who uses them. A. W.—Your query has been answered over and over again in these columns. They are only taking recruits from residents in Africa. D. S. K.—You will find the information you require in "Club Chatter."

Dionysius.—I have every wish to be courteous to my correspondents, and I can assure you we give ourselves an immense amount of trouble to answer all questions. But I cannot keep pace with your enquiries. The other day you wanted to be a solicitor, and I went to the trouble and expense to give you full details how to become one. Now you want to belong to the Indian Police Service. To know all that it is possible to know about the life, it would take a clerk a couple of days to obtain all the particulars you ask for.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My dear Dick,—I have been to see *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* again. I wanted to confirm my convictions regarding that very remarkable play, and I am happy to say that I find no reason to alter any of the opinions I expressed in my last letter. I was very much surprised at one thing, however. Pinero, as you know, never alters a line when once a play has left his hands. He wrote *The Profligate* with an unhappy ending, but he altered it before the first night. In *The Cabinet Minister*, the reel danced at the end of the last act excited the fiery untamed goose on the first night. But Pinero stuck to it, and when some incautious critic let go a paragraph stating that slight alterations made the piece play closer, Pinero wrote to the papers to say that it was not his custom to alter his finished work. He has broken through his rule in the case of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*. The last curtain, which I considered supremely beautiful and symbolical, has gone; and the play now finishes when, Lucas having been told by Agnes that she will pray for him, is startled into the exclamation "*You* pray?"

It is not such a completely admirable and significant curtain as the original, and I rather wish that Pinero had stood to his guns. The play is essentially so awe-inspiring and gloomy that one such detail could not have affected its ultimate fate one way or the other. People who dislike it will dislike it right through. People who are enthralled and absorbed by it would almost have preferred the primary termination.

As a great deal has been said about the licensing of Pinero's latest, it may interest you to know that *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* was read, passed and licensed by poor Pigott before he died. It was probably the last bit of official work that he ever did. We have, therefore, no guide to the course that may be taken by his successor, although it has been semi-officially stated that his appointment is a guarantee that Pigott's policy will

be carefully perpetuated. Personally it always appeared to me that Pigott never had any policy at all. He was essentially an opportunist. He would hardly have been tolerated had he been anything else. Public opinion, when it was expressed with sufficient strength, invariably swayed him, as in the famous instance of the abortive Music Hall Circular, which was withdrawn as meekly as it was defiantly promulgated. He forbade May Yohé to imitate Nini Patte-en-l'Air, yet he allowed the French dancer to dance unrestrained. He licensed *The Gaiety Girl*, and suddenly demanded the elimination of a leading character after the fiftieth night! Mind you, I have no doubt that in his own mind he had good reasons for all he did. But it is absurd to talk of the course he pursued as a policy.

What Mr. Redford will do nobody knows. His appointment is a matter for congratulation in one way, since it is obviously a stop-gap affair. Pigott's rule, though erratic, was essentially mild. Redford acted as his assistant on numerous occasions, and he will in all probability judge plays from the general all-round man of the world point of view. So long as we are to have a censor, this is the sort of censor that we want. Redford, as manager of a London and Westminster branch bank in Oxford Street, naturally must have become well acquainted with the great middle-class. He should know as well as anybody what will give offence to the majority and what will not. But, great heavens! think of what the other Arts would say if they had to comply with the exact and rigid requirements of the bank parlour. Would Jan Van Beers have ever exhibited in this country? Would "The Heavenly Twins" and "The Woman Who Did" have ever been published? Of course they would not. But the whole question is now past argument. The Press with an almost unanimous voice has condemned the censorship. A spark will now ignite the bonfire on which this archaic Guy Fawkes will be consumed. Some play written by an author of importance will be rejected by the Licenser, and then the band will play. At present a leader is wanted, such a man as Pinero for example, who will head an agitation against the censorship. A less well-known man might be accused of unworthy motives. He would be called a would-be purveyor of filth, or something of the sort, and on that ground the enemy would fight him. This would be impossible in the case of a man whose aims and abilities were as high as those of Pinero.

By the way, as a hint to budding dramatists, I may point out that the censorship seems unconsciously to be laying down a law that manner rather than matter is the thing to which it takes exception. Pinero is a master of expression, and he has therefore the widest possible range of subjects before him, since he can say the boldest and most suggestive things in language that never offends the ear. I understand that other and younger writers have fallen under the ban, because they have insisted on calling a spade a spade. I certainly know of one case where the late censor offered no opposition to a scene which amounted definitely to seduction with violence, but he objected strongly to the bad man saying to the woman he had entrapped, "Before you leave this room you shall ask me to marry you." I am neither defending nor condemning the scene or the line, but if you have the one why not the other?

Perhaps Redford, bringing to his task a mind trained by the inexorable logic of figures, will be a trifle more consistent.

Have you noticed that the *Referee*, which is gradually becoming a cast-iron Conservative journal, defends the censorship on very remarkable grounds? It says that the drama is just as free under a censor as literature is under existing conditions, for every editor is a little censor in himself. Surely this is a curious way of looking at the matter. An editor is a censor as much as a theatrical manager is—and no more. Each can suppress what he chooses in his own journal or theatre. But there his power ends. In literature, if a man cannot get his matter published by someone, he can boldly publish it as a book or pamphlet himself, and *no one* can say him nay; but in the case of the drama a man may hire a theatre for a *matinée*, or lease one for a term of years, and still he cannot play what he likes in it. There is still over him the one arbitrary and irresponsible authority who does not appear in any form or shape whatever in connection with the great free Press of which we are all so proud.

I may tell you that I hear privately, on very good authority, that the appointment of Redford was made in a spirit of conciliation and expectation. The Press has spoken so strongly, and almost so unanimously, that the powers in high places thought it well not to excite a more considerable storm by the nomination of a conspicuous person, and they also anticipated some definite action that would lead to an harmonious suppression of the censor altogether, "on terms"—such terms to include the retention by the Lord Chamberlain of a right of veto, which he could exercise after the production of a play, if a certain number of reputable citizens made affidavit that in their opinion the performance of the said play was subversive of public morals.

Personally, I am all against compromise. The drama has a right to be free of censorship, and we should none of us stop fighting till the battle is won.

And it could be won very easily if we had a leader.

I did not think very much of *The Blue Boar* at Terry's. It wasn't "blue." The accent was mainly on the "bore." But it served to bring out some good acting.

On Sunday W. H. Jennings read a capital paper to the playgoers at St. James's Hall. He dealt with the criticisms of the big dailies in a very lucid and admirable manner, but I am not quite clear about what he wants. The enthusiastic and independent Grein came forward with a brilliant suggestion to the effect that two critics should represent each paper, one doing a simple report or description of facts for reproduction next morning, while the other brooded solemnly on the vanity of things and fatuity of playwrights, and then, after going in trance for a week, brought forth a final and philosophic pronouncement just when everybody had forgotten the play and had begun to think of something else.

As about eighty critics demand seats on a first night as things are, Grein's cheerful proposal to add at least another forty will not appeal to managers.

Claude Carton read his play to the company at the Criterion last week, and rehearsals have commenced. Meantime *An Ideal Husband* will be transferred from the Haymarket at the end of Waller and Morell's season. Wyndham is better, but the rest I suggested has now become an imperative necessity. Wyndham did the one thing against which everybody should guard. After a severe attack of influenza he came back too soon.

We have been in for a lot of rows lately over certain articles that Clement Scott was supposed to have written—but didn't. Lawyers' letters, threats and apologies, have been flying wildly around, simply because a number of over-eager young journalists have not got the common sense to abide by the simple *etiquette* of their craft. When an article is unsigned by name, initials, or pseudonym, you have no right to attribute it to an individual. You can only refer to it as the opinion of the journal in which it appears. Apart from custom it is exceedingly unsafe to do otherwise, for on the very occasion you select for a scathing criticism of what Mr. Blank says in the *Daily Something*, Mr. Blank goes out of town and his copy is supplied by someone else.

And the end of these things is a very humiliating climb-down, an ample apology, and the triumph of your opponent.—Your Affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

A grievance that has always lain heavily on my mind is that of tipping. An attempt was recently made in Paris to revise the cab rates, but the *cochers* struck at it, apparently because it did away with this. Now, the Parisians are swearing that they will in future refuse to give any *pourboires* whatever. As a rule these good resolutions are made in public and broken in private. The contempt of the driver, the certainty that he will do his best to inform the general public that you are a "counter-jumper out for the day" unnerves any man who is bored by excitement. If the cabman were the only sinner in this respect he might be forgiven, but, unfortunately, he is only one of legion.

No man who has to spend the greater part of the day in Town can get through with less than half-a-crown for tips, which amounts to about £50 a year. The barber, the waiter, the cabman, the railway porter, and heaven only knows how many others rely upon the unfortunate public to supply them with all or a greater part of their salary. The whole thing is monstrous. If I go into a restaurant I enter into a contract with the proprietor. He virtually says, "For so much I will give you food, accommodation, and provide attendance that will prevent you from troubling to go into the kitchen and carving and taking the vegetables out of the saucepans." But you look at the menu and see in small type at the bottom that there is a charge made for attendance.

That annoys you to begin with, but worse than that is the knowledge that this is in no sense a tip for the waiter, but a tip for the proprietor himself, who is probably drawing some shillings a day from these servants for the privilege of allowing them to wait. Now, what the dickens does a man care when he goes into a restaurant for the waiters? He doesn't know them, he doesn't want to, but he is expected to pay them their salaries, and provide them with pocket-money as though they were old and personal acquaintances, who had a claim upon him. Meanwhile, the unfortunate customer has been looking furtively down the prices on the list in order to bring his dinner within his means.

It is just the same at the hairdresser's. A man sees an announcement that he can be shampooed or shaved at a certain price, but he knows that the attendant wants him to pay his salary. At the railway station you ask, say, for a foot-warmer, but the porter gives it to you on the understanding that you help to pay his salary. A cabman would drop dead with astonishment if he thought you were going to take him two miles and pay him exactly his legal shilling fare. Why this should be so I cannot understand. If a tip insured extra civility or attention one might not begrudge it, but that is the last thing that it does. The waiter takes it as a matter of course, and barely says "Thank you," and in every other branch where salaries are paid out of the public pocket it is the same.

If I remember correctly there was once an agitation by waiters to do away with tips, so as to ensure for themselves a certain salary. The restaurateurs ridiculed the idea, and the public stood appalled at the waiters' temerity. Since then there have been agitations among the public to put down the evil, but to no avail. Personally, I am certain that if the public made up their mind to stop the practice, the very men who live by it would be permanently benefited. It annoys and angers a man to read that Spiers and Pond, the Holborn, or the Gordon Company are paying such and such a dividend, and to know that this is largely due to the fact that he is providing them with servants free to all intents and purposes. A place run strictly, honestly, and squarely on the "no fee" principle—not like the Aerated Bread Company, who increase the price of the articles—would, I am sure, be a success, and I for one would support it.

If what a correspondent tells me is correct, the visit of the Queen to Nice is enough to shake the loyalty of the loyalest subject. For weeks, he says, he stood the wretched weather, which he had gone abroad to avoid, and just when his troubles seemed at an end and bright sunshine was coming to welcome him, Her Majesty arrived. Instantly the prices of everything went up—even to matches. The place was crowded. The cabman ridiculed the idea of anything like a legal fare, and, worst of all, not a visitor knew from morning till night where he would sleep, the rapacity of the hotel-keepers being such that they would willingly turn out any boarder if they could get a better offer for the room he was occupying.

I am continuing to receive any number of letters from all parts of the country announcing the determination of the writers to take up my idea, and do away with the present uninteresting dress suit. Of course, little change is likely to be seen until the fall of the year, and then I believe that there will be innovations that will herald the revolution. Talking on the subject the other day to one of the best known experts in clothes, the matter cropped up, and he assured me that if colour was employed and the frilled shirt used, evening dress would become the most handsome part of a man's wardrobe. At present it is the ugliest.

I see that the cycling Press have dropped the abusive tone that was reserved for me after my original notes. My comments in the first place were intended to show up the veiled amateurism, and incidentally I attacked the shady section of the cycling Press. My first contention was never attacked, except in detail relating to price, and the other point I have supported with facts. I may say that I have received several offers from well-known agents, especially in the North, offering names and facts, that would, if gone into, carry my case much further than I had imagined it possible.

One colour that is safe to be fashionable in the coming season is the Lovat. This cloth, which takes its name from the Lovat clan, is a delicate green and light brown mixture, with the marks of the tartan just visible. It will make up splendidly for lounge suits, and also for trousers.

With the changing of the seasons it is always difficult to get an accurate idea of what is likely to be most in demand for ties. The remnants of last summer's stock and a proportion of the rejected of winter neckwear are invariably put into the windows as the latest novelties. For my own part, I fancy that dark colours will be the rage, although it is just possible that the electric blue and the turkey red will gain the entrance they have so long been seeking. Meanwhile, pearls are being largely worn for pins, and indications have not been wanting that there will be a revival in popularity of the much-misunderstood opal.

I find I have some very young readers. One writes me from a school in Gloucestershire. His grammar is erratic, and his spelling promiscuous. He wants to know whether "dabbers"—the slang term for collegiate caps, or mortar boards, I believe—are likely to remain in fashion. He says he hates them. I am sure I cannot answer the question, and I am equally unable to comply with his request to write and tell his "guv'nor" that neither Euclid nor Algebra are of any use. But one thing the letter suggests to me is the need to bring under the notice of children the great grievance under which adults labour through certain childish games.

For instance, this is the time of year when the young idea purchases a top, and goes out to slay passers-by.

For some reason or another children invariably select those parts of the town where they will have the least possible amount of convenience, and cause the greatest annoyance to the general public. If there is a street crowded with traffic they go there, or if there is a square with nice bay-windows and a few trees, where the weary congregate to rest, they follow. Their games are invariably of a murderous order. There is tip-cat, which will blind or main any man, tops that will break more shins if artistically thrown than any mortal thing I know of. Recalcitrant hoops invariably ruin the clothes of the passer-by, and hockey, rounders, and so forth are only Anarchist weapons with innocent names. One day when I have time to spare I intend to draw up a scheme and invite subscriptions for a league for the protection of adults from children.

There has been too much mystery about Cloister. Who circulated the many rumours concerning the champion chaser it is difficult to say. I know that Mr. Duff and Escott openly expressed their belief in the horse, and yet no sooner had they done so than the opposition becomes more pronounced than ever. It is such mysteries as these that cause the retirement of many honest sportsmen from the Turf.

I have not, at the time of writing, got my file of the Racing *Calendar* by me, but I think I can safely assert that hardly a week passes but what some Irish jockey —amateur or professional—is hauled before the powers that be to explain some "incident" that occurred during the racing. Many people have said that the Irish stewards are too suspicious; they, however, generally have to inflict fines or suspend "Mr. Rider" for a few days.

Of late years the Irish racing folk have paid frequent visits to this country, and it must be admitted that they have proved themselves to be wonderfully cute. Several, however, have overstepped the mark, and the "scenes" at Manchester, Leicester and Kempton Park have not done the Irishmen any good. A few years ago Mr. McAuliffe got into trouble over the running of Herring-bone. He has been permitted to return, but whether such good fortune will befall Mr. Scully I am not in a position to say, as all the evidence at the recent inquiry has not transpired, and, maybe, never will.

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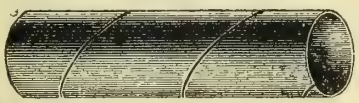

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Whether the Jockey Club Stewards and the National Hunt Committee act wisely in holding inquiries like the Scully case with closed doors, and then decline to publish all the evidence, is a subject that has caused a deal of discussion. Myself, I am of the opinion that men of the world like Lord March, Lord Ellesmere, and Lord Rendlesham are quite capable of adjudicating on matters of such importance. They prefer that all dirty linen shall not be washed in public. I for one abide by their decision.

Mr. W. J. Ford, who holds the reins of management in Lincoln, is, without a doubt, quite the equal of Major Egerton as a handicapper. Mr. Ford unfortunately does not enjoy the best of health, but he has able assistance in his sons. Mr. Ford not only holds a permit for handicapping, but can officiate as judge, clerk of the course, clerk of the scales, and stakeholder.

The Lincolnshire Handicap was, in its early days, known as the Lincoln Spring Handicap, and the first year a field of nine went to the post, the value of the race being £159, and the distance a mile and a half. As is very often the case now, the favourite then—a five-year-old, named Harp-bed—got beaten a head by an outsider named Caurire. Clement rode the winner, and he still figures prominently in training circles at the present day. In 1856 the distance was altered to a mile, at which distance it still remains.

I suggested some time ago that a good many of the ills that flesh was heir to were owing to the little protection given to the abdomen. Messrs. Grant and Watson have since sent me some specimens of their woollen belts, and I can recommend them for two reasons—they are moderate in price and made with the best material.

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POKER; AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

Twenty years ago, to have acknowledged to an intimate acquaintance with, and to a partiality for, the game of poker, would have been to court ostracism from respectable society, or something closely akin to it. It was the "bogey" of club committees, who excluded it as rigorously from the card-room as they would a "writter" from the entrance-hall, and those who, living in advance of their times, failed to see the danger of its introduction, were regarded by their brother committee-men as persons quite unworthy of consideration. It is hardly necessary to say that with their views finding acceptance among the exclusively male section of society, the game was taboo in the family circle.

It speaks eloquently, then, for the inherent strength and attractiveness of the game, that it has not only survived the onslaughts of its early opponents, but has lived down all prejudice, and now takes its place as the legitimate chief of all round games, a position to which, in my humble opinion, it is distinctly entitled. For, kept within reasonable limits, and this can be done it is less of a gamble than either Loo or Napoleon. The player has a greater control over his possible gains, and losses, and bad play on the part of anyone else at the table necessarily tells in his favour.

In the space at my command here it is impossible to give more than a few hints upon some of the principal points in this fascinating game, and these are directed especially to those people who have a rudimentary idea of playing, and who would like to profit by the experiences of "an old Parliamentary hand." Habitual poker players in good company can pass on to the more interesting columns of this paper; they will find but little here for them.

As no cards are played, many beginners have an impression that the game is purely one of hazard, and that all that is necessary for success is to occasionally hold a strong hand. Let them sit down at a good table, and they will speedily be convinced of their error. To be a really good poker player, a man must be possessed of, in addition to a sound knowledge of the game, indomitable nerve, a retentive memory, readiness of resource in moments of difficulty, and an insight into the character of his fellow-man. Speaking vulgarly, this appears to be a "large order," but my experience tells me that it is substantially correct.

In what follows, I shall assume that my readers are acquainted with the rules of the game, and that the terms "age," "ante," "blind," and "straddle," are no longer mysteries to them. Also, that they are not of those who, having mastered the relative values of the various hands, and the fact that a bluff will occasionally beat anything, think they know all that is worth learning about the game. There is no hope for such as these, they must be left to get their lesson—as they assuredly will—in the bitter school of experience.

A very celebrated poker player in the States has put on record, in speaking of this class of person, that "a man has to have the conceit taken out of him about a dozen times before it will stay out, but after he has once got it eradicated from his system, he never catches it again. He can live right amongst it, and he will not take. It is as though he has been vaccinated. If you have an idea that you are a good poker player, there is no help for you till you get the conceit worked out of you, and the sooner you get it out the better. Do not delay having it taken out, as long as your system is in condition to retain the seeds of the disease, but hunt for games that you can get into, till you lose enough. Then call yourself a monumental, colossal, diabolical, enigmatical, ass, and jump the game. You will never think as much of yourself after it as you did before, but you will be worth more to Society."

And now, to make a beginning, a word or two of advice as to raising the original entry before the hands are filled. In this connection, very much depends upon the position of the player at the table. The value of being the "age," or "elder hand," can hardly be overestimated, as being the last player he has the greatest opportunity of determining the strength of the opposition. In a minor degree, the same remark applies to the dealer, while the difficulties of the position increase as you approach the "age."

Supposing that you are dealer, do not look at your cards until all the other players to the left of the "age" have declared. This will give you an opportunity of studying the faces and demeanour of your opponents, and making the necessary deductions as to their strength. If no raises are made until your right hand neighbour declares, the probabilities are that the earlier hands are doubtful, and that your right hand opponent is possibly bluffing. If you are born with a good hand—say two pairs—then over-raise. It is then good odds on the rest passing out up to your right hand neighbour. His remaining in depends largely upon his initial strength, but you will probably be his equal in any case, and then everything will depend upon the draw.

If any of the earlier players raise, it may either be a monumental bluff, or that the player has a hand on which he must make all possible profit before he draws, such as a "put" or set hand. As you have invested nothing, you had better go out, unless your hand is much above the average. If two or three players come in simply seeing the "blind," the dealer should enter on an average hand, as next to the age he is in the best position at the table. By an average hand, I mean a single pair better than the mean—eights. If you hold three of a kind, raise, as it will probably drive somebody out, and lessen the chances against you.

Being in the enviable position of "blind" necessitates a change of policy, and you can allow yourself a much freer hand. It is a curious fact that nobody ever gives the "blind" credit for strength. Being responsible for the "ante," he is looked upon as one who will come in on nothing, on the chance of getting his money back, and this causes them to force you. For instance, if all the players pass out up to the dealer, it is odds that, even with a weak hand, he will make it double to play. But, whatever he may have, he credits you with nothing, and should you raise him back he will treat it as a bluff. Should you hold a pair of aces, or, better, raise the entrance if nobody else has done so, irrespective of the number who are in, it is odds they all see it, as your raise will be looked on as a bluff, and a good pool will be created, which you certainly will not have the worst chance of taking.

A word or two about the third position at the table, and I have done with the game anterior to the draw. To be the left-hand player of the "age" is to occupy the worst seat at the poker board. Here you are always working in the dark, for you have to take the initiative. Here you are called upon to display all the caution Nature has blessed you with, and woe be unto you if that call should not be responded to. My advice is, never come in at all in this position under a pair of court cards, for it is no use paying your entry unless you are prepared to bet after filling your hand.

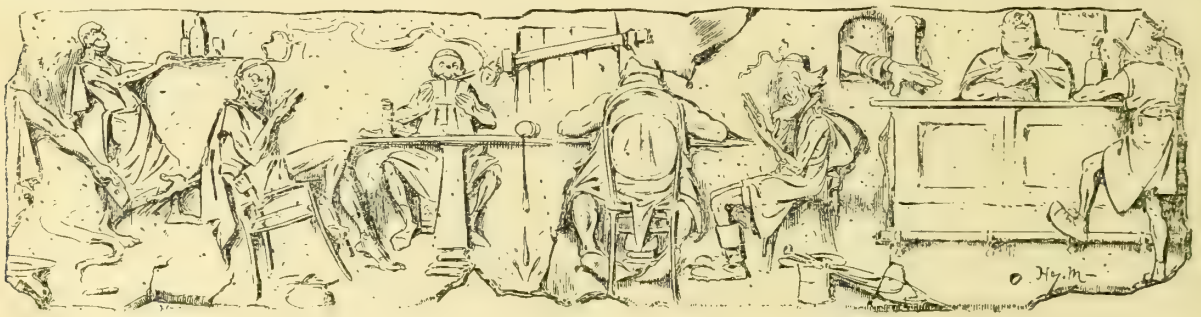
Should you have straddled the blind, and several come in, it is a sure sign that there are some strong hands out, and unless you are pretty solid yourself you had better sacrifice your straddle, on the principle that the first loss is likely to be the lighter. You have all the disadvantage of having to make the first bet, and, the game not having developed, you have no sure guide as to what you may expect from your opponents. Too much insistence cannot, then, be made on the necessity for caution in this unenviable position. Its dangers are many, and should be patent to any thinking player. Should you enter injudiciously, you will probably have reason to reproach yourself, and this frequently leads to your play being disturbed, and your game will then inevitably suffer.

Having gone at some little length into the question of the game before the draw, from the points of view of the dealer, the age, and the next player, I can take leave of it with the remark that the difficulties of the position decrease and the advantages increase as the player occupies the seat nearer the dealer. And now to the draw. Before this takes place, let your cards lie quietly in front of you. This will give your opponents no information as to whether you are going to pass or stay in. And, having drawn and ascertained the composition of your hand, accustom yourself to playing it from memory. If held in the hand, even by veteran players, four aces may not stand so steadily as a simple pair, and a trembling of the fingers may betray your strength to the enemy.

If you have gone in on a single pair, you naturally draw three cards, and in doing so have something better than a five to one chance of improving your hand, the chances ranging from eight to one against either making a triplet, or two pairs, to 364 to one against making four of a kind. Presuming that you have obtained a second pair in the draw, do not think you have got all the world. More money has been lost over "aces up" than on any other hand at poker. A player—even one who has more than a mere passing acquaintance with the game—holding aces and kings, will frequently venture more upon them than he would on a small triplet. The indiscretion very generally carries its punishment with it, but the experience acquired is rarely useful.

As a general rule, you should not raise on two pairs. Be content to see an opponent if there is anybody in to your left hand, and go out should you be raised. Experience tells me that should you see the raise, your curiosity will be gratified at the expense of your pocket. Another good rule to make is not to enter on four to a straight or four to a flush unless the party is a large one, and the pool is laying you good odds to your money. In drawing to four to a straight open at both ends; your chances of obtaining the desired card are as nearly as possible one in six, and they are a fraction better in the case of a flush. These figures speak for themselves.

Drawing to triplets of any denomination is an easy business, and, no matter whether you improve or not, you usually win. By drawing two cards you give information to the table, but you have an eight to one chance of improving, while you reduce your opportunities to one in twelve by taking but one card. In the latter case, however, you obtain an enormous advantage in betting, as the greatest original strength you are credited with is two pairs. In my experience, the best players almost invariably buy one, but occasionally they may depart from the rule, according to their position at the table, and the filling of their opponents' hands.



A BROKEN SPRING.

Long time, at every spring,
My Muse was wont to rise.
"The feathered songsters carolling,"
"The beauty of the skies."
All these (and other) poet's planks,
The editor declined with thanks.

And yet again my lyre
Is taken from her place,
Again the vernal joys inspire
And lend their wonted grace.
Upon the river's sunny banks
My poet limbs recline with thanks

For eighteen, ninety-five,
Has, much to our regret,
Revived the most conservative
And icy etiquette;
To zero, with Antarctic pranks,
The mercury declined (with thanks).

Then, with the banished snow,
Awake my soul and sing!
I harped on winter long ago,
To-day I chant the spring.
And may all lays by other cranks
Be (unlike mine) declined with thanks.

HARRY BELL.

IRISH SUPERSTITION.

Hugh Bronte no more doubted that the devil in bodily form had destroyed the potato crop than he doubted his own existence. He saw the prop stricken from under the family by a malignant enemy, and he would not tamely submit to the personal injury. It was both cruel and unjust that the devil, who never did any work, should pollute the fruits of their toil. He would shame the fiend out of his foul work, and for this purpose he would go deliberately to the field and gather a basketful of rotten potatoes. Those he would carry solemnly to the brink of the Glen, and standing on the edge of a precipice, call on the fiend to behold his foul and filthy work, and then with great violence dash them down as a feast for the fetid destroyer. This ceremony of feasting the fiend on the proceeds of his own foul work was often repeated with fierce and desperate energy, and the "Devil's Dining-Room" is still pointed out by the neighbours.

I knew a man who witnessed one of these scenes. He spoke of Hugh Brontë's address to the devil as being sublime in its ferocity. With bare, outstretched hands, the veins of his neck and forehead standing out like hempen cords, and his voice choking with concentrated passion, he would apostrophise Beelzebub as a bloated fly, and call on him to partake of the filthy repast he had provided. The address ended with wild, scornful laughter, as Brontë hurled the rotten potatoes down the bank.

The dramatic power of the ceremony was so real, the spell of Brontë's earnestness was so contagious, that my informant, who was not a superstitious man, declared that for a few seconds after Brontë's challenge was given, he watched in terror, expecting the fiend to appear.—"*The Brontës In Ireland.*" *Dr. Wm. Wright.*

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

THE TWO CAMPS.

With all this, I could hear nothing of M. le Curé, one saying that he was here, another there, a third that he had gone to Cahors; and, in the end, I returned to the Château in a state of discomfort and unrest hard to describe. I would not again leave the front of the house; and for hours I paced the avenue, now listening at the gates, or looking up the road, now walking quickly to and fro under the walnuts. In time evening fell, and night; and still I was here awaiting the Curé's coming, chained to the silent house; while my mind tortured me with pictures of what was going forward outside. The restless demon of the time had hold of me; the thought that I lay here idle, while the world heaved, made me miserable, filled me with shame. When André came at last to summon me to supper, I swore at him; and the moment I had done, I went up to the roof of the Château and watched the night, expecting to see again a light in the sky, and the distant glare of burning houses.

I saw nothing, however, and the Curé did not come; and, after a wakeful night, seven in the morning saw me in the saddle and on the road to Cahors. André complained of illness, and I took Gil only. The country round St. Alais seemed to be deserted; but, half a league farther on, over the hill, I came on a score of peasants trudging sturdily forward. I asked them whither they were going, and why they were not in the fields.

"We are going to Cahors, Monseigneur, for arms," they said.

"For arms! Whom are you going to fight?"

"The brigands, Monseigneur. They are burning and murdering on every side. By the mercy of God, they have not yet visited us. And to-night we shall be armed."

"Brigands!" I said. "What brigands?"

But they could not answer that; and I left them in wonder, and rode on. I had not yet done with these brigands, however. Half a league short of Cahors I passed through a hamlet where the same idea prevailed. Here they had raised a rough barricade at the end of the street towards the country, and I saw a man on the church tower keeping watch. Meanwhile, everyone in the place who could walk had gone to Cahors.

"Why?" I asked. "For what?"

"To hear the news."

Then I began to see that my imagination had not led me astray. All the world was heaving, all the world was astir. Everyone was hurrying to hear and to learn; to take arms if he had never used arms before, to advise if all his life he had obeyed orders, to do anything and everything but his daily work. After this, that I should find Cahors humming like a hive of bees about to swarm and the Valandré bridge so crowded that I could scarcely force my way through its three gates, and the queue of people waiting for rations longer and the rations shorter than ever before—after this, I say, all these things seemed only natural.

Nor was I much surprised to find that as I rode through the streets, wearing the tricolour, I was hailed here and there with cheers. On the other hand, I noticed that wearers of white cockades were not lacking. They kept the wall in twos and threes, and walking with raised chins, and hands on sword-knots, were watched askance by the commonalty. A few of them were known to me, more were strangers; and while I blushed under the scornful looks of the former, knowing that I must seem to them a renegade, I wondered who the latter were. Finally, I was glad to escape from both by alighting at Doury's, over whose door a huge tricolour flag hung limp in the sunshine.

M. le Curé de Saux? Yes, he was even then sitting with the Committee upstairs. Would M. le Vicomte walk up?

I did so, through a press of noisy people, who thronged the stairs and passages, and talked, and gesticulated, and seemed to be settled there for the day. I worked my way through these at last, the door was opened, a fresh gust of noise came out to meet me, and I entered the room. In it, seated round a long table, were a score of men, of whom some rose to meet me, while others kept their seats; three or four were speaking at once, and did not stop on my entrance. I recognised at the farther end Father Benôit and Buton, who came to meet me, and Capitaine Hugues, who rose, but continued to speak. Besides these there were two of the smaller noblesse, who left their chairs, and came to me in an ecstasy, Doury, who rose and sat down half-a-dozen times; and one or two Curés and others of that rank, known to me by sight. The uproar was great, the confusion equal to it. Still, somehow, and after a moment of tumult, I found myself received and placed in a chair at the end of the table, with M. le Capitaine on one side of me and a notary of Cahors on the other. Then, under cover of the noise, I stole a few words with Father Benôit, who lingered a moment beside me.

"You could not join us yesterday?" he muttered with a pathetic look in his eyes that only I understood.

"But you left a message, bidding me wait for you!" I answered.

"I did?" he said. "No; I left a message asking you to follow us—if it pleased you."

"Then I never got it," I replied. "André told me——"

"Ah! André," he answered, softly. And he shook his head.

"The rascal!" I said; "then he lied to me! And——"

But someone called the Curé to his place, and at the same instant most of the talkers ceased; a moment, and only two were left speaking, who, without paying the least regard to one another, continued to hold forth to their neighbours, haranguing, one on the social contract; the other on the brigands—the brigands who were everywhere burning the corn and killing the people!

At last M. le Capitaine, after long waiting to speak, attacked the former. "Tut, Monsieur!" he said. "This is not the time for theory. A halfpenny-worth of fact——"

"Is worth a pound of theory!" the man of the brigands—he was a grocer, I believe—cried, eagerly; and he brought his fist down on the table.

"But now is the time! The God-sent time, to frame the facts to the theory!" the other screamed. "To

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form a perfect system! To regenerate the world! To——"

"To regenerate the fiddlestick!" his opponent answered, with equal heat. "When brigands are at our

to arrange for them first, and do not deafen M. le Vicomte with your chattering."

"Hear! hear!" the lawyer cried.

But this insult proved too much for the man of the

I FOUND ALL LOOKING AT ME.

very doors! when our crops are being burned and our houses plundered! when——"

"Monsieur," the Captain said, commanding silence by the gravity of his tone—"if you please!"

"Yes."

"Then, to be plain, I do not believe any more in your brigands than in M. l'Avoué's theories."

This time it was the grocer's turn to scream. "What?" he cried. "When they have been seen at Figeac, and Cajarc, and Rodez, and——"

"By whom?" the soldier asked, sharply, interrupting him.

"By hundreds."

"Name one."

"But it is notorious!"

"Yes, Monsieur—it is a notorious lie!" M. le Capitaine answered, bluntly. "Believe me, the brigands with whom we have to deal are nearer home. Allow us

brigands. He began again, and others joined in; to my despair, it seemed as if the quarrel were only beginning—as if peace would have to be made afresh.

For I confess all this noise, tumult, and disputation, this absence of the politeness to which I had been accustomed all my life, this vulgar jostling and brawling, depressed me immeasurably. I sat deafened, lost in the scramble; of no more account, for the moment, than Buton. Nay, of less; for while I gazed about me and listened, sunk in wonder at my position at a table with people of a class with whom I had never sat down before—save at the chance table of an inn, where my presence kept all within bounds—it was Buton who, by coming to the officer's aid, finally gained silence.

"Now you have had your say, perhaps you will let me have mine," the Captain said, with acerbity, as soon as he could make himself heard. "It is very well for you, M. l'Avoué, and you, Monsieur—I have forgotten your name—you are not fighting men, and my difficulty does

not affect you. But there are half-a-dozen at this table who are placed as I am, and they understand. You may organise; but if your officers are carried off every morning, you will not go far."

"How carried off?" the lawyer cried, puffing out his thin cheeks. "Members of the Committee of——"

"How?" M. le Capitaine rejoined, cutting him short without ceremony—"by the prick of a small sword! You do not understand; but, for some of us, we cannot go three paces from this door without risk of an insult and a challenge."

"That is true!" the two gentlemen at the foot of the table cried.

"It is true, and more," the Captain continued, warming as he spoke. "It is no chance work, but a plan. It is their plan for curbing us. I have seen three men in the streets to-day, who, I can swear, are fencing-masters in fine clothes.

"Assassins!" the lawyer cried, pompously.

"That is all very well," Hugues said, more soberly. "But what is to be done? If we cannot move abroad without a challenge and a duel, we are helpless. You will have all your leaders picked off."

"Be sure the people will avenge you!" the lawyer said, with a grand air.

M. le Capitaine shrugged his shoulders. "Thank you for nothing," he said.

Father Benôit interposed. "At present," he said, anxiously, "I think that there is only one thing to be done. You have said, M. le Capitaine, that some of the Committee are not fighting-men. Why, I would ask, should any fight, and play into our opponents' hands?"

"Par Dieu! I think that you are right!" Hugues answered, frankly. And he looked round as if to collect opinions. "Why should we? I am sure that I do not wish to fight. I have given my proofs."

There was a short pause, during which we looked at one another doubtfully. "Well, why not?" the Captain said, at last. "This is not play, but business. We are no longer gentlemen at large, but soldiers under discipline."

"Yes," I said, stiffly, for I found all looking at me. "But it is difficult, M. le Capitaine, for men of honour to divest themselves of certain ideas. If we are not to protect ourselves from insult, we sink to the level of beasts."

"Have no fear, M. le Vicomte!" Buton cried, abruptly. "The people will not suffer it!"

"No, no; the people will not suffer it!" one or two echoed; and for a moment the room rang with cries of indignation.

"Well, at any rate," the Captain said, at last, "all are now warned. And if, after this, they fight lightly, they do it with full knowledge that they are playing their adversaries' game. I hope all understand that. For my part," he continued, with a dry laugh, "they may cane me; I shall not fight them! I am no fool!"

(To be continued.)

SUPERSTITIONS OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

A CHAT WITH FRED. VILLIERS.

We were talking about presentiments, and Frederick Villiers, the veteran war correspondent, fresh from his ninth campaign, said in that quiet, careless way of his:

"When a man goes into a fight feeling that he is going to die, why, he generally does die. It's queer, but it's a fact."

"Do you believe that?" I asked, much surprised.

Villiers nodded, and proceeded to tell stories.

"I don't suppose I'll ever forget the face of a young lieutenant I used to see a good deal of in the Russo-Turkish war. We were great friends, although he was a Russian, and he used to tell me all about a girl he loved. He used to get letters from her regularly, but there came a time when these stopped suddenly; there was some delay in the mails, but the poor chap didn't know that. He got very blue about it, and one day, just before the big affair in the Shipka Pass, he said to me:

"'I'll never get that letter. I know I won't.'

"Why not?" said I, wishing to cheer him up.

"'Because I am going to be shot.'

"Next day the fighting came on—hot fighting, I can tell you, and the second day my friend was seriously wounded. The third day he was shot dead, and the fourth day the letter from his sweetheart arrived with her photograph."

Villiers thought awhile, then said:

"That was a presentiment, wasn't it?"

Then Villiers told how he saw his comrade, Paul Cameron, die out in Africa.

"It was during the Dongola trouble, and we were getting ready to move our column across the desert to Khartoum. Paul was in high feather, having received splendid compliments from his paper, the London *Standard*, with promise of increased salary and a large retaining fee. Everything seemed full of bright promise to him, but suddenly, for no apparent reason, he became gloomy and morose.

"'I'm afraid, old man, I shan't live long to enjoy my good luck.'

"That's what he said to me one day, and the words haunted me, for I had seen too many cases of death following such a presentiment not to fear for him. A little later, we went into the battle of Abu Klea, and I never gripped a man's hand with more rejoicing than I did Cameron's when I found him safe and sound after the engagement.

"'You see,' said I, 'these presentiments don't amount to much after all.'

"But Paul shook his head and remained depressed. Two days later we were attacked in the desert, and Paul was lying not five yards away from me beside a camel. In these desert fights the smaller force is always huddled together, men and beasts, in a compact circle on a knoll, the enemy attacking from all sides. We simply had to lay there and take it, cursing, praying, and fighting as well as we could. I heard the ping of a bullet near me, and looking Paul's way saw that the poor chap's fears had come true. He lay there on the sand dead."

Villiers went on to explain, what is not generally appreciated, that war correspondents who do their duty are exposed to greater danger and suffer a greater mortality than any other class connected with an army.

"I remember where eight of us started in a little African campaign, and four of us never came out of it. I guess most of the boys who died there thought they were going to die. That's the beauty of it, you see; if a fellow thinks he is going to get through all right, why, he will; only you can't regulate your thoughts."

"How large a percentage of war correspondents get killed?"

"About fifty per cent., I should say," answered Villiers—"no, make it sixty per cent."

Then came more stories.

"I'll tell you another queer thing. Sometimes a man

can tell when another is going to be killed. I've had that experience once or twice. I remember once when I was in London for a little rest I met a man whose face caught my eye. I kept staring at him—I couldn't help it.

"'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'that fellow looks as if he was going to be shot.'

"Some months later we were both in Suakim as war correspondents for London papers. Quite a coincidence, wasn't it? I kept thinking of this presentiment of mine about him, but was careful not to tell him. Every time we'd have trouble, though, I'd keep thinking about it, and whenever I'd meet him I'd call out:

"'Well, my boy, how are you by this time?'

"This got to be quite a joke between us, and he would always reply with a mock military salute:

"'All right, Villiers.'

"Well, we went into that nasty mess at Tamai, in the Eastern Soudan, and our square got all broken up. My friend was with the Marines on the rear face, and when things got pretty bad the boys down there came rallying up to join the 42nd Highlanders, where I was. I saw him plunging past, black with smoke, but all right, and I sung out the same as usual:

"'Well, my boy, how are you by this time?'

"He heard me over the noise of the Arab devils, and lifted his hand for the old salute.

"'All right, Vil—' was all he could say, when he fell flat with a ball through his head and the horses and men trampling over him.

"'He's gone,' I said to myself, and kept thinking of him all through the battle. Two years later I was taking dinner with some friends in Greenwich when who should walk in but the same man whose bones were whitening in the desert, as I supposed.

"'You see they didn't kill me after all,' he said. 'The ball only took off a part of my head, and here I am,' which goes to show that you can't have a presentimen for another fellow."

"Did you ever have a presentiment yourself?" I asked.

"Certainly not," said Villiers, "otherwise I shouldn't be here. I have been through dozens of battles; I've had horses and camels shot under me, and my clothes cut by bullets, but I've never got so much as a scratch. But wait till I get a presentiment. I came near having one at this Port Arthur affair, very near. You know the engagement began at six o'clock in the morning, and all through the previous night we had been on the march, climbing up steep roads to the great mountain table-land where the Chinese forts were. I hadn't slept much for days, and as my little donkey stumbled along, hour after hour, through the silence of the night, I felt a sense of despondency taking possession of me. Then I noticed that a horned moon was shining in the sky, always a bad omen to soldiers."

"'Is that for me,' I said to myself, looking at the silver points. 'Is this going to be my turn?'

"When the guns began firing at the dawn the moon with its sinister horns was still shining, but low on the horizon now, and right over the Chinese forts. When I saw that I got as merry as a boy. I understood that the moon's menace was only for the wretched Chinamen, and rode about among the shells as light-hearted as if I had been in a ballroom. I knew no harm was coming to me, and none came."

"Do you mean that you rode on a donkey all through the battle?"

"I rode on the donkey as long as the little beast would let me. But donkeys, like horses, don't enjoy the shriek of shells. You know a shell passing six feet away from a man will blow him over, and passing within two feet of him will make him deaf for life, and perhaps kill him outright. So I had to walk about the field most of the day; indeed, I generally prefer to be on my own legs under action."

Then Villiers told another story.

"I must tell you about the time I charged a Russian battery all alone, or rather it was a crazy horse that I was on that did it, and I stayed with the horse. This was in the Russo-Turkish campaign at the battle on the river Lom. Archibald Forbes and I had gone ahead skirmishing between the lines during the engagement, a very foolish proceeding. My horse suddenly took fright and ran away straight toward the lines of the enemy, the Turks. I managed to saw his head round, and then he charged straight up for the slope at the Russia battery, which was spitting out hell-fire at the opposing army. I saw there was nothing for it but to let the brute have his way, and up we went toward the guns, the horse running like mad, and I hugging his neck. When he reached the parapet he paused just a second to gather his strength, and then with a splendid bound, cleared the line of discharging cannons and landed me among the astonished gunners, who immediately put me under arrest and dragged me before the commanding officer."

"And what did he do?"

"Oh, he laughed," answered Villiers.

—*The Illustrated American.*

NEIGHBOURS OF OURS.*

Mr. Nevinson evidently thinks that one can't have too much of a good thing. The stories in this book are very readable and interesting; some of them unusually so, but they are all written in the same vein and in the same dialect, and the repetition becomes a trifle monotonous. Intending readers are, therefore, advised not to hurry through the book, but to take the stories at intervals. The best thing is "The St. George of Rochester." It is a tale told by a sick bargeman to a friend. A description of the man's appearance as he lies in bed is given by a younger visitor—

> Gettin' upstairs, we found old Timmo lyin' on 'is bed quite still, with a decent brown blanket over 'im, and a candle burnin'; and the docter 'ad took and stuck a Bible or somethink o' that under 'is head to prop it up. And one of 'is arms was layin' out over the blanket bare from the shoulder, and O my soul! it was just like the front leg of a cart-horse, barrin' the extry finish about the 'and. But 'is grey eyes seemed kind o' bigger nor usual, and 'is nose and tuft o' beard more peaky, and 'is ole face some'ow pale fur all its bein' dark brown as a bit o' seasoned wood—a deal darker nor what 'is 'air was, that bein' yellerish and burnt near white at the roots by the sun.

The old man is married. The visitors try to cheer his wife up by assurances that "things will be better soon." "They couldn't be worse," was her characteristic reply, "cos if they was, we'd any'ow 'ave 'is club-money to draw and live on." It is easy to infer from this what kind of wife—his third—the poor old man has married, and when he tells his tale to his friend—with his wife out of ear-shot—the remembrance of his present condition of life adds an additional pathos to the story. He had once been in love with a woman. He was on his barge, near the Old Swan Pier, when he first saw her. Here is his account of the impression she produced on him, and their method of introduction:—

> It's fifteen years agone or more, but there she was, standin' in flesh and blood, with somethink of a white dress on, and a kind of bluish cloak, so as yer might almost 'ave took 'er for a 'orspital nurse. So she stands lookin' at me, and now and again I gets a sideways look at her in settin' up the gear. And each time as I looks I says to myself, "She's *all* right," I says.
>
> Now it so 'appens I'm one o' them as can't abear to see a female by 'erself and me not speak to 'er. It's a kind of unperlite not to speak, and she takes it as such. "Oh," she says to 'erself—any female does—"so I ain't good-lookin' enough to be spoke to, ain't I?" and that makes 'er wild. So just as we'd cast off, and was swingin' slow round by the pier-end, the water bein' at the slack, I got up close

*"Neighbours of Ours," by Henry W. Nevinson. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol, 3s. 6d.)

agen the side, and looks up at 'er, and says quite gentle: "Eh, Miss" (I was goin' to say "My Dear," but some'ow I stuck in "Miss" instead). "Eh, Miss," I says, "it's I wish as you was comin' down the water with me, I do." "I am coming," she says, and steps down on the gunwale as cool as gettin' into a penny 'bus.

The description of the river in the early morning is excellent; too good, in fact, to come from a bargee, notwithstanding the recital of his love story :—

> And often and often, as we was just droppin' up or down with the tide and a gentle draught, all sails set, I've stood at the tiller in the early mornin', and seen the sky and the water all turnin' white with the daylight and maybe a bit of a mist just risin' off the river, and the *Warspite* and *Arethusa* trainin' ships looking big above it, and a gull or two flappin' around to see what they could get, and the sea-birds calling' and pipin' from the mud along the banks, and I've 'eard little sounds of movin' in the cabin under my feet, and I've knowed in myself 'twas she gettin' up and washin' 'erself, and lightin' the fire for our breakfast. And then I've seen the blue smoke comin' out of the little chimbley. And after that she'd slide back the 'atch and put 'er 'ead out so smilin' and clean, for all the world to match the mornin'! But the rest o' the time when she wasn't workin', as she liked to call it, she was mostly layin' aft on the canvas, and at such times I always took the tiller myself, so as to be ready near 'er if wanted. . . . . But all the time she kep' 'erself uncommon quiet, barrin' sometimes of a frosty night I'd 'ear 'er come on deck, and lookin' out I'd see 'er walking up and down, up and down, with nothing but the stars and the river-lights to see, and praps a great furnace flarin' away in the dark with a mouth like 'ell-fire. But somehow she always got kind ot uneasy and unrestin' as soon as ever we put up to London Bridge, and as long as we lay alongside the wharf, she kep' 'erself in the cabin till the evenin'."

Of course the man falls love with his strange passenger, who, however, completely forestalls "The Woman Who Did" by refusing to marry him. The rest of the story is a simple tragedy, told with a natural pathos. At the end the visitor, who has listened so intently to it all, says good-bye and goes home again. He recounts the story to his wife, who is not sentimental.

> Lord! what fools you men make of yerselves with thinkin' this and that! As if the woman wasn't mighty glad to get somewheres to 'ave 'er child in quiet and a fine, strong man workin' to feed 'em both. Lovin' of 'im, indeed! Ger along! Soon as she 'adn't got no more need on 'im she's off, same as anybody else. And serve him right, for bein' such a sorft-'ead. Now, mind *you* don't get 'angin' about no wharves lookin' after artful females! Ladies, indeed! It ain't *that* word I calls 'em!

Another good story is entitled "An Aristocrat of Labour." It concerns the doings of a drunken old reprobate, who lives on his two daughters and their husbands. His lodgings—or rather his one room—

> Was just as small as ever I see one, a reg'lar one-and-sixer, and dear at a shillin'. Bar the bed and an old box where 'e kep' 'is cup and saucer and sugar and off-shirt and towel and blackin' brush and extry socks, there wasn't nothink in it but a big black picture on the wall, showin' an old man in a green coat with a gun in one 'and and a dead bird in the other, and 'e starin' at it as if 'e was fair astonished at 'isself for 'avin' 'it the bird, and 'alf thought it was shammin' dead to 'ave a game with 'im. And runnin' all round was a big frame with flourishes. Solid gold it 'ad been at one time, but now, same as Sister Mary's canary, it 'ad started comin' through the dye.

Although the old man's life is one long loafing, he occasionally has higher aspirations :—

> I ain't 'appy now, let alone bein' good, as 'ad ought to be the natural consequence. I've been a clussy casual all my time, Jacko, but the glory of casuals is vanishin' like a bloomin' 'arf-pint. Take a feller same as you: 'e gets up of a mornin'; 'e 'as 'is bread and butter waiting for 'im, 'cos 'is mother or wife 'as got up fust. Then 'e's got 'is work afore 'im; 'e knows where to go, and 'e goes. Now take me: there ain't no call in partickler for me to get up at all; there ain't no bread and butter waitin' for me, nor no work to think on and curse at, nor no place to go to. It don't make no sort o' diff'rence which way I goes, 'ere or there. I just 'angs about lookin' for a job, and when I stands watchin' the fellers pullin' at the ropes, or carryin' bales, or loadin' up a 'old, strike me, Jacko! there's somethink in my arms fair sets up achin' for the work, same as in a sucklin' mother's breasts when she 'ears 'er baby callin' for 'er. And then, me sittin' idly by, maybe an old mate treats me to somethink; and so it goes on, the drink actin' powerful on an empty belly. And to pass the time away, I starts bettin' agen myself and the barges as goes along, or I plays the old game of settin' two worms on a flagstone and layin' which'll wriggle itself off fust. But there ain't no real business in such things. And as to 'orses and such I still has my fancy, and many's the man as comes to take my advice in layin' a sportsmanlike tanner. But as to me myself—why, what's the good of 'avin' an opinion, if yer ain't prepared to back it."

Mr. Nevinson knows his characters thoroughly, and he has been very fortunate in making them speak. Every now and again we come across an unusual phrase or description that could hardly have been invented, or if it has, the imitation is quite as good as the original. It is a great pity that the author has not put more variety into the work. A little change in the style and treatment of the stories would have been all that is necessary, and the book would then appeal to a much wider circle. As it is, however, there is not an uninteresting story in the book. W. P.

THE COMING RACE.

The towpath between Putney and Hammersmith is crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, from bishops (apparently) to bounders (certainly), all with a fine air of non-expectancy, as if they were merely taking a stroll. Nobody is quite sure what time the crews will be out, yet is afraid to own it lest he should appear a rank outsider.

'Arry. Kymbridge ain't in it this time I tell yer—not but wot I always backs Dark Blue. True Blue's my colour.

A 'Varsity Man (*overhearing*). Rough on Oxford that, isn't it? I can't think why we attract all the cads.

His Friend. They think light blue unbecoming, I fancy. I suppose they are the buttresses of the British constitution, these 'Arries, but I would rather they supported the other side.

'Arry (*to his chum*). Those dowdy chaps college men? Ger long; they ain't 'alf smart enough! Real Oxford men have tasty ideas in ties. Why, I seen 'em myself last August in Oxford.

His Chum (*with a hazy idea of such a thing as the Long Vac.*). I thought the collidges had 'olidays all the 'ot weather.

A Middle-aged Man (*to lady friends*). Why do all the Cambridge crew stand outside on the balcony of the Leander Club? I don't know—makes me tired, that it does.

His Sister (*presumably*). I expect they like to be looked at. Don't think much of them (*puts up her opera glasses and inspects them calmly, at the distance of a narrow road only*). That one by the door's not bad looking.

Middle-aged Man. In my time we were hard at it, reading for the next schools, until a quarter of an hour before the time for a spin. No loafing on balconies in light blue blazers in my time (*scornfully*). You would never have caught me up there (*which, as his appearance suggests no 'Varsity past, save, possibly, as a gyp, or scout, is probably a veracious statement*).

His Sister (*as a smart eight carry down their boat, and start away in excellent style*). Is that Oxford?

Middle-aged Man (*not very convincingly*). Dark blue in stripes? No! That is a Thames club. What duffers! In my time we had just such a crew—a lot of dons, who had been old rowing-men—we called 'em "The Ancient Mariners" (*laughs heartily at the witty anecdote*). I believe they pulled better than that lot. (*The eight in question, a most admirable crew, fade in the distance.*)

His Sister. Let's go round the other side, and look

at the people. I want to see what to wear on the Boat-race day.

'Varsity Man (*who has enjoyed the overheard gossip hugely*). Does she think our people come out for a dress rehearsal to-day?

The Crowd (*as the Cambridge crew are called together, and disappear within the club-house*). They are going to change now. (*Everybody repeats this, as an infinitely shrewd supposition he had just lighted upon.*)

More eights and fours arrive on the course. Steam-launches, with huge advertisements of the sporting papers, puff jauntily up and anchor opposite the landing-stage. Tandems, victorias, and family coaches arrive and pull up on the bank. It is curious to note that only bare feet and rags are adorned with rosettes; a few shop-boys have bits of blue, but all the well-dressed men and women have no hint of blue about them.

Crowd. There they are again! Don't they look funny? (*The balcony is again invaded by the eight, scantily clad, as befits their work. They seem unused to appearing among their lady friends and in full publicity so décolleté—in fact, they blush, especially as regards their legs, to a rosy red.*)

Policeman (*to crowd*). Farther back, please; farther back, please. (*As in place of a narrow lane cleared for the other eights a broad space is opened, from the boat-house to the water. The Bobbies push, and the crowd hold their own in a sort of "King of the Castle" game, which both parties appear to enjoy.*)

The Cambridge Eight go by in dead silence, with an air of the eyes of Europe—or, at least, of Putney—being upon them. In comparison with their stately demeanour the Sphinx herself would look an ogling flirt. They solemnly embark.

The Crowd. That's Cambridge! (*This obvious remark is all they are able to utter, so completely has the 'Varsity nonchalance crushed them.*)

Little Child (*as the boat rows swiftly away*). Is that Cambridge?

Fond Mother (*with a glance at bystanders, lest they should not notice the acute perception of her offspring*). Yes, dear.

Little Child. Where's Oxford? You promised I should see Oxford. Boo-hoo! (*Weeps violently.*)

Fond Mother (*with splendid disregard of truth, points to a lubberly crew of four in a tub*). That's Oxford, dear.

Little Child (*brightening up*). Then I'm for Cambridge.

Well-informed Youth. Yes, that little chap's the coxswain. My brother knew him at Christ Church.

Better-informed Youth. At "the House?"—how funny. How is it he's Cambridge now?

Well-informed Youth (*hastily*). I mean the fellow who just passed in a dark blue sweater. By the way, let's go on and see the Oxford men. (*Hopes his friend knows where their boathouse may be, as he has no notion.*)

Better-informed Youth. All right, lead the way, old boy. I have never been here before in race week.

Elderly Clergyman (*looking like a rather rural dean*). Surprised to see me here (*chuckles*). Why I always come. I pulled in the University Eight in '53—we made record time. Dear me, it seems only a year or two ago; we did not draw such crowds then nor did we have the Press steamboats after us. Yet, somehow, despite the gratification one cannot help feeling to see how the race has attracted the British public, I think I like the purely inter-Collegiate rivalry best.

'Arry (*who has not overheard the above*). Wonder wot that old bloke's a doin' of here? I guess he's the chap as told his congregation to be like the Oxford men and keep their eyes on the winnin' post all thro' the race. Parsons are bloomin' duffers, ain't they, Bill?

Bill (*who did overhear it*). Stow that, old boy. That bloke rowed in the race once, he says.

'Arry. Good old Ananias. Likely they'd let a parson row, ain't it? Come along, let's get a boat and have some larks. We had a bloomin' spree lars week; got right in front of a race, and bossed their bloomin' show for 'em. Lor', how they did cus and swear; had to stop it, and declare all bets off. I larfed until I nearly doubled up. Lor', how I did larf.

Bill. Didn't they run yer in?

'Arry. Who are you a gettin' at? Run me in! Why I had as much right there as them. Come on.

Old Clergyman (*making way for 'Arry and Bill*). I like to see these young men, evidently enjoying their brief half holiday, so keenly interested in boating. It is a fine manly sympathy.

His Companion. I fear their interest is chiefly sporting.

Voice from Centre of Crowd. Pop it down, gents, pop it down. A penny gives you a sixpence, every time. Give you change for a shilling, if you haven't any coppers. Now then, pop it down, gents.

Voice from Another Crowd. My mite, the comin' champion, that lad wots lying down, with this stone on his nakid chest. Now, gents, I will stand on it, and break it with this, and then break the pieces on my 'ed. No, gents (*tugging at his well-greased fringe*), I ain't got no pad, no blooming wadding on my nut. You will say as how it's a good thing, gents, and then go away, so my mite and I asks you to shell out a few coppers 'fore we begin.

Oxford dashes by—with a murmur of applause from the crowd—who evidently are chiefly Dark Blue. All begin to move homewards.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL
Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 74. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

XI.

In re WROTTESLEY.

MR. BALTHAZZAR was guided by a very simple rule in forming his judgment of the actions and motives of his fellow-men. For him nothing was noble or sacred; he was cynically sceptical of virtue in any shape, and regarded an honourable reputation as a convenient cloak of hypocrisy. He therefore always took the lowest view of humanity, without respect to persons, firmly believing that the best of us is capable of the vilest wickedness if the temptation is only strong enough. It is a humiliating truism that the pure-minded are the most easily deceived, and the converse was proved by Mr. Balthazzar's almost unerring perspicuity. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to relate at least one instance in which his uncanny sort of cleverness caused him to over-reach himself.

The porter sent word up to me one afternoon, when Mr. Balthazzar happened to be out, that a client in the waiting-room was growing very impatient, and wished to speak to someone at once. I went downstairs, and found a fussy elderly gentleman, who announced that he was Dr. Wrottesley, of Harley Street. He complained aggressively that he had been kept waiting for nearly an hour, and that his business was of a very urgent and pressing nature.

"I expect Mr. Balthazzar back every moment, sir," was all I could say.

"H'm! It is annoying! Most annoying!" he exclaimed, fidgeting about and looking at his watch. "I have patients to attend to. I suppose you are in your master's confidence?"

"I am authorised to take instructions from clients when he is out," I replied.

"Then I will tell you what I've come about—you can report to your master, and I will call again later. The fact is," he said, lowering his voice, "that my poor brother, the Rev. Stephen Wrottesley, rector of Chilworth, in Suffolk, mysteriously disappeared from his house on Saturday last, and has not since been heard of."

"What are the facts, sir?" I inquired.

"Well, there are no facts—absolutely none," said Dr. Wrottesley irritably. "About half-past five o'clock last Saturday evening, just after dark, my brother left his house. From that day to this no trace of him has been discovered."

"Did no one see him go out?"

"Nobody. He had tea with his family, and went into his study to finish his sermon for the next day. Half an hour later, a servant, in passing through the hall, saw my brother in the act of taking down his hat from the hat-stand."

"Nobody called?"

"No, but he was in the habit of going in and out of the house at all times on his parochial duties. He never returned, nobody met him in the village or elsewhere, and he has never been seen since."

This was the whole story, and it is unnecessary to de-

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tail our conversation further. The missing gentleman had led the simple life of a country clergyman; had been rector of his parish for nearly thirty years; was universally beloved and respected; and, having considerable private means, was in easy circumstances. His family consisted of a wife and seven children; his eldest son was at Cambridge, two were at public schools, and the four youngest were being educated at home. Inquiries had been set on foot, the police had been called in, the district had been searched for miles round, and in desperation Dr. Wrottesley had come to take the advice and opinion of Mr. Balthazzar.

The doctor had just concluded his narrative when my principal returned, and invited him up into his private room. I returned to my work, wondering what assistance Mr. Balthazzar could render in such a case as this. The conclusion I came to, in thinking the matter over, was that the reverend gentleman had wandered off under the influence of a sudden attack of mental aberration, and would probably soon be found. Instances of the same kind of eccentricity have frequently occurred, and such mysterious disappearances rarely remain unexplained for long.

I was naturally curious to know what Mr. Balthazzar had to say about it, but I did not see him again that day. He left the office early, and did not return while I was there, and it was not until the following afternoon that I had an opportunity of speaking to him. I then, seeing that he was in a good humour, ventured to inquire what had transpired at his interview with Dr. Wrottesley.

"By-the-bye, yes," said Mr. Balthazzar, in his off-hand manner, picking up a telegram from the table. "I wanted to speak to you about that. You know the facts?"

"Dr. Wrottesley told me while he was waiting for you," I replied.

"H'm! Yes. The less he talks about it the better," rejoined Mr. Balthazzar, glancing at the telegram, and handing it to me. "I've just received this from Sharpe. See what he says."

Sharpe was a private detective whom Mr. Balthazzar employed a good deal in secret business; a reliable sort of man for watching and tracing people, but no conjurer. The telegram which had been dispatched from Colchester, ran thus:—

"Lady arrived here Sunday morning. Met gentleman station afternoon, and both on to Lowestoft. Follow. Address Post Office, Lowestoft."

"What does it mean, sir?" I inquired rather blankly.

"He met the lady by appointment at Colchester—easily accessible from his home—on Sunday, and went on with her to Lowestoft. Sharpe follows," said Mr. Balthazzar impatiently.

"The Rev. Mr. Wrottesley did!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Didn't the brother tell you about the nursery governess?" said Mr. Balthazzar, with a grin. "The idiot never mentioned her to me till I questioned him. Of course, in all these cases, it is usually one of two things, drink or a lady."

"But the rector was a married man with a family," I remarked foolishly enough.

"Yes, but even married men with families sometimes make fools of themselves," said Mr. Balthazzar, sneeringly. "The Rev. Wrottesley bore an irreproachable character—except perhaps to his wife."

"His brother didn't mention anything of that kind," I exclaimed.

"No, the idea never occurred to him. He knew, however, that the nursery governess—a Miss Vincent, too attractive, no doubt—left abruptly a few days before the rector's disappearance, in consequence of a difference of opinion with Mrs. Wrottesley. The doctor didn't know what it was all about. I guessed, and immediately sent Sharpe off to trace the young lady. The result, you see," added Mr. Balthazzar, nodding complacently at the telegram.

"He doesn't say the gentleman was Mr. Wrottesley, sir," I remarked, referring to the message.

Mr. Balthazzar laughed scornfully. "It never does to be misled by appearances, Millicent. Nobody would imagine that this highly respectable-looking Church dignitary would do anything wrong, eh?" he said, producing an envelope from a drawer, and handing me a photograph.

It was that of a middle-aged clergyman, tall, well-preserved, with grey hair and whiskers, and regular features. Though I felt rather shamefaced beneath Mr. Balthazzar's scoffing gaze, I could not help taking seriously the words which he uttered ironically, for it seemed to me that the portrait revealed a frank and benevolent countenance, precluding any idea of vice or deceit.

"You seem very much impressed by the gentleman's appearance," interposed Mr. Balthazzar, while I gazed at the photograph. "Do you see any resemblance to anyone you know?"

"In this portrait?" I exclaimed, startled by his significant tone.

"Yes; look again! It strikes me, Millicent, not wishing to flatter, that, with the aid of Wilkinson, the costumier, who will also supply you with a complete clerical outfit—you might make up uncommonly like the Rev. Stephen Wrottesley," said Mr. Balthazzar, briskly.

"There is a likeness, certainly, allowing for difference of age and station," I replied, not knowing whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest.

"The reverend gentlemen will doubtless call it Providential, since it will be the means of restoring him to his family and saving his reputation," said Mr. Balthazzar, resuming his business tone and manner. "You needn't have any scruples, man," he added, impatiently, as my expression doubtless betrayed reluctance; "you will be masquerading in a good cause—in the cause of truth and virtue."

"What do you want me to do, sir?" I inquired, uneasily.

"To assist in proving an alibi. I'll give you a letter to Sharpe," he said, sitting down and beginning to write, evidently carried away by a sudden idea.

"I am to go down to Lowestoft?"

"Yes—at once! What about trains?"

"There is one at five o'clock," I said, after looking at a Bradshaw, while Mr. Balthazzar scribbled on.

"It isn't four o'clock yet. Jump into a cab, and drive straight to Wilkinson's. You will just have time to get 'made up' and to catch that train. I'll wire to Sharpe to meet you at the station. Here is the photograph and the letter. Now, be off," said Mr. Balthazzar in his peremptory way.

"But, sir, supposing I am recognised on the journey

—I mean, in consequence of my disguise? The police and the railway officials are probably on the look-out," I suggested, not by any means relishing the mission.

"That is your business," replied Mr. Balthazzar, with a laugh. "You must contrive not to be recognised. The affair hasn't got into the papers yet, so I don't think you have anything to fear."

This was all the comfort I could get out of him; it was not his custom to show consideration for the feelings of his clerks. He exacted implicit obedience to instructions, and was completely indifferent to any trouble, embarrassment, or anxiety they entailed upon others. He was an easy-going and indulgent master in some respects, but he resented the smallest hesitation or reluctance in carrying out his orders, however unpalatable they might be.

I therefore did not venture to argue with him, and, indeed, I had no leisure to represent my vague misgivings. I took the letter and the photograph, and within little more than an hour I reached Liverpool Street Station, so excellently disguised in clerical habiliments, with a grey wig and side whiskers, that the costumier, with an artist's pride in his handiwork, had declared that I was more like the portrait than the Rev. Stephen Wrottesley could possibly have been.

Joking apart, my accidental resemblance to the missing gentleman had been so accentuated by Mr. Wilkinson's skill and by the garb I wore that I was quite startled when I beheld the reflection of myself in a looking-glass, and the fact did not tend to reassure me. I was haunted by the fear of being accosted by the police or by someone who knew the Rev. Stephen, and that prospect, ludicrous as it may now appear, was by no means satisfactory to me at the time. It would have placed me in an awkward and humiliating position, even if no harm came of it, and would have completely frustrated Mr. Balthazzar's scheme, for which he would not have failed to blame me.

I had taken the precaution to equip myself at Mr. Wilkinson's with a long ulster coat and a soft felt hat, which, at a pinch, would possibly have enabled me to elude a too inquiring gaze, and I also carried, in a small valise, my own clothes, in case unforeseen circumstances should render it advisable for me to resume my personality. Fortunately, the Lowestoft train, at that time of year, carried a very few passengers, and I was lucky enough to travel the whole journey in an empty compartment. I attracted no attention, apparently, from the guards or railway officials, and by the time I reached my destination the only discomfort I was acutely sensible of was cold and weariness.

I arrived at Lowestoft at about half-past eight o'clock on a winter's evening, in the midst of a raging storm of rain and wind, so that there were few loiterers at the station, and my fellow-passengers were too anxious about getting under shelter as quickly as possible to take any notice of me. But the deserted aspect of the terminus soon revealed to me a totally unforeseen embarrassment—the detective Sharpe, upon whom I had relied for future guidance, was nowhere to be seen! I lingered about as long as I dared, both inside and outside the station, until it was obvious that, unless I wished to attract particular observation, I had better move off.

I REQUESTED TO BE CONDUCTED TO A PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM.

This I accordingly did, and, remembering that Sharpe had requested messages to be sent to him at the post-office, I made the best of my way there in the blinding rain to ascertain if he had received Mr. Balthazzar's wire. To my consternation I learned from the clerks that a telegram, evidently Mr. Balthazzar's, awaited him unclaimed. It was obvious, therefore, that Sharpe was not likely to come to my assistance; probably he had left the town in pursuit of the fugitives; and as I had no means of gaining tidings of him or communicating with him, I was thrown absolutely upon my own resources. I felt no scruple, under these circumstances, about opening Mr. Balthazzar's letter to him; but though it contained suggestions of an ingenious scheme for smuggling the Rev. Stephen up to London, while I played the rôle of a sort of Will-o'-the-wisp about the country, there was nothing in it to aid me in the present emergency.

The only thing I could do was to telegraph at once to Mr. Balthazzar, explaining my predicament, and asking for instructions. But this step—which, of course, I took immediately—did not dispose of my uneasiness; for though Mr. Balthazzar, in those days, had residential chambers over the offices, the chances were that he would be out. He rarely dined at home, and if I received an answer to my message at all, it probably would not be for an hour or two.

Meanwhile, I was completely at a loss to dispose of myself. There was no knowing what harm I might do to Mr. Balthazzar's schemes by attracting public attention in the guise of the Rev. Stephen Wrottesley. I could not walk the streets or perambulate the sea-front for an indefinite time in the midst of a blizzard till I received Mr. Balthazzar's instructions; and, go where I would for shelter, I could hardly fail to arouse idle curiosity. I hurried from the post-office with these perplexing thoughts revolving in my mind, and inwardly anathematising Mr. Balthazzar's promptness of action which had landed me in such a disagreeable fix.

I hardly know what I had resolved to do when I issued forth again into the deserted storm-swept streets; but it was something involving self-sacrifice and discomfort, because I was conscious of backsliding when I turned into the doorway of a quiet little hotel, which I presently happened to pass. The fact was that the wind and the rain and the cold had rendered me desperate, and I yielded to a sudden impulse when, regardless for the moment of consequences, I burst into the vestibule of the "Royal Blue" hostelry, and stood panting and blinking in the genial brightness of gas and firelight.

Before I could realise it a waiter had pounced upon me and removed my dripping ulster, and I stood revealed in my clergyman's attire. This had the happiest effect upon the waiter and the young lady at the bar, who overwhelmed me with obsequious attentions which my supposed age and calling elicited; but it also caused me to remember the necessity for caution. I requested gravely to be conducted to a private sitting-room, and was presently ushered into a snug apartment on the first floor, with bedroom adjoining.

"Are there any guests staying in the house?" I inquired, warming my hands at the grateful blaze which soon began to leap up the chimney.

"No, sir, not to speak of," said the waiter, coughing behind his hand. He was a solemn, elderly man with thin wisps of grey sidelocks, brushed carefully across his bald head, and a dejected, deferential aspect.

"I suppose there is nobody but myself," I remarked, laughing.

"Well, sir, you might say so, except for a commercial gent or two," the waiter replied, eying me with rather more attention than I cared for. "Did you say dinner at once, sir?" he added.

"Yes, immediately," I replied sharply, to get rid of him.

The man hurried from the room. I turned with some anxiety to the looking-glass, to see if there was anything in my appearance to cause suspicion. I was relieved to find that in spite of my long journey and the boisterous weather, my make-up was as fresh and effective as when I had issued from Mr. Wilkinson's sanctum, and I was again almost startled by the metamorphosis I had undergone. Nevertheless, I deemed it prudent to lower the gas a little, and also to assume a pair of spectacles by way of further disguise. I concluded that the waiter's obtrusive stare had been due to nothing more than the ill manners of his class, and upon the whole I felt easy in my mind, for the hotel seemed quiet and respectable, and it was in the last degree improbable that the Rev. Stephen Wrottesley—the rector of a remote village in Suffolk—would be known and recognised in an obscure Lowestoft inn.

In a very short time the table was spread with a welcome repast to which I was prepared to do ample justice, but I still could not help thinking that the waiter manifested an undue interest in me. I caught him glancing at me sideways when he believed he was unobserved, and I was half-inclined to resent his impertinence. Instead of appearing to notice it, however, I said with assumed carelessness, after he had finished handing me the dishes—

"You can go round to the post-office for me, waiter?"

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," he replied with alacrity.

"I want you to go yourself, because I expect an important telegram, and there mustn't be any mistake. You will be back before I have finished."

"Yes, sir, only just round the corner, sir. What name, sir?" he added quickly.

"The telegram may not have arrived, but, if not, you can give my address and ask that it may be sent on here," I said. "Mr. Millicent is my name."

"Yes, sir, the Rev. Mr. Millicent?" said the man.

"H'm! My friend may omit the reverend. Millicent is the name, at all events; and you may remind the clerk at the post-office that I called and sent off a telegram about half an hour ago," I replied, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Very well, sir. Certainly, sir. I'll go at once, sir," said the waiter, as he disappeared from the room.

I rather congratulated myself upon this manœuvre, by which I had secured privacy during my meal, and had satisfied any curiosity the man may have felt regarding my identity. It had seemed to me that the waiter had manifested something akin to relief or satisfaction on learning who I was, and though this idea was probably due to sheer nervousness on my part, I was none the less pleased at having removed any vague suspicion that he may have entertained.

I therefore ate my dinner—or supper—with an excellent appetite, and was wise enough to refrain from the temptation to do equal justice to a capital bottle of claret. I drank enough, however, to completely restore my self-confidence, and it was well perhaps that I did so, for I was fated to undergo a rather startling ordeal, which I had little anticipated.

Just as I had finished my meal, and was drawing my chair up to the fire with the intention of enjoying a quiet smoke, the waiter returned with a telegram in his hand. I would have preferred to have opened it in private, but as it would have seemed unnatural for me to have delayed doing so while the man was occupied in clearing the table, I undid the envelope and read as follows:—

"Missing man found dead. Return immediately."

I suppressed a startled exclamation, but could not help rising to my feet in excitement. It was a grimly ludicrous situation for anyone to be placed in. Here was I, skilfully disguised to represent the Rev. Stephen Wrottesley, while the unfortunate gentleman was lying dead! Apart from something gruesome in the idea, which shocked my sense of decency, the suspicion that the waiter might have known the deceased by sight and fancied he recognised him in me, was increased at this very moment by my again catching the man's eye fixed upon me. I was seized with a sort of panic; and since it would have been manifestly impossible for me to have abandoned the disguise under the roof of the Royal Blue hotel, I immediately resolved to make an excuse to leave at once

"Waiter," I said, as I crushed the telegram in my hand, "I am sorry to say I have received news which compels me to return at once."

"Last train for London has gone, sir," replied the man glancing at the clock.

"I am not going to London," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," said the waiter, in a tone which seemed to imply that he was not surprised.

"I must go to—to Yarmouth," I said in desperation, as I looked at my watch.

"Very well, sir. Yarmouth. Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," said the waiter, rather knowingly, as I thought.

"I'm sorry I can't stay to-night as I intended. Let me have my bill at once, please, and—and—my overcoat," I added impatiently, remembering with annoyance that I had allowed it to be carried down into the kitchen to dry.

"Very well, sir. D'rectly, sir," replied the waiter. "Time-table, sir? On the sideboard there."

As the man vanished I hurried into the bedroom adjoining to fetch my valise, which, fortunately, I had not unpacked. A glance at the time-table showed me that I might just succeed in catching the last train to Yarmouth. Not that I wanted to go there, but my only desire was to get away from the hotel, so that I might have an opportunity of discarding my clerical garb and my assumed aspect in some secluded place; but the excuse of wishing to catch a train would enable me to hurry away without exciting remark.

"YOU RECOGNISE ME, DON'T YOU?"

My impulse was to rush down at once into the hall below, but I thought it better to wait where I was till the waiter brought my ulster, in case, without precaution, I might be recognised as the Rev. Stephen by loungers at the bar. I therefore restrained my impatience as best I could, and while I was standing in front of the fireplace, with the valise in my hand, I heard a light footstep on the landing outside; the door, which was ajar, was gently pushed open, and a young lady walked timidly into the room.

I glanced at her unconcernedly, thinking that she had mistaken my apartment for her own, but it was evident from her manner that this was not so. She was young and pretty—a lady, unmistakably; and she advanced with an agitated air, her blue eyes dimmed with tears and her hands outstretched supplicatingly.

"I knew it was you, from the waiter's description, in spite—in spite of the name. Won't you—won't you speak to me, Mr. Wrottesley?" she added, pausing, and looking frightened at my perplexed stare.

"What do you want here?" I gasped.

"You recognise me, don't you, Mr. Wrottesley? The—the light is low, but—but you knew me as Ada Vincent; now I am your son's wife! Oh! will you forgive us? We were married on Monday, and have been here ever since. Are—are you ill, Mr. Wrottesley?" she added, doubtless puzzled and alarmed by my constrained manner.

"You have made a mistake," I murmured, with a desperate glance at the door.

"We have been very wicked, but—but we love one another so! Oh! Mr. Wrottesley! Do not be hard upon poor Charlie! Have—have you seen him?" she added tearfully.

"No," I said, shortly.

"He received a telegram this morning from Cambridge — saying that — that something had happened at the Rectory. He went on at once—and—and so you have missed him! Oh! Mr. Wrottesley, is there anything I can say or do to atone for our disobedience? I heard you were leaving—doubtless you came in search of him—and I could not let you go without imploring you — upon my knees——"

The young lady fell at my feet as she spoke, and endeavoured to grasp my hand; but the action roused me to my senses. The only course open to me was ignoble flight. I felt that any attempt at explanation would be useless, and I thought I heard the waiter's footstep hurrying up the stairs. Tearing myself away from the agitated girl, I made a desperate rush towards the door, but before I could reach it it was thrown open from without, and my passage was barred by a young man who stood upon the threshold. I instinctively shrank back to avoid being struck by the door as it swung, and stood for an instant against the wall, concealed from his view.

It was easy to perceive that the stranger was the dead man's son, the husband of the newly-wedded wife. He had evidently just returned from a journey, and his

face was pale and drawn, showing traces of poignant emotion. Directly he appeared the poor girl ran towards him, and he caught her in his arms.

"What is the matter, dearest?" he exclaimed, apprehensively, as she clung to him.

"Look! Your father is here!" she said, pointing towards me.

"My father!" ejaculated the young man, in a startled voice; and then, turning round, in obedience to his wife's gesture, he beheld me standing there.

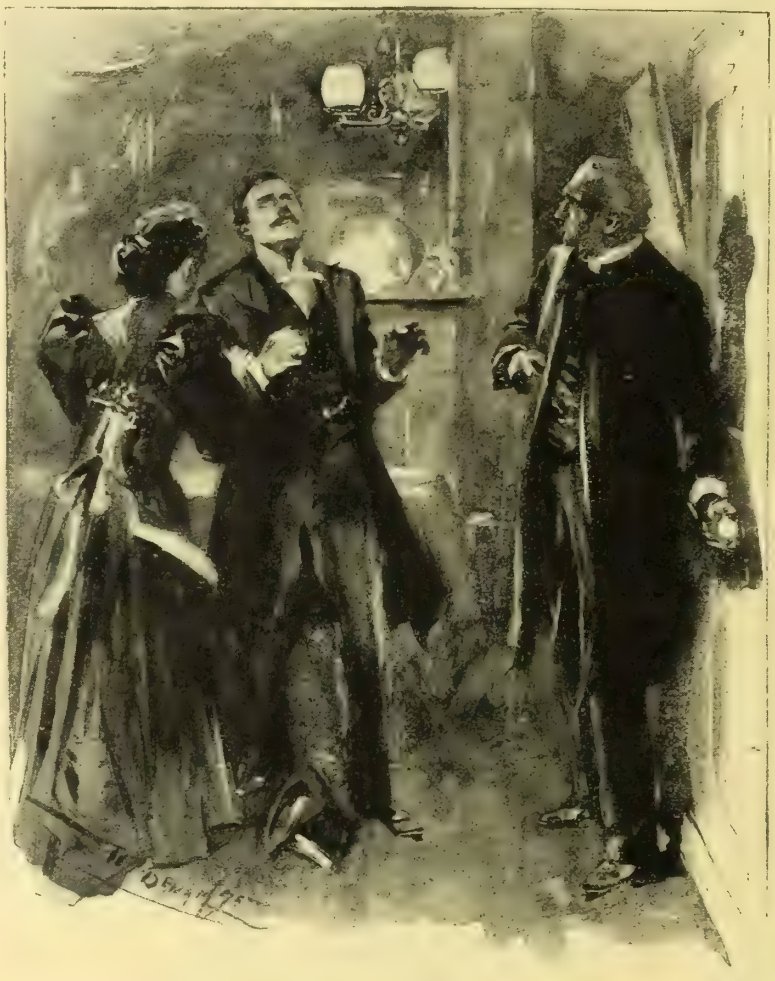
Till my dying day I shall never forget the awful shock which the poor young man experienced. Doubtless his nerves had already been shaken by the news of his father's death, and at the sight of me he seemed literally paralysed with horror. His face turned an ashen grey, his eyes nearly started out of his head, and he began to tremble violently in every limb.

"Father!" he gasped in a startled whisper, as he staggered backwards.

"Charlie! What ails you?" cried his terrified wife.

"Father!" he cried shrilly, shrinking back. "Father? speak to me! Say—say you forgive me! Forgive me! O my God! It is he!"

His knees seemed suddenly to give way under him, and he fell helplessly into a chair. It all happened almost in one instant, and the next I found myself racing down the staircase, overwhelmed with shame and vexation, and conscious that the unhappy victim had fainted away in his wife's arms. The young lady's shrieks resounded through the hotel, causing a great commotion, in the midst of which I snatched my hat and coat from the startled waiter, threw down a sovereign in discharge of my bill, and rushed out into the street. What happened after I left I never knew; doubtless, the poor young man, on recovering his senses, was soon persuaded that the supposed apparition was a living person, and that his alarm had been due to the agitated condition of his nerves; at all events, I reached the railway-station unmolested, and arrived at Yarmouth in due course without further adventure.



HE STAGGERED BACKWARDS.

During the journey I took advantage of being alone between two stations to divest myself of the wig and false whiskers, and to make a quick change of dress; and ever after I steadfastly refused to personate another person, living or dead. I have never forgiven myself for the cruel deception I innocently practised upon young Mr. Wrottesley at a time when he was overwhelmed with filial grief, which was no doubt intensified by natural remorse resulting from the circumstances of his marriage, though I had the satisfaction of hearing, not long afterwards, that the young man had completely recovered his health and spirits.

For the rest, I returned to town the next day, and there heard that Sharpe, the detective, had only discovered the address of the young couple at Lowestoft after considerable difficulty and then not until young Wrottesley had left the place. Sharpe never seems to have realised that it was the son, and not the father, who had accompanied Miss Vincent from Colchester, until, following up a clue he obtained in Lowestoft as to the destination of the young lady's companion, he found himself at Chilworth, where he learnt that the body of the rector had just been discovered in a deep pond near the church. It was surmised that the reverend gentleman, returning home by a short cut in the dark, had met his untimely end through accident.

Mr. Balthazzar was excessively annoyed with Sharpe, the more especially as the latter pointed out that he had never been furnished with a proper description of the missing man, and was not, therefore, to blame. He was annoyed with me also; but then he was always annoyed with everybody but himself when his own perspicuity was at fault, as in this case.

"What a fool you must have looked, Millicent," was his only comment when I related my tragic adventure to him.

"I felt a fool, sir—and worse," I said, bitterly.

AN "OSCAR WILDE" FIRST-NIGHT.

The house is densely packed. The regular first-nighters, of course; reinforced by suburbans, who remember with gratitude that, if snubbed by their hero, he has never forgotten their existence. From above the eager audience picks out celebrities in the stalls, and makes not a few bad shots in identifying them.

Elderly Female (*in front row of the upper-circle*). I wish I knew who that is in the Royal box. I cannot remember their faces, although one ought to know their names perfectly well.

Her Right-hand Neighbour (*a golden-haired youth*): I say, do you see Lord Reggie below? I hope he won't see me up here.

His Friend. Don't fear, old chappie, he didn't recognise you in the Burlington Arcade last week; you told me he was very short-sighted—so there is no fear.

Golden-haired Youth. Oscar is really the most perfect poet of our time. I expect this play will be a dainty idyll.

His Friend. A Johnnie who is in the know told me all about it; he says it beats *Nita's First*, it is all about a baby in a black bag.

Golden-haired Youth (*shocked*). No! Oscar would never write about babies. Babies are so hideously moral.

His Friend. Oh, shut up that rot. Anybody can make paradoxes now. You just say "A mouse in pattens catches no cat," and it's done.

Golden-haired Youth. Yes; I suppose all you can see in them is something of that sort.

Elderly Female. There is Mr. Bancroft, and there's Harry Furniss and Oswald Craufurd. That's Haddon Chambers there, close by Sir Augustus Harris. How nice to see people one knows so well!

A Faded Female (*on her left*). Are they all actors? I seem to have heard of them before.

Elderly Female (*who writes for a penny monthly fashion magazine*). Really, Maria, you must not say such things here. My position as critic brings me in touch with them all.

Golden-Haired Youth. I mean to write down the epigrams. They are so useful for five o'clock teas. People always think they are your own.

His Friend. What funny *people* you must know.

Algernon (*in the stalls*) (*to Cecil*). I almost wish we had worn green carnations to-night, Cecil!

Cecil (*better informed*). What, after that book? No, Algernon; "As the sun colours life, so art colours flowers," but that colour is quite out of fashion now.

Algernon. I don't know! I think the only way to be really in the fashion is to appear to be out of it. It would have been much more subtle to have worn them as a protest against that stupid novel.

Cecil (*sententiously*). The way to be extraordinary is to be commonplace—like the American minister, who, when all the other ambassadors were covered with stars, appeared with only his flag wrapped round him. To be singular is to be undistinguished.

Algernon (*irritated*). Bradshaw itself might sound like an epigram, did you say. Only the 9.45 train starts at a quarter to ten. Do drop trying to be witty.

(*The curtain rises on a comic footman, named Lane.*)

Cecil. How original to open a play like all farces open, and instead of with something that had never been done before. Plagiarism is the mother of invention.

Algernon. It *is* going to be funny after all.

Cecil (*nervously*). Oh, no! Not funny. That is always vulgar. Only the suburbs laugh at Oscar's wit; wise people accept it as real philosophy.

Very New Woman (*at the close of the first act*). Nobody seems to have a past so far.

Very New Man (*her chaperone*). Pasts are not worn this season. Evidently double lives are coming in instead.

Very New Woman. You mean we shall have to become district visitors and Sunday-school teachers on the sly. What a livid ideal! But it is wrong to exhaust the flavour of virtue so easily. That should be kept for old age.

Very New Man. Then *you* would never know it (*conscious that his intended compliment has gone wrong*). I mean it would be left entirely for men.

Very New Woman (*roguishly*). I sometimes fear men are much more virtuous than we imagine. (*Curtain drops.*)

(*The suburban visitors roar with delight, but then grow calm as they reflect that this is not what they paid their shilling for, but a really Gilbertian topsy-turvy fancy.*)

Algernon. I was right, it is awfully funny, and there is a baby.

Cecil. That is merely a foil to the story coming—one sees clearly the key of tragedy was sounded. Did you not notice "Ernest's" grim voice when he invented the preposterous story of his adoption, just to see what "Lady Bracknell" would say.

Algernon (*obtusely*). Rose Leclercq is always good. I like old women. (*The second act grows more hilarious.*)

Old-fashioned Person. This is very good fooling—I really like it. It should finish the reign of the paradox.

A Philistine. Don't talk of them, they make me sick. I never could see the fun of them (*which is quite true*). I could make dozens myself if I wished to (*which is a fallacy*), but it is too easy.

Old-fashioned Person. I don't quite see what is left for the third act.

A Philistine. Third acts are for the "third-class" people in the pit and gallery—(*chuckles to himself*).

Old-fashioned Person (*aghast*). Did you intend that for an epigram?

A Philistine (*diffidently*). Oh! no, a new impromptu.

Old-fashioned Person. Which like most impromptus will be often repeated no doubt.

A Philistine (*dazzled by his success*). Yes, a mouse gives birth to a mountain sometimes.

Old-fashioned Person. Have you had the influenza lately? I know it leaves distressing symptoms.

Cecil (*with disgust*). Why here is the black bag, and more bally talk. It may be clever of Oscar to beard Philistia in its stronghold—but hardly worthy of him (*sadly*) or us.

Algernon (*choking with laughter*). This is too killing—I foresee we shall all suddenly discover *Cox and Box* to be the masterpiece of the stage.

Very New Woman. So they jeer at the woman with a past, do they? That looks as if the tide had turned.

Very New Man. Just as we had taken such pains to hunt out nice second-hand skeletons to put in our cupboards, if we had none there already.

Cecil. I don't see why they laughed at that, "After a woman had been a French dressmaker six months her own husband didn't know her; and six months after nobody knew her."

Algernon. No, dear boy, you wouldn't. By Jove, the thing is immensely good.

Cecil. You may see its comic side, that would appeal to you, but depend upon it it is really subtle and tragic. Oscar never jokes.

Algernon. Nor puns. Look at the title of this play, for instance.

Cecil. (*As the audience recalls "Oscar! Oscar!" to be told "that immediately after your kind reception the author left the house."*) That was subtle of him (*brightening up*). I knew he had a surprise in store for us. *Goes out happy.*

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—Do you like the fashionable bishop sleeve? I forget if you had any of your trousseau gowns made with them. I do not like them at all. The loose part of them above the wrists seems to dip into everything, and if in a light-coloured material catches up the dust and soon gets soiled. I bought a blouse with these sleeves the other day, and have just spent half an hour in making them taut and trim as far as above the elbow. I have done it so cleverly! I wish you could see them. I have arranged the fulness in a wide box-pleat, fastening it firmly to the lining, and hiding my rather amateurish stitchery with a broad band of jet.

Jim's wife has brought a most perfect little walking dress home from Paris with her. The skirt is gauffered green crêpon, and the bodice is figured silk in the same shade. A pointed collar of the new open-work grass lawn covers the shoulders, and the tight part of the sleeves from elbow to wrist. Bands of black satin ribbon come from the seams under the arms, and tie in a big, bountiful bow on the chest. The waist is quite round, a fashion which suits Evelyn's tall, slight figure. It is defined by a plainly-folded band of the black ribbon, hooked at the back under an upward loop and two downward ones.

PARIS COSTUME.

And the most becoming touch of all is the folded collar of rose-coloured velvet. With this sweet frock Evelyn wears a toque made of the new mohair straw in the same shade of rose-pink as the velvet, crinkled in little waves above the face. It has a black straw crown and is trimmed with knots of black satin ribbon and pink and black wings.

"What do you think of it?" you ask, about the width of skirts. Well, I trotted round to the dressmaker this morning to find out all about them for you, and here is the net result, cleared of a small river of desultory talk thrown in gratis by my informant. Bell skirts measure four and a half yards round the hem, and the very full ones are five or six yards round. In ordering a dress length one has to consider whether the bodice is to be made of it, or only skirt and sleeves, and if the latter, nine to eleven yards will do, according to the dimensions of the proposed wearer. This is for wide woollen materials. For a silk gown, bodice included, the requisite length would be from fourteen yards to eighteen.

A rather pretty bodice I saw the other day was planned after a novel fashion. The skirt was made of purple satin cloth and the front and back of the bodice in the same, together with outspreading pieces over the shoulders, bordered with jet. This all looked like a small spencer or plastron added on over an under-bodice of yellow broché, showing under the arms and in the large, puffed sleeves. Yellow velvet, sewn over with jet sequins, formed the collar, and the skirt was lined with yellow—a lovely dress for a dark-haired girl, but oh! how careful one has to be with these shades of purple. They play on the complexion such terrible tricks, turning it a horrid, thick-looking yellow, and taking all the clearness out of the eyes.

I like a nice, neat collar-band, don't you? Large, flaring ends standing out at either side are very ugly, though the height of the fashion. They give a fat, unwieldy look to the neck that is suggestive of a decided lack of refinement.

Everyone agrees that the favourite colour of the coming season will be blue, navy to start with, the paler tones coming in later when the weather brightens.

Cornflower, periwinkle, and plumbago blues will all be very extensively patronised. When summer comes the sleeves of outdoor dresses will reach only to the elbows, and there end in waterfalls of lace, the most becoming finish a sleeve can have.

We were looking in at a shop window where beaded ornaments are sold, and admired very much the graceful designs of some of them. One, in steel beads, formed seven points in front. The longest, in the centre, reached down to the waist, and at either side of it three

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"**SANITAS**"—"Valuable Antiseptic and Disinfectant."—*Times.*

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The LIST of APPLICATIONS will CLOSE at or before Twelve o'clock on WEDNESDAY, the 3rd of April, 1895, both for Town and Country.

This Company has secured the rights—To prospect over certain blocks of Freehold Property in Western Australia belonging to the Hampton Plains Estate, Limited, and to purchase a block to be selected. The blocks contain areas varying from 7,000 to 13,000 acres. To further prospect over upwards of 114,000 acres of Freehold Lands of the Hampton Plains Estate, Limited, and to take up mining claims thereon. To purchase the Orient Mine, near Coolgardie, W.A., with its valuable water catchment. To purchase Gold Mining Leases comprising about 30 acres adjoining the Orient Mine.

HAMPTON GOLD FIELDS, Limited,

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

CAPITAL £100,000, in 100,000 Shares of £1 each.

The LONDON and WEST AUSTRALIAN SYNDICATE, Limited, INVITE APPLICATIONS for 45,000 SHARES at par, payable 2s. 6d. on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, 5s. two months after allotment, and the balance in calls not exceeding 5s. each as required, but at intervals of not less than three months. The shares may be paid up in full at any time, and will rank for dividend upon the amount paid. 45,000 shares are appropriated for providing working capital as required, of which 20,000 shares are reserved for future issue.

DIRECTORS:

RT. HON. THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE, K.C.M.G., (Chairman).
ERNEST C. HAINES (Messrs. Haines, Batchelor & Co.), Cannon Street, E.C.
*R. HERBERT LAPAGE, M.I.C.E., Director of the West Australian Gold Fields, Ltd., and of the Hampton Lands and Railway Syndicate, Ltd.
LIEUT.-COL. W. OUGHTON-GILES, Ravensbury, Ascot.
S. D. STONEHAM, Director of the Mount Margaret "Reward" Claim, Ltd.
* Will join the Board after allotment.

BANKERS:

The NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, Ltd, 37, Nicholas Lane, London. Head Office, Edinburgh; and Branches in Scotland.
The UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, Ltd., Coolgardie, Western Australia.

SOLICITORS:

BURN & BERRIDGE, 11, Old Broad Street, London.

BROKERS:

BARBER & BRIDGFORD, 2, Drapers' Gardens, London.
HARDIE & TURNBULL, 42, George Street, Edinburgh.

AUDITORS:

MONKHOUSE, GODDARD & Co., Chartered Accountants, 28 & 29, St. Swithin's Lane, London.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (*pro tem.*):

FRANK TURNER, 18, St. Swithin's Lane, London.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed—

1. To purchase the benefit of a Contract (hereinafter mentioned) by which this Company will acquire for the period and on the terms therein mentioned, the right to purchase a block of not less than 7,000 acres of the valuable Freehold Property, situate in the Hampton Plains District, Western Australia, owned by the Hampton Plains Estate, Limited—the important developments on which are now attracting universal attention.

If this Company decides to exercise the right to purchase a Block as above, a separate Company is to be formed, to acquire the same, and the consideration payable to the Hampton Plains Estate, Limited, is to be satisfied *wholly in fully-paid Shares.*

2. To purchase the benefit of a Contract (hereinafter mentioned) by which this Company will acquire for the period and on the terms therein mentioned, the right to prospect over and select Gold Mining Claims on about 114,000 acres of the above Freehold Lands owned by the Hampton Plains Estate, Limited.

3. To acquire the leases of and work a Gold Mining Property situated about one and a half miles S.E. of the town of Coolgardie, known as the "Orient" Mine, comprising an area of about fifteen acres.

4. To acquire the Gold Mining leases of about 30 acres adjoining the "Orient" Mine and to develop the same, and, if thought advisable, to work, or to dispose of them or portions thereof to other Companies.

The "Orient" Mine and adjoining leases have been visited several times lately by Mr. HERBERT LAPAGE, who has reported upon the same to the Directors, and recommends the property. Whilst at Coolgardie he acquired these leases on behalf of The Swan Syndicate, Limited, of which he is a Director and Shareholder. The London and West Australian Syndicate, Limited, have obtained and handed to the Directors of this Company the report on the "Orient" Mine, of Mr. W. H. Matthews, the General Manager of Bayley's Reward Claim Gold Mining Company, Limited. Copies of both these reports accompany the prospectus.

As regards Water.—It will be seen by the reports enclosed with the prospectus that the property is exceptionally favoured, owing to there being on part of the Orient Mine a natural catchment for rainfall, and that on the remaining part a tank or reservoir has been excavated and an embankment thrown across, by which means several millions of gallons can be collected. Mr. Herbert Calthrop Jones (Manager of the mine), writing on 4th February, says he is selling water, and that he has fenced in the dam.

Railway.—The Coolgardie Railway is expected to be completed by the end of the year, when the Orient property will be about 1½ miles of a station.

The following contracts have been entered into, viz.:—Two agreements dated respectively 20th December, 1894, and 5th March, 1895, both between Hampton Plains Estate, Limited, and Lord Castletown, Lord Arthur Butler, and Benjamin Septimus Brigg (Trustees for Debenture Holders of that Company), and London and West Australian Syndicate, Limited; an agreement dated 9th January, 1895, between Richard Herbert Lapage (acting for The Swan Syndicate, Limited), and London and West Australian Syndicate, Limited; and an agreement dated 14th March, 1895, between London and West Australian Syndicate, Limited, and Robert Smith as trustee for the company.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the bankers, brokers, solicitors, and at the offices of the company.

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As a General Family Aperient Medicine,

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Scott's Pills as a family medicine. We have used them in our household for many years, and are never without them.

Yours faithfully, J. SELLARS.

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DON'T MISS

THE SPRING NUMBER,

READY APRIL 9.

See Advertisement on Page 266.

others graduated in length, the outer ones being quite short. This makes a very pretty trimming for a bodice, whether in jet, steel or sapphire, garnet or shaded beads. Another formed both collar and basque with a pointed piece connecting the two down the front. There is no collar-piece in any of the new trimmings, folded bands of velvet, satin, silk, or chiffon being the correct form for these.

Butter and tan are the new colours for laces. I saw a lovely pink blouse made up with a deep tan-tinted lace collar of the Charles I. kind. It was a good contrast of colour, and would suit a brunette, especially for evening wear.

I see that plush capes are introduced as a useful mid-season garment, but those who cannot afford to buy a new one just for the few weeks of the intermediate season, would do far better to invest in one of the openwork capes over a coloured silk lining which shows through the openwork; or else a plain black silk trimmed with lace in black, cream, biscuit, or yellow. Crêpon capes are to be one of the features of the present season's dress.

The Paris costume shown in our illustration was sketched from one of Mesdames Nicolle's beautiful models, at 171, New Bond Street, and illustrates the very latest features of the fashion. The low neck and short sleeves are the most prominent of these, and the fine black lace forming a sort of hood over the cape is also a quite novel mode. The pointed folds in which the skirt sits out may be accepted as the very latest phase of the *godet*, and the fulness of the cape echoes that of the dress. At Mesdames Nicolle's establishment one sees the fashions of *après demain*.

I wonder if you would like the new ulsters, with long, loose backs. They fit closely on the shoulders, but do not go in at the waist. On tall figures with flat shoulders and well-proportioned hips they look remarkably well, but not on any others. Far from it!—Your affectionate

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Di Vernon.—The fashionable habit is now made with a long basque. Thomas's charge for a very neat coat and skirt is eleven and a half to twelve guineas, and if you have a patent safety skirt it will be two guineas extra. The coat is a very smart double-breasted one, showing a little of the waistcoat above but none below; to my mind a far neater and prettier style than that which shows the waistcoat at the waist. The latter often looks as if it had unintentionally slipped down.

Worried Mother.—When your invalid can eat so little, what you give him should be of the most nutritive kind. The beef tea, chicken broth, mutton broth, veal broth, should all be of the strongest. White bread is of little value as a nourishing food. Give him Hovis bread and biscuits, which are full of nourishment and at the same time easily digestible. I have formed the highest opinion of it, after a good trial.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est. 1866.—Advt.

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FOR THE COMPLEXION AND SKIN.
"Nadine" in "Our Home" says—"For Wrinkles, Sunburn, and Freckles it is an absolute specific."
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CRÊME DE VIOLET is not a cosmetic, paint, or ointment, but is a liquid preparation pure and exquisite, free from all poisonous or deleterious ingredients. It is absolutely colourless, and, as it is free from sediment, it does not clog the pores, but assists their functions.
Of Chemists and Perfumers; price 1s. and 2s. 6d. (see that the signature—LE FRERE ET CIE—is on the label); or sent direct, post free, in plain wrappers, 3d. extra from—
LE FRERE ET CIE, 47, Oswald Street, Glasgow.

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DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Me and another chap put up a thing on 'Ankin lawst Sunday night. We gits a sheet o' the best cream-lide, gilt-edged, double-barrelled notepiper, and wrote as follows:—"The Prince o' Wiles"—'opin' as 'is Ryal 'Ighness will egscoose the liberty—"presints of 'is com pliminks ter Mister 'Ankin, and with regawd ter the Ryal Commishing on the Iged Pore, would like to awst Mister 'Ankin if"—'ere yer turned over the pige—"this ain't the fust of Ipril, and gort yer agin." We does it up in a ornvylope, an' claps it inter a pillar-box, calcilitin' as 'e'd git it fust post Monday mornin'. Well, I meets 'Ankin going' to 'is wuk Monday mornin', an' egspecks ter find 'im abart kickin' mad. Nuthink o' the sort; 'e were as quart and peasable as ever I seed a man. "Whort cheer?" says I. "Goin' strong," says 'e. Then 'e stawted talkin' about the boat-rice.

* * * *

"Did the postman leave anythink fur yer this mornin'?" says I, feeling' curis on the subjic. "No, 'e bloomin' didn't," says 'Ankin, "no more 'e never does. Whot's hup?" "Ho, nuthin'," says I. Jest thin up comes the other chap, and before I could stop 'im 'e says, "'Ello, 'Ankin, gort your letters this mornin'?" "Look 'ere," 'e says, "whort are you two tryin' ter git at?" Well, I seed thin as the thing was spiled, and so we owned up, and cussed that post-orfice sutthink shockin'. 'Ankin' 'e lawfed an' lawfed till we was like ter punch 'is 'ead orf. "You needn't be so bloomin' pleased with yorself," says I. "It ain't you as 'as mide fools of us. It's that fursiken post-orfice." "Ho, yuss, it is me, though," says 'Ankin, nippin' shawp rarnd a corner, 'cos I did git your letter awter all." Thin we went fur 'im, but 'e gort awye, bein' 'andy on 'is feet, as yer might sye. Ah, I've said it agine and agine—when you're a kiddin' of anybody else you kip a look art as yer don't git kidded yerself.

* * * *

I do 'ite ter see the rights of a fawther interfered with. Theer were a man the other dye, widower with ite childring. One of 'is boys needed the strap, and the fawther give 'im it. So 'e gits summoned by one o' these ere bloomin' mind-other-peeple's-business sersyerties. Well it turned art as 'e'd given the boy a decent doin', and marked him a bit, but nutthink fur to injure 'is 'ealth. 'E were discharged o' course. So I shud think. If yer my'nt wallop yer own son, who the dickens mye yer wallop? I 'as little pychunce with these 'ere sersyerties. Theer's too many of 'em, and their two bloomin' interferin'. Mind yer, I ain't advercitin' crooilty. But I know boys. As a rool they needs the strap, and is the better for it. If they was gels—which they ain't—all this 'ere 'old-me-in-your-lovin'-awms business mightn't be so much art o' plice. But boys is diff'runt, and shud be treated diff'runt. A man as 'as ite childring tu bring up, and no wife tu 'elp 'im, 'as gort quite enough on 'is 'ands withart 'avin' 'is time and 'is money wasted at any perlice-court. When I was a boy, I gort the strap—gort it frequent an' lide on prop'ly, and if it 'adn't bin, I shouldn't 'ave bin the man as I am nar, and that's strite. Them sersyerties mye mike a note of it an' be griteful tu me.

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THE STORY OF AMY GREGORY.

BY

CLEMENT SCOTT.

I took a corner seat in the Central Criminal Court of the Old Bailey the other morning, and in the course of a few hours saw dramas more harrowing, sketches of human character more vivid, and cries for mercy more piercing than I have ever seen or heard on any stage.

It was the same corner from which, close upon midnight, on an eventful day many years ago, I had seen the four Penge murderers condemned to death, two brothers, one wife, and a mistress; and I can see once more the scene, never to be forgotten while I live. The dim and semi-darkened court, the roaring of the maddened crowd outside, the two women in the dock fallen into the arms of the female warders in a dead faint; the two brothers huddled together and almost embracing, apparently for the last time on earth. This was the case that made the reputation of Edward (now Sir Edward) Clarke for his defence of Alice Rhodes, and history records how, thanks to Charles Reade and another anonymous advocate, who shall be nameless, the lives of all four supposed murderers were spared, how the brothers died in prison, and how Alice Rhodes, who had been within a few feet of the gallows, became a barmaid at a restaurant at the Royal Exchange.

From the same corner, I had seen the Reverend Mr. Watson, an old Brixton schoolmaster, condemned to death for killing his wife, and sending her off to the country packed up dead in a new trunk; and sitting here also, I saw the detectives from Scotland Yard, and Froggatt, the solicitor, sentenced, and witnessed the dramatic scene that followed that sentence.

The drama of the dock does not appeal so strongly to those accustomed to see it day by day. The clerk of the arraigns, and the ushers with their stereotyped formulas; the officials duly administering the oaths and calling silence when the death sentence is pronounced; the judge, in scarlet and ermine, with the bouquet of fresh flowers in front of him; the Lord Mayor on his throne, sitting under the great sword of Justice; the sheriffs and the aldermen in their robes, the chaplain flitting about to see if the "black cap" is peeping from under the judge's papers—all of these, or most of these, have become accustomed to the terrible dramas that are enacted every session in the dock of the Old Bailey.

The clock, ominous over the dread dock, points to half-past ten. An usher pronounces silence! Everyone in court stands up!

Enter the Scarlet Judge in full theatrical procession!

He is accompanied by the Lord Mayor in gold chain and robes, and by all the panoply of the civic court. All colour, brightness, gaiety, and chains of glittering gold on the bench! All squalor, misery, and clanking, ugly chains of iron in the dock!

The warder gives a sign, and up the steps huddle and tumble the men and women who are to know their fate to-day.

First comes a young, smartly-dressed fellow, well set up, with his hair brushed in military style, a flower in his buttonhole, as gay-looking and unabashed a youth of three-and-twenty as anyone would care to see. And yet, on his own confession, he is a murderer. He was caught red-handed in a veritable "den of thieves" in the Waterloo Road, with a razor in his hand dripping with blood, holding an unfortunate woman by the hair of her head, whose throat was cut from ear to ear.

Is it possible that this comely youth, just discharged from the army with a pension and an excellent character, could ever have been frenzied enough to cut a woman's throat for trying to rob him of his purse and watch at the instance of her ruffianly protector?

Yes, it is quite true!

The smart soldier boy, with the flower in his buttonhole, declares to the assembled court that he is guilty of manslaughter.

He did it, and he is apparently unashamed.

Stand back, you soldier boy, who paid a visit to the Waterloo Road, with a razor in your pocket, apparently in order to have a clean shave before you mixed with the scrutinising crowd again next morning.

That razor was your doom; and hers who lent herself to you in that den of thieves!

Advance, you pretty girl, and let us hear what you have been doing! You look so sweet and innocent that surely you could not hurt a mouse? Oh, you are jealous, are you? The green-eyed monster has maddened you for a moment, and you threw vitriol in your guilty lover's face. What! You are not guilty? Ah! You hesitate! You think it best, after all, to tell the truth, and throw up the sponge! The sight of your victim in the witness-box, with the scarred face, might madden you the more, or send you into screaming hysterics!

Stand back, you pretty, jealous girl! You shall be sentenced by-and-bye! But what is this wail of agony that fills the court?

A weeping, wailing, well-looking woman is led to the front, and she bows her curly head upon the ledge of the dock. Who is it? Goethe's Gretchen, or George Eliot's Hetty Sorrel? What matter! It is the same distressing, heart-rending story.

This woman, once a wife, then a mistress, thrust out by her husband as an adulteress, deserted by her false lover, who is the father of her child, is a murderess. She has killed her love-child! She is to be tried for her life! Look! The square, black cap peeps from the judge's papers now! The chaplain flits and fidgets about the court. There is death in the air, and we must get it all over before luncheon time, and punch, and turtle soup, and civic hospitality!

Stand back, you surburban Gretchen from Richmond! Stand back, you forlorn, forsaken creature who left your baby dead on a block of ice, in a ditch near the Thames towing-path! You say through your blinding tears that you are not guilty! Well! These twelve good men and true will decide that question before the day is many hours older! Stand back and weep alone!

Once more the gaoler in the corner of the dock, whose ears must ache with the groans, sighs, and shrieks that he hears there, beckons up the "scala del morti," the young and blithesome soldier cut-throat!

Never before was English Justice more admirably advocated than by Mr. Charles Mathews, who, nominally prosecuting the man, is in reality defending him with admirable tact and talent. He tells the grim story of that terrible Waterloo Road tragedy precisely, accurately, and with perfect taste, marshalling his facts like the able tactician that he is, describing the man and his past, detailing the story enacted in this dreadful den of thieves, sparing his narrative all the vulgar claptrap about the man's morality, honourably insisting that the witnesses in this beastly establishment are not to be relied upon, and candidly asking the Judge if he thinks anything can be done more than accept the man's confession of manslaughter, and so end this gruesome business.

The Scarlet Judge consents, and the smart, flower buttonholed ex-soldier skips down the dock to be sentenced when the Judge has had time to think how justice can be satisfied for the loss of that miserable creature with her gashed throat in the Waterloo Road.

And now bring up the Richmond Gretchen whose sobs are pitiful! It was mid-winter, this last ice-bound, terrible, nerve-destroying winter, when Gretchen went out of the workhouse infirmary, with her new-born love-child clothed in the raiments given her by charitable women. The weather was awful, and mother and child were absolutely penniless and alone in the world. Gretchen's husband had abandoned her for ever! Her once lover "passed by on the other side," and gave no pecuniary support to the guilty mother or her innocent babe. The woman wanted work! She entrusted the child to kind, charitable neighbours, of whom there is

a sufficient number among the working classes, thank God! But the neighbours were as poor as the destitute mother, and they could not keep the child unaided. Remember how piercing cold the winter was! In her despair the prodigal daughter turned to her father's home, to the father she had once helped to support, to the mother who once loved her.

The father cursed her; the mother gave her twopence!

The father pointed to the food on the table, and defied his starving daughter, who pleaded less for herself than for her infant, to touch one morsel! Then, he turned her out of the house neck and crop, and banged the door behind her.

What in God's name was the woman to do? She was starving! She was frozen! She had no money! She had no prospect of work! She was deserted by her lover! She was refused food by her own father! Is it a wonder that the woman went mad? The devil entered her heart, and she swore that her child should not suffer as she did at any rate.

The child should go to Peace, and Nirvana!

So she slunk off to the wintry tow-path, and the frozen ditch behind the hedge. And there she undressed the infant and left it stark, white, and dead, it's piteous cries for food stifled for ever with a clean linen handkerchief. She left it naked; cradled in the winter snow.

I saw all these pathetic "acts of accusation" in court; the baby's clothes, the white knotted handkerchief that stilled the pitiful wails for ever, and I saw the mother's face in the dock, and the agony on it when she looked at them. And I am not likely to forget that mother's despairing face!

Women will naturally ask why she undressed her child before leaving it on that cold block of ice? Why did she take the little gowns and coverings away? Women are curious creatures. A woman had been good to the maddened Gretchen. A woman friend had taken the baby in without payment. She had children of her own, and the only payment that Gretchen could give in return were the clothes of her murdered baby. And I saw the friend in the witness-box with the brown paper parcel in her hand, taking the clothes home again to her own little ones whilst poor Gretchen was being sentenced to death!

Gretchen of Richmond will not be allowed to die! It would have been a monstrous crime! The recommendation of the jury has been attended to. The Judge's voice was full of tenderness and mercy, and so is the voice of aggregated humanity. But if that poor woman had had to endure an eternity of sorrow in prison, if the Richmond Gretchen had, like her maddened sister in the immortal play, to say in fancy to her lover—

"No, thou must live, to-morrow I must die,
And I must tell them how to range the graves,
And thou must see to it by break of day;
My mother the best place—next her my brother,
Me well apart, *but, dearest, not too far*,
And by my side my little one shall lie."

But all the same I should like to know what conscience is saying at this moment to the lover and father of the woman's child, who did not pawn his coat to help them; and what fate has in store for the father who pointed to the laden table, refused a crust and a drop of cold water to his starving child, and turned her into the streets to become the murderess of her own child, the forlorn and lonely woman that I saw at the Old Bailey carried out of the dock to her doom!

The List of Applications will open on Thursday, the 4th April, and close at or before 4.0 p.m. on the same day for Town, and the following Morning for Country.

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Divided into 70,000 5 per cent. Cumulative Shares of £1 each; 76,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each; and 1,500 Management Shares of £1 each.

The Preference Shares are preferential both as to Capital and Dividend, and after the payment of a cumulative preferential dividend of 5 per cent. upon these Shares a non-cumulative dividend of 7 per cent. will next be paid on the Ordinary Shares, and the surplus profits will (subject to the provision of a Reserve Fund) be divisible in equal moieties between the Holders of the Ordinary and the Management Shares.

It is not proposed to create any Debenture Debt or Mortgages, so that the Preference Shares will be the first capital charge upon the undertaking.

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The remaining 60,000 Preference Shares and 61,000 Ordinary Shares are now offered for subscription, payable as follows:—

5s. on Application, 5s. on Allotment, and 10s. on April 22nd, 1895.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern the well-known business of Mr. T. R. Roberts, which, established thirty-five years ago in the important thoroughfare of Upper Street, Islington, has become one of the large retail businesses to which people from all patrs of the Metropolis and Suburbs resort.

The premises, Nos, 216, 217, 219, 219A, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224 and 225, Upper Street, occupy an area of 77,100 square feet, with 158 feet frontage; a portion extending from the main thoroughfare nearly to the Liverpool Road, and the remainder having a depth of 227 feet. The buildings (as will be seen from the plan accompanying the prospectus) are well arranged to suit the numerous departments of the business, and one great advantage which they possess is the case with which any of the departments can be enlarged to meet the requirements of increased trade, there being no less than 19,425 square feet of vacant ground, giving also ample room to build an immense Store or Market, with access by way of Upper Street or Park Street. The whole of this property is held under leases which have an unexpired term of from 21¼ to 34 years to run. The Company also acquires the warehouse known as Tyndale Works, in Tyndale Terrace, Canonbury Lane, which is used as a Furniture Repository, and the Coal Merchant's business which has been carried on under the style of Roberts Brothers, at Ashburton Grove, Holloway.

The departments of the business include the following:—Drapery, Silks, Dresses, Millinery, Mantles, Boots and Shoes, Coals, China and Glass, Furniture, Grocery, Provisions, and Refreshments.

There is a constant service of Omnibuses and Trams passing the premises, and their close proximity to Highbury Station (North London Railway), and Holloway Station (Great Northern Railway), make the Upper Street one of the most accessible thoroughfares from and to all parts of London.

The success of the business is largely due to the attention which the Vendor has given to meeting the requirements of all classes of Customers, who have every advantage that Cash payments can secure, the heads of each department having perfect freedom given them to go to the best English and Foreign Markets for their goods, and it is intended that the same system of management shall continue, arrangements having been made to secure the services of those who have hitherto taken a leading and very active part in the business.

Many of the employés (exceeding 400), a number of whom have been in the business for a great many years, have expressed their intention of subscribing for Shares, and it is proposed to make a liberal allotment upon these applications, as by so doing there will be a direct incentive to make the business successful in the future.

The business from its original formation has been highly successful, and the Directors are assured by the Vendor that only once during a period of thirty-five years has there been a decrease in the returns.

The well-known Accountants, Messrs Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co., have examined the Books of the Company and their Certificate shows an average profit for the last four years of £9,801 per annum.

The financial year of the business closed on 23rd February last, when the stock-in-trade as then taken amounted to £42,007, and the book debts to £10,500. The Company takes over the business as from that date, with the benefit of all Contracts made and profits accruing, the Company discharging all debts owing, which were about £1,000, and the Vendor guaranteeing all outstanding books debts. There will, therefore be an ample working Capital invested in the business.

The value of Shares in industrial undertakings of this kind is shown by the following particulars:—

Name of Company.	Par value of Ordinary Share.	Market value on March 28th, 1895.
Harrod's Stores, Limited ...	£1	£3⅝ to 3¾
John Baker & Company, Limited ...	£1	£2⅜ „ 2½
D. H. Evans & Company, Limited ...	£1	£2½ „ 2⅝
J. R. Roberts' Stores, Limited ...	£1	£1½ „ 1⅝

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, and Brokers, and at the Offices of the Company.

March 30th, 1895

IN THE CITY.

HANDS OFF!

Lord Rosebery's declaration—Sir Edward Grey was the mere mouthpiece — with respect to French movements in Central Africa has not had any very considerable effect upon the Stock Markets. Men cannot persuade themselves that there is any real danger of France and England coming to blows over unknown, or little known, regions in Central Africa. But we may be pretty sure that we shall be nearer such an unspeakable calamity before pending disputes are finally settled between the two countries. Our relations with France can never be cordial while we remain in Egypt, and war is only a question of time and opportunity if we persist in refusing to redeem our pledges, and retire. Unfortunately Jingoism is rampant over the land. Parliament never exercised adequate control over our foreign relations; nowadays debate—full, informed, debate upon them is almost unknown. The practical extinction of what is ridiculously described as the "Little England" party is intelligible enough. With foreign competition becoming more formidable every day, it is natural that public opinion should encourage the acquisition of new lands, which may mean new markets. The odd thing is that when we got h ese lands we hasten to hand them over to straggling colonists, whose first move is to erect protective barriers against our trade. We risk the gravest complications with other Powers for the sake of a gain to ourselves that is often microscopical.

THE COUNCIL AND THE TRAMWAYS.

It is not surprising that the Parliamentary representatives of the Moderate section of the London County Council insisted, and successfully insisted, upon the adjournment of debate upon the proposal to give the Council power to work the tramways until the new Council has had an opportunity of voting upon the question. It may or may not be wise to give the Council the powers desired by a majority of the late Council, but if such powers are to be conferred it should be a condition precedent that they are desired by a decisive majority of the Council. That was the case whilst the last Council lived, but the recent elections have greatly altered the situation, and no such decisive majority is likely to be obtained from the Councillors fresh from contact with electors.

The determination of the Progressives to proceed with the Bill for the purchase and working of tramways is another illustration of the contempt of the latter-day Radical for public opinion. If the electors agree with him, well and good; if not, they are asses, dolts, whose declared desire is to be ignored or circumvented by any possible means. The purchase and working of the tramways was one of the questions submitted to the electorate last month, and the answer of the electorate, taking the majority of votes, was adverse. But Mr. James Stuart's Royal namesake of unhappy memory never flouted public opinion more outrageously than he and his colleagues would flout the opinion of London when it does not agree with their own if only they had their way.

The Council has plenty upon its hands without working the tramways. The Parliament that passed the Tramway Act of 1870 very carefully safeguarded the rights of the public, and as we have always contended, and the highest Courts have decided, the Progressives are quite right in refusing to give more than "bare" value for the lines as they fall in. Nor do they do more than carry out the intention of Parliament if when the companies want renewal of leases they insist upon getting the most favourable terms it is possible to get for the travelling public. But they should be content to stop there. Anyway Parliament is not likely to authorise the Council to work the tramway lines unless the demand is backed by a decisive majority of the Council. Whatever the ultimate decision we hope for the honour of London that the London County Council will never act towards the London tramway companies in the huckstering, shameful way in which the Corporation of Glasgow—that much-lauded Corporation—has acted towards the Glasgow Tramway Company.

A BIG AMALGAMATION.

The extraordinary general meeting of the Consolidated Gold Mines of Australia, held at Edinburgh last Thursday, was unanimous in its approval of the amalgamation scheme to which it was asked to assent. Under this scheme the Consolidated is o be wound up, and another and greater company, bearing the same name, is to take its place. The property owned by the Consolidated is in the Pilbarra district of North-West Australia, and the prospects of the Company are excellent. The mine has been well opened up and equipped with machinery, and there is plenty of money in hand for additional machinery when it is required. The ore already treated has given over two ounces per ton, and the reserves are estimated at 153,000 tons, so that shareholders might well be tempted to ask, "Why not leave well alone?" But the reasons given for amalgamation are strong, and have commended themselves to the shareholders of the various companies concerned. There are what we may call three groups of mines, which under the new scheme will be owned and worked by the Consolidated Mines of Australia, Limited. These groups consist of eight separate mining properties, the first group covering seventy-two acres, the second fifty-four acres, and the third eighteen acres, making in all 144 acres, all situated in the North-west district of Western Australia, and so situated that they can be worked under one general manager. When the amalgamation is completed the Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited, will hold the premier position in the Pilbarra Gold Fields.

The capital of the Company, which stands at £90,000, will be increased to £375,000, a very large increase, but not out of proportion to the new property to be acquired. The shareholders of the old Company will receive £90,000 of shares in the new Company, having a like amount paid up thereon to the amount paid up on the shares of the Consolidated. They will also receive £10,000 of fully paid-up shares of the new Company in respect of the East Mallina, and £12,500 in respect of their interest in the Nicol and United Nicol Mines. Altogether they will receive £112,500 in shares of the new Company, which will carry a liability only to the extent of the uncalled capital on the present shares of the Company. The old Company will be represented on the new board by the chairman, managing director, and another director of the Consolidated, so that its interests will be well looked after. As to the other properties to be brought into the amalgamation, they had all been proved and worked before the Coolgardie field blossomed into fame, and under the arrangements now sanctioned and completed, there will be ample working capital, whilst the saving in management expenses here and in Australia will be enormous.

We hear of firm offers for big lots of shares being received from Paris, and we expect to see the shares of the new Company at a substantial premium. Confident prediction with regard to mining enterprises is exceptionally foolish, but we shall be surprised if these amalgamated companies, backed by sufficient capital and honest management, do not give a very satisfactory return to investors who have put their money into them.

BOGUS BORROWERS.

A correspondent sends us a column from the advertising pages of the *Daily Telegraph*, in which twenty-two advertisements, following each other, are from persons anxious to effect loans, and of the twenty-two our correspondent has satisfied himself that more than half are from holders of pawntickets, whose "valuable security" consists of nothing but pawntickets. Let us take one of these advertisements:—

> "Fifteen Pounds.—Private loan wanted by tradesman for fourteen days. Party advancing may hold security valued £60. Handsome bonus; £6 paid for the accommodation."

This advertiser would tell you, if you took the trouble to inquire, that he has valuable orders which he cannot execute for want of capital, that in order to meet this want, as far as possible, he has pledged stock (jewellery) for a third of its value, and that he wants (say) another third of the value, to cover which he will transfer the pawntickets. The person with whom he is in communication may believe that pawnbrokers only advance one-third of the value of goods left with them, and that consequently in advancing another third upon the security of the tickets he will be safe.

It may save some of our readers loss if we say that the people who advertise in the manner described above are not persons with whom it is safe to have dealings. It is a mistake to suppose that pawnbrokers do not advance more than one-third of the value of the article. They will advance nearly, if not quite, the full value, judged by the break-up price to be got at the auction mart. Most of the unredeemed property lodged with pawnbrokers is sent for sale to Messrs. Johnson and

Dymond, and certain men, persons with some knowledge of the value of jewellery, make it their business to attend these sales. They buy jewellery sold there, brush it up or alter it a little, and pledge it with pawnbrokers, who give as much, and sometimes more, for it than it fetched at the mart, that is to say, give full break-up value. Thus the money borrowed upon the strength of the pawntickets is all, or nearly all, clear profit.

LEWIS AND BURROWS, LIMITED.

We invite the attention of the directors of this company to paragraphs two and four of the following letter from one in the Trade :—

> In your article on "A Drug Store Deal," you observe, "It would be interesting to have the comments of chemists upon Lewis and Burrows, Limited." Here are some.
>
> I understand that J. H. Lewis has a business, not included in the scheme, at Fitzjohn's Parade, N.W., about a mile from one sold to the company, with which it will to some extent compete. Has Mr. Lewis sold the rights in his many proprietary medicines to the company, or will he still go on making and selling them at Finchley Road?
>
> You observe that most of the eleven businesses have been opened in the last year or two. In this class of business the first years are the best, as a rule. They are a novelty, but soon the other chemists in the locality reduce their prices to the same level, and by careful supervision of their businesses win back their customers from the drug stores, many of which are notorious for the changes in their staff.
>
> The number of patent medicines and proprietary articles, on which there is little or no profit these places sell is enormous, and even now all for which there is much demand are bought direct from the maker, and *not* through a wholesale house.

MARGARINE AND BUTTER.

We continue to receive letters from provincial correspondents bearing upon our remarks with respect to the probable fall in the price of butter, and the consequent unwisdom of investing in the shares of companies like that of Van der Bergh's Margarine, Limited, where an enormous sum is asked for the goodwill of the business. One correspondent sends us the following cutting from a Dundee paper in support of the forecast of a Glasgow correspondent :—

CHOICE AUSTRALIAN BUTTER.

LARGE QUANTITY JUST CONSIGNED, AND WILL BE CLEARED OFF AT THE UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW PRICE OF

7½d. per lb., in 56lb. Tight Cases.

Another correspondent, writing from Grantham, Lincolnshire, says :—

> The Canadian Government, as you probably know, is offering a big advance on butter made and exported—twenty cents per pound, according to the latest reports I have read. Australian butter, too, has been so far assisted by a bounty of threepence per pound. All this, as your Glasgow correspondent suggests, points to a tremendous supply of butter during the coming summer.

We are still a little sceptical as to the consumer being very much of a gainer from the increase in the imports of colonial butter. Eggs come to us from the Continent in ever-increasing numbers, but we have not heard that the retail price is much lower than it was in the eighties.

GAMBLING TOUTS AND THE LAW.

A GENTLEMAN who addresses us from the Sessions House, Newington, S.E., makes the following remarks in relation to our comments on the action of the racing touts Miller and Steel :—

> In your issue of the 30th inst. I notice that you say that unfortunately you do not see how people like the above are to be prevented from communicating with boys, etc.
>
> Has 55 Vic., Cap. 4, Sec. 1, which makes the above a misdemeanour punishable on indictment with a fine of one hundred pounds or three months' imprisonment, been brought under your notice?
>
> If the senders of the notice in the case you mention could find out the names of employés at the warehouse, they might also reasonably be presumed to know they were infants.

We hear of a big Company—the North-West Australian Gold Fields, Limited—in course of formation, for the purpose of acquiring and working three properties in the Talga District, where the gold discoveries seem likely to throw those of Coolgardie into the shade. The capital of this new Company—which is being privately subscribed—is to be £250,000, of which something like £100,000 will be reserved for working capital. The Board, now in course of formation, promises to be a strong one.

Lucky Colonel! With some men everything they touch seems to turn to gold, and Colonel North is one of them. Not long ago he put money into the Congo Company, rather to oblige the King of the Belgians than with much expectation of getting any of it back again. And now a dividend has been declared!

"TO-DAY'S" BLACK LIST.

The Gas and General Electrical Syndicate, 38, Cheapside, E.C.—A prospectus is being sent round by the secretary, a Mr. Harold S. Empson, who invites subscriptions for 500 founders' shares of £5 each to bring out a gas-purifying and sulphur-extracting company. All sorts of promises are made to the persons—if they can be found—who will take up these shares, but there is not a scrap of evidence to show that the promoters are men of substance, or that the venture itself is worthy of support.

NEW ISSUE.

T. R. Roberts, Limited. Capital £147,500.—Formed to acquire and work the well-known drapery business of Mr. T. R. Roberts, in Upper Street, Islington. We recommend the shares of this company to the investing public. £35,090 is to be paid for the goodwill, which, having regard to the fact that the average nett profits, taking the last four years, have been close upon £10,000 per annum, is not excessive. We think the Preference shares should have carried six instead of five per cent., and that it might have been better if the Ordinary shares got an additional 1 per cent.—they are to have 7 per cent.—before the Management shares participated, but there can be no question that the business is a very sound one, and the honest statement of the shrinkage of profit in 1894, "the result of exceptional losses which are not likely to arise again," is to be commended.

The Midland Railway of Australia, Limited. Issue of £125,000 five per cent. Debentures. These debentures are issued at £97 10s. The railway is now completed and working satisfactorily. The lands upon which the debentures are secured have been valued at £3,600,000, so that if we make liberal allowance for a sanguine valuation, there would seem to be ample security for the present issue, the only lien upon the lands being that of the Government for £500,000. The issue is likely to be over-subscribed.

Hampton Gold Fields, Limited. Capital £100,000. Formed to acquire the right to purchase a block of not less than 7,000 acres of freehold property in the Hampton Plains district of Western Australia; and to prospect over and select gold mining claims on about 114,000 acres of the freehold land of the same syndicate. And with other rights. There is a good board, and the company should do well.

STOCKS AND SHARES

Norfolk and Western Preference. J. B. B. (Bradford).—You had better hold in the hope of recovery. You will notice there has been a further fall since you wrote. **Boudard Gear Company.** D. McK. (Manchester).—Your lawyers will have answered the questions you have addressed to us. **Metropolitan Gas Company of Melbourne.** W. T. (Bradford).—Fairly good. We cannot give you the quotations you ask for. **George Gregory and Company.** Manifesto (Liverpool)—They would treat you fairly. —— (Sheffield).—The previous answer applies to you, but you will not forget that all Stock Exchange speculations are hazardous. **Bradford Corporation.** F.W. (Bradford).—The corporation is acting within its rights, having got the necessary powers to convert. **Sundry Shares.** Roseworth (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—They are all highly speculative. **Anglo-Austrian Printing and Publishing Union.** Gorton (Manchester).—We are not very clear as to the effect of the arrangement sanctioned by the Court, but as we understand it the shareholders will get something. **Sundry Mining Shares.** Centrifugal (Cupar).—We should take the profit on the Associated, and hold Londonderrys and the others a little longer. **Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited.** J. A. W. (Leeds).—You had better act upon the invitation of the Syndicate. **National Skating Palace, Limited.** J. S. (Bournemouth).—If you have the opportunity of selling without loss do so. **Sundry Securities.** Gamma (Leeds).—Of the various securities named we prefer the Home Railway Stock. **Caratals.** H. R. T. (Dublin). —They may improve, but it is not an investment we should recommend; and the same observation applies to Sutherland Reefs. We think the likelihood of shareholders getting back any of their money from the other company you name is of the smallest. **British Chartered.** Subscriber (Templemore).—They will probably go higher, but they are already too high. The Pneumatic Tyre shares will probably appreciate in value. **The Hour Publishing Company.** T. B. J. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We presume there is no obligation on the part of the public to take the *Hour* after the first year, but how cessation of subscriptions would affect the liability of the company upon the debentures is a question that should be addressed to the secretary of the company. **Electric Lighting Company.** Mortimer (Edinburgh).—The standing of the company is good and its prospects fair. **Foreign Government Bonds.** A. J. C. (Breslau).—Sell the Italian Rentes as soon as you can get out without loss. Hold the Consols.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cunliffe, Russell and Co. A. M. M. (Belfast).—Yes, the lists can be got at a small charge. **Coleman and Co., Limited.** Doctor (Broughton-in-Furness).—We are not sufficiently acquainted with the present position of this company to warrant us in recommending you to accept the offer of the managing director to invest in its first mortgage debentures. **J. Warner.** Quericus (Ilkeston).—We cannot account for it. It is a matter for your lawyer. **Bank of Van Dieman's Land Lottery.** W. J. W. (Stanwill).—We know of no reason why we should alter our opinion as to the genuineness of the lottery and the fairness of its management. Whether these properties are worth the value put upon them by the bank we do not know. **Galician Oil Fields.** Petroleum (London). —If the "ring" is as powerful as you represent it to be we do not think the gentlemen you name are strong enough for your purpose, but we will write you under cover. **Duplex Patent Tea Infuser.** A Regular Reader of "To-Day" (London).—You ask us to give your invention a gratuitous advertisement. Why should we? **Investment of £300.** Nemo (Southport).—We should prefer Gordon Hotels to Pears'. **Foote's Powder and Explosives Company, Limited.** P. H. L. (Truro).—We do not undertake to return every circular received—only papers of importance —and we have no record of the receipt of such papers from you. We are duly grateful for the support you say you have given us since August last, but we are not without hope that you have had a reasonable—even a liberal—return for your money, and if you carry out your threat to cease "taking" To-Day, we must do what we may to neutralise, or bear, the accruing loss. **A Simple Investor.** W. A. H. (London).—We are obliged for your good opinion, but we fear we cannot assist you in disposing of a portion of your interest in your coke frame. **Building Society.** E. L. B. (London).—We have no very trustworthy information as to the present position of this society. **Birmingham Grocers' Association.** —— (Birmingham).—We take note of what you say about Mr. John Norris and the presidential chair. Please send us your name and address —in confidence, of course.

INSURANCE.

Reversionary Interest. Circular (Ilkeston).—At 4 per cent., which we think a fair rate of interest, the value is about £709. **Star Life Office.** A. W. M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The office is perfectly safe, and you may expect a satisfactory bonus, but seeing that you are already assured in the society for a large sum we think it just as well that you take your further policy from some other office. **British Natural Premium Provident Association.** H. E. M. (Sheffield).—We advise you to keep out of this office. The statement that the association can grant life assurance at half the rates charged by life assurance companies is untrue. Taking into account the quality of the substitute, the debts owing by the Association, and the ridiculously small capital, we are of opinion that the substitute offered is dear at any price. Keep up your policy in the Law Life. Neither extravagance nor folly is practised in that office

LYCEUM.—Closed HOLY WEEK (April 8th to 13th inclusive), RE-OPENING on Easter Monday with KING ARTHUR by J. Comyns Carr. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office open 10 to 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

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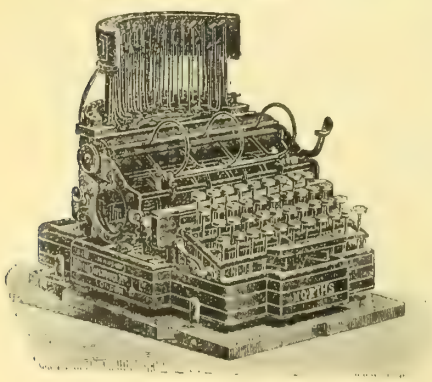

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To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in To-Day.

Alderman Ben Tillett must be a gentleman without much sense of humour. His usual mode of argument seems to be to address his opponents as "liars," "crimps," "drunkards," "blacklegs," "Judases," "forgers," "perjurers," "cut-throats," "murderers," and "professional agitators." Mr. Ben Tillett seems to possess a great contempt for professional agitators. All the police who oppose his wishes are intoxicated; judges with whose verdicts he does not agree have been "got at"; newspaper editors who do not praise him are "dastards"; employers are "fat-gutted, full-pursed Anarchists and irresponsible robbers and jobbers." Working men who are not willing to sit down under his rule are invariably sots, or have been bribed. "That's what I think," says Alderman Ben Tillett, in the language of John Burns, "that's me, that's Ben Tillett."

But when the *Morning* accuses him of riding a bicycle, hints that he is not unnecessarily worshipped by the majority of the men whom he has led through fifty strikes to semi-starvation, and states that his salary is three hundred pounds a year, while, as a matter of fact, it is only a hundred and sixty a year, to which must be added a tolerably frequent ten shillings a day for attending Congress meetings, an occasional two pounds fee for speeches (they are called "lectures," it appears), and an elastic sum for travelling and other expenses, he is hurt and indignant. Really, Mr. Ben Tillett, the world gave you credit for more wit. We shall have Mr. Burns bringing an action against some "gilded popinjay" for hinting that he is a "plain John." Teetotal lecturers have, I believe, sometimes suggested that To-Day is mistaken in its views. I suppose I ought to consider it necessary, according to Mr. Ben Tillett's code of honour, to bring a libel action against such. When your bill of costs has been paid—it will be interesting to know by whom—reflect upon the matter quietly, Mr. Ben Tillett. Don't let lawyers persuade you again against your better judgment; stick to your last. When next you are attacked, turn the game into a slanging match; you would be bound to win at that.

The interest of the case to outsiders lies in the revelations made concerning the financial arrangements of the union. The contributions to the union for 1893 amounted to six thousand and six pounds; the salaries and expenses of management amounted to eight thousand pounds. Among the items of expenditure were the following:—one thousand, three hundred and seventy-nine pounds for general services, two hundred and forty-five pounds for travelling expenses, and one thousand, two hundred and seventy pounds for "miscellaneous items," or, as the smart City accountant generally calls it, "sundries." It also appears that the secretary receives a commission upon every member whom he persuades to join the union. Fines inflicted on members of the union for assaulting non-unionists are paid out of the funds of the union, together with all other legal expenses. And the poor half-starved docker, earning from fifteen to twenty shillings a week, and with a wife and family to support out of it, subscribes threepence a week to provide this fund; and if he does not pay the threepence, he becomes a "blackleg," and a "blackleg" according to English law is a man to be hunted through the streets by a howling mob, and, if necessary, killed.

Another interesting revelation was made during the case by W. H. Harris, secretary of No. 4 branch of the Dockers' Union. "Have you ever used any intimidation?" asked Mr. Carson. "Not to members," replied this typical unionist, with indignation, "to others."

Mr. Whistler, brilliant artist though he be, occasionally acts after the manner of an exceedingly foolish old gentleman. But with all his eccentricities I hardly think he can be aware that his friends and relations on the English Press are cadging round among the public for his costs. There is no reason why an impressionist artist should not have the self-respect of a gentleman, and Mr. Whistler's friends will, I am sure, be acting with a kindly regard for his feelings if they return the ten pounds or so that a few unthinking persons have subscribed, and put the hat back again upon the *Pall Mall* office rack. After reading the very clear statement of facts made by Mr. George Moore in the *Daily Chronicle*, the one or two enthusiastic persons who rushed in to lay their little contributions at the Master's feet have in all probability seen their mistake. They are probably persons who take their literature from the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and similar publications, and have been thereby led into the error that a baronet must, of necessity, be a bad man, while an artist must of equal necessity be a noble-souled, but easily imposed upon, child of nature, quite incapable of managing his own affairs. The sooner the Eden v. Whistler case is forgotten the better for Mr. Whistler.

Often and often in reading speeches by teetotal fanatics one comes across statements something like the following: "Lord Randolph Churchill has said that if prohibition is not immediately made law the country will be ruined;" "Mr. Gladstone tells us that, in his opinion, everyone who drinks a glass of beer is no Christian;" "Thomas Carlyle has said that only fools ever drink wine;" "Her Most Gracious Majesty has

intimated to the Lord Chamberlain that she will never receive any lady whose lips have tasted whiskey;" "Lord Salisbury has declared that cheap claret is the curse of the land." I have paused at these quotations, puzzled, and have wondered where and when these eminent persons said these things. But always having had a certain amount of respect for the morality of teetotallers, believing them, at all events, to be earnest and truthful persons, I have accepted such "extracts" as facts. Now, however, I am beginning to understand how public men, whom one has hitherto regarded as persons of sense and intelligence, come to make these absurd announcements —as vouched for by teetotal lecturers.

Last week, at a teetotal gathering in Birmingham, Lady Henry Somerset is reported by the Birmingham papers to have spoken as follows: "Jerome K. Jerome told them in his paper that one in every four persons in this country die a drunkard's death." One-fourth of the population! I say nothing about the drivelling imbecility of such a statement. Lady Henry Somerset's audience were capable of believing that I had made it, and they applauded it, thereby proving themselves to be as mad as any sane person believing the charge would be compelled to consider myself. But silly, outrageous assertions, utterly false on the face of them, are the stock arguments of teetotal speakers, and therefore I say nothing on that point. All I wish to point out is that the statement is an utter and undiluted—well, as we are dealing with a lady, let me say, effort of the imagination. I never said anything of the kind in all my life, either in To-Day or elsewhere, nor has any writer in To-Day said anything of the kind, or anything that could give the faintest justification for Lady Henry Somerset's words.

So this is how teetotal oratory is manufactured! This silly lie will travel round and be quoted with gusto. Lady Henry Somerset was good enough to say that her audience might rely upon such a statement, coming from such a man as myself, not being tinged by fanatical exaggeration, and then she went on to argue what the country should do, seeing that one person in every four died a drunkard's death, "according to Mr. Jerome." But I am glad of the incident. It restores my respect for the people whose opinions on this subject of teetotalism I see so continually quoted. It is evident that the teetotal party has a factory for the turning out of its facts. I used to think of the teetotal fanatic as a mistaken enthusiast, but he apparently possesses more smartness than he is generally credited with.

A book which has recently attracted all the attention it deserves, and perhaps a little more, is the English translation of Max Nordan's work on degeneration. "Degenerates," he writes, "are not always criminals, prostitutes, Anarchists, and pronounced lunatics; they are often authors and artists." It is with the latter class that Max Nordan deals, proposing to show that they "manifest the same mental characteristics, and, for the most part, the same somatic features" as the former. He would apply the term "degenerate" to the originators of all the *fin-de-siècle* movements in art and literature. Those who sympathize with these movements, admire the originators, and profess an exquisite appreciation that the Philistine cannot feel, are also to be considered degenerate; the appreciativeness of which they are so proud is to rank only as a disease. Among those who come in for Max Nordan's severest criticisms are Wagner, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Ruskin, Rossetti. It may at once be conjectured that the book is exceedingly entertaining.

But it can hardly be said that the book is completely convincing. Max Nordan is at once a man of literature and a man of science; and the one spoils the other. The man of science who commits the indiscretion of falling in love with his own theory should not write about that theory until his attack is over. Max Nordan is in love with his theory, poses, indeed, as one who is likely to be a martyr for its sake. His enthusiasm is literary rather than scientific; his choice of language picturesque rather than accurate. He uses evidence which, on his own showing, is not trustworthy. He has not the even temper of a scientific investigator; it is not enough for him to prove his artist or author to be diseased; he goes on to abuse him for it—for the very thing which he has shown to be a misfortune and not a fault. And he has allowed himself to be drawn into an enterprise too vast to be adequately undertaken by one man. He embarks upon a consideration of the contemporary literature of several languages; he attempts a critical investigation of a school of music and another of a school of pictorial art. With all his knowledge, wide though it is, he must needs fall into some of the errors that are inevitable to those who generalize.

Now turn to the other side, and see how the man of science in Max Nordan spoils the man of literature. He criticises the pre-Raphaelite movement and the æsthetics. He seems to me to assign an importance to them which they never possessed. But the book originally appeared, I believe, at a time when the movement, though dead, had not been so long buried; I let that pass. Nordan criticises "The Blessed Damozel." It is mystic, he says, and mysticism is a sign of degeneracy. It is worth while to remember that the mysticism is intentional, planned, conscious; the symptom of a disease must be its inevitable accompaniment, but mysticism cannot be said to have been inevitable in the author of "Jenny" and "The Burden of Nineveh." Rossetti spoke of the day that counted as ten years; Max Nordan flies to arithmetic. The two lines in the poem that most definitely preclude the least idea of sensuality must have been, Nordan thinks, the result of a sensual idea. He goes on to quote one of Mr. Oscar Wilde's most absurd sayings, and sets to work seriously to prove that it is absurd. In brief, Max Nordan does not understand poetry, and has no sense of humour—or has mislaid it.

However, grant that Max Nordan's criticism is correct, then it proves much more than it wants to prove. Mr. Oscar Wilde sometimes says things which are not reasoned truth; so did Aristophanes and Rabelais. We are not quite so modern as Max Nordan thinks. However, there is no need to martyrize him. His book is suggestive, audacious, interesting, showing that width of range which is so fatal in science and so desirable everywhere else. Nor does his evidence always fail; it

would be difficult to refute what he says of Walt Whitman or Verlaine, for instance. It must not be supposed that either Max Nordan or his master, Lanbroso, would prove every genius to be insane. The theory is not so large as that, but none the less, it seems to me to be too large for the facts. The fallacy which underlies Max Nordan's book seems to me that by proving a parallel one proves a connection.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

J. C. C.—Mr. Wynn Evans was undoubtedly most unwise in writing the letter, and he probably regrets now having done so. H. B. (Trowbridge).—A letter to the general manager of a railway company asking him to see you on the matter, or to let you submit your scheme to him, would in all probability receive a favourable reply. G. D.—I thank you for calling my attention to the matter. To-morrow.—You would see advertisements in the *Athenæum*. I could not undertake to recommend anyone personally.

Shorthand.—One or two correspondents have written pointing out to me the advantage of different systems of shorthand, but while Pitman's is so universally used, I should deem it unwise for a young man to learn any other. At a newspaper office he would be unable to read another man's notes, and it would be impossible for any man to read his.

Poaching.—I continue to be inundated with letters from owners of shooting who are indignant at my views on this subject. I cannot see why a few rich men should monopolise all the pleasant things of life. They hold quite enough as it is. They shut up the beautiful places of the world, its mountains, woods, and dells, and placard huge notice boards before our eyes, telling us that if we dare to come there to see the beauties of God's earth we shall be prosecuted. Many riparian owners are indignant that pleasure boats are allowed to go up the Thames past their land. They would enclose the very sea if they had their way. Indeed, a man is never quite sure that he is not infringing the rights of some landlord or other every time he draws in a breath of God's air. If proprietors had their way there would be no spot on earth for the bulk of mankind but an asphalted highway between two walls. Shooting owners seem to fancy that it is they who created the game they claim. It was never intended that the earth and the fulness thereof should be the private property of a few rich people. Sport is an instinct with the poor man as well as with the rich. These creatures are wild, and therefore, morally speaking, are everybody's property. Many owners, I know, spend large sums in breeding their game, but I cannot dignity such with the name of sportsmen. They are simply wholesale poulterers who do their own killing.

H. B. W. (Sheffield).—A play is no property at all until it has been performed publicly. Then the copyright would, of course, rest with the author, unless he had transferred it by writing.

G. D.—The seventh day referred to in the Commandment is Saturday, so that every time a man works on Saturday he breaks that Commandment. Nothing is said either in the Old or New Testaments regarding the Sunday.

A. S. B.—It is said that a man who is his own counsel has a fool for a client, and your friend would be sure to make a mess of the case by attempting to conduct it himself. The cost of an undefended divorce case could hardly be less than £40. The law requires proof of everything. From entering into the case to its hearing would probably be six months. Then if you won, you—I beg pardon, your friend—would have to wait for the decree *nisi* afterwards.

A. C. N. asks me if I can decipher the following words, which are engraved on a lucky bell in his possession:

TOI COM MAE IN†
VNO TET AꟻM AI†

Perhaps one of my readers would like to take a hand.

F. B. (Singapore).—I am glad To-Day is liked so much in your country. We will see what can be done in the direction of extending our insurance scheme to cover riding and driving accidents.

Lady Henry Somerset's Extraordinary Statement.—Many correspondents draw my attention to this matter. They will see it dealt with in editorial notes.

Yardley.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. The index is published as soon it can be got out. I daresay as time goes on the delay will grow less. I follow "The Red Cockade" with stories by Anthony Hope, which friends who have read them tell me are exceedingly fine.

Subcriber (Belfast).—The working man's institute appears to be run on teetotal principles. You say the exhibition is to be got up for the purpose of aiding the funds of this institute. I certainly think that the logic of the argument lies with those who object to non-teetotal drink being sold at the exhibition. Think what the other side would say if, at an exhibition got up to support a temperance institute, liquor was freely sold.

W. S., who is an elderly and widely read gentleman, writes me with much enthusiasm concerning the excellence of the "Lawyer's Clerk" series of stories.

B. B. (Liverpool), wishes me to mention that it was the Liverpool Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children which was instrumental in bringing to light the horrible cruelty committed by an old hag of a mistress on her unfortunate little servant girl. It was a good piece of work, and I congratulate the Liverpool Society.

J. M. H.—Do not try to colour the billiard balls yourself. It is a difficult work and requires great experience and skill. You would only spoil the bone, or—as it is commonly called—ivory.

O. M. H.—Your argument would prevent one speaking out one's mind on any subject whatever. If you are fighting a man you must try to hit him. Outsider.—You would have no practical remedy, though you might engage in expensive litigation. Respectable journals do not do this sort of thing. G. H. P.—The plan is not unusual. Unfortunately for the magazine they seem to have got hold of a man who is a little too clever for them. The correspondence amused me greatly, and I have put it into the form of a short article, carefully suppressing all portions that could lead to identification. A. Y.—Mr. Jerome will not be lecturing at Southport, his tour being finished.

J. McK. P. (Liverpool), draws my attention to the recent libel action won by the Junior Reform Club against the Rev. J. Wakeford. This reminds me of another case which a Devonshire publican has just won against a Baptist minister. Parsons must learn that their cloth does not entitle them to bear false witness against their neighbours.

S. J. C. tells me that the address of the Fair Trade Club is 6, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

A. B. C.—Free Trade would keep more money in the country. You would be paying more for loaves, it is true, but you would be paying very much less for poor rate, the demands on your charity would be very much less, and with the increased prosperity of the nation as a whole your income would be sure to take a slight rise. What I maintain Protection would do to a great extent would be to shift a large number of men from the casual ward and the soup-kitchen into the labour market. This would be its immediate result. In the future it would increase the wealth of the country by directing enterprise to home industry in place of sending all our capital out of the country for the purpose of encouraging the commerce of other nations.

Bimetallism.—G. E. advises correspondents interested in the subject to read "Bimetallism, or Currency Reform," by J. H. Lovell. C. F. S. recommends two papers that were read on the subject before the Surveyors' Institution. The numbers of the papers are 190 and 191 in Volume XXV.

A. J.—The matter seems rather a trivial one. W. F. W.—I replied on the subject of Women's Suffrage a few weeks ago. To give reasons for and against would take some four or five hundred pages of this paper. Common-sense and Nature seem to be the best reasons against the argument. R. W. S.—No sound business concern would dream of offering you employment because you invested with them. Suspicion would attach to any house of business suggesting such an arrangement. You might go into partnership with anyone whom you know and can trust, but unless such an opportunity offered I would keep my investments and my search for employment two distinct matters. It would seem, judging from your qualifications, that you ought not to have very much difficulty in obtaining the berth. Experience always has a value. L. W. S., who shares our hate of what he calls "slimy hypocrisy," tells me that he finds great difficulty in obtaining To-Day in Burton-on-Trent, and that he had to go to the railway station for it. R. H. Dean.—Apply to the secretary of the Emigration Society.

J. C. N.—I have not seen any previous letter from you. I read the whole of the report—a very full one—and I really think I am capable of judging whether a thing is said ironically or in seriousness. Country Draper.—The reform you suggest would be excellent. It would probably make a difference of £20,000 a year to the gentleman referred to, however, so it might be difficult to persuade him to adopt it. S. P. and Co.—See reply to "Shorthand."

E. T.—I am handing your letter to the manager. I daresay I shall drift into the discussion you suggest. Thanks for your good wishes.

T. C. R.—I am afraid your suggestions as to comradeship between mistresses and servants would meet with small response, but much might be done to make the position of these poor little drudges a happier one.

A. R. B., writing from Egypt, says:—"Since I first saw your journal twelve months ago, I have managed to obtain it every week, and by fair means. If you care to accept the modest testimony of a keen sportsman, who has knocked about in almost every country in the world, let me say that To-Day is just *the very thing* I've wanted since the time I discovered that travelling abroad had erased many of the insular prejudices and narrow-minded ideas of the old country from my mind."

E. R. encloses me a letter from a friend in Calcutta to whom he sends To-Day. This Calcutta gentleman says that the local dailies "help themselves pretty liberally to cuttings from To-Day, and do not often acknowledge the source. The *Indian Daily News* is the worst offender." Perhaps the editor of the *Indian Daily News* will make a note of this, and beg his staff to reform.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Have just been stocking a number of copies of Lord Wolseley's "Decline and Fall of Napoleon,"[1] which came out in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The dapper little Viscount, so smart and soldierly in his appearance, so carefully dressed, but so free from what gentlemen call "side," has been a constant customer of mine. Unless my memory is playing me a trick, he told me that he was the "W." whose initial had appeared under such interesting queries in *Notes and Queries* for years. He is a sinewy man, though not very tall, and has the figure of a smart light cavalry officer.

* * * *

His brother, the now celebrated Australian squatter, whose inventive genius has done more than anything else to break the power of the Shearers' Union, was also a customer of mine. The shearing machine is now an acknowledged success, but rumour has it that it absorbed some very historic gold before it succeeded. It will be remembered that when Lord Wolseley conquered the Ashantees he declined a peerage, preferring a money grant of £25,000, which he entrusted to his brother, the Australian squatter, for investment. The brother invested it with such ill-success that it looked very like the General losing his money as well as his peerage.

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One of the best new books I have ever added to my library, I think, is Mr. Henry Norman's "Politics and Peoples of the Far East,"[2] of which I have just bought several copies. Apart from the merits of the letterpress, there are admirable illustrations, reproduced from photographs taken by Mr. Norman himself, with the exception of the ghastly "Death by a Thousand Cuts" (which is perforated that squeamish people may tear it out without injuring the book), and the beautiful coloured frontispiece of the woman with her wrists secured in the cruel bamboo hand-stocks used for torture in China. Of the letterpress it is impossible to speak too highly. Mr. Norman has a light and highly-finished style, and the book is a mass of well-digested information of the freshest kind. For four years Mr. Norman wandered up and down the Far East, from Vladivostock to Saigon and Tokyo to Bangkok, note-book in hand, with the unceasing purpose of collecting notes for this book, and the result is, as I have said, the best travel book which I have ever added to my library. There is something worth quoting in almost every page.

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Have just stocked copies of a neat half-crown cloth edition of "Cherry Ripe," which, with "Comin' Thro' the Rye," made the well-deserved reputation of my old patron, Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeves), who has not gone to the Riviera after all. I have also been ordering from Mr. Horace Cox copies of the second edition of "Wilton, Q.C.," the novel by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, which gives such a graphic account of life in a Highland shooting-box, and I shall stock a lot of copies of the shilling edition of "Her Girl's Ride in Iceland," which Mr. Cox is to bring out. Mrs. Tweedie is one of our brightest travel writers.

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It is not often that the deadly life in a German family of limited means is portrayed with more force than it is in Mrs. Andrew Dean's "Grasshoppers."[3] The "Grasshoppers" is full of strong irony, levelled against upper-middle-class society. Mrs. Dean portrays with a ruthless pen the merchant's family who live beyond their means with a haphazard extravagance till the father is killed by anxiety, and leaves them nearly bankrupt; the eligible young man in love with the pretty daughter, who deserts her as soon as the crash comes; the pretty daughter who marries a fogeyish old German for his money and treats him off-handedly. She only married him to get away from the terrible meannesses of life with her German aunt. But the book has very pleasant features in the character of Hilary, the heroine, of the worthy but homely old German who marries her sister, and of Dick, the hero, who marries Hilary. It is certainly a novel very much above the average.

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Personally I must admit preferring "A Pastoral Played Out,"[4] by Mary L. Pendered, which more than fulfils the promise of the same author's "Dust and Laurels." Like that book it has its "dash of blue," for the charming heroine makes remarkable little ado about going to live with an author-artist, whom she has only met a few days before, in free love. There are, however, no descriptions of passion. Gylda, the heroine, is a lucky young woman, for she contrives to get admitted to the intimacy of a number of nice people, who accept her at first without making sure that she is Etherege's wife, and will not give her up when they find that she is not. She flies from them herself when her free-love husband announces his intention of providing himself with a wife of the ordinary pattern, and with unusual celerity becomes a famous actress, in which capacity Etherege eventually sees her. He has, of course, never lost his love for her, but has merely married his wealthy widowed, American-born Princess for the social advantages. The Princess is a very cleverly drawn and charming character. She is so gentle, and Gylda is a fascinating heroine. I expect "A Pastoral Played Out" to be one of the most popular of the new novels in my library. I believe it was I who introduced Mr. Heinemann to Miss Pendered. She is a tall, dark, stately, smiling woman, still young.

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Those of my customers who went to the opening night of Sunday Clubland tell me that it is much the same sort of thing as the Salon, which is also held in the rooms of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. But it will meet every Sunday night instead of only occasionally. The President of the R.I., Sir James Linton, and gentlemen of the same position in the allied arts, have been instrumental in getting up the Club, which provides a supper and a brilliant programme for the modest sum of two guineas a year.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many correspondents have inquired for particulars about Sandow's book, which was recently noticed in these columns. The book can be procured direct and post free from the publishers, Gale and Polden, 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C. The price is twelve shillings and sixpence net.

Yadot.—Two good books on the subject are "British Dairy Farming," by Professor Jas. Long (Chapman and Hall, 9s.), and "A Manual of Practical Dairy Farming," by H. M. Upton (Sampson, Low and Co., 2s.).

S. W.—One of the best editions is Dyce's, published by Sonnenschein in ten volumes at £4 10s. "A Practical Guide to English Versification," by T. Hood, jun., might serve your purpose. The price is half-a-crown.

Enquirer.—Your books are worth about a shilling each.

Annual Subscriber (B. H.).—To get complete information about all the national costumes would necessitate your buying a large number of books. The most comprehensive work on the subject is Kretschner and Rohrbuck's "Costumes of All Nations." It contains 104 coloured plates, and is published at four guineas by Sotheran.

Annual Subscriber.—"Breeches" Bibles are not very rare. Mr. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, would give you fifteen shillings for yours if in good condition.

E. B.—The five volumes are worth ten shillings and sixpence. Your best plan would be to advertise them.

Glyn Neath.—I know of no translation of Villemarque's work.

S. W. W.—There are thirteen numbers to each volume. We are now in the sixth.

Langford.—Most of the carols are for Christmas. The music is given in all cases.

B. B.—I do not know of such a book. "Try Carpenter's Penny Readings."

T. F. B.—Your book is worth about fifteen shillings.

Embryo Book-hunter, M. M., and Lazarus.—The books and papers you name are of no commercial value.

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1. "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon," by Lord Wolseley (Sampson, Low, 3s. 6d.).
2. "Politics and People of the Far East," by Mr. Henry Norman (T. Fisher Unwin, 21s.).
3. "Grasshoppers," by Mrs. Andrew Dean (A. and C. Black, 6s.).
4. "A Pastoral Played Out," by Mary S. Pendered (Heinemann, 6s.).

LETTERS OF A CANDID PLAYGOER.

My Dear Dick,—The one novelty of the past seven days is *Fortune's Fool* at the Haymarket. It is a monologue, playing about thirty minutes, and put on at the end of the evening, to give Waller a chance of showing what he can do in the way of tragic intensity. It gives him that chance, and despite a certain tendency to monotony he avails himself of it to the uttermost. Yet though it has much artistic excellence the entertainment depresses me. The author, Mr. Henry Hamilton, shows us a young man who, after many struggles, earns enough money by the pursuit of journalism to live in comfortable rooms; this being so, I presume he wrote for a financial organ, and "boomed" the Kaffir circus. Despite such comparative opulence he is peevish because a rich uncle cuts him out of his will, and simultaneously the girl of his heart temporarily, and at the request of her parents, renounces him. Had he possessed the moral fibre of a limpet, or the courage of a blackbeetle, he would have fought on to win fame and fortune, and, perhaps, the hand of his sweetheart after all. Being a despondent owl he does none of these things. He acts a little scene to himself, imagines that he is entertaining King Death, and having considerately provided that sinister personage with a brandy-and-soda, proceeds to inflict on him a life story illustrated with song. He weeps; he paws the frame containing the photograph of his *immorata*; he burns his walking-stick, and generally behaves with all the mawkish unrestraint of an ænemic decadent. Lord! how I longed to see some common-place, conventional person come in and kick him hard first, and take him off to the Alhambra afterwards. Unhappily even King Death is bored beyond protest, and so at length the young man takes poison. Directly he does so a couple of letters arrive—at four o'clock in the morning mark you—one to say that his uncle has died without a will and he is now wealthy, the other to announce that his lost love has bolted from home, and will be with him immediately. He is too upset to notice her ridiculous demand that he shall marry her "to-morrow," a thing which he could not possibly do legally, even before a registrar, but after an extra squirm or two he falls dead on the hearthrug. As he does so her knock—a peculiar one which has been previously explained—comes at the door. This is a dramatic moment, but directly it is reached the curtain falls.

I am not fond of morbid plays at the best of times; but you can occasionally forgive a morbid theme because of its impressive quality, or its strength. I do not think *Fortune's Fool* either strong or impressive. Its central figure is a maudler and a coward. I can applaud the astute tactician who bends before the storm. I can admire the hero, or the fanatic, who braves it, and dies fighting. For the suicide who morally runs away from his difficulties and responsibilities I have no use. He is merely contemptible. Perhaps I am prejudiced on this particular point, but my prejudice rises up within me and howls at *Fortune's Fool*. My detestation of the individual is accentuated by the language that he uses—when he wants to say that he "found work and it paid," he says that he "obtained employment which was not altogether unremunerative," or words to that effect. Mind, I do not for one moment deny that this monologue is not admirably written if it were written only to be read. But it is written to be spoken, and on my ear it frequently grated as stilted, redundant, and unreal. This fault robbed its strongest moments of grip. Remember, of all developments on the modern stage, the most noticeable is the inclination towards simple, natural dialogue. I am not alluding, of course, to lighter plays, but to plays that affect to reproduce real incidents in real life. Pinero, for example, is a master of witty, satirical phrase-making; he can turn out what is commonly called "brilliant" dialogue by the yard. Yet in his two great plays—*Tanqueray*, and especially *Mrs. Ebbsmith*—he religiously abjures anything other than the most rigidly simple and natural dialogue. Mr. Henry Hamilton, as all his work has proved, possesses a remarkable facility for writing picturesque, poetical, and sarcastic dialogue. Nothing could be better or more commendable in its proper place. But if he intends to come down and do battle in the arena of the realists he must arm himself with their weapons, for otherwise he will appear as a knight in full armour charging at a man posted behind a Maxim gun.

I should not have said so much to you about so small a play if I had not considered the occasion one of importance. I do so for various reasons: The management at the Haymarket gives the position of honour on its programme to a monologue, that is one reason; Mr. Hamilton treads an unaccustomed path, that is another. These things indicate a drift in theatrical affairs that interests me deeply. I am sure that the profound impression produced by *Mrs. Ebbsmith* will have far-reaching results, and I watch keenly for every straw that may show me how the wind is going to blow. I do not for one solitary instant profess to prophesy, but that we are on the verge of strong reaction or vigorous progress I feel sure. Despite his immeasurable talent living dramatists will not for long remain content to leave Pinero alone. If Mr. Hamilton, for example, feels sure of his ground, he will not remain satisfied with monologues. He, together with Jones, Grundy and others will plunge into the new drama. How far will public taste and opinion support them? That is what I am most curious to discover.

Talking of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, I suppose you know that John Hare will leave the Garrick in the autumn, and will go to America and subsequently to Australia. Willard, I understand, will occupy his theatre while he is away. Forbes Robertson will commence management—somewhere—on his own account, beginning with *Pour la Couronne*, by François Coppée, done into English by John Davidson of the *Yellow Book*. It has been reported that Miss Kate Rorke will be associated with Robertson, but this is not yet settled. There is just a chance that Miss Rorke may become her own manageress, in which case she will present a play already tried by her in the provinces from the pen of Miss Clo Graves.

D'Oyley Carte, has, I fancy, been caught napping at the Savoy. I am told that he will let his theatre until the autumn, for the Pinero-Sullivan opera will not be ready until then. Adrian Ross is still working on the lyrics. Music, I know, does not interest you much, but you may care to hear that Mascagni's new opera *Silvano* is described to me from Milan as an artistic "fizzle," which means that it is not quite a success, though De Lucia, the tenor, scored a complete triumph in it.

The Court Theatre Company has, you know, fallen through. What the immediate result will be, I cannot say. I understand that the property will pass entirely into the hands of Mrs. John Wood, but it is not her intention to embark on management, so I presume that the theatre will be to let for the autumn.

Theatrical business has not been in a very flourishing condition during the last ten days, despite better weather. The Garrick and the Prince of Wales—that is to say Pinero and Arthur Roberts—appear to enjoy the monopoly of whatever patronage is going about. Things will probably be worse until Easter, when an all-round revival is hoped for. I confess that I don't expect it. The shows that are not drawing just now are, in my opinion, played out, and if the public does not get a batch of new plays it will do as it did in 1891—go to the music-halls.—Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

I raised the point the other week of the effect that the stage had on fashions in men's clothes, and I am pretty certain that in time the stage will be the authority we shall all consult. Someone is bound to set the fashion, and the someone is lacking among the aristocracy. The Prince of Wales has through thick and thin stuck to the brown felt hat; he attempted to introduce knee breeches for evening wear, and he last summer startled many by wearing a single-breasted frock coat for his latest photograph. None of these moves have ever affected the fashion market. The well-dressed know that the Prince hates the idea of being a tailor's model, and withdraws his favour from any garment when he finds it is being imitated. Apart from this the Prince dresses to suit a stout man, a distinction that most people lack. Beyond the Prince there is no one of the Royal House whose views would largely influence the public, and only in Ouida's imagination is there an officer in the Guards whose fad would found a fashion.

On the other hand, during the last few years the stage has, undoubtedly, pioneered most changes. Arthur Roberts, for one instance, introduced the full, bell-shaped hat in his character as Captain Coddington, and the hat at once became the rage, every young man about town promptly ordering a "Coddington." It was from the Gaiety, too, I believe, that we originally got the shepherd's crook walking stick, with tremendous handles, and Oscar Wilde certainly started the rage in England for painted flowers, although he collared the idea from France. In proof of the stage being the idea furnishing ground, comes the testimony of Mr. George Grossmith, junr., who tells an interviewer of the *Westminster* that he finds his get-up closely copied by the young idea. This is in itself a remarkable admission, for in the *Shop Girl* Mr. Grossmith, with his Tyrolese straw hat and blue serge suit, seems almost to intend to burlesque the masher.

In the same play Mr. Seymour Hicks dresses in a black frock coat, with a tan-coloured waistcoat and loose trousers turned up at the bottom. Since this, a well-known tailor assured me many of his clients had given him the order to make a suit on the same lines as "Young Hicks's at the Gaiety." Another thing that the stage has from time to time introduced into fashion and driven out again is the eye-glass. Dear in the days of burlesque a dozen years ago, everyone in the streets bought and wore them, and when they were dropped by the stage they went out altogether as though there had been some faith healing cure for short sight. In these cases I have only mentioned some of the fashions that more directly affect the younger generation, but it is just as certain that what Beerbohm Tree, Wyndham, and Hawtrey adopt, largely influences an elder circle in its selection.

In America the power of the stage in this direction is fully recognised, and to all appearances (judging from the papers) a man is told off to note novelties in the actors' dress, just as an English paper sends "our lady correspondent" to discuss those of the actresses. These writers even wax eloquent on the subject. "What," wrote one of them the other day, dealing with a play of Frohman's, "do you think of a man wearing patent leather boots with yellow leather uppers in a drawing-room? It made our office boy weep. And So-and-so turned up in a frock coat that he might have stolen from an Israelite's shop, without exciting the owner sufficiently to follow him. But we could have forgiven him if after he had got the coat he had not gone outside and slept on a dust-heap." No doubt this kind of comment would distress an English actor, but they manage these things differently over there.

Dealing with my notes last week on the tipping evil, more than one correspondent has suggested that I should be responsible for the formation of a League, whose members guaranteed under no circumstances to pay the wages of other people's servants. I must respectfully decline the honour. Life is too short, and sustained contempt on all sides would pain me. Curiously enough I notice that some sort of a Trades' Union that is said to represent the waiters, has this week issued a manifesto asking for the tipping business to be done away with, and for wages to be substituted. This is, no doubt, to a large extent bunkum, but I am quite certain that the waiter would cordially welcome a certain salary to a promiscuous one.

The whole modern tipping business is a survival of an excellent system, under different conditions. No doubt it was pleasant to reward the waiter at the roadside tavern with a tip for his attention, and the guard on the coach who amused you with a good story was a worthy object. But they received their wages, and the present was welcome and appreciated. When, however, the guileful foreigner and his army of polyglot waiters swooped down on the land, and took the restaurant business out of British hands, the aspect of the matter changed. What was before a present became a charge, and the nuisance spread East and West. The railway porter argued that he was really the lineal descendant of the coaching guard, the tea shop girl compared herself to the buxom wench who served the flagons of nut-brown ale, the barber and a dozen other trades thought it possible they might have had some tipped counterparts in the old times, and decided to give themselves the benefit of the doubt. The cabman I will not discuss. He is Dick Turpin at 6 st. 7 lb. Any reader who can send me a solution of the difficulty shall be allowed to address my readers.

It is generally admitted that the Oxford crew of Saturday was the best that has ever rowed in the 'Varsity race, and we must all wish that the oft debated question as to whether the English are equal to Yale and Harvard on the water could be settled at Henley this year. The worst of these things is that directly a challenge is made to America, whether it be in regard to yachting, boxing, or any other sport, the whole thing degenerates into a mass of technical disputes. One wants one condition, the other concedes it, and then wants one on its own account. This is, in its turn, conceded, and then the whole thing is played over and over again till everyone forgets all about it, and those who follow the question through have about as much knowledge as Adam as to what the whole difficulty has arisen from.

After the spirited fashion in which America's universities met our own in athletic encounters last year, it may really be hoped with confidence that such a race can be successfully arranged. We should welcome them all the more heartily because they would come over with a knowledge that they had to meet the best that England could produce, and if they won we should throw up our hats and give them the cheer they deserved. If both sides honestly wish to meet, it can be arranged in forty-eight hours, and if they don't then let the system of shouting and scuttling be left to the professional pugilists.

A curious and somewhat striking innovation in the make of trousers is the use of black braid down the sides of those made in light materials. I have seen at least three men wearing light greys and browns with this decoration. It does not look half so bad as one might imagine.

Evidently the tie market must be hard up for novelties when a firm gives pride of place in its windows to a bow-tie with fancy ends sewn on. That is, if you

buy a black and white check pattern, you have fixed on at each end some violent print of Oriental or Highland design. It is striking—too striking, some may think.

There should be a capital evening's entertainment when the City of London Volunteer Artillery give their concert at the Cannon Street Hotel, on Friday, April 5th. The artistes include Miss Ethel Wynn, Miss Meredyth Elliot, Mr. Charles Chilley, and Mr. Franklin Clive. The Duke of Teck has promised to attend.

I have lately seen a new departure in electro-plating at the premises of the Plating Company, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden. The novelty consists of a process of depositing by electricity a coating of tin on copper or iron. This has not hitherto been possible, but it is found that by immersing the article to be plated in a bath of stannic chloride, almost at boiling point, and keeping the bath at that temperature throughout the process, a deposit of tin capable of a high polish can be obtained. As tin is capable of as high a polish, and is less porous than nickel, it may be that it will supersede the latter metal in the cycle trade, as being more suitable to prevent the damp affecting the steel of which cycle tubes are composed.

Just as comprehensive as ever is the programme of excursions arranged by the Great Western Railway for the Easter holidays, and it is few places of importance in the west that they do not touch. On Thursday, Exeter, Plymouth, Bristol, Weston super-Mare, Taunton, Yeovil, Weymouth, Oxford, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Cirencester, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Evesham, Worcester, and Malvern are dealt with. On Good Friday cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations. On Saturday an excursion will be run to Bath and Bristol, and on Monday excursions will be made to Reading, Bath, Bristol, Cirencester, Gloucester, and Cheltenham. In addition to these excursions, cheap trains will run to London from most of the provincial towns. There are the usual reductions in fares, and the same facilities for getting tickets at all the company's offices.

The London and North Western have provided for tourists going to the North and to Wales in their usual liberal fashion. On Wednesday night excursions leave for Liverpool, Manchester, Holyhead, North Wales, Birkenhead, Chester, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Preston, Southport, Blackpool, Crewe, Nantwich, Stafford, Huddersfield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Oldham, Runcorn, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington,

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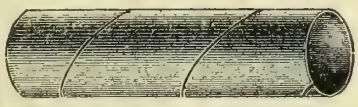

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UNIQUE, UNRIVALLED, PURE AS HIGHLAND AIR

This Very Old Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years.

Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness.

This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two gallons constitute a case, contained in twelve special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent, carriage paid for cash, 45s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of less age than described in this announcement.

The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

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31 Gold and Prize Medals Awarded.

Works—DUBLIN AND BELFAST.

FOREIGN ORDERS Specially prepared to suit the Various Climates.

Widnes, Buxton, Oswestry, Montgomery, Newtown, Llandiloes, Craven Arms, Hereford, Ludlow, Leominster, Llandridod Wells, Welshpool, Newport (Salop), Shrewsbury, Wellington, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, and the English Lake District. On Thursday morning they attend to Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Warwick, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, Dudley Port, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Litchfield, Tamworth, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, Macclesfield, Leek, Stoke, Stone, Uttoxeter, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwith, Aberdovery, Towey, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Criccieth, and Harlech. On Thursday evening trains are run to practically every town worth going to in Scotland.

Without knowing its name, I mentioned some months ago an umbrella which could be opened for the trouble of pressing a button on the handle. This is no doubt a great boon to theatre-goers who find themselves suddenly outside in the rain, without room to move their arms. The patent belongs to the "Habilis" Company.

I have heard a little story that surprises me somewhat, and which would astonish me if the N.C.U. were not a party associated in the transaction. At any rate, it is to the effect that the license of one of our best-known amateurs is being held in abeyance. And the reason? Because in a professional capacity he has undertaken business for a big cycling firm. It is a strange story—a very, very strange little story.

A friend who was at Lincoln and Liverpool asks me to draw attention to the huge number of well-known bad characters that were to be seen on the two courses. The police at times were overwhelmed with complaints by unfortunate folk, who, to use a vulgar term, had been "stuck-up," and I am afraid that a severe winter and little racing has made "the boys" more desperate than ever. Even a prominent journalist did not escape their attention at Lincoln.

Ireland triumphed at Aintree, and that the cheers which greeted the success of Wild Man from Borneo had a double meaning admits of no doubt. What would have happened had Cathal won I hardly care to suggest; suffice it to say that the sporting public have now a decided antipathy to Escott's stable, although I am able to say that the young Lewes trainer was as greatly surprised as any of us when Cloister broke down.

Colonel North is never cast down by numerous disappointments on the race-course—would that we could all bear our losses with such composure—and he still hopes to win the Derby. The Colonel also wishes to see his colours to the fore in the Grand National, and his stud of jumpers will be considerably increased ere the next "illegitimate" season comes round.

The struggle between M. Cannon and Tom Loates promises to be as keen as was the case last year. The odds are certainly in favour of Loates, who can ride at a much lower weight than Cannon; but the Danebury horseman is connected with such powerful stables that I really think he will come out at the head of the poll

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On **Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday and Monday,** CHEAP THIRD CLASS TICKETS, available on day of issue only, will be issued by certain trains from **Paddington,** Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, Latimer Road, Notting Hill, Royal Oak, Westbourne Park, and from **certain stations on the District and Metropolitan Railways,** to the following stations, at the fares shewn:—

STAINES	2/0	COOKHAM	TILEHURST ...
WINDSOR	2/6	BOURNE END ...	PANGBOURNE ... 6/-
TAPLOW	3/-	GREAT MARLOW 3/6	GORING ... ...
MAIDENHEAD		SHIPLAKE	CHOLSEY AND MOULSFORD 6/6
		HENLEY	WALLINGFORD 7/-

(Not on Good Friday or Sunday.)

On **Saturday, April 13th, and Easter Monday,** similar tickets will be issued to these stations (except Tilehurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey and Moulsford, and Wallingford) from **certain stations on the North London Railway.**

For full particulars see bills.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

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WHY TAKLIS IS REQUIRED BY EVERY GENTLEMAN.

The Marvellous SILK HAT RENOVATOR.

NO IRONING REQUIRED. UNAFFECTED BY RAIN.

1s. box, including velvet pad & tube of TAKLIS post free, 1s. 2d., from

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For LUMBAGO, RHEUMATICS, COLDS, & INFLUENZA.

PURE NATURAL WOOL.

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GRANT & WATSON,

SHIRT-TAILORS, HOSIERS, & OUTFITTERS,

112, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

Cheap Excursions will be run from London (Euston), Kensington (Addison Road), Broad Street, Willesden Junction, &c., as follows:—

On Wednesday night April 10th.—To LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, Holyhead, North Wales, Birkenhead, Chester, Northwich, Blackburn, Bolton, Wigan, Preston, Southport, Blackpool, Crewe, Nantwich, Stafford, Ashton, Batley, Dewsbury, Huddersfield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Oldham, Runcorn, Stalybridge, Stockport, Warrington, Widnes, Buxton, Oswestry, Montgomery, Newtown, Llandiloes, Craven Arms, Hereford, Ludlow, Leominster, Llandridod Wells, Welshpool, Newport (Salop), Shrewsbury, Wellington, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, and the English Lake District, &c., returning Tuesday, April 16th.

On Thursday morning April 11th.—To Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Warwick, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, Dudley Port, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, returning on Easter Monday, April 15th, or Tuesday, April 16th; and to Litchfield, Tamworth, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nuneaton, Rugby, Macclesfield, Leek, Stoke, Stone, Uttoxeter, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Aberystwith, Aberdovery, Towey, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Criccieth, Harlech, &c., returning on Tuesday, April 16th.

On Thursday evening April 11th.—To Carlisle, Dumfries, Newton Stewart, Stranraer, Wigtown, Whithorn, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Greenock, Gourock, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Stonehaven, Montrose, Brechin, Arbroath, Forfar, Kirriemuir, Blairgowrie, Coupar Angus, Dundee, Perth, Crieffe, Oban, Loch Awe, Dalmally, Tyndrum, Crianlarich, Killin, Fort William, Callander, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Sterling and Inverness, returning Easter Monday, April 15th, or Friday, April 19th.

Note.—By the trips to Scotland, Cheap Third Class Tickets will be issued at a SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY, available for return on any day within 16 days from date of issue.

For times, fares, and full particulars, see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

London, Euston, 1895.

READY APRIL 9.

SPRING NUMBER OF "TO-DAY."

DON'T MISS IT.

See Advertisement on Page 266.

IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

TRADE MARK THREE BELLS CIGARETTES. TRADE MARK

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

next November. Cannon and Loates, though rivals, are very good friends.

It will take a long time to wipe out the Cloister sensation. Of course, the most remarkable rumours are flying about, but Mr. Duff is hopeful this time of sifting the matter to the bottom. He backed his horse for £1,000, and what is more, told all his most intimate friends to support his horse.

In all probability, Mr. Duff will now retire from the Turf altogether. That Cloister will never run again is certain.

Several correspondents call my attention to what they designate the extortionate charges made for covered seats to view the final tie of the English Cup at the Crystal Palace on April 20th. Certainly, 5s. does seem a bit high for ninety minutes' view of a football match, especially as that sum is supplemented by a sixpenny booking fee by the agents, and there are also the railway fare, and a shilling charge for admission to the Palace. Seven shillings is the lowest amount one would have to spend without refreshments. Surely, this is a matter which might even yet be remedied, and I recommend it to the attention of the Association Council.

To-day (April 6th) the most important of the Association International matches takes place, between England and Wales. The venue is Goodison Park, Liverpool. The selection of the English team has given satisfaction to no one. The rabid professional section are grumbling at the inclusion of Messrs. L. V. Lodge (Cambridge University), and R. C. Gosling (Old Etonians); while on the other hand the sticklers for amateurism contend for Messrs. G. O. Smith and R. Sandilands. Anyhow, I fancy we shall win all the same. Personally I fail to see why the professionals should have a monopoly of International honours.

Everton, though the richest of the League clubs, are having a good deal of bad luck towards the end of the season. First, they are knocked out of the English Cup, then they experience defeat in the final of the Lancashire Cup at the hands of Preston North End, and they look like just losing the League championship by a point or two. They have to meet Sunderland on April 20th, and that match will probably decide the championship. In Lancashire and the North there will be quite as much interest in the result of the game at Sunderland, as in the Cup final at the Crystal Palace.

As an outcome of the Pan-Britannic movement in athletics, for which Mr. Ashley-Cooper is working so assiduously, the newly-formed South African Amateur Athletic Association has resolved to send South African representatives to take part in the Amateur Athletic Championship meeting to be held in this country in July next. Our English championships, both cycling and running, are open to all the world.

The LIST will CLOSE TO-MORROW for Town, and on the FOLLOWING MORNING for the Country.

Issue of £125,000, part of £250,000 FIVE PER CENT. DEBENTURES, secured as hereinafter mentioned by a Trust Deed, dated 18th March, 1895, on 277 miles of railway and 2,400,000 acres of selected Lands.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Limited and Reduced

Offer the above £125,000 Debentures for subscription at £97 10s. per £100 Debenture, at the Banking House of Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., Lombard-street, E.C., as follows:—£5 per cent. on Application; £17 10s. per cent. on Allotment; £37 10s. per cent. on 15th May, 1895; £37 10s. per cent. on 15th June, 1895.

Subscribers may pay up in full on or after Allotment under discount at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum.

The Debentures will be to bearer, and will be issued in sums of £50 and £100 each. Interest Coupons will be attached, payable half-yearly on the 1st September and the 1st March, at the Banking House of Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co. The first Coupon for a full half-year will be paid on the 1st September, 1895.

The Debentures will be redeemable by purchase in the market, or at £105 per cent. upon the Company giving six months' notice of its intention to pay off the same, or after 1st March, 1906, by drawings at the same price, by the operation of a Sinking Fund, calculated to redeem the issue by 1st March, 1925.

PROSPECTUS.

The present issue of £125,000 Four per Cent. Debentures, will rank immediately after the £500,000 Four per Cent. Bonds issued in 1893, guaranteed by the Government of Western Australia. Subject only to this prior lien they will be secured by a charge upon the Railway, and 2,400,000 acres of land.

The 500,000 Four per Cent. Bonds referred to, which were issued by the Company in 1893 at £95, are now quoted £105.

Twenty per cent. of the nominal value of the Debentures now offered and subscribed will be deposited with Messrs Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co. as a reserve, to provide for any possible deficiency in the payment of the interest pending the development of traffic on the Railway, and the realisation of the Company's landed estate, which is daily growing in value. Subject to this provision, the proceeds of the issue will be applied to the general purposes of the Company.

The Railway has been constructed under a concession from the Government of Western Australia, is about 277 miles long, and, being open to traffic, arangements are now being made to take it over from the contractor. Starting from Guildford, where it joins the Government line from Perth and Fremantle, it runs to Walkaway, connecting there with the Government line to Geraldton, thus uniting the Government Railways in the North and South, and forms the chief section of the main line route through the old settled districts of the Colony from Albany to Geraldton, a distance of nearly 700 miles. The Railway is also the direct route from the city of Perth to the Murchison Goldfields, where there already exists a considerable mining population, which is rapidly increasing. The contract price of the Railway was £3,600 per mile, or a total of £997,000.

The 2,400,000 acres of land have been carefully selected and surveyed on behalf of the Company, and no part of it is more than 40 miles from the railway. It is held as freehold by the Company under direct Government grant, and includes the mineral, timber, pastoral, agricultural, town sites, and other advantages, and if valued only at the low average price of 10s. per acre, represents an asset of £1,200,000, which, together with the above £997,000, makes a total of £2,197,000.

Deducting from the above the amount of the Government guaranteed Bonds, there is left £1,697,000 as security for the present issue of £125,000 Debentures.

Extracts respecting the Company's lands are enclosed with prospectus.

The Company proposes in the next Session of the Colonial Parliament to apply for an Act authorising an extension of their system from Mingenew to Mullewa, a distance of nearly 50 miles, where it would join the Government line to the Murchison direct, and thereby shorten the journey from the goldfields to the capital by about 100 miles as compared with the present route. This would secure an important addition of direct and profitable traffic down the entire length of the railway from Mullewa to Perth. The proposed extension will run for most of its length through the Company's selections of land.

When the building of this Line is undertaken the cost will be provided by the issue of the second moiety of the authorised £250,000. In which case it is provided in the Trust Deed that the whole issue shall have a first charge on this extension, in addition to the security above mentioned.

The following facts illustrate the rapid progress of the Colony since the Midland Railway Company was formed in 1890; the export of gold in 1890 amounted to £86,664; whilst in 1894 it increased to £787,099. The Revenue returns have increased from £401,737 in 1890 to £863,679 for the year ending 31st December, 1894. The traffic receipts of the 570 miles of Government Railways for the year ending 30th June, 1894, amounted to £134,966, and the expenditure to £105,977; whilst for the half-year ending 31st December, 1894, the receipts and expenditure were, respectively, £127,283 and £76,620, showing a very considerable increase in the volume of traffic, and leaving a large margin for interest on capital; and the population has more than doubled during the past four years, a progress which augurs well for the future of the Company.

Gold has been discovered on and in close proximity to the Company's lands, and it is intended to make arrangements to prospect thereon for precious metals and other minerals.

The map enclosed with the Prospectus shows the route of the Railway and the position of the Company's selected lands.

Copies (1) of an Agreement, dated 18th December, 1894, between The Midland Railway Company of Western Australia, Limited and Reduced, of the first part; The Trustees, Executors and Securities Insurance Corporation (Limited), of the second part, and Charles Thomson Park of the third part; (2) of the Trust Deed; and (3) of the Debenture, may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

DIRECTORS.

JOSIAH TIMMIS SMITH, Chairman.
Alexander Hubbard, Deputy Chairman, Great Western Railway Company.
W. Mendel, Messrs. Andre, Mendel and Co., E.C.
W. J. Alt, Chairman, Brazil Great Southern Railway Company (Limited).
A. Leland Noel, Director, Securities Insurance Company (Limited).
Herbert W. Bond, Managing Director, Perth, Western Australia.

SECRETARY.—A. J. Barber.

Offices.—38, New Broad-street, E.C

NO LATE FROST IN THIS! The

SPRING NUMBER OF "TO-DAY"

Will be Ready April 9th.

See Advertisement on Page 266

THE WHOLE EDITION of the

SPRING NUMBER OF "TO-DAY"

Has already been Bespoke by the Trade.

ORDER EARLY or you may miss it.

The simmering revolt against the Rugby Union amongst the Yorkshire clubs has received a *douche* of cold water by the refusal of three important clubs—Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield—to go quite as far as the others. The understanding was that all should go out together if the Rugby Union refused to recognise the Northern League. This secession will probably put an end to the whole movement.

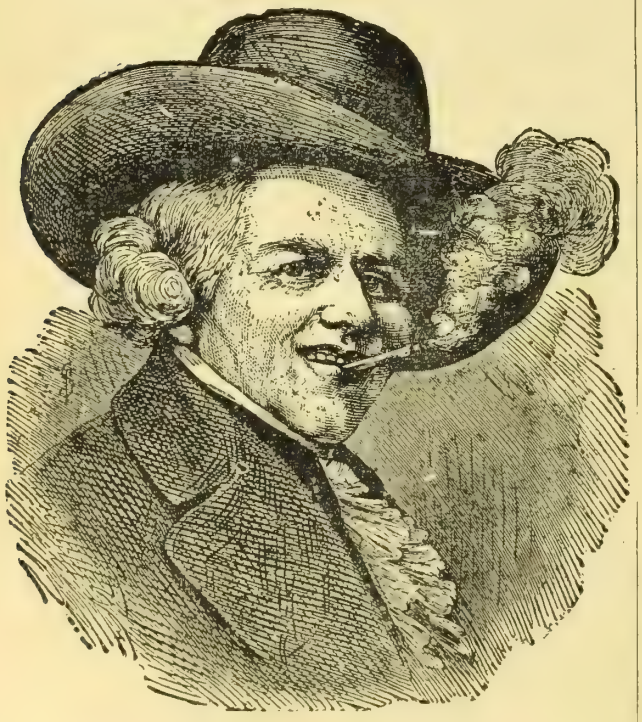
Welshmen in London are to have a Rugby club once again. R. S. Rowlands (Guy's Hospital), is to be captain. Anyone interested should apply to Mr. Clenyg Jones, 180, Euston Road, who will give all information. Several men at Guy's, Middlesex, and University College Hospitals have already joined, so that the London Welsh Football Club seems likely to flourish exceedingly next season.

A correspondent asks me the best way to stretch a pair of new boots. The right method is not very pleasant, but it's very efficacious. Put the boots on over a pair of very thick socks, and make up your mind to be tortured for a day. Then the next time you wear those boots, do so with socks of rational thickness, and you will bless me for giving you this little tip.

In going through the solutions of the misere problem one of the most amusing features is the naive fashion in which the required situations are occasionally dragged in. Knowingly allowing the caller to discard, although a very common phase in regular play, seems to have proved an insuperable difficulty to many competitors, three of whom, however, prove equal to the occasion by giving the following reason, identical in each case. The leading hand holds a suit of which he knows the caller is free, and he is quite in the dark as to which is the caller's weak spot in the other suits. To ascertain this, therefore, he plays the caller's free suit, knowing that he will show his danger by renouncing it. Which is much on the same lines as ascertaining whether there is an escape of gas by applying a light. And yet of the three competitors who adopted these tactics, two gave otherwise admirable games.

Leads which would never be adopted in ordinary play, but which have been ostensibly begged to meet the conditions of the problem, have been general throughout the competition. The tactics have been palpably those of double dummy, and would be wholly unjustifiable with the other hands concealed, nor would the competitors pursue them in ordinary play. A much more significant outcome of the competition, however, is the evidence it affords of the utterly mistaken methods by which a certain large section of players in a misere, whether they be callers or adversaries, select cards for leading, following or renouncing. In playing a card from a sequence, the adversaries in these illustrative hands almost invariably select the lowest of that sequence, when it should always be the highest; and, when practicable, the caller follows or discards with his highest of a sequence, when he should confuse his opponents by playing the lowest, or the lowest but one. By leading, following, or discarding a card in sequence other than the highest, you leave your partners in the dark as to where are the higher cards—cards that you are holding—and in trying to find this out the caller, as a rule, gets his discard. In playing a card of a sequence, consistently play your highest, and your partners will then know that whatever card you may lead, or follow with,

RICHMOND GEM



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or discard, you do not hold the card immediately higher. Thus, if you play the five you can't have the six, or if you play the Jack you haven't the Queen, and so on.

Prior to submitting the problem for competition, I tested whether the double conditions of discarding were feasible, by roughly compiling a tentative game. I give it here, not because I think the situations are as strongly marked as they might be, but the motives are simple, and the play would easily suggest itself to exponents of ordinary capacity.

The Hands.—A: King—hearts; Ace, King, 10, 7—diamonds; Queen, Jack, 10, 9, 2—clubs; Ace, 8, 2—spades.

B: 10, 4, 5, 2—hearts; 4, 3, 2—diamonds; King, Jack, 9, 5, 4, 3—spades.

C: Ace, Queen, Jack, 8, 7, 6, 3—hearts; Ace, King—clubs; Queen, 10, 7, 6—spades.

D (dealer): 9—hearts; Queen, Jack, 9, 8, 6, 5—diamonds; 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3—clubs.

Nine of hearts turned up. A passes; B calls misere; C and D pass.

THE PLAY.

1st trick.—A: King—hearts; 10—hearts; Ace—hearts; 9—hearts.

Second trick.—C: 3—hearts; Queen—diamonds; Ace—diamonds; 2—hearts.

C has no diamonds, and must not allow both partners to continue throwing them off, as he wants them led to enable him to renounce Ace and King of clubs.

Third trick.—C: 7—spades; Jack—diamonds; 8—spades; 3—spades.

A guesses C's motive for stopping the discard in diamonds, and proceeds to lead them.

Fourth trick.—A: 7—diamonds; 2—diamonds; Ace—clubs; 9—diamonds.

Fifth trick.—D: 8—diamonds; King—diamonds; 3—diamonds; King—clubs.

Sixth trick.—A: 10—diamonds; 4—diamonds; Queen—spades; 6—diamonds.

Seventh trick.—A: Queen—clubs; King—spades; 10—spades; 5—diamonds.

In this trick A plays to bring his Ace, deuce of spades into effective operation against the caller, for D had no spades from the start, and C is discarding spades as the shorter of his two remaining suits; caller must therefore have a long run with the King; so A endeavours to clear C's hand of spades by allowing him to discard them on clubs; for the caller presumably cannot throw away all his spades.

Eighth trick.—A: Jack—clubs; Jack—spades; 6—spades; 8—clubs.

A now knows that the caller holds the nine of spades (for C has discarded 10 and then 6), and as he has shown King, Jack, and 3, the 9 must necessarily be supported by the 5 or 4, or he would not have called a misere, in which case C has only one more spade, if any, so he plays—

Ninth trick.—A: Ace—spades; 9—spades (two discards).

Tenth trick.—A: 2—spades. Caller caught.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Barnay.—A certain suit is led twice, and a player holding one card of it revokes on each occasion by discarding. Is he, having only one card of the led suit, liable for two revokes?—He is.

X. Y. Z.—A unquestionably deals again. As you say, there is no law that directly applies.

E. E. Linsley asks for a solution to the following double dummy problem, which he says appears in several works on whist, where it is described as probably the most ingenious ever devised. B and A have to make all the six tricks, and Mr. Linsley and his friends think that without a piece of bad play on the part of Y or Z it is an impossibility to accomplish this. The following are the hands:—A, Ace, King, 6 (hearts); 10 (clubs); 10, 9 (diamonds). B. 3, 2 (spades, trumps); Jack, 4 (hearts); ace, 3 (clubs). Y, Queen, 9 (hearts); Jack, 8 (clubs); Jack, 7 (diamonds). Z, 10, 5, 3 (hearts); 6 (clubs); Queen, 6 (diamonds). A and B, and Y and Z, are partners, and it is A's lead. It strikes me, Mr. Linsley, that you have put the blame upon the wrong shoulders, for if A and B play correctly Y and Z are powerless. Try it this way: A, Ace hearts; Y, nine hearts; B, Jack hearts; Z, three hearts. A, nine diamonds; Y, seven diamonds; B, two spades (trump); Z, six diamonds. B, three spades (trump); Z, six clubs; A, ten clubs; Y, Jack diamonds. B, Ace clubs——and now I'll leave the finish to your own ingenuity.

J. R.—A passed, B called solo, C called misere, D passed. A, thinking the calling was ended, led out six of hearts; B raised his call to an abundance, and C overcalled to misere ouverte. As the offence was committed before the final call was made, the only penalty is for C to treat the six of hearts as a card exposed against an independent call. He cannot call a suit, as although the card was led prematurely, it was not out of turn.

Novice.—A calls solo and leads, C plays before B. Can A call upon D to beat or not to beat the trick?—He cannot.

E. C. W.—A calls solo, B passes, C calls misere, D passes. B, under the mistaken impression that he is playing against A's solo, practically gives C his misere, which C otherwise would not have made, and A and D hold B in consequence responsible for the stakes. They cannot do so; it is simply a matter of bad play.

W. Bell.—If a solo is called over your acceptance you can amend it to a misere. I will reply to your question about the literature of solo whist on another occasion.

J. Hay.—A dealt, B called misere, and C, without waiting for D or A to call, led out the three of hearts. If D and A pass, can B claim stakes and pool?—He can; the irregularity having been committed after the misere was called, and C must pay the stakes and make good the pool. The new ruling is best in a case such as this: to let the misere be played out, the card led out of turn being subject to the usual penalties for that offence against an independent call, and the offender pays all the stakes to the side that wins.

The Major.

TOOLE HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

"I had a curious experience," Toole went on, "in connection with St. Albans. I went there with a friend to spend an hour or two. Going into a tobacconist's to treat my companion to a cigar—I don't smoke myself—I asked for the cigars the Duke of St. Albans smoked. We went into other shops, and all the time asked for the same kind of goods they supplied to the Duke. 'Lor' bless you,' they said, 'the Duke doesn't deal here; we never see the Duke.' Then we urged our expectation, our notion that the Duke lived here, and made a point of dealing with the local tradesmen. We got a good deal of harmless fun out of this; and the next day I went to lunch with Bret Harte. After a greeting from my host, he said, 'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, with a smile, and shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming that character, as I thought. Of course, my friend had told Bret Harte about our trip to St. Albans, and the American humorist was having his little joke now at my expense. Then he introduced me to Sir George Trevelyan; and I had hardly shaken hands with that gentleman when my host said, 'I would like to introduce you to Count Bismarck.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, bowing to the new comer; 'how many more of you are there? Where is Von Moltke, for instance?' Harte laughed; so did Trevelyan; a comedian is allowed certain privileges, and my remark was considered, I daresay, more or less complimentary: but I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself. At luncheon I said to the man next to me, 'Who is the gentleman Harte introduced to me as St. Albans?' 'The Duke of St. Albans,' he replied. 'And the man opposite?' 'Herbert Bismarck, the Prince's son.' 'No!' I said, 'really?' 'Oh yes,' he said. 'And the man talking to him?' 'That is Sir George Trevelyan.' I never was more sold in my life. Harte had heard nothing of my trip to St. Albans. The explanation of my reception of the names of his distinguished guests, however, was a success; for I felt bound to tell His Grace and the rest why I had treated them with levity, not to say contumely."—*The Idler.*

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DUEL.

T may be imagined how all this weighed me down; with what misgivings I looked along the table, from the pale, pinched features of the lawyer to the smug grin of the grocer, or Buton's coarse face; with what sinkings of heart I found myself on a sudden the equal of these men, addressed now with rude abruptness, and now with servility; last, but not least, with what despondency I listened to the wrangling which followed, and which it needed all the exertions of the Captain to control. Fortunately, the sitting did not last long. After half-an-hour of debate and conversation, during which I did what I could to aid the few who knew anything of business, the meeting broke up; and while some went out on various missions, others remained to deal with such affairs as arose. I was one of those appointed to stay, and I drew Father Benôit into a corner, and, hiding for a moment the feeling of despair which possessed me, I asked him if any further outbreaks had occurred in the country round.

"No," he answered, secretly pressing my hand. "We have done so much good, I think." Then, in a different tone, which showed how clearly he read my mind, he continued, under his breath, "Ah! M. le Vicomte, let us only keep the peace! Let us do what lies to our hands. Let us protect the innocent, and then, no matter what happens. Alas! I foresee more than I predicted. More than I dreamed of is in peril. Let us only cling then to——"

He stopped, and turned, startled by the noisy entrance of the Captain, who came in again so abruptly that those who remained at the table sprang to their feet. M. Hugues' face was flushed, his eyes were gleaming with anger. The lawyer, who stood nearest to the door, turned a shade paler, and stammered out a question. But the Captain passed by him with a glance of contempt, and came straight to me. "M. le Vicomte," he said, out loud, blurting out his words in a fury, "you are a gentleman. You will understand me. I want your help."

I stared at him. "Willingly," I said. "But what is it?"

"I have been insulted!" he answered, his moustaches curling.

"How?"

"In the street! And by one of those puppies! But I will teach him manners! I am a soldier, sir, and I——"

"But, M. le Capitaine," I said, really taken aback, "I understood that there was to be no fighting. And that you in particular——"

"Tut! tut!"

"Would be caned before you would go out."

"Sacré Nom!" he cried, "do you think that I am not a gentleman because I have served in America instead of in France?"

"No," I said, scarcely able to restrain a smile. "But it is playing into their hands. So you said yourself, a minute ago, and——"

"Will you help me, or will you not, sir?" he retorted. And then, as the lawyer tried to intervene, "Be silent, you!" he continued, turning on him so violently that the scrivener jumped back a pace. "What do you know of these things? You miserable pettifogger! you——"

"Softly, softly, M. le Capitaine," I said, startled by this outbreak, and by the prospect of further brawling which it disclosed. "M. l'Avoué is doing merely his duty in remonstrating. He is in the right, and——"

"I have nothing to do with him! And for you—you will not assist me?"

"I did not say that."

"Then, if you will, I crave your services at once," he said, more calmly; but he still kept his shoulder to the lawyer. "I have appointed a meeting behind the Cathedral. If you will honour me, I must ask you to do so immediately."

I saw that it was useless to say more; and for answer I took up my hat. In a moment we were moving towards the door. The lawyer, the grocer, half-a-dozen cried out on us, and would have stopped us. But Father Benôit remained silent, and I went on down the stairs, and out of the house. Outside it was easy to see that the quarrel and insult had had spectators; for a gloomy crowd, not compact, but made up of watching groups, filled all the sunny open part of the square. The pavement, on the other hand, along which we had to pass to go to the Cathedral, had for its only occupants a score or thirty gentlemen, who, wearing white cockades, walked up and down in threes and fours. The crowd eyed them silently; they affected to see nothing of the crowd. Instead, they talked and smiled carelessly, and with half-opened eyes; swung their canes, and saluted one another, and now and then stopped to exchange a word or a pinch of snuff. They wore an air of insolence, ill-hidden, which the silent, almost cowed looks of the multitude, as it watched them askance, seemed to justify.

We had to run the gauntlet of these; and my face burned with shame. Many of the men, whom I met now, I had met two days before at Madame St. Alais', where they had seen me put on the white cockade; they saw me now in the opposite camp, they knew nothing of my reasons, and I read in their averted eyes and curling lips what they thought of the change. Others—and they looked at me insolently, and scarcely gave me room to pass—were strangers, wearing military swords, and the cross of St. Louis.

Fortunately the passage was as short as it was painful. We passed under the north wall of the Cathedral, and through a little door into a garden, where limes tempered the glare of the sun, and the town, with its crowd and noise, seemed to be in a moment left behind. On the right rose the walls of the apse and the heavy oriental domes of the Cathedral; in front rose the ramparts; on the left an old, half-ruined tower of the fourteenth century raised a frowning ivy-covered head. In the shadow, at its foot, on a piece of smooth sward, a group of four persons were standing waiting for us.

One was M. de St. Alais, one was Louis; the others

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were strangers. A sudden thought filled me with horror.

"Whom are you going to fight?" I muttered.

"M. de St. Alais," the Captain answered, in the same tone. And then, being within earshot of the others, I could say no more. They stepped forward, and saluted us.

"M. le Vicomte?" Louis said. He was grave and stern. I scarcely knew him.

I assented mechanically, and we stepped aside from the others. "This is not a case that admits of intervention, I believe?" he said, bowing.

"I suppose not," I answered, huskily.

In truth, I could scarcely speak for horror. I was waking slowly to the consciousness of the dilemma in which I had placed myself. Were St. Alais to fall by the Captain's sword, what would his sister say to me, what would she think of me, how would she ever touch my hand? And yet could I wish ill to my own principal? Could I do so in honour, even if something sturdy and practical, something of plain gallantry, in the man, whom I was here to second, had not already and insensibly won my heart?

Yet one of the two must fall. The great clock above my head, slowly telling out the hour of noon, beat the truth into my brain. For a moment I grew dizzy; the sun dazzled me, the trees reeled before me, the garden swam. The murmur of the crowd filled my ears. Then out of the mist Louis' voice, unnaturally steady, gripped my attention, and my brain grew clear again.

"Have you any objetion to this spot?" he said. "The grass is dry, and not slippery. They will fight in shadow, and the light is good."

"It will do," I muttered.

"Perhaps you will examine it? There is I think no trip or fault."

I affected to do so. "I find none," I said, hoarsely.

"Then we had better place our men?"

"I think so."

I had no knowledge of the skill of either combatant, but, as I turned to join Hugues, I was startled by the contrast which the two presented as they stood a little apart, their upper clothes removed. The Captain was the shorter by a head, and stiff and sturdy, with a clear eye and keen visage. M. le Marquis, on the other hand, was tall and lithe, and long in the arm, with a reach which threatened danger, and a smile almost as deadly. I thought that if his skill and coolness were on a par with his natural gifts, M. Hugues—but then again my head reeled. What did I wish?

"We are ready," M. Louis said, impatiently; and I noticed that he glanced past me towards the gate of the garden. "Will you measure the swords, M. le Vicomte?"

I complied, and was about to place my man, when M. le Capitaine indicated by a sign that he wished to speak to me, and, disregarding the frowns of the other side, I led him apart.

His face had lost the glow of passion which had animated it a few minutes before, and was pale and stern. "This is a fool's trick," he said curtly, and under his breath. "It will serve me right if that puppy goes through me. You will do me a favour, M. le Vicomte?"

I muttered that I would do him any in my power.

"I borrowed a thousand francs to fit myself out for this service," he continued, avoiding my eye, "from a man in Paris whose name you will find in my valise at the inn. Should anything happen to me, I should be glad if you will send him what is left. That is all."

"He shall be paid in full," I said. "I will see to it."

He wrung my hand, and went to his station; and Louis and I placed ourselves on either side of the two, ready, with our swords drawn, to interfere should need arise. The signal was given, the principals saluted, and fell on guard; and in a moment the grinding and clicking of the blades began, while the pigeons of the Cathedral flew in eddies above us, and in the middle of the garden a little fountain tinkled softly in the sunshine.

They had not engaged an instant before the great diversity of their styles became apparent. While Hugues played vigorously with his body, stooping, and moving, and stepping aside, but keeping his arm stiff, and used his wrist much, M. le Marquis held his body erect and still, but moved his arm, and, fencing with a school correctness, as if he held a foil, disdained all artifices save those of the weapon. It was clear that he was the better fencer, and that, of the two, the Captain must tire first, since he was never still, and the wrist is more quickly fatigued than the arm; but, in addition to this, I soon perceived that the Marquis was not putting forth his full strength, but, depending on his defence, was waiting to tire out his opponent. My eyes grew hot, my throat dry, as I watched breathlessly, waiting for the stroke that must finish all—waiting and flinching. And then, on a sudden, something happened. The Captain seemed to slip, yet did not slip, but in a moment, stooping almost prone, his left hand on the ground, was under the other's guard. His point was at the Marquis's breast, when the latter sprang back—sprang back, and just saved himself Before the Captain could recover his footing, Louis dashed his sword aside.

"Foul play!" he cried passionately. "Foul play! A stroke *dessous!* It is not *en règle.*"

The Captain stood breathing quickly, his point to the ground. "But why not, Monsieur?" he said. Then he looked to me.

"I scarcely understand, M. de St. Alais," I said, stiffly. "The stroke——"

"Is not allowed."

"In the schools," I said. "But this is a duel."

"I have never seen it used in a duel," he said.

"No matter," I answered, warmly. "To interfere on such provocation is absurd."

"Monsieur!"

"Is absurd!" I repeated, firmly. "After such treatment I have no resource but to withdraw M. le Capitaine from the field."

"Perhaps you will take his place," someone behind me said with a sneer.

I turned sharply. One of the two persons whom we had found with St. Alais was the speaker. I saluted him. "The surgeon?" I said.

"No," he answered angrily. "I am M. du Marc, and very much at your service."

"But not a second," I rejoined. "And, therefore, you have no right to be standing where you are, nor to be here. I must request you to withdraw."

"I have at least as much right as those," he answered, pointing to the roof of the Cathedral, over the battlements of which a number of heads could be seen peering down at us.

I stared.

"Our friends have at least as much right as yours," he continued, taunting me.

"But they do not interfere," I answered firmly. "Nor shall you. I request you to withdraw."

"FOUL PLAY!" HE CRIED PASSIONATELY.

He still refused, and even tried to bluster; but this proved too much for Louis' stomach; he intervened sharply, and at a word from him the bully shrugged his shoulders and moved away. Then we four looked at one another.

"We had better proceed," the Captain said bluntly. "If the stroke was irregular, this gentleman was right to interfere. If not——"

"I am willing," M. de St. Alais said.

And in a moment the two fell on guard, and to it again; but more fiercely now, and with less caution, the Captain more than once using a rough, sweeping parry, in greater favour with practical fighters than in the fencing school. This, though it left him exposed to a *riposte*, seemed to disconcert M. le Marquis, who fenced, I thought, less skilfully than before, and more than once seemed to be flurried by the Captain's attack. I began to feel doubtful of the result, my heart began to beat more quickly, the glitter of the blades as they slid up and down one another confused my sight. I looked for one moment across at Louis, and in that moment the end came. M. le Capitaine used again his

sweeping parry, but this time the circle was too wide; St. Alais' blade darted serpent-like under his. The Captain staggered back. His sword dropped from his hand.

Before he could fall I caught him in my arms, but blood was gushing already from a wound in the side of his neck. He just turned his eyes on my face, and tried once to speak. I caught the words "You will——" and then blood choked his voice, and his eyes slowly closed. He was dead, or as good as dead, before the surgeon could reach him, before I could lay him on the grass.

I knelt a moment beside him perfectly stunned by the suddenness of the catastrophe, watching in a kind of fascination the surgeon feeling pulse and heart, and striving with his thumb to stop the bleeding. For a moment or two my world was reduced to the sinking grey face, the quivering eyelids before me, and I saw nothing, heeded nothing, thought of nothing else. I could not believe that the valiant spirit had fled already; that the stout man who had so quickly yet insensibly won my liking was in this moment dead; dead and growing livid, while the pigeons still circled overhead, and the sparrows chirped, and the fountain tinkled in the sunshine.

I cried out in my agony. "Not dead?" I said. "Not dead so soon?"

"Yes, M. le Vicomte, it was bad luck," the Surgeon answered, letting the passive head fall on the stained grass. "With such a wound nothing can be done."

He rose as he spoke; but I remained on my knees, wrapt and absorbed; staring at the glazing eyes that a few minutes before had been so full of life and keenness. Then with a shudder I turned my look on myself. His blood covered me; it was on my breast, my arm, my hands, soaking into my coat. From it my thoughts turned naturally to St. Alais, and at the moment, as I looked instinctively round to see where he was, or if he had gone, I started. The deep boom of a heavy bell, tolled once, shook the air; while its solemn burden still hung mournfully on the ear, quick footsteps ran towards me, and I heard a harsh cry at my elbow. "But, mon Dieu! This is murder! They are murdering us!"

I looked behind me. The speaker was du Marc, the bully who had vainly tried to provoke me. The two St. Alais and the surgeon were with him, and all four came from the direction of the door by which we had entered. They passed me with averted eyes, and hurried towards a little postern which flanked the old tower, and opened on the ramparts. As they went out of sight behind a buttress that intervened the bell boomed out again above my head, its dull note full of menace.

Then I awoke and understood; understood that the noise which filled my ears was not the burden of the bell carried on from one deep stroke to another, but the roar of angry voices in the square, the babel of an approaching crowd crying "A la lanterne! A la lanterne!" From the battlements of the Cathedral, from the louvres of the domes, from every window of the great gloomy structure that frowned above me, men were making signs, and pointing with their hands, and brandishing their fists—at me, I thought at first, or at the body at my feet. But then I heard footsteps again, and turned and found the other four behind me, close to me; the two St. Alais pale and stern, with bright eyes, the bully pale, too, but with a look which shot furtively here and there, and white lips.

"Curse them, they are at that door, too!" he cried, shrilly. "We are beset. We shall be murdered. By God, we shall be murdered, and by these canaille! By these—I call all here to witness that it was a fair fight! I call you to witness, M. le Vicomte, that——"

"It will help us much," St. Alais said with a sneer, "if he does. If I were once at home——"

"Ay, but how are we to get there?" du Marc cried. He could not hide his terror. "Do you know," he continued querulously, "that we shall be murdered? Is there no other door? Speak, someone. Speak!"

His fears appealed to me in vain. I would scarcely have stirred a finger to save him. But the sight of the two St. Alais standing there pale and irresolute, while that roar of voices grew each moment louder and nearer, moved me. A moment, and the mob would break in; perhaps, finding us by Hugues' side, it might in its fury sacrifice all indifferently. It might; and then I heard, to give point to the thought, the crash of one of the doors of the garden as it gave way; and I cried out almost involuntarily that there was another door—another door, if it was open. I did not look to see if they followed, but I took the lead, and ran across the sward towards the wall of the Cathedral.

The crowd were already pouring into the garden, but a clump of shrubs hid us from them as we fled; and we gained unseen a little door, a low-browed postern in the wall of the apse, that led, I knew—for not long before I had conducted an English visitor over the Cathedral—to a sacristy connected with the crypt. My hope of finding the door open was slight; if I had stopped to weigh the chances I should have thought them desperate. But to my joy as I came up to it, closely followed by the others, it opened of itself, and a priest, showing his tonsured head in the aperture, beckoned to us to hasten. He had little need to do so; in a moment we had obeyed, were by his side, and panting, heard the bolts shoot home behind me. For the moment we were safe.

Then we breathed again. We stood in the twilight of a long narrow room with walls and roof of stone, and three loopholes for windows. Du Marc was the first to speak. "Mon Dieu, that was close," he said, wiping his brow, which in the cold light wore an ugly pallor. "We are——"

"Not out of the wood yet," the surgeon answered gravely, "though we have good grounds for thanking M. le Vicomte. They have discovered us! Yes, they are coming!"

Probably the people on the roof had watched us in and denounced our place of refuge; for as he spoke, we heard a rush of feet, the door shook under a storm of blows, and a score of grimy savage faces showed at the slender arrow-slits, and glaring down, howled and spat curses upon us. Luckily the door was of oak, studded and plated with iron, fashioned in old, rough days for such an emergency, and we stood comparatively safe. Yet it was terrible to hear the cries of the mob, to feel them so close, to gauge their hatred, and guess, while they beat on the stone as though they would tear the walls with their naked hands, what it would be to fall into their power!

We looked at one another, and it may have been the dim light, I saw no face that was not pale. Fortunately the pause was short. The curé who had admitted us, unlocked as quickly as he could an inner door. "This way," he said—but the snarling of the beasts outside almost drowned his voice—"if you will follow me,

I will let you out by the south entrance. But, be quick, gentlemen, be quick," he continued, pushing us out before him, "or they may guess what we are about, and be there before us."

It may be imagined that after that we lost no time. We followed him as quickly as we could along a narrow subterranean passage, very dimly lit, at the end of which a flight of six steps brought us into a second passage. We almost ran along this, and though a locked door delayed us a moment, which seemed a minute, and a long one, the key was found, and the door opened. We passed through it, and found ourselves in a long narrow room, the counterpart of that we had first entered. The curé opened the farther door of this; I looked out. The alley outside, the same which led beside the Cathedral to the Chapter House, was empty.

"We are in time," I said, with a sigh of relief; it was pleasant to breathe the fresh air again. And I turned, still panting with the haste we had made, to thank the good curé who had saved us.

M. de St. Alais, who followed me, and had kept silence throughout, thanked him also. Then M. le Marquis stood hesitating on the threshold, while I looked to see him hurry away. At last he turned to me. "M. de Saux," he said, speaking with less aplomb than was usual with him—but we were all agitated—"I should thank you also. But perhaps the situation in which we stand towards one another——"

"I think nothing of that," I answered harshly. "But that in which we have just stood——"

"Ah," he rejoined, shrugging his shoulders, "if you take it that way——"

"I do take it that way," I answered—the Captain's blood was not yet dry on the man's sword, and he spoke to me like this! "I do take it that way. And I warn you, M. le Marquis," I continued sternly, "that if you pursue your plan farther, a plan that has already cost one brave man his life, it will recoil on yourselves, and that most terribly."

"At least I shall not ask you to shield me," he answered, proudly. And he walked carelessly away, sheathing his sword as he went. The passage was still empty. There was no one to stop him.

Louis followed him; du Marc and the surgeon had already disappeared. I fancied that as Louis passed me he hung a moment on his heel; and that he would have spoken to me, would have caught my eye, would have taken my hand, had I given him an opening. But I saw before me Hugues' dead face and sunken eyes, and I set my own face like a stone, and turned away.

(To be continued.)

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

The magnificence of his Court dazzled the eyes of all Russia. Strangers who visited his treasures and his palace at Moscow were amazed at the splendid jewels displayed there, and at the costly banquets, lasting often for five or six hours, when the tables were laden with the most exquisite meats and rarest wines. It is said that one day, at Moscow, Ivan gave a dinner at which two thousand guests were present.

His appearance in public invariably excited the admiration of the spectators by the splendour of the armour, the rich trappings of the horses, and the guards blazing with gold. Whether in civil or ecclesiastical ceremonies, Ivan always sought to impress the onlookers. Hence his memory long lived in the hearts of this subject people. In their estimation, moreover, his conquests far outshone his cruelties or reverses: the acquisition of Kazan, Astrakhan, and the vast tracts of Siberia, were still held in pious memory when the deeds of darkness had slipped into oblivion. Many of Ivan's contemporaries styled him tyrant.

An ambassador from the Venetian court asserts:—"This Tzar is the greatest tyrant that ever existed;" however, the Russians themselves put away the title of tyrant, and only permitted Ivan to be called "The Terrible"—a name which had already been given to one of his ancestors, more as a term of praise than of reproach. "History," adds Karamzin, by way of comment, "does not pardon wicked princes as easily as the people does." It is none the less the duty of the impartial historian to point out that this extraordinary being, who once caused an elephant to be cut to pieces before his eyes, because it declined to bow down before him, could, and often did, display extreme zeal and enterprise in the conduct of affairs. He loved to see a show of justice on the part of others, and would at times personally investigate legal proceedings, listen to the statements on both sides, read the papers in the case, and give an immediate decision. Iniquitous and unfair administration by justice met with but scant favour at his hands. He reserved to himself alone the privileges of wickedness and cruelty.—"*Ivan the Terrible*," *Austen Pember.*

SIAMESE CHILDREN.

When a baby is born in Siam, it is put on a cotton pillow, under a wooden frame like a birdcage, covered with dark muslin. This is placed in a corner of the smoky chimneyless room. The child is then fed on rice and mashed bananas. When the "dormouse" told "Alice in Wonderland" the little girls in the treacle lived on treacle, she objected that they must have been ill. The answer was—"So they were, *very* ill." The same may be said of the poor little Siamese babies, many of them dying under this treatment. When they grow bigger, the girls play with clay images for dolls, and the little boys play football with a square piece of leather, with feathers stuck into one side. Both boys and girls learn to swim, and paddle tiny canoes on the canals from about four to six years old. Their parents are very affectionate and indulgent, but if put out, they not only whip the children very severely, but hurt them in other ways, such as bending back their hands till the little things writhe with the pain. The first time their hair is cut, a great ceremony takes place. The child is covered with all the jewels available, dressed in white, and drenched with holy water. It is placed on a throne, and lighted candles are carried round it five times, after which they are blown out with the smoke towards it. Everyone then gives money, which forms a start in life for the boy, or the dowry for a girl.

DEATH IN CHINA.

When a person is lying at the point of death, his (or her) friend's very best clothes are laid out on the bed, and after his friends have washed him with warm water, in which aromatic leaves have been boiled, he is dressed from head to foot, in order that he may appear in the spirit world to the very best advantage. Of the importance attached to this last change of raiment, we have touching proof in a letter addressed just before his death by the Viceroy of Kwang-si to the Emperor, giving up the seals of office. He bemoans that having commanded his Majesty's forces for several months, he has failed to subdue the Taiping rebellion. This failure, he says, "shows my want of fidelity—my not being able to support my aged mother, my want of filial piety. After that, I, your servant, am dead. I have ordered my son Kae to bury me in common clothes as an indication of my fault."

HOW A STORY IS DICTATED.

READY?"

"Yes," said the stenographer making a frantic dash at the inkstand.

Novelist dictating—

"'No, I could never love you, Tom——not in that way.' This with a little catch in her voice that sounded very like a sob, and a wistful upward glance at the tall young fellow beside her. Tom looked at the sweet pained face and understood why it was that she was so inexpressibly dear to him. It was not because she was fair, though she was that, it was because every word she uttered, every glance she gave him revealed to him the rare sympathy and tenderness that dwelt in the young heart now filled to overflowing with pity and regret for him. He looked at her till his own eyes grew dim, and then he turned his head away. It was very hard.

"'Tom,' she whispered softly, 'don't quarrel with me. I do love you——but——but,——Tom, dear, *don't* look at me like that. Oh, I am so afraid we shall quarrel, and we have been such friends, Tom.' Then, passionately, 'It's all through being grown up. It's horrid——I——I haven't enjoyed my holidays at all. It's been wretched from the beginning——I——I——'"

Shrill voice from the street: "I der——emt that I dwe——elt in mar——able 'awls." Barrel organ in friendly rivalry: "Oh, it's Tommy, Tommy Atkins!" Novelist starts up frantically. "Oh——h! what *shall* I do, I shall go mad if it goes on. I couldn't do a line." Goes to the door. "James——James——JAMES!!! Go out and *kill* that man."

"Yes, M'm," says James hastily, and goes out.

(Presently there is a sudden awful silence, a look of infinite peace steals over the novelist's face and she sinks comfortably into a chair.) "Excuse me, but really I *could* not go on while that——*fiend* was playing. Now where did I leave off? Just read me a line or two, please."

Stenographer reads and ends with unconscious emphasis, "'Wretched from the beginning.'"

Novelist, sharply, "Eh?"

Stenographer, nervously, "'I haven't enjoyed my holidays at all. It's been wretched from the beginning——I——I——'"

"'It's been wretched from the beginning,'" repeats the novelist, absently, "'It's been wretched——wretched——wretched——wret——ched'——Oh," hopelessly, "I can't do anything. It's put me out altogether. Would you mind reading the whole of it again? I am so sorry to trouble you."

Stenographer reads.

Novelist dictating,

"'I——I——feel frightened, Tom. I think I'll go home.'"

"'Little Madge,' said Tom, tenderly taking her trembling hands in his and holding them tightly, 'I ought not to have said anything to you to-day. It was wrong of me. I feel somehow as if I had betrayed our friendship——the friendship that has been so precious to me, Madge. But I will not say another word. I would not willingly give you pain for the world. You believe that, don't you, dear?' 'Yes, but Tom——'"

Childish voice at the door: "Mother, I want——"

Novelist: "Go away!"

(Child whimpering) "To buy a whistle, mother." (Turns handle of door and peeps in.) "Parkins says——"

Novelist, passionately, "Go away; I'm busy. Go away!" (Child comes in.) "*Will* you go away? Will you go *away?*" (Rises menacingly. Hurried flight of child, leaving the door open. East-wind draught plays sharply round novelist's neck and creeps shudderingly up the chimney.) "Come back and shut the door!"

(Dead silence. Stenographer rises and gently closes the door.)

Novelist, gratefully, "Thank you so much. Now where were we? I am so sorry, but it's all gone——everything. Clean gone out of my head."

(The story now proceeds. Tom takes Madge home; she wonders if she has been unkind to him, frets, gets thin and pale, and finally the doctor orders her to the Continent.)

Novelist dictating—

"A faint colour crept into Madge's cheeks as she heard the doctor's order. Her heart beat fast. A tour on the Continent! Oh, it was her dream, her fairy-land, the longing of years! Her step lost its listlessness, she became excited, she actually laughed, and getting together all the guide-books and other travelling literature that she could find she sat down and devoured them. She read of——."

(Dead silence.)

Novelist absently,

"She read of ——"

(Pause.)

Wearily,

"She read of—she read of—Stupid little thing! What did she want to go on the Continent for? She should have stayed at home."

Stenographer, in astonishment, "But *you* made her go!"

"Yes, I know. You've got to make them do something. Little silly!"

(Five minutes' meditation. Wakes up suddenly.) "Now where did I leave off? Just the last three words."

Stenographer, hopelessly, "'She read of——'"

Novelist, looking searchingly at stenographer as though she had detected him in the guilty act of suppressing several lines, "What! Haven't I got beyond *that*, yet?"

Stenographer, earnestly, "No."

Novelist, resentfully, "'She read of'—'she read of'—Oh, lor, what *did* she read of. Where's the guide-book?" (Searches fitfully among the books and papers on the table, rises and goes out of the room, returning in a few minutes with a small red coloured volume. Sinks contentedly into her chair and turns over a few leaves.) ——"H'm!"

"She read of the cathedrals of France (turns over another leaf); of lustrous eyed, olive-skinned Spanish women (another leaf); the wonderful Rhine, with its haunted castles and enchanted legends (another); Rome (another); the Vatican (another); Venice. Ah—Venice! Madge clasped her hands and sat dreaming of Venice with its golden sunlight, its magnificent buildings, its gondolas, its mysterious winding canals, its—"

(Lays the guide-book down gratefully, and begins energetically polishing a diamond and ruby ring, murmuring contentedly the while) "'Venice—its gondolas, its mysterious winding canals, its—its'—You see that ring?"—suddenly.

"Yes," resignedly.

"How much do your think it cost? Awful bargain. Got it quite by accident. Pawnbroker's shop, you know." (Takes it off and hands it to stenographer, who gazes at it despairingly and tries to think of some impossible price.)

"Couldn't say, I'm sure. Very pure colour, quite clear——."

"Yes. They *say* it isn't dark enough, but I don't like dark rubies." Impressively, "Sixteen pounds! Bargain, isn't it?"

Stenographer looks as though perfectly flattened with astonishment. "Preposterous! Why it——"

"Yes" (nodding her head pleasantly); "yes,"

(another nod), "so I think." (Puts the ring on again.) "Now, then, where were we? Venice, wasn't it?"

Stenographer recites from memory encouragingly—"'Its gondolas, its mysterious winding canals, its——'"

Novelist: "Its winding canals (pause)—its—(pause) its——My *goodness*, I shall go mad. I can't get on at all. It's that wretched organ. *That* came from Italy—Venice, most likely. Shouldn't wonder if it came from Venice. Fiends! If ever (threateningly) I'm rich enough to build a house, I'll have it walled round completely for two or three acres (stenographer murmurs approvingly) and a dog at each corner!" Stenographer chuckles.

Novelist straightening herself suddenly and looking sternly at stenographer, "Well, now, I must get that story done. Would you mind reading a little? The bit before Venice."

(The story proceeds: Madge sets out for the Continent. She sees a great many interesting and curious things and every day becomes more like her own sweet sunny self. One quite exciting adventure happens to her which lives in her memory for many and many a day afterwards. They are driving along a rough road on one side of which is a dense forest. Night steals on them unawares.)

Novelist dictating:

"Suddenly as it seemed to Madge it was dusk, and the sky grew rapidly darker and darker, turning in a few minutes from deep purple to black. Set in its midst, clear, luminous, beautiful, the moon gleamed like a ball of silver; but there were no stars. Faster and faster galloped the horses, urged by their driver, and the trees like black shadows flew silently by. It was a very weird scene, and Madge sat spellbound. Suddenly the horses pricked up their ears and snorted nervously. A deep low growl came from the trees on their right, the branches rustled ominously, and presently a gigantic, shaggy form emerged from the deep shadows. It was a huge bear. On it came, its head down, its great body swaying to and fro, growling horribly. Every nerve in the horses' bodies seemed quivering with fear as with dilated nostrils and terror-stricken eyes they flew along. Madge had never been driven at such a pace before. It was a terrible moment. On, on, they flew, faster and faster, and soon the bear's growls grow less distinct, and the patter of his huge paws is heard no more. Another minute and they are out of danger, for right in front of them are the lights of the town, and the creature is outdistanced. Fainter and fainter, at ever-increasing intervals, they hear his growls of baffled rage, sounding like the low mutterings of thunder ere it finally passes——"

Novelist: "But it's summer thunder that does that, isn't it? Wait a minute——thunder in summer."

Dictating:

"Sounding like the low mutterings of *sunder* in *thummer*——Oh——h! My brain is going! My brain is going!" With a gesture of intense despair.

(Pause.)

(Stenographer sits frigid with silent sympathy, but a mysterious fascination compels him to gaze fixedly at the top of the novelist's head. Does he expect to see her brains ooze through the crown? He does not know. He feels unnerved).

Novelist, firmly and resolutely:

"Sounding like the low mutterings of thunder in summer ere it finally passes away over the hill-tops. There, that's right!" (Catches sight of black kitten perched on the top of her chair.) "Pussy, Pussy! Sweet thing! Come to your mother then." (Gently pulls its hindmost legs. The creature clutches frantically at the chair and punctuates its descent with its claws on the cretonne cover.) "Darling! *Dar*——ling! Pretty thing!" To stenographer, "You don't know how I love this cat. She came through the window one day when——"

The gong sounds for luncheon.

The stenographer is *so* glad.

Jet.

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL.

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 75. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAWYER'S CLERK.

BY

HERBERT KEEN.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

XII.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

WHEN I speak of Lord Brixton I do not mean the Lord Brixton of the present day, who is, I am informed, an exemplary young man. There was another Lord Brixton of the early sixties notorious for fast living, the object of many grave scandals; a wild young sprig of nobility of the Tom and Jerry type. The Right Honourable Earl of Camberwell would doubtless now turn up the whites of his eyes at the mention of his name. Everyone knows that the earl retrieved his family fortunes and found his own salvation by marrying the widow of a wealthy Manchester cotton-spinner. The lady came of a Quaker race, and the influence of her austere piety, combined with considerable force of character, has served to tinge the Camberwell coronet with a halo of holiness. His lordship is a shining light in Evangelical circles, a politician of the dullest respectability, a severe parent, an excellent husband, a prosy orator, and a Privy Councillor.

I often wonder whether his lordship ever recalls to mind the incident I am going to relate. If he does, he must confess to himself that he owes to the memory of Mr. Balthazzar a tribute of gratitude for an important service rendered at a critical moment.

One morning I was summoned to Mr. Balthazzar's room, and found him engaged in earnest conversation with a lady and gentleman. The lady was tall, severe-looking, and of uncertain age, richly but soberly dressed in semi-mourning. She sat bolt upright in her chair, listening to Mr. Balthazzar's soothing observations with an air of sourness, which suggested latent suspicion. Her companion was a slim, dark young gentleman of dissipated aspect, whose face was pale with some secret anxiety, and who watched the effect of Mr. Balthazzar's conversation upon the lady with furtive glances, of mingled satisfaction and apprehension.

"Of course, my dear lady," Mr. Balthazzar was remarking as I entered, "the best of us is liable to calumny; a nobleman in Lord Brixton's position especially. His lordship has perhaps been, in days gone by, a little imprudent. But that was when he was younger."

"'Pon my word, Maria, I've been as straight as a die ever since I met you," asseverated his lordship. "I'm sorry for the past, and all that sort o' thing. But I've turned over a new leaf—for your sake!"

"Mrs. Wrexham appreciates that, I am sure," said Mr. Balthazzar, suasively. "As for this letter," he added, turning with a contemptuous air towards a document which lay on the table beside him, "it is nothing but a barefaced attempt at blackmail!"

"It is most unpleasant for me to have received such a letter," sniffed the lady.

"Obviously," said Mr. Balthazzar, as he glanced at it, while assuming his favourite attitude in front of the fireplace; "and but for the purely accidental circumstance of my having happened to meet this Mr. Mildmay, I might have been startled in spite of his lordship's emphatic denial."

"Never heard the name before in my life," interposed his lordship.

"Exactly, but the man—or perhaps the lady only—

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has heard your name and remarked the resemblance between you, and hence this nefarious application. It was lucky, madam, that you took his lordship's advice and came to me. Had you gone to a solicitor who could not have personally vouched for the existence of Mr. Mildmay, as a person totally distinct from his lordship, you might have suffered needless anxiety. As it is, I am able to reassure you at once."

"Have you met him recently?" inquired Mrs. Wrexham, evidently more startled than convinced by Mr. Balthazzar's statement.

"I can't say I have," replied Mr. Balthazzar, with a side-glance at Lord Brixton, who looked particularly ill at ease. "I tell you frankly, I don't even remember precisely where I have met him. But I have an impression, which I will verify. Oddly enough, when his lordship walked into the room with you just now, I thought I knew him; and, of course, I remember now, that it was this Mr. Mildmay that he reminded me of."

"What steps do you advise should be taken, Mr. Balthazzar?" inquired the lady sharply. "Of course, our marriage must, of necessity, be postponed until this mystery is cleared up."

"I will undertake to obtain a letter of retraction and apology from this Mrs.—Mrs. Templemore," said Mr. Balthazzar, glancing at the letter. "If necessary, Lord Brixton must prosecute."

"I wish to prosecute," said his lordship, rather faintly.

"Of course, if you wish it, you shall," said Mr. Balthazzar, with a shrug. "I think, however, you had better be content with an apology. The woman may be innocent in-so-far as she may have been misled by this man Mildmay, and you will observe there is no absolute threat. I have sent for my clerk because I propose to write to her, and I should like you to hear what I say. Mr. Millicent, will you take this down, please? Address, 'Mrs. Templemore, Hope Cottage, Thistle Grove, Chelsea."

I seated myself at a side table, and, opening my notebook, wrote from Mr. Balthazzar's dictation as follows—

"Madam,—My client, Lord Brixton, has consulted me in reference to an extraordinary letter which you have addressed to Mrs. Wrexham, the lady to whom his lordship is about to be married. In this letter you state that his lordship, under the assumed name of Mildmay, has been paying you attention for some months past, and that he is under an engagement to marry you. I am instructed to say, most emphatically, that his lordship has never heard your name before, and has never, to his knowledge, set eyes upon you in his life. It is needless for me to add that your allegations, so far as they regard Lord Brixton, are absolutely unfounded, and I am to request you to send to me, by return of post, a formal apology and retraction, in default of which his lordship will take such proceedings against you as he may be advised.

"His lordship is, of course, not concerned with your relations with the gentleman whose name you mention, but he is willing to believe that you have been misled by an accidental personal resemblance which happens to exist, as I am in a position to vouch, between his lordship and this individual.—Your obedient servant."

"That will do, I think?" observed Mr. Balthazzar to the lady when he had finished.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Wrexham, evidently mollified; "I must leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Balthazzar."

"And I also, Mr. Balthazzar. Only please remember that I wish to prosecute," added Lord Brixton, with increased assurance, rising, and buttoning up his fur-lined cloak.

"Ha! there may be no occasion," said Mr. Balthazzar, deprecatingly. "That letter shall go by the next post, and I will communicate the result. By the way—one moment, Millicent!—I may as well write to Mr. Mildmay at the same time, addressing the letter to 'Care of Mrs. Templemore.' Just take this, Millicent—

"Sir,—I have been consulted by my client, Lord Brixton, in reference to an extraordinary letter which has been written by Mrs. Templemore to the lady to whom my client is about to be married. As Mrs. Templemore mentions your name in it, I shall be glad if you will favour me with a call, or will let me know your address. I very well remember meeting you on more than one occasion, and you will doubtless remember me.—Yours, etc."

"That letter will probably bring him up," said Mr. Balthazzar, addressing his clients in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Or else frighten him away," grumbled his lordship.

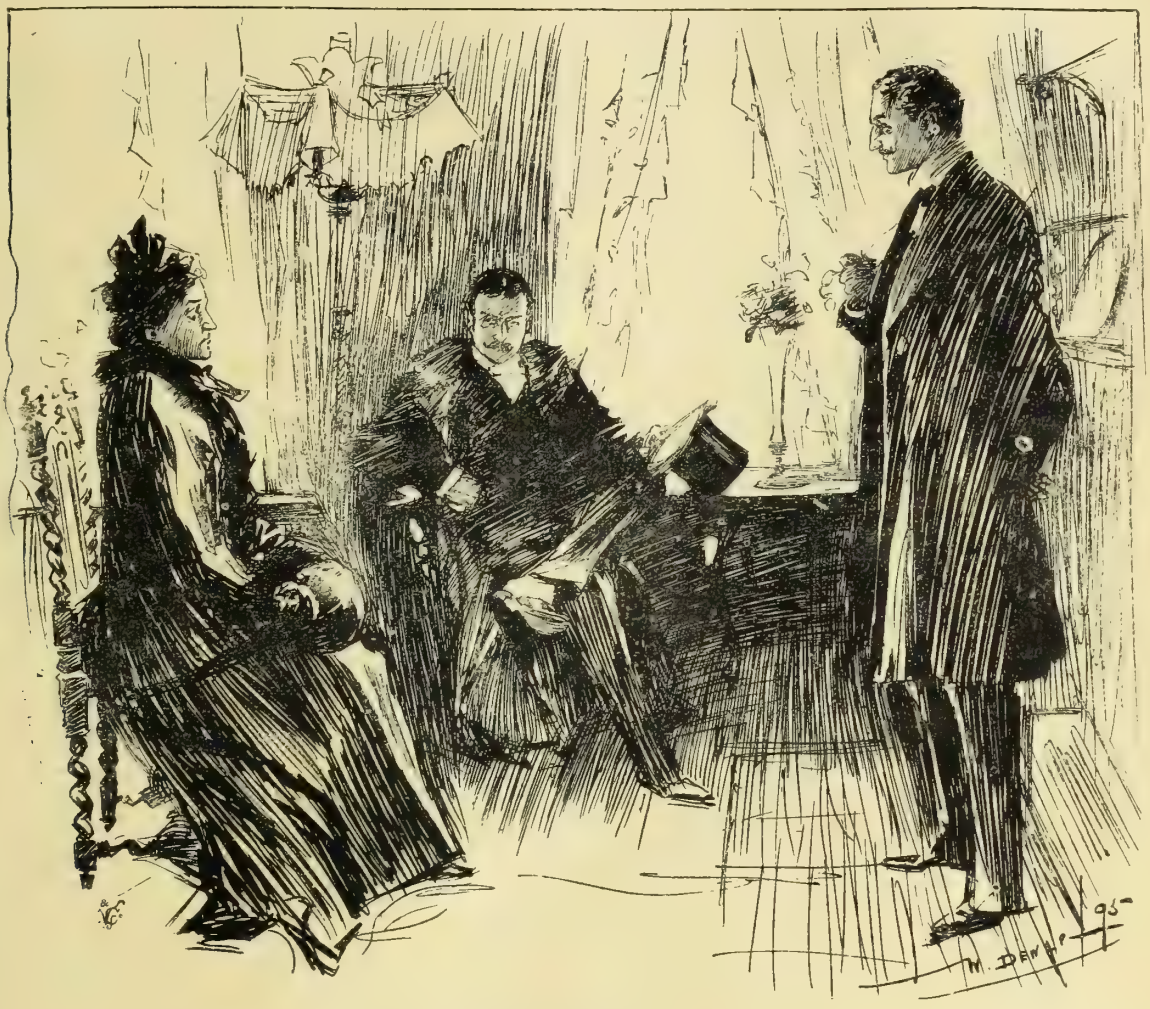
"Well, if it does, so much the better," said Mr. Balthazzar, with a grin. "Your talk of prosecuting is all very well, my lord, and very natural; but I am sure, in cooler moments, you will agree with me and with Mrs. Wrexham that a court of law is not a desirable place to spend a honeymoon in. You can go, Millicent."

I accordingly got up and left the room, observing as I did so that in her prim, cold way Lord Brixton's bride-elect was displaying symptoms of restored confidence, not only in her legal adviser, but in his lordship also. The lady's demeanour had convinced me that she had come to the interview with reluctance, at the earnest persuasion of Lord Brixton, and had gradually been won over to a conviction of his innocence by Mr. Balthazzar's plausible suggestions.

For my own part I am very sorry to say that I was by no means satisfied of his lordship's good faith. It may be that I was prejudiced against him by his notorious antecedents, but his manner had certainly struck me as being suspicious. He had given me the impression of a person who was taking part in a scene which had been carefully rehearsed. I knew for a fact that he had been closeted with Mr. Balthazzar for upwards of an hour on the preceding day, and I felt no doubt that Mrs. Wrexham had not been made aware of this significant circumstance. I should not, indeed, have been surprised to learn that he had represented to the lady that he was a complete stranger to Mr. Balthazzar, and my principal had certainly addressed him as though this had been their first introduction. As for the very material allegation of Mr. Mildmay, I strongly suspected that it was a Jesuitical assertion which was capable of more than one interpretation.

However, I have no wish to do injustice to Mr. Balthazzar, and others can draw their own conclusions as well as I from the sequel of events. I am bound to admit that my principal never dropped the slightest hint to me of any conscious deceit. On the contrary, when I took the two letters in to him for signature after I had transcribed them, he was full of angry indignation at what he termed an infamous attempt at fraud. Now that his client had departed, he expressed himself much more strongly about the object of the

letter, and evinced a fuller knowledge of Mr. Mildmay's character than he had before revealed. He appeared to be convinced that it was a plot to extort money from Lord Brixton or from Mrs. Wrexham, or both, and intimated that, on further consideration, he was inclined to humour his lordship by prosecuting the man and his accomplice if the evidence was only strong enough.



SHE SAT BOLT UPRIGHT.

"My only fear is," he said regretfully, "that when he gets my letter he will bolt."

"Must you send it, sir?" I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "after all, there is nothing in the woman's letter which would sustain a criminal charge. But I'm convinced that the man instigated it, and I don't mean to lose sight of him. Millicent, you must find out his address."

"Can't you, sir?" I inquired, meaningly.

"In time, no doubt," he replied, with a sharp glance at me, "but I've thought of a quicker way. I have discovered that the man generally calls upon Mrs. Templemore at Thistle Grove about six o'clock in the afternoon. I want you to go there this evening, and hang about till he leaves, and follow him."

"Yes, sir," I replied, inwardly wondering how Mr. Balthazzar knew anything about Mr. Mildmay's movements.

"If he bolts—as he may do when he gets my letter—I want particularly to know where he goes to. This is a serious accusation for Lord Brixton, and I must be able to lay my hand upon the man wherever he may be," explained Mr. Balthazzar. "His disappearance, you see, might be an awkward circumstance for his lordship if the woman persists in her story."

"Am I to follow him wherever he goes, sir?" I said, opening my eyes.

"Yes, into the country, if necessary. Mind, I rely on you, Millicent. Take enough money for contingencies, and wire to me, if necessary, to report," replied Mr. Balthazzar impressively. "He may expect to be followed, and therefore you must keep out of his sight."

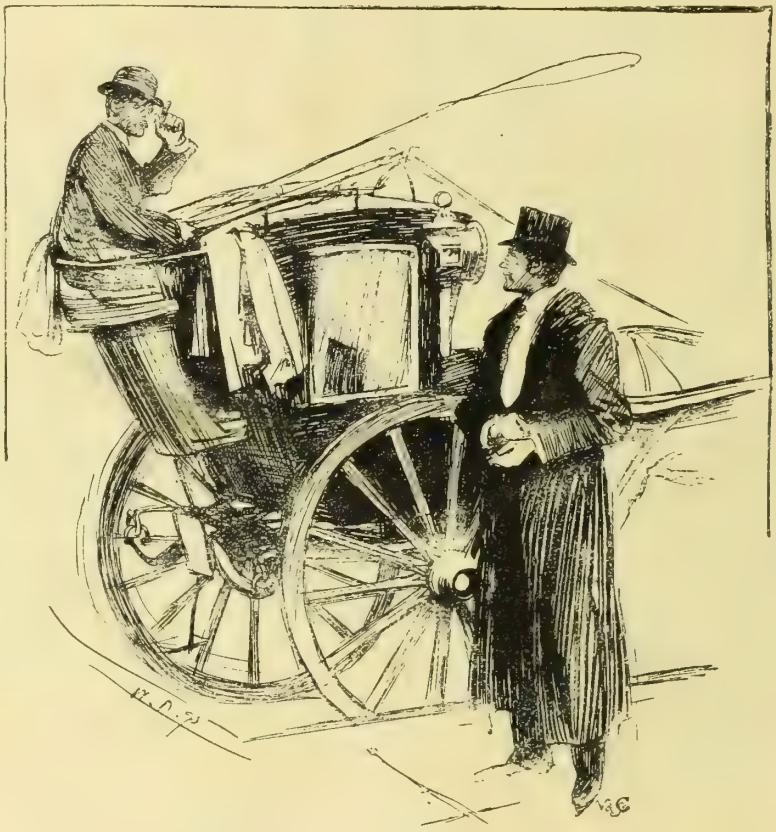
I knew my principal well enough by this time not to be hoodwinked by his apparent offhandedness. I perceived quite plainly two things: first, that my errand was not the result of a mere passing idea, but was part of a deliberate scheme; and, secondly, that he had more than a suspicion both of Mr. Mildmay's flight and of his probable destination. The instructions I had received perplexed me by upsetting my private theory that Lord Brixton and Mr. Mildmay were identical, and I was forced to the conclusion that my principal was really acquainted with the latter as he had stated.

I profited by Mr. Balthazzar's hint to provide myself with a sufficient sum of money for unforeseen expenses, and thus equipped, I betook myself to Thistle Grove about six o'clock the same evening. I was guided to Hope Cottage by the lamps of a solitary hansom, which drew up at the gate just as I turned the corner. I was just a moment too late to gain a close inspection of the occupant, but he turned to speak to the driver as he alighted, and the glimpse I caught of him enabled me to discern the figure of a gentleman of about the same

height and build as Lord Brixton. Though he had already been admitted by the time I reached the house, I felt no doubt that Mrs. Templemore's visitor was the person I was in search of.

The shutters of the rooms in Hope Cottage being closed, there was nothing to be gained by lurking about the house, and as I guessed from the fact of the hansom remaining at the door that Mr. Mildmay only contemplated a short visit, I strolled to the end of the road and waited there until another hansom came in sight. This I hailed, and having given the driver instructions to follow cautiously the other cab, I got inside and waited patiently with a cigar for further developments.

After a reasonably short interval—not more than half an hour—I was aroused by the slamming of a door at Hope Cottage, and the next moment Mr. Mildmay issued hurriedly into the street. Being comfortably seated in a hansom at a short distance off, I now had a good opportunity of observing the gentleman, for he stood with one foot on his cab in the full glare of the lamp, while he gave directions to the driver. I beheld a tall, slim, dark young man, enveloped in a fur-lined coat, and having such a remarkable resemblance to Lord Brixton, even in his attire, that my old suspicion instantly revived, until I recalled to mind that this, striking likeness between the two men was at the root of the whole plot.



HE TURNED TO SPEAK TO THE DRIVER.

However, I had no leisure for speculation, for Mr. Mildmay's hansom being driven off at a rapid pace, we soon found ourselves in the crowded Brompton Road, where it is not an easy matter to keep in view a particular vehicle among many others of similar appearance. My driver was evidently an intelligent young fellow, and he carried out his instructions with considerable skill until he reached Piccadilly. Here, as ill-luck would have it, our progress was checked by a policeman at a crossing, while the cab in front of us was permitted to proceed on its way. The result was that, by the time we were released, the other hansom was quite out of sight, and though my driver soon made up for lost time, he at length admitted, through the trap, that the check had proved fatal.

We had nearly reached Piccadilly Circus, and keen though I was to recover the lost scent, I saw no object in going further. It seemed as though my expedition had already come to an ignominious termination, and I could think of nothing better to do than to hasten back to Mount Street in the hope of finding Mr. Balthazzar still at the office. My driver had already turned with this object, when suddenly he pulled up his horse almost upon its haunches, and whispered excitedly—

"All right, sir; there he is—round that corner!"

"How do you know!" I inquired, anxiously.

"I recognised the man, sir; seems to be waiting for his fare a few doors up."

I bounded recklessly into the roadway, and hurried to the adjoining corner. There, sure enough, up a side street, waiting at the door of one of the houses, was the cab which we had been following, and from the composure with which the driver remained in his seat it was obvious that he was expecting the early reappearance of his fare.

I was greatly elated and relieved; and being resolved no longer to risk relying upon the difficult task of following, I beckoned to my hansom to draw up at a convenient spot against the kerb in the main thoroughfare, while I hung about Mr. Mildmay's hansom, hoping to overhear the direction he gave to the driver. I was enabled to do this, because the street, though small and narrow, was a short cut between Piccadilly and Regent Street, and was therefore sufficiently crowded for convenient loitering. The house which Mr. Mildmay had apparently entered was evidently a lodging-house, respectable no doubt of its kind, and just such a habitation as would be chosen by an impecunious man about town.

Mr. Mildmay remained indoors so long that even his driver showed signs of impatience, and began to cast suspicious glances up at the windows. At length, however, he came out, carrying a good-sized portmanteau, and from my post of observation at the rear of his cab I was rewarded by hearing his laconic injunctions to the driver—

"Charing Cross—quick!" he exclaimed, as he entered.

I hurried to my own cab, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of rattling down the Haymarket, immediately behind the other vehicle. So far so good, and Mr. Balthazzar's prognostication had turned out correct. No doubt Mr. Mildmay, on receiving his letter, which he must have found awaiting him at Hope-

Cottage in the ordinary course of post, had taken alarm and decided upon instant flight.

But what startled me was that, judging from his destination being that of Charing Cross station, it seemed probable that Mr. Mildmay was bound for the Continent! I had never anticipated such a journey. I had money enough, fortunately, but I had no luggage, no railway rug, nothing, in fact, but the clothes I stood in. There would be no time to buy anything either, and I hesitated whether my instructions compelled me to proceed further.

I felt, however, that I had no alternative but to follow Mr. Mildmay till ordered to desist, and I therefore resolved to sacrifice my own comfort and inclination to the call of duty. It was fortunate that I was prepared for the worst, for at the booking-office at Charing Cross I heard Mr. Mildmay take a ticket for Paris; and it was then that I realised for the first time that, close as the resemblance was, this individual was not in fact Lord Brixton. His voice had previously struck me as being unfamiliar, but when I had overheard him giving the direction to the cabman my mind had been preoccupied. Now that I had more leisure for observation, his tone and accent were obviously coarser and less educated than those of his lordship.

Well, I followed Mr. Mildmay's example, and booked for Paris, and I willingly spare myself the recital of the discomfort I suffered on that miserable journey. The cold was intense, we had a dreadful crossing, and the close watch I kept upon Mr. Mildmay effectually banished all idea of rest and slumber. Until we reached Dover I did not think he had the least idea that he was being followed; but when we boarded the steamer, in my anxiety lest he should double back and give me the slip, I expect that I obtruded myself upon his notice. At all events, from that time it was obvious to me that he kept as much as possible out of sight, and the fact naturally increased my apprehensions. I saw him safely into the train at Calais, travelled in the next compartment, and was on the alert at every stopping-place until we reached Paris.

Here, also, I flatter myself that there was no relaxation of vigilance on my part, though I was overcome with fatigue, and cold and sleeplessness. But the Paris terminus, with the Douane arrangements, is an awkward place for shadowing, especially when there is a crowd, and when one's intellect is, perhaps, somewhat benumbed. How it happened exactly I did not know; I watched him while his luggage was being examined, but, having none of my own, I was jealously excluded from the salle, and the result was that, by some means or other, Mr. Mildmay evaded me at this point. He must have escaped by some side door, and having waited patiently until all the luggage had been cleared, and the salle closed again, I was humiliated to find myself the last passenger remaining in the station.

I was too wearied and miserable to feel the slightest inclination to attempt to pick up the trail again. I could speak French very little and knew Paris only slightly. Besides, what chance had I of coming across Mr. Mildmay again in a vast, strange city? I contented myself, therefore, with despatching a telegram to Mr. Balthazzar to inform him of what had happened, and then proceeded to refresh myself with a meal and a few hours' sleep at the nearest hotel. I received a reply from my principal requesting me to return by the evening mail, and I spent the afternoon agreeably enough in strolling about the streets of the Palais Royale.

I dined luxuriously at a fashionable restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens—knowing that Mr. Balthazzar was always liberal in the matter of expenses—and there I was handed a copy of *Galignani's Messenger*. By a curious coincidence the very first name that caught my eye when I opened the paper was that of Lord Brixton! The item of news referring to him was contained in a telegraphic account from one of the news agencies of a debate in the House of Commons on the preceding evening. Lord Brixton, who was an infrequent speaker, and apparently unaccustomed to the rules of debate, had persistently evaded some point of order, which had elicited the righteous wrath of the Chair. Later on I found that the incident was heralded on the placards of the daily papers as "Scene in the House." I wonder what the Earl of Camberwell would say to such conduct to-day?

This announcement would have definitely disposed of any shadow of doubt I might have entertained of the identity of Lord Brixton with Captain Mildmay. It was abundantly clear that, as his lordship was distinguishing himself in the House last night, he could not possibly have been at the same time journeying to Paris, and I mentally reproached myself for having suspected Mr. Balthazzar's veracity.

Next day I was back in England, and when I reached the office I was spared any reproaches; in fact, Mr. Balthazzar was in a radiant humour, though inclined to be jocular at my expense; for he had received a letter from Mr. Mildmay by the morning post, written from Paris, and exulting at having outwitted me. But Mr. Mildmay's letter was important in other respects, for besides affording tangible evidence of that gentleman's existence, it contained an admission that he had led Mrs. Templemore to believe that he was Lord Brixton, though he excused himself by saying that it was the lady herself who first suggested the idea, and that he had humoured it more by way of jest than anything else.

"H'm!" grunted Mr. Balthazzar, "that is all very well. But I wonder what the lady will say. He writes he has advised her to call upon me. If she comes you had better be in the way, for your evidence may be useful, Millicent."

He looked at me rather oddly as he spoke, and a vague glimmering of a startling idea flashed across my mind. It was not until later, however, that it developed itself, and when, in the afternoon, he announced through the speaking-tube that Mrs. Templemore had called, and requested me to step into his room, I was still in a condition of child-like innocence.

Mrs. Templemore was a tall, dark-browed, handsome woman, with flashing eyes, vermilion cheeks, and an unmistakable temper. But such was the soothing effect of Mr. Balthazzar's persuasiveness that the lady had already attained some degree of calm by the time I entered, though her heaving bosom gave evidence of turbulent emotions with difficulty suppressed.

"I know quite well that he is Lord Brixton," the lady was persisting defiantly.

"But you have his own letter, written from Paris, confessing that he isn't; admitting that he has deceived you!" said Mr. Balthazzar mildly.

"How could he have written from Paris yesterday when he was speaking in Parliament at midnight on the night before?" exclaimed Mrs. Templemore.

"Exactly," remarked Mr. Balthazzar, enigmatically.

"I mean that he isn't in Paris at all. This letter is a humbug. He never wrote it," said the lady vehemently.

"But you admit that you recognise the handwriting. The letter has obviously come through the post. It bears the official post-mark. My dear madam, pray be reasonable," protested Mr. Balthazzar. "When did you see him last?"

"On Thursday evening," said Mrs. Templemore, sullenly.

"Did he say nothing about going away?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar gently.

"Yes, he did. He received your letter, and pretended to be frightened at it. But it was all a plant. He didn't go. He spoke in the House the same night," cried the lady angrily, but evidently more shaken than she cared to admit.

"My dear lady, I called in my clerk, Mr. Millicent, to tell you his little story. Ask him what questions you like; test him how you will; cross-examine him. Judge for yourself if he is lying or speaking the truth," said Mr. Balthazzar smiling.

"What does he know about it?" inquired Mrs. Templemore, flashing her dark eyes over me.

"He accompanied Mr. Mildmay to Paris by the mail train on Thursday night," replied Mr. Balthazzar quietly, "Now, Mr. Millicent, tell the lady everything, and answer all her questions."

"I KNOW QUITE WELL THAT HE IS LORD BRIXTON."

Though a little disconcerted by the steady persistent stare with which the lady regarded me, I narrated as clearly as I could the incidents of the eventful evening, commencing with my having seen Mr. Mildmay enter her house at the hour I named, and ending with my discomfiture at the Paris terminus.

Either Mrs. Templemore was so utterly taken aback that her speech failed her, or else she was convinced by my manner that I spoke the truth, for she never interrupted me by a single word or gesture, and when I had finished she burst into tears.

"The artful scoundrel! He always let me believe he was Lord Brixton, though he never exactly owned to it," she sobbed hysterically.

"My dear Mrs. Templemore, Mildmay has treated you shamefully—most shamefully. It is one of the most painful cases I have ever experienced," said Mr. Balthazzar, leaning forward and patting the lady's arm in quite a fatherly manner.

"He's a low cad, and I've done with him for ever. Did he mention anything about his letters?" inquired Mrs. Templemore with sudden alacrity.

"He authorises me to give you £50 a piece for them," whispered Mr. Balthazzar.

"The mean hound. He knew how many he wrote, I'll be bound," cried the lady.

"Eleven, I believe; quite a handsome sum," said Mr. Balthazzar.

"You will find 'em all there," exclaimed Mrs. Templemore, producing a packet from her bosom, and throwing them on the table with the air of a tragedy queen. "I'll take the money in notes, please," she added, as she dried her fine eyes.

* * *

"A scandalous case, Millicent, but a satisfactory ending," said Mr. Balthazzar to me when Mrs. Templemore had taken her departure in tolerable good humour, and with many expressions of esteem for my principal. "Mr. Mildmay has got off cheaply. Will you please tie these letters together and put them in the safe?"

"What about the one you hold in your hand, sir?"

"This? Oh! it is the one Mr. Mildmay wrote to me. I propose to send it to Mrs. Wrexham. It will ease her mind, for it is practically a confession on the part of Mr. Mildmay," said Mr. Balthazzar briskly.

"You have no doubt noticed that it is in a different handwriting from all Mr. Mildmay's other letters," I said quietly.

"Who do you suppose wrote it, then?" inquired Mr. Balthazzar, looking rather startled.

"Sharpe, the detective, sir. I recognise his hand, but, of course, Mrs. Wrexham won't. I can see how I was taken in. It was Lord Brixton whom I followed from Mrs. Templemore's house to Piccadilly, but from there Sharpe personated him. The letter Mrs. Templemore received from Paris was written by Lord Brixton and posted there by Sharpe. The other supposed letter

from Mildmay addressed to you was copied by Sharpe himself and——"

"You must be dreaming, Millicent," interrupted Mr. Balthazzar drily. "Anyhow, I have got all the correspondence now. Your journey has served its purpose. You had better forget the whole affair."

Which I have made a point of doing until now, when, as Mr. Balthazzar is dead, and the Earl of Camberwell is sanctified beyond the reach of scandal, I need have no scruple about telling it.

(CONCLUSION OF SERIES.)

THE OTHER IRELAND.

By degrees we are discovering the beauties of our own country. Scotland was first looked after, and sportsmen found themselves disputing the honours of possession with tourists, the Lake district was sung into fame by the poets, Besant turned our thoughts to the Scilly Islands with "Armorel," and Wales fought its own battle with its mountains and vales. Now we have a champion for St. Patrick's land in Mr. J. W. Crossley, of the Irish Tourist Development Association. In a brief chat I had with him the other day he almost determined me on my next holiday by his enthusiasm.

"Ireland," he said, "is misunderstood. The Englishman looks upon her, so to speak, as the land of St. Politic, not as that of St. Patrick. We have mountains like Wales, we have lakes that Switzerland might envy, we have sport that Scotland cannot beat, we have spots where the archæologist may revel and the botanist dream. We have everything to tempt the tired who love the beautiful, and who long to get away from the conventional run up the Rhine, or the week in Paris, when Paris has gone to the seaside. In spite of all this, England will persist in looking upon it as a distressful country, with politicians as its only claim to distinction!"

MR. J. W. CROSSLEY.

"Well," Mr. Crossley, I suggested, "England cannot be held solely to blame; we certainly hear enough of Ireland in one way or another?"

"There you are right; quite right. Ireland is to blame, and to blame only. Those who should, and could, make Ireland a favourite tourist ground do nothing. Correspondents have assured me that when they say to the local folk, 'How is it you don't get more to come and see this beautiful spot?' they reply, 'Oh, Mr. Crossley and his Tourist Development Agency are doing it for us.' That's where it is, I am expected to do everything, and they wait at home for results and do nothing. Ireland is to blame for its wrongs—by tourists. But I think this is coming to an end. They are waking up by degrees, and are cleaning up their houses—"

"And hotels?"

"Yes," said Mr. Crossley, with a laugh, "for the first time for centuries you can sleep in comfort. The railway companies are also laying down something like £100,000 for the building of hotels at all the most famous spots."

"The tourist nowadays," I suggested, "is so pampered that he understands his independent position. What can you offer, say, to the sportsman, the golfer, the cyclist, the oarsman, the angler, and the mountain climber?"

"For the cyclist we offer splendid roads and a hospitable peasantry and hotel keepers; every golf player knows perfectly well that he can do no better than come to Ireland, angler and oarsman will find lakes and rivers that will more than favourably surprise them, and sportsmen—well, in regard to sportsmen I will be frank. The truth is this, there is too much poaching, and until the Game Laws are enforced sportsmen will fight shy of taking shooting lands. The Irishman cannot see that he is his worst enemy when he poaches a pheasant or a hare, and sells it for a few coppers. He cries, 'No coercion,' if he is prosecuted, and that, I believe, is why so few sportsmen care to rent these lands, although they know that the game there is magnificent. The Scotch are different. They appreciate that it is bread and butter to them to keep the game up to its finest point, but the Irishman, I am afraid, does not see that. He thinks of the pennies, and forgets the hundreds that would be brought into his district if only the wealthy would shoot over the land."

"And Pat, how do you find him as a host when once he finds his visitor?"

"The best fellow in the world. He will do anything for you; he would refuse to give you a glass of water, and would persist in your waiting while he caught the cow to milk it. He will walk miles to show you the sights without any thought of a fee. Go into Wicklow where the scenery is pretty, into Kerry where it is beautiful, into Connemara where it is grand, into Donegal where it is wild and mountainous, and you will find everyone anxious to greet you, and to make you comfortable and at home. But above all tell your readers to go to the Hill of Howth, near Dublin, where you get one of the grandest views in Europe, and to the Achill Islands where the fuchsias grow wild, and you can easily imagine yourself in the tropics. But I am sure the tourists who knows that Killarney is beautiful and does not know that we can show him even more beautiful lakes, that the Giant's Causeway is wonderful, and does not think we can show more wonderful things still, need only once be told that we will do everything that mortals can do to make for him a delightful holiday to decide him to come over to Ireland."

H. J. P.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell.—Though this is such a deadly dull time of year, being Lent, and no socialities going on, London is surprisingly full, and the West-end thoroughfares are crowded with vehicles and pedestrians. There seems to be an immense amount of shopping going on, for when we go into a shop there is hardly room at the counter for us, and the assistants seem to be as busy as they possibly can be. Nothing airy and fragile is seasonable just yet, and there is a certain amount of solidity about the coats and gowns that are purchased. I very much admired a cape that I saw changing owners the other day. It was being bought by a tall, slim woman with burnished fair hair, and a complexion in which art had been skilfully utilised in supplementing the good gifts of nature. Her features were finely cut, and so delicately applied were the soft touches of pink that she might have been any age between twenty-four and thirty-four. The cape was a double one of box-cloth, full enough about the edges, but fitting accurately on the shoulders, from where it jutted out in an unbroken slant. The velvet collar was in a fawn tint, deeper and greyer than that of the cloth, and the lining—delicious touch!—was amber satin, of a sweet, clear shade, that reminded me of looking at the light through a pale amber bead.

I should have liked a cape like it, but it was a ruinous price, and, after all, capes are not nearly so protective as coats, and this one was better suited for country wear or for driving, or for Sandown than for town, where I should chiefly have to wear it. Is that "sour grapes," or is it true philosophy? Please gratify me by setting it down to the latter decidedly superior cause.

Nina says that her thirty-guinea sealskin cape is no good whatever on a cold day, letting the cold breezes in underneath and only keeping the chest and shoulders warm. She declares that her hands and arms are quite chilly, notwithstanding their overlay of golden guineas.

I send you an illustration of a spring costume in tweed, with plain gored skirt and jacket-bodice. The double revers are in deep plum-coloured velvet and white satin; the vest is white satin, with paste buttons. At the waist a double tab of velvet and satin holds the jacket-bodice together. The collar is white chiffon with knots of heliotrope velvet; crystal buttons ornamenting the centre. The bishop sleeves are turned back with white satin cuffs. The basque of the jacket-bodice is very full. The hat is straw, trimmed with shaded roses.

FOR THE SPRING.

I was granted a private view of a very inviting costume for wearing at Sandown. The skirt was crêpon of course—two-thirds of the skirts are this season. The colour was rather a bright tone of navy blue, answering the light more responsively than any of the deeper shades—rather a dangerous tint for sallow wearers, by the way, since it brings out all the yellow in the skin. The sleeves also were in the blue crêpon, tight from wrist to elbow, and made with full drooping puffs above, overlaid with satin ribbons, reversible tan with light blue, and twisted in the centre so as to turn the light blue out, so that the two colours made a very pleasant mixture with the dark. The bodice was pale blue silk, covered with tan-coloured silk muslin, and held in at the waist with the ribbon turned tan side out. A collar of pale blue velvet sewn over with dark blue sequins made a pretty and a very becoming finish. Separate entirely from this was a lovely little zouave of tan velvet, lined with pale blue and bordered with a dark blue sequined braid or galloon, from which hung small balloon-shaped beads of dark blue. Epaulets of the velvet hung over the tops of the sleeves, edged and fringed like the rest of the zouave, which was long enough to reach the waist at the back, avoiding the patchy look that is the consequence of an interval showing between. This zouave was meant for wearing in the house when the weather is very cold, or for completing the dress for outdoor in the sunny days of April.

The shoulder-covering for Sandown to go with this dress is a tan velvet cape, with white satin let in in gores from the base upwards, these gores being embroidered with tan-coloured braid and dark blue sequins. A collar of dark sable added its deep note of colour to an exquisite little play of brown and blue. The cape was lined with pale blue surah shot with tan.

How do you like it? I amused myself by thinking out the sort of headgear that would look well with it.

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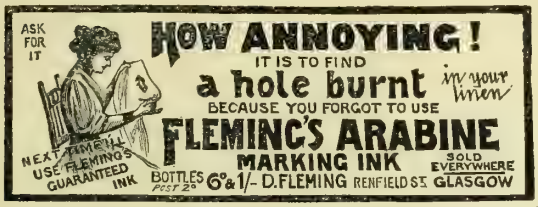

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See Advertisement on Page 312.

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I fancy a toque of tan-coloured crinkly straw with tea-roses and dark blue velvet ribbon. What do you say? And a brown net veil with pale blue tufts of chenille.

Oh! I know a girl who would love that gown, that cape, that toque, that veil! Her name? Oh, her name is the same as that of your affectionate sister,

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Magdalen Trevor.—The bridegroom completely furnishes the house nowadays in every detail. All the bride's expenses are included in her own trousseau and some wedding presents to her husband. I do, indeed, like and admire very much the person you name. By the way, the poor bridegroom has a very hard time of it now as compared with the olden time. He has not only to completely furnish the house, but is obliged to give the bridesmaids a more or less costly present, and usually gives the bride's and bridesmaids' bouquets as well, besides handsome gifts of jewellery to the bride. A girl I know was engaged for eight months before she was married, and sulked if she had not a piece of jewellery given her by her luckless *fiancé* every five or six weeks during the whole of that time. What a prospect for the poor man! "You wonder he married her?" That is just what everyone said; but Love is every bit as blind as Justice, you know. Sulks in the home! Think how awful! A raging, tearing temper is frightful enough, where all should be peace and calm and serenity, but sulks are infinitely worse. After the temper there is often blue sky and merry sunshine, but sulks are like a brooding cloud, like that which hangs over Sheffield, for instance, where the iron foundries keep up a perpetual smoke.

Patsie.—Sorry to hear about your trials with that dreadful scourge, influenza. Yes, do wrap the children well up about the chest and back, make them wear woollen undergarb even in summer. It can be had in the lightest and thinnest texture. Do you know the specialities of the Knitted Corset and Clothing Company? If not, write for samples to 118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham. You can see the different qualities of their pure wool materials, which are sold by the yard or else ready made into under-garments. Their knitted corsets for children are just what you want for your growing girls. They button in front and are flexible, an important point where developing figures are in question. The price is 7s. 6d., but there are cheaper ones in knitted cotton, or in scarlet or fawn wool. You could have buttons sewn on round the basque for the skirts to fasten to, so as not to have strings round the waist. You should have for your own wear one of their capital capes knitted in wool and chenille. They do not slip off like shawls, and though they protect the chest and shoulders, are not long enough to hinder the movements of the arms and hands.

Homebird.—Yes. All that I said on the subject in a former number of To-Day I can repeat from personal experience. The Ardent stove is a perfect treasure. It warms a fairly large room as well as a fire, has no smell of oil, can be regulated to any height or the reverse, so that an even temperature may be maintained; is very ornamental with its rosy radiance of light thrown on surrounding objects, and it is, in addition, very cheap. Clothes can be aired by it, and a kettleful of cold water, if placed on the top, will boil in half an hour if the wick is turned up full. I had it in the sick-room during the reign of King Influenza, and was able to keep the air of the bedroom moist by placing on the lamp-table an enamelled basin full of water. This when hot gave forth a copious steam, and the doctor pronounced it as good as a bronchitis kettle. I pronounced it better, for there is a great deal of constant trouble connected with a bronchitis kettle. It has to be kept up to its work, or it will laze upon the fire without sending out any steam; and every now and then it has to be filled up through the small aperture made for that purpose, not a very easy task in a dimly-lighted room.

Edith.—My experience of gas stoves has been most satisfactory. They are very convenient, and save a enormous amount of labour, not only in carrying coal upstairs and cinders down, but in the matter of dusting. The absence of the coal dust makes a wonderful difference in the cleanliness of the rooms. My calculation of the relative cost of gas and coal is that the former amounts to one-third as much again as the latter.

Beatrix.—The name is an odd one, as you say. Gamgee is a very fine soft and thick cotton-wool, invented by a doctor of Birmingham, owning that unusual name. It is strongly recommended by physicians. After the application of many poultices, when the skin is left in a peculiarly tender and susceptible condition, it is an excellent plan to wrap the patient in

Drawn by Dudley Hardy.

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PASTILLES
(Which act by Inhalation and Absorption directly upon the Respiratory Organs) for
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Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Asthma, Laryngitis, &c.
Much preferable to Pills, Potions, and Syrups, &c., which only irritate the Stomach without reaching the seat of the Disease.
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GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and, unlike numerous other cough remedies, are not required by the Act of Parliament to bear the label "Poison." They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience.

Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of Pine Tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, [illegible] and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Owing to their direct action upon the bronchial [illegible], they are infinitely superior to all other remedial agents.

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gamgee. An improvised vest can be made in a few seconds by folding two lengths of it down over each other, cutting away a curve back and front for the neck, a slope on either side for the shoulders, and curves again for the arms. This can be fastened on with a few safety pins, so that the lungs and chest are perfectly accessible for the doctor's examination. With the ordinary vest the wretched patient has almost to be peeled before the stethoscope can be applied.

Our Cookery Column.

Marro Peas.—Now that all fresh green vegetables are so excessively high-priced, my readers may like to know that the "Sweet Marro Peas," bottled by Anson Brothers, Hambleton, Selby, Yorkshire, are excellent. They are large and full-grown, not like the small and tasteless French peas that we know so well in bottles and tins. The Marros are particularly good when stewed with chops. When boiled alone they should be put in only just enough water to cover them, after having been drained away from the liquor in which they are preserved. When they are tender strain them, and add to each pint half an ounce of butter. Shake the saucepan well, and let it stand in a hot place until the butter dissolves. Add a little pepper, give them one more good shake, and send them to table very hot. A sprig of mint is a great improvement, but if it cannot be obtained a little dried mint will give the flavour.

Turry.—A new Indian dish.—Turry is not unlike curry, the principal difference consisting in braizing the curry after stewing it, as will be seen from the following instructions, given in the *Caterer*. Place half a small teacupful of butter or lard in a tinned-copper saucepan on a clear, well-built fire, and just as the fat commences to bubble, or to reach the "frying point," throw in two thinly-sliced onions. As soon as the sliced onions have assumed a golden-brown colour, remove them with a "slice" to a clean plate and set aside. Take one teaspoonful of turmeric paste, a half teaspoonful of chilli paste, four teaspoonfuls of onion paste, two teaspoonfuls of ginger and garlic paste, mixed together in equal proportions, and two teaspoonfuls of salt, and stir all these into the boiling fat in the saucepan. In a few minutes, as soon as the condiments yield a fragrant odour, add the pieces of chicken, and allow them to *sauté* thoroughly well, so as to become impregnated with the curry mixture. Pour in very little water to just barely cover the meat, and allow the whole to simmer very gently until the pieces of chicken have become quite tender and are perfectly cooked. Remove the pieces of chicken on to a clean plate, and set aside. Into the curried gravy, still remaining in the saucepan on the fire or hot plate, stir in two breakfast-cupfuls of well-washed uncooked rice, and cook for about five minutes. Now pour in sufficient stock to not only submerge, but to rise for about an inch above the level of the rice; cover the saucepan closely, and simmer until the stock has been absorbed. Have ready a heated braizing-pan, into which empty the fortified rice from the saucepan; add the pieces of curried chicken and part of the fried onions thereto; cover, and braize, mixing occasionally to prevent scorching the contents. In about ten minutes the turry will be ready.

Apricots with Cream.—The tinned apricots from California are delicious. The dearest are invariably the best, and the finest brand is San José, price 1s. 6d. Keep them in the syrup until the last moment, then lift them carefully out on a glass dish, disposing them prettily on each other, so that their beautiful warm orange tint may contrast agreeably with the cold white of the glass. Serve them with cornflour mould, blancmange or ground rice shape, with an accompaniment of whipped cream.

Cheese Fritters.—Put three ounces of cheese in a mortar with a dessertspoonful of finely-minced ham, three dessertspoonfuls of finely-grated breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, a piece of butter about the size of a small egg, two or three grains of cayenne, and the yolk of an egg well beaten. Pound these ingredients together until they are quite smooth, then form the paste into balls about the size of a walnut, flatten to the thickness of half an inch, dip them in a batter or in milk and fry them until lightly brown; then drain them. Place the fritters in a napkin and serve them as hot as possible.

Baked Tomatoes.—Ingredients: One pound of ripe tomatoes, half-pint of breadcrumbs, one small onion minced fine, one teaspoonful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter (melted), cayenne and salt, half a pint of good stock. Cut a piece from the top of each tomato. With a teaspoon take out the inside, leaving a hollow shell; chop the pulp fine, mix it with the crumbs, butter, sugar, pepper, salt, and onion. Fill the cavities of the tomatoes with this stuffing, replace the tops; pack them in a baking-dish, and fill the interstices with the stuffing; pour the gravy also into these. Set the dish covered in an oven, and bake half an hour before uncovering; after which brown them lightly, and send to table in the baking-dish.

Banana Cream.—Skin half a dozen bananas, and with a silver knife cut them in small circles. Place them in a glass dish, and scatter over them a little castor sugar and a few drops of vanilla. Make a rather thick custard of two yolks of eggs and half a pint of milk. When it is tepid pour it over the bananas. Whisk half a pint of cream to a stiff froth and pile it up over the custard in irregular little heaps, as rough and precipitous looking as possible. This is a delicious little dish.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

I sees in one o' them noos-piper perrygrawphs as abart two 'undrid fashernable weddings is likely ter tike plice afore the end o' this month. Sims like a lawge order, don't it? Four 'undrid people, all 'ighly fashernable, and all of 'em a goin' it fur better or wus afore the fust o' Mye. One o' them things as I shud like ter know is this—'ow's a man ter tell whether 'e's fashernable or whether 'e ain't. 'Ankin says the tip is to send an account of your merridge, or death, or engigement, or whortever it mye 'appen to be, ter them sersiaty pipers. Then if they sticks your nime in, you're fashernable, and if they leaves yer art, yer ain't. Very troo, I 'as no dart. But whort I syes is this—'ow do the pipers themselves git ter know? Theer must be someone somewheer as settles it. But theer—theer's no findin' art sich things. All yer kin sye is that whort them pipers don't git ter know ain't wuth knowin'. I surpose as this 'ere rush of fashernable weddin's is along of its bein' considered 'ighly onlucky ter git merried in the month of Mye. Well, thet is as it mye be. Not 'avin' bin merried in the month o' Mye myself, I cawn't speak from pers'nal egsperieance, but I 'ad a cousing as was. Ho yus, an' 'e merried a very nice gel ter look at too, and 'e warn't a bad sort 'isself. On'y it turned art subserquintly as she'd bin merried afore and 'ad a 'usband still livin'. Well, thet come art, and netsurally broke up the 'ome. You cawn't 'awdly sye as thet 'appened along of my cousing gettin' merried in Mye, becos 'e worn't really merried—'e only thought 'e were. And even if 'e 'ad bin, it don't egsackerly prove the onluckiness, becos 'e says as gettin' rid o' thet gel—though she were a very nice gel ter look at—were the gritest blessing as ever 'appened ter 'im. Tikin' it big-an'-lawge, I dunno as I thinks a lot of this 'ere predijuice aginst the month o' Mye. My advice ter yung men is ter pick art a gel as 'as good 'ealth 'an temper, some sivin's put by, and a talink fur cookin', and then merry 'er jest as soon as she will. Merryin' a gel o' thet kind in Mye is a sight luckier then merryin' the more yooshal kind of gel in any other month. Them is the werds o' wisdom an' gineral joodishusness.

* * *

'Ankin 'as a noshing as it wouldn't be a bed thing ter settle the Easter 'ollerdies accordin' ter the weather. It sarnds a little reverlooshanary, and, in course, 'Ankin is one of them as 'ull go in fur a chinge just fur the sike o' chinge; but, all the sime, I dunno as there myen't be sutthink in it. I'm a Hinglishman, born and brought up in Hingland; if I'd bin born a Frenchy or a Dutchman I shud 'ave bin diffrunt, and wus. But, all the sime, I don't deny as the Hinglish weather in the spring is dartful; one dye it mye stawt reg'lar 'ot; yer goes art withart an over-coat, an' yer comes 'ome at night shiv'rin' with cold. Then yer gits a chill as mye strike innuds and be the death o' yer—old rum took joodishus is a good thing aginst thet. And in course Easter varies; some years it's one time and some years it's another. Now whort I says is, if we wus ter 'ave the Easter 'ollerdies fixed, sye, abart the middle of Mye, we shud 'ave a better chawnce o' proper weather nor whort we 'as as it is. And, mind yer, I ain't speakin' fur myself. Ho no! As I've said afore, tikin' it as a rool, a benk-'ollerdy is the 'aurdist dye's wuk as I 'as. People is alwise goin' somewhur ter see sutthink, an' they tikes the 'bus to it, and—bein' less joodishus nor you might wish—they occishanally comes beck by 'bus when they ain't sober. No, I don't spik fur myself, but fur the gin'ral public, and in my opinyun we might do wus than give 'Ankin's nostrum a show, jist ter see 'ow it wuks

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

Some years ago someone—Mr. Brander Matthews, I think it was—brought into my shop Mr. Lynn Boyd Porter, the "Albert Ross," or "Albatross," whose novel achieved the proud distinction of being the first work of fiction which has sold a million copies. This means, I suppose, during the author's lifetime, because "Robinson Crusoe" surely must have "touched seven figures." Mr. Albert Ross is, I believe, a great friend of Mr. Brander Matthews, though it must be gall and bitterness to the author of so many books smothered with *succès d'estime* to see his friend's gigantic sales. Among others of Mr. Porter's huge successes have been "Thou Shalt Not," "Thy Name is Woman," "Speaking of Ellen." The leading papers hardly notice their publication, and the literary set taboo them, but their brown paper, red-ribanded covers load the bookstalls.

* * * *

"Thou Shalt Not" was once dramatised at the Union Square Theatre, but public opinion or the local Pigott nipped it in the bud. Mr. Ross, who emigrated from Minnesota to Cambridge, the suburb of Boston in which Harvard University is situated, owned and edited a paper called the *Cambridge Tribune*, which he called the organ of Harvard. But having had great luck in building flats of many storeys on the mud flats of the Charles River, he sold his paper and started on the grand tour to Europe. When he returned to Boston he became a desk-editor—in other words, a proof-reader on the *Boston Herald*, one of the most respected papers in America, and then suddenly he blossomed out into giving the democratic travesties of aristocratic American life, in which he has struck oil with such a vengeance.

* * * *

The April dinner of the New Vagabonds, which was given to Mr. Zangwill in honour of the publication in book form of his great novel, "The Master," written for To-Day, was very crowded. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome took the chair, and both he and Mr. Zangwill made most original and amusing speeches. I was once more obliged with a chair behind the hole in the screen by my friend, the head waiter, and I noticed among the company Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Bertram Mitford, Mr. Reginald Cleaver, Mr. Robert Sauber, Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. William Le Queux, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. W. Rothenstein, Mr. F. W. Robinson, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. A. C. Corbould, Col. J. C. Dalton, R.A., Mr. Basil Thomson, Mr. F. H. Fisher, etc., etc.

* * * *

I have sold a quantity of "the Songs, Poems, and Verses of Helen, Lady Dufferin" (John Murray, 9s.), which has just gone into its third edition. It is charmingly got up, but a good many of my customers have been disappointed that it gives only her songs and music, and not another delightful preface from her famous son, our present Ambassador at Paris. But Lord Dufferin has promised us her letters soon, and no more charming letter-writer ever wrote in English.

* * * *

I have stocked several dozen copies of the dainty little paper volume entitled "God and the Ant," by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, which Ward, Lock and Co. have just brought out. Mr. Kernahan has never in all his writings approached the level of "God and the Ant." There were soaring passages of poetry in the "Book of Strange Sins," but of "God and the Ant" one may say without exaggeration that it is as fine a prose poem as has been written by anyone in our generation. There is but one word I would have altered in the whole rhapsody, and that is on the last page but one. When he likens the dome of St. Paul's to a giant arm upholding the Golden Cross, he should have said a vast *cloaked* arm, or something of the kind, for a dome is in itself essentially un-arm-like. But it is ungracious to criticise such an exquisite piece of work, so candid in the rebellious utterances of the accusers, so full of divineness and humanity in its *apologia pro vita Christi*. What a wonderful sermon it would have made, delivered by a man like the celebrated Nonconformist clergyman, the Rev. R. F. Horton, in the six-hundred-year-old choir of Westminster Abbey.

* * * *

The first two volumes of Galt, the dead Scotch novelist, whom the critic of the "Kailyard" in the *New Review* contrasted so favourably with living Scotch lions, will shortly be brought out by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons. The general editor is Mr. S. R. Crockett, and they are being produced under the revision of Mr. D. S. Meldrum, who wrote that beautiful romance, "The Story of Margrédel" last year.

* * * *

Have taken a number of copies of "Sunshine and Haar," by Gabriel Setoun, like his former book, published by Mr. John Murray. Mr. T. N. Hepburn—for that is Gabriel Setoun's real name—is a Board School teacher in Edinburgh—a little dark man with a big moustache, and large, dark, expressive eyes, who was brought into my shop one day last year by one of the editors of *The Idler*. He is very well known as a platform speaker in Edinburgh on the subject of Board School reforms. "Sunshine and Haar" is a great advance on "Barncraig"—indeed, it sometimes approaches the exquisite Scotch idylls of Mr. J. M. Barrie. The volume consists of a number of short stories told with terseness, reserve, and flexibility, and often showing considerable eloquence and humour. The little series of eight sister tales at the end about Swankey, the cobbler poet, and Linty, the genius of the parish school, is especially good and characteristic. Though so essentially Scotch and abounding in subtle touches that can only be appreciated to the full by a Scotchman, the book is quite easy for an Englishman to read and to appreciate. "Mr. Murray" is to be congratulated on discovering so promising an author.

* * * *

Mr. William Heinemann has been many things in his time. Besides being a Harrow boy and a Christ Church man, and the student of one or more German universities; besides being a wicked publisher and a wicked playwright, and an improving lecturer, he belonged for a matter of hours to the Salvation Army. One night before the Derby, while in search of a new sensation, he strolled into a West-end barracks (of the S.A.). His repentance gave great pleasure—it takes a good deal to convert his countrymen—and he became very popular with the officers. On the next day he went to the Derby with a very smart party on a drag. While he was waiting with glasses in his hands to see the start of the great race he felt a touch on his foot, and recognised one of the officers who had rejoiced over his conversion the night before; and I am ashamed to say that this officer handed to him a slip of paper printed in exact imitation of a tipster's—"What to back, when to back, and how to back it"—in which the most sacred name was substituted for that of a horse.

* * * *

Mr. J. Morris, whose admirable little book on Corea, brought out by Ward, Lock and Co., I sold by the hundred, has now written a similar book on Japan, which is about to be issued by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.

* * * *

One of my oldest customers, Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell, is bringing out a biography, and critical estimate of Miss Christina Rossetti, who used to come into my shop years and years ago with the giants of the pre-Raphaelite movement. Many of my most literary patrons consider her the first of English poetesses. Mr. Bell, who is one of the leading poetry critics of the *Academy*, knew her well.

IN A "SECOND SMOKING."

Although the sun shines there is a piercing east wind, which does not however make the sheltered seated passengers welcome more readily the ninth and tenth comers. People's faces look like schemes in red and blue by a decadent designer of posters.

First City Man (*tired of sitting silently*). I don't like the look of foreign relations; they are very strained.

Second C. M. (*facing him, supposed to be a wit*). Yes, like my wife's—strained, not to say refined. By-the-way, did I tell you what I said to Jones-Tompkinson last Tuesday?

First C. M. (*foreseeing a dull story, which he determines to escape*). No! By-the-way, have you a light?

Second C. M. (*digging him in ribs*). Funny dog! Why, what's the matter with the boxful in your hand?

First C. M. (*confused*). One's hands are so cold with this east wind. (*Lights a plump cigar—desperately*). Do you know what I pay for these?

Second C. M. No!—Well, as I was going to tell you, Jones-Tompkinson had been writing to the Vestry.

First C. M. Had he? I hope he complained of the state of the roads. They are disgraceful in our district. When I think of the rates I pay my blood boils.

Second C. M. (*balked and growing vicious*). I should keep on thinking of them, then—inexpensive fuel for this east wind. But, as I was saying, it seems——(*two passengers alight; others enter*).

First City Man (*shifts his seat away from No. 2*). There was a draught near the door (*He shouts diagonally across to his friend*).

Second C. M. Never mind? You get out at the Mansion House, of course; I shall to-day; I will tell you the rest then.

First C. M. (*hurriedly*). No! I must go on to the Monument, this morning.

New Comer (*to nervous, shy man in extreme corner*). Hullo, Johnson! Don't often see you by this train.

Nervous Man (*who hates to speak in public*). No. That is—Yes. I mostly——(*pauses*).

N. C. How's business with you?

N. M. (*wholesale fish dealer, who carries a brief-bag to be taken for a barrister*). Oh! all right, thank you.

N. C. Did you take Smith's offer for those herrings? I should if I were you, they seemed a bit off colour.

N. M. (*to himself, remembering that Herring was the name of a famous painter as well as of a lowly fish; brilliantly*). No! I shall keep 'em both until I see a good Landseer about (*plunges deep in his newspaper*).

Up-to-Date Youth. Have you read the new "Yellow Book"? Yellow! I call it regular coffee-colour.

Civil Service Man (*replying with a blush*). No. I don't care for the New Morality. I don't set up for being a prude, but still there are some subjects—

Up-to-Date Youth (*in needlessly clear tones*). Now I should say you didn't ought to. Why, to see Bessie and you at lunch yesterday was shockin'.

Civil Service Man (*pleased, but timorous, glances round to see if anybody he knows is in the carriage*). No! (*risks it*). She is a bit fetching, isn't she?

Stout Old Gentleman (*drops his paper and glares*). Morning!!! (*he says in surly tone*).

Civil Service Youth (*recognising his chief too late, tries to get out of it*). Yes, she is going to be married next week.

Up-to-Date Youth (*in mock reproof*). Naughty! naughty! that makes it much worse.

Civil Service Youth (*despairing*). I am cramming very hard just now, so I only get a few minutes at lunch, and one feels inclined to gossip a bit.

Up-to-Date Youth. Yes, over one more split whiskey and soda, of course.

First City Man (*to his other neighbour*). These boys take a lot of pick-me-ups don't they?

Sour-faced Man (*his neighbour*). It's all very well to call it a pick-me-up, but while they waste their money on liquor how can they pick up anything worth learning.

First City Man (*genially*). Well, I must say a drop of something softens this easterly wind.

Sour-faced Man (*with an icy voice*). I am afraid you don't mean coffee or tea. It is you moderate drinkers, as you call yourselves, that are the ruin of England.

Nondescript Man (*in a soft felt hat and a pipe*). That's the tenth reason I have heard for the ruin of England this week. "The New Woman—bicycles—Aubrey Beardsley—oysters—rejection of Bimetalism—the Empire Promenade—log-rolling—the Navy—and cigarettes" were the others.

Sour-faced Man (*foreseeing a battle*). And what are all these due to—what are they all traceable to but—drink?

Nondescript Man (*with cold Colonial sarcasm*). I think it would puzzle even you to trace oysters, bicycles, or Aubrey Beardsley to alcohol.

Sour-faced Man. Flippancy is the root of it all—and flippancy is the result of drink; we inherit it from boozing ancestors.

Nondescript Man. My friend (*with a nasal twang*), speak of your own parents as you like. You are the sort of man I meet when I come out without my gun, but I always carry a revolver. (*Sour-faced Man colouring, a lights at next station.*)

Nondescript Man (*with a nod to the rest of the passengers as he takes up his paper*). If you had lived out West, or in the bush, you wouldn't stand that kind of insect long.

His Friend (*hitherto silent*). I did not know you took an interest in Beardsley or the New Movement.

Nondescript Man (*glancing up over his paper*). Ever since I last landed. I have heard nothing but buzzing over all these trifles; not a word of the Navy, your labour question, or even of politics, but just the tittle-tattle of the papers and a lot of faddists airing their nostrums. It makes me sick! I long to get among live men again.

Up-to-Date Youth (*airly*). How serious Colonial people are—they do talk a lot of tommy rot.

Civil Service Man (*with a half-guilty conscience*). I think we do talk of risky things too much. I sometimes wish one could take a real interest in politics or something of that sort.

Up-to-Date Youth. Never saw such a Johnnie as you are. Always swotting at something that don't pay. I like to be amused—let the working-man bother about politics if he likes—give me a good music-hall. I get as much as I want of 'em there.

Nondescript Man (*ignoring the chatter*). I suppose these silly boys would fight for the old country if trouble came; but to take life so miserably as they do! Hang it all, I'd rather be on a ranch with nobody to speak to. Here let's get out and walk. I can't stand this babble. (*Exit.*)

First City Man (*didactically*). It's does a man good to rough it a bit. But they are jolly unsociable when they do come back, aren't they?

Second City Man. I think it's only because they have lost touch with us, and take everything too seriously. (*Thoughtfully*). But perhaps the younger generation are getting to believe the pessimistic nonsense they talk. I hope not.

IN THE CITY.

THE EXPERT, THE VENDOR, AND THE PUBLIC.

Much may have to be said about the collapse of the Londonderry Mine. About the Company as it was presented to the public we said a few words on the morrow of its issue, and it may be well to recall them. We wrote:—

> The property to be bought by the Company may be as valuable as it is said to be, or it may not. All that is certain is that the public are asked to pay £700,000 for these few acres, and that out of every 20s. earned by the £50,000 of working capital, 18s. 7½d. goes to the vendor. It seems to be a lopsided risk, and we advise our readers not to be parties to it.

After last week, nobody is likely to deny "the lopsided risk," but our present object is not to comment upon the folly of the public in giving £700,000 for a few acres of Coolgardie ground, or the action of the directors upon and after the receipt of Lord Fingall's telegram, but to direct attention to the worthlessness of much of the expert evidence given in prospectuses of West Australian mining companies.

To-Day may take credit to itself for being the only journal of large circulation which has exposed the pretensions of some of these experts. None has been more in evidence than Mr. Begelhole, and months ago To-Day proved that that worthy's claims to the public confidence were of the scantiest. The game he played in India some years ago he has repeated in Western Australia. And his successor at the Bayley's Reward Mine, Captain Matthews, seems to be following in his footsteps. It is Matthews *vice* Begelhole discredited. His was among the reports upon the Londonderry claim which persuaded investors that the mine was one of the wonders of the world; the exposed lode "one of the very richest I have ever seen in any part of the world." Then we have Mr. Robert Gibson, M.A.I.M.E. and the rest of it, writing—

> The stone is literally permeated with the metal. To give an idea of the phenomenally rich character of the stone at this particular spot I would point out that from an excavation 7 feet by 6 feet, by 2 feet 6 inches in depth, 8,000 ounces of gold have already been taken. . . . During the hour spent examining this portion of the mine one man with hammer and gads broke out between two or three hundred pounds weight of gold that would contain considerably more than 1,000 ounces of gold.

And Mr. Gibson winds up his report as follows:—

> I must congratulate you upon being the possessors of the richest gold mine I have ever examined, and one that I conscientiously believe to be among the richest gold mines of the world in the present day.

Not to be behindhand, "Professor Nicholas, of London, F.G.S.," says:—

> It is most improbable that the rich quartz of the Londonderry Mine can be surpassed at the present time in the Universe.

Nor was it only mining engineers who testified to the exceeding richness of the mine. We find "Mr. John M. Finnerty, Warden of the Coolgardie Gold Fields," writing to "My dear Lord Fingall":—

> There appears to be every prospect of the continuance of this rich shoot to a depth. Should it continue to only the small depth of twenty feet, the result would be upwards of £300,000 worth of gold.

Truly a goodly sum, but further excavation was stopped pending the flotation of the Company. Says the prospectus:—

> Since the purchase of the mine by the vendors the extraction of gold has been stopped, and the rich hole has been protected by being built over and securely closed in the presence of the Warden.

Lord Fingall having come home with specimens of his wonderful discoveries to be duly exhibited, and the public having paid nearly three-quarters of a million for the property, goes out again to superintend the commencement of operations, but instead of more miraculous yields he wires:—

> Rich chutes of ore opened very bad indeed; does not appear to be practically anything important left. Am continuing exploration work, but the aspect of affairs is very discouraging.

And there, as we write, and so far as the public knows, the matter stands. It may be that other parts of the property will pay for working, that the "rich gold" spoken of by Matthews will return to shareholders some of the large sums they have paid for the mine, or that Colonel North, Lord Fingall, and the other vendors will return the money they have received from the public. But be that as it may, it does not affect the truth of the contention we have so frequently put before the public, and to which Lord Fingall's telegram gives such startling confirmation, namely, that much of the expert evidence upon which the promoters of these West Australian mining companies rely is grossly misleading.

Take these Londonderry reports. Is there any hint in any one of them that the "golden hole" was simply a "pocket" that might or might not have much more gold in it than had been taken out? Not one word. Everything that could be done was done to make the public believe that this "shoot of gold" went deep. The reef "shows a width of five feet of gold-bearing stone"; "the solid reef was broken into, when stone of an exceptionally rich character was taken out"; "rich stone was obtained from the reef," etc. How grimly it all reads in the light of that telegram from Lord Fingall. Had these experts told the truth, as they must have known it, had they said that it would be unsafe to build high estimates upon the "golden hole," which might or might not be a big hole, but that apart from this pocket the ground promised well, they would have done their duty. But then the public would have laughed at the notion of paying £700,000 for the right to work a few acres of Coolgardie mining land.

The truth is that the majority of the men whose reports are used in the prospectuses of these West Australian mining companies have no claim to the public confidence. They are men to whom the Coolgardie discoveries have proved as manna in the desert. The fees, &c., they get for their reports mean very much to them, and the amount of those fees is apt to depend upon the character of the report. We do not see how the evil is to be remedied whilst the public is content to take all the risk of working. Mining experts will remain what they are, and even Colonial Government officials—a very different class to the members of the home Civil Service—play, unconsciously, may be, into the hands of the speculator. If the investing public is to be protected it must protect itself. Whilst it is possible for men to come over to London and sell a few acres of undeveloped land for a huge sum, we shall have these wonderful reports from mining engineers and others. What could be more preposterous than the demand of the vendors of the Londonderry that the public should pay £417,000 in cash for the property? If they really believed that the ground was full of gold, that "one man with hammer and gads" could in one hour break out stone containing "considerably more than 1,000 ounces of gold," and that it was not in the highest degree an exceptional result, why want cash, why not be content with shares? Upon what convincing plea could they object to taking payment in shares, less the cash required to cover the actual outlay on prospecting, reporting and putting the Company upon the market? If the whole of the £650,000 asked by the vendors of the Londonderry had been taken in shares, and the actual cash subscribed used for the purposes of the business, then, if the mine turned out badly all would suffer, as all should suffer, in like proportion. What can be more absurd, madder, from an investor's point of view, than handing over a half, two-thirds, nine-tenths of the money subscribed to promoters simply upon the strength of reports made by unknown men, who in making them accept no responsibility?

AN "OIL AND COLOUR" DEAL.

In our issue of March 30, we dealt with "A Drug Store Deal." Now it is the oil and colour men who are to the front. Lewis and Burrows had eleven "drug stores" to sell, Davies and Evans offer eighty-one oil and colour shops. The "stores" had been running for periods varying from a few months to two or three years. We are left to guess at the age of the oil and colour shops. But as with the druggists so with the oil and colour men, the public is asked to buy a pig in a poke, and will be very foolish if it accepts the invitation. Let us see.

Davies and Evans, Limited, is formed, with a capital of £100,000, to acquire and work "eighty-one well-equipped shops, mostly situated in the bus thoroughfares that intersect the densely populated parts of the metropolis." Or to put it less euphoniously, but not less truly, eighty-one oil and colour shops situated in the poorest parts of London are to be bought. What is the value of these shops?

The vendors ask £70,000, or an average for each of £864. Are they worth it? £864 is a pretty big price to give for the goodwill of an oil and colour shop in, say, the East-end of London? But perhaps these particular shops are exceptionally prosperous? As to that, we have no information beyond a report of Messrs. Broad and Wiltshire, who tell us that the gross returns of the eighty-one shops for the year ended September, and in some cases December, 1894, amounted to £103,000, and that they are satisfied that "with ordinary care and proper management" the net profits "will be upwards of £9,400 per annum." Assume for the moment that the estimate is a sound one, it means a net profit per shop of £116 per annum. Is the goodwill of an oil and colour shop yielding, "with ordinary care and proper management," £116 per annum, worth £864? We think not.

The prospectus says us that "the profitable nature of this kind of business" (oil and colour shops) is well known. Is it? The result of the working of these eighty-one shops, as shown in the prospectus before us, does not show it. Their gross turnover is £103,000 per annum. That gives an average turnover of £1,271, and the net profit of £116 is only just over 9½ per cent. on that turnover. Is that a very brilliant result?

But what likelihood is there that this profit of £116 per shop will be maintained, now that the eighty-one shops are to be handed over to a company? The prospectus dwells on increased profits, due to the "considerable saving of expenditure" consequent upon "concentration under a central control." To us increased expenditure seems much more likely. We do not know how many of these eighty-one shops have been bought from individual owners, for the prospectus is very chary of particulars, but it is certain that many have been bought. Now an oil and colour shop with a turnover of £24 10s per week is, speaking generally, worked by the owner. There is no room for a manager in a business giving—and that for one year only—the prospectus does not give us, or is not able to give us, the profits over a series of years—a net return of £116 per annum. But a company must put somebody into the shop to work it. That the directors admit, and they take from the £9,400 net profit of these eighty-one shops, "£1,300 for the expenses of management and reserve." Is that sufficient? If you allow only 5 per cent. for the reserve fund, that leaves a little over £800 for "expenses of management." Can you manage eighty-one oil and colour shops scattered over London, not to speak of directors' fees, office expenses, and the salary of the general manager, for £10 per shop? But if you have to make a larger allowance—a much larger allowance—for the expenses of management, you shrink the net profit, even taking the estimates of the prospectus, to a sum quite inadequate to meet the interest that shareholder may reasonably expect upon their money when invested in an enterprise of this kind.

Of the £70,000 the vendors ask for these eighty-one businesses, £40,000 is to be in cash. For this £70,000 there is nothing but the goodwill and some "valuable leaseholds," a very mythical asset in this connection. The rest of the capital is to be used for working expenses "and purchase of stocks." It would be interesting to know how much will be left for working capital when the vendors have been paid for their stocks. To encourage the public to swallow this big pill we have the prosperity of the recently-formed drapery companies trotted out. But how does the prosperity of Harrod's Stores, or Evans's, or Roberts' help to an answer to the question whether eighty little oilshops are worth £70,000?

The prospectus winds up with the following "curious" paragraph:—

> Subscribers will be held . . . to have agreed with the Company . . . not to make any claims whatever, or to take any proceedings . . . in respect of any . . . mis-statement in the prospectus made in the *bona-fide* belief that it is true.

We think we have said enough to convince our readers that they will do well to leave Davies and Evans, Limited, severely alone.

It might be gathered, from paragraphs that have appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* and elsewhere, that the *New Budget* succeeds the *Pall Mall Budget* in the sense that a tradesman or professional man succeeds when he takes over the business, or *clientèle*, of others. That is not the fact. The death of the *Pall Mall Budget*—run by a millionaire regardless of cost—will help many of the illustrated weeklies, but the only paper that is in any sense the heir of the *Budget* is *Black and White*, its directors having made an arrangement with Mr. Astor under which they take over the subscribers' list of the paper, and such advertising contracts as they may be able to induce advertisers to continue with them.

The shareholders of *Black and White*, Limited, are to be congratulated upon the growing prosperity of their property. The shares, which a few months ago might have been bought for £3 10s., are now difficult to get at £7 10s.

Mr. Samson Fox, of water-gas fame, is credited by rumour with having secured a really valuable patent. Our own information, which we give under reserve, is that Mr. Fox has paid £16,000 for the patent. A large dynamo, gas-engine, and other machinery has already arrived at the Leeds Forge Works in connection with this gas business. We shall have more to say about this patent at the proper time—before the public is asked to buy it.

Now that Mr. Jabez Balfour is on his way to this country for trial it is to be hoped that newspapers will refrain from further comments prejudicial to the accused. Let him be what he may, Mr. Balfour is entitled to a fair trial, and, as matters stand, we do not see how he is to get it unless he is tried by a Commission of judges.

Owing to what may, or may not, prove to be the collapse of the Londonderry mine the issue of several West Australian ventures has been postponed. It is not surprising that Lord Fingall's telegram has, for the moment, discredited West Australian mining enterprise; but it would be foolish to condemn a whole district because at one spot there has been a *fiasco*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

J. C. and . . Field, Limited. G. D. S. (Birmingham).—We do not think you would be well advised in purchasing these shares, even at £4 10s. Like so many other companies formed to take over businesses that have been very flourishing, this Company soon got on the down-grade; and though there has been some recovery, much remains to be done before its shares can be other than a very speculative investment. **Chartered's.** (Nailsea).—For a small sum, such as you name, we do not think this the best investment you could select. Moreover, the present price is very high. **J. Lyons and Co., Limited.** H. H. C. (London)—For your purpose, as described, we think these shares, even at the present quotation, a good purchase. **Gregory and Co.** J. P. (Rugby).—Yes, quite safe. We should sell the shares you mention. **Panama and other Bonds.** J. E. G. (Stalybridge).—If you want the list of winning numbers of Panama, Congo, Servian and other drawings subscribe to *Moniteur des Interets Materiel*, 21, Place de Louvain, Brussels. About a week elapses after the drawings before the numbers are published. **Twe Outside Brokers.** Square (Glasgow).—We know nothing of No. 1, we have no doubt you will be treated fairly by No. 2. **Moore and Burgess, Limited.** J. H. N. (South Shields).—You asked us whether you should sell your shares at a rubbish price or average by buying other shares offered you at a rubbish price. We replied that we were "inclined" to advise you to hold and average, but we were careful to point out to you that, as matters stand, the investment is a very speculative one. We have nothing to add to or take from the answers previously given you. As to whether we think the shares will be worth 7s. 6d. next March, we see no advantage in hazarding an opinion. Almost everything depends upon the management and the weather. **Outside Brokers.** B. R. B. (Greenock).—They are very respectable people. **Chartered's.** J. W. H. (Totley).—As we write the price of the £1 shares is about 65s., but we do not think these shares suitable for your purpose. **Outside Brokers.** W. H. (Bury).—Throw all such circulars as the one you send us into the fire. **Sundry Shares.** Annual Subscriber. (New Beckenham).—If you can sell, sell. **Tinto's.** J. McD. (Perth).—We do not think you would gain much by the change. **Sundry Mining Shares.** Kansas (Halifax).—All very speculative. **Kleriksdorp Estate Company.** J. M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne). — We fear the delay has been fatal to your claim. **Londonderry's.** G. T. (Dublin).—You had better hold. The vendors—anyway, Colonel North—are acting very fairly, and Lord Fingall's telegram gives us the impression of being sent by a man who—moved by personal considerations that do him honour—may have said a good deal more to the prejudice of the mine than the facts in his possession warrant. Remember that the Company has a large acreage that cannot be included in Lord Fingall's condemnation, and has been very favourably reported upon.

INSURANCE.

State Fire Office. A. Sharp (Glasgow).—This office will pay you 20s. in the £ in case a loss occurs, and the Norwich Union could not do more than that. Join the office which charges you least. **Policy Owner** (Liverpool).—Your request came duly to hand, but we did not comply at once, because we wanted to consider whether we could help you further. You have made a mistake in letting your solicitor take his own course. **Scottish Imperial Life Office.** A. L. R. (Lynton).—It is a poor concern and ought to amalgamate with another office. Keep out of it by all means. **Life Assurance.** Soundness.—Of the offices you mention we recommend either the Sun or the English and Scottish Law, both of which are excellent. Seeing that you are only twenty-five years of age an endowment assurance in one of these companies, payable to yourself, at say fifty, you would in the long run find to be the best. The General Accident Assurance Corporation has plenty of funds at command to pay all its obligations. You will do well to insure in it. **Scottish Metropolitan Life Assurance Company.** Popoff (Weston-Super-Mare).—Those who take out with-profit life policies from this Company are likely to be disappointed. It is very well for accident policies. This Company is another which ought to amalgamate **Economic Life Assurance Society.** A. W. Q. (Bristol).—This is one of our best life offices. **London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow Assurance Company.** Constant Reader (Glasgow).—We think that shares 10s. paid are worth 5s. Its position has improved during the last year. A. W. (Sheffield).—We regret your previous inquiry was overlooked. Any claim which may arise under your policy will be as fairly and fully met as by any other company. We doubt very much whether, all things being considered, the other Company offers better security. Remain where you are. It is not one of the Balfour Group.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Patent Weldless Steel, etc., Company. A. S. (Glasgow).—We have no information respecting the present position of the Company. Can you get no information in your own city, the works being in its neighbourhood? **Purchase of Invention.** C. P. N. M. (Bodinayakanur, Madras).—If "every smoker in the world would invest in" your invention, it is plainly one that might be sold for a substantial sum; but before we can express any opinion as to the likelihood of that you must give us particulars, that we may judge for ourselves whether "every smoker in the world," or a fair proportion of those in this little corner of the world, would be likely to use it. **Bogus Borrowers.** E. W. (Warrington).—We do not think you can do anything. You saw the security before you made the loan, and if it is not sufficient you are the victim of your own error. And let us remind you that "£3 interest for a loan of £9 for three weeks," means, as you surely should have known, bad security. **Tonqueray Portraits.** G. H. H. (Watford).—We thank you for the circular. We have repeatedly warned the public against these people. **The Emigrants' Savings Bank.** T. M. McL. (Cardiff).—We will ascertain the rate for you. **Stubbs' Directory.** —— (Dalston).—We are obliged by your letter. The matter seems rather one for Messrs Stubbs, of Gresham Street, than for us, but we shall be glad of the further particulars. **Outside Brokers.** National Provident (Durham).—No. Shun "systems," as you would shun the devil.

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See Advertisement on Page 312

To-Day.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

A good deal of sound morality has been written in connection with the Oscar Wilde case; I have no wish to add to it. My own feelings of indignation are for the moment obliterated by the pain of the tragedy; and, when I think of the agony that the man must have suffered in the course of his downfall, I confess I feel little wish to cast another stone, however small. So far as he is concerned, the whole matter is practically closed; there remains only the lesson. To a good many people the affair can have been no surprise. The scandal has been well-known in London society for a good many years. It has never, I believe, interfered with Mr. Wilde's reception at any house. Men and women to whom the tale must have been a good deal more than a rumour, have never hesitated to shake him by the hand. It was the same in the Parnell case. The Liberal leaders knew of Mr. Parnell's way of living for a considerable period before they found it necessary to be shocked at his conduct. The only thing that we ask of a man is that he shall not be found out, and here Mr. Wilde has sinned. Perhaps it is as well that it is so. Were Mr. Wilde surrounded by those who have no right to say a single word in condemnation of him, the dock at the Old Bailey would have to be enlarged to accommodate a good many hundreds of people, and the classes, up to the very highest, would find themselves well represented.

There is little use in pursuing the matter further; but the fact might induce us as a nation to talk a little less loudly about our superior morality, and to prate a little less about our noble advancement upon the wicked days of old. I doubt very much—and I am not using words loosely—whether this particular evil be one whit less rampant in London or New York of to-day, than it ever was in Rome or Athens of old. I would that our Mrs. Grundys and our Mr. Podsnaps knew a little more of the world in which they live. They would see that their methods have utterly failed; that vice in all her protean forms is moving among us as vigorous and active in this nineteenth century as in the ages that we pride ourselves upon having left behind. And so it will continue to increase and flourish so long as boys are sent out into the world without a word of warning or counsel from father or from friend; so long as girls are "sheltered" from knowledge till the time arrives for them to be plunged unprepared into its dangerous depths. But the question is an old one, and I know that little good is to be gained by talking. Evil has its purpose; and the world, let us hope, is guided by wiser hands than ours.

The case will have done good if it tends to cleanse literature a little from the unsavouriness with which it was being contaminated. Mr. Oscar Wilde himself one could tolerate, for whatever else he may be he was undoubtedly an artist, and a brilliantly clever man, but he founded a school of scribbling apes; and, after the manner of schools, they exaggerated all his faults, and utterly failed to reproduce his merit. What has been called the "decadent" school has inflicted a severe blow on letters. It has given a handle to the prudes who would eliminate thought and truth from art. While self-sacrificing men have been devoting their lives to beating down the barriers which the uneducated and the unthinking have sought to place across the road of literature, the young fools who have followed on have trampled down the bordering hedges of sense and decency, and plunged like pigs into the bog that lies beyond. "You clamour against our interference," say the prudes. "See what literature and art become when you have got rid of our control!"

We want liberty—not license. We do not want literature to be controlled by either the bookstall clerk or the parson, by the unread old woman or the unread young girl. But we do want it controlled by the man and woman of sense and education. We do want a little more outspokenness on this matter. When in these columns some months ago I attacked the *Chameleon* in terms that I considered were justified, I was bombarded with indignant letters from those who told me that such things were best left untouched, and I was accused of advertising an evil. Silence is not the way to meet these approaches. Evil loves silence; it flourishes in silence and darkness. Publicity is to it as the daylight to an owl. Give all men the right to speak their thoughts, and the voice of decency will always be strong enough to drive sensuousness back into its lurking places. Insist upon your conspiracy of silence and it will creep into the hearts of your young, and do its deadly work faster than you think. And remember, dear Mr. Podsnap and dear Mrs. Grundy, that when once it is enthroned you may preach and moralise to your heart's content; your words will never oust it. You can arm a boy or a girl against evil; you can never cure the poisoned wound when it has once been inflicted.

I fancy the Local Veto Bill will be a lesson to the Liberal Party for a good many years to come. The Liberal Party has many excellent and sterling qualities, but it makes extremely bad bargains for itself. It has sold itself, body and soul, to the teetotal party, in exchange for the teetotal vote; but it has never stopped to ask how much that teetotal vote was worth, and now it is beginning to find out the figures. In Kennington,

a very typical Radical constituency, the temperance vote is estimated by the temperance leaders as worth about three hundred. In such a constituency the Local Veto Bill would cost the Government at the next election, at the very least, a thousand votes. Strong Radical papers have satisfied themselves that the Government will lose seats all over the country by insisting in their teetotal legislation. The truth is, the Government has been bamboozled, as a good many other worthy folk have been bamboozled, by the loud and blatant talk of the teetotal fanatics. According to them, nine-tenths of the working-men electors are burning to pass an Act prohibiting themselves from ever again drinking a glass of beer, as if the non-drinking of beer were a thing utterly impossible to be accomplished without an Act of Parliament. But we have learned something within a late period of the value to be attached to teetotal statements. Myself, I do not believe that any working-man, not a born idiot, is likely to be anxious for an Act that will close his public-house, while the middle and upper classes have their clubs, hotels, restaurants, and wine cellars left uninterfered with.

Mr. Beaufoy, brewer, of Kennington, may perhaps take a one-sided view of the question, but there is a good deal of reason behind his statement that the Liberal rank and file are not in favour of the Local Veto Bill. If the majority were, it would simply stamp them as arrant humbugs. I have known many Liberals at their clubs and at their homes. I have never noticed that they were less fond of their glass of beer or whisky-and-seltzer than are their Conservative brethren. Indeed, the drink bill of the National Liberal Club would go far to prove that they themselves are rather heavy topers. A man who will vote for the working-classes being deprived of their right to drink what they choose, while he himself takes good care not to stint his own stomach is, in my mind, a contemptible hypocrite, and I would like to hear the defence of such a man as Sir William Harcourt to this charge. The Bill was started merely to catch votes. It is an impertinent and insulting attempt to interfere with the primary right of every man to think for himself, and to live his own life. It will never become law, and the only purpose it can serve is to damage the party that has been foolish enough to be frightened from its principles by the braying of a few noisy and self-advertising fanatics.

The Ealing Free Public Library Committee is not feeling quite happy, but it is deliciously amusing. The Rev. J. S. Hilliard has been "subject to considerable annoyance," and complains of "a weekly paper." I am so glad to think that it cannot be To-Day. A Mr. St. John is oracular and funny. "At the present time," he complains, "authors sell themselves to publishers, and have to write what is wanted. Authors who were perfectly harmless are no longer so. Take Grant Allen, for instance; his writings have certainly changed from what they were." One may laugh at this, but it is still undeniable that what Mr. St. John knows would, if supplemented by what he does not know, fill quite a large book. Then we have Mr. Force, who has been described in the Press as "Mrs." Force. "He did not object to criticism, but he did object to that." Ealing has always seemed to me quite a prosperous little place; could it not afford a nice new set of oracles who would, even if they could not take themselves quite so seriously, at any rate manage to be less ridiculous?

A knowledge of the actual sales of the *St. James's Gazette* during the Oscar Wilde libel case would be interesting and instructive. The *St. James's* advertised itself as the only evening paper containing no report of the proceedings, and personally I felt a glow of admiration when I saw the placard. "Here is a paper," I said to myself, "which is worthily upholding the honour of English journalism. The details of such a case ought never to be made public — honourable papers should not pander to morbid curiosity. What a lesson is here for other journals." Then I went out and bought an *Evening News*. Stepping into an Underground train I met a white-haired old gentleman who had also seen the placard, and who was most eloquent in praise of the reticence displayed by the *St. James' Gazette*. He said it was the only decent paper on the streets; he was taking a copy home to his wife.

He himself was reading a *Pall Mall*, but was dissatisfied. He told me that the *Westminster* gave fuller detail. At the next station we each bought a *Westminster*. Much the same sort of thing occurred during Mr. Stead's "Maiden Tribute" period. The horror excited throughout London by the publication of those articles was only equalled by the indignation felt at the difficulty of obtaining the paper. I remember a friend of my own coming round to my house one evening during the week and together we denounced Mr. Stead for having flooded the country with printed indecency. My friend was a good man and a churchwarden. I discovered after he had left that he had taken with him my copy of the paper, which grieved me as it spoilt my set. We are an amusing little race—we men and women. I really cannot see why one wants to pay ten shillings for a seat to see a comedy.

The Island of Mull has for a week been in connection with the mainland of Scotland by telegraph without wires. I am not going to explain inductive telegraphy here for several reasons, one of which—the least important—is that I do not happen to know anything about it. But I am glad to observe this tendency of science to simplify things. I should like in a humble way to encourage it, and tell it to go on progressing in the same direction. To telegraph without wires is all very well as far as it goes, but do not let us stop there. Science must next discover a method of telegraphing without sixpence. The ordinary man does not care greatly whether his message goes with wires or without them, but when he finds that he can telegraph without sixpence he will be very pleased; life will be simpler and easier to him; science will receive his sincere gratitude. Attempts to telegraph without sixpence have so far, I believe, not been entirely a scientific success; some have even thought them dishonest.

The vendetta seems to be imperfectly understood in Great Peter Street, Westminster. "Jane Riddell, thirty-six, laundress," to adopt the brevity of the police-court report, has much to learn from Corsica. The time she chose for taking her revenge was appropriate and romantic—in the silence of the small hours; it was

in the manner of taking it that she broke down. Her enemy had a dining-room, the dining-room had a window, it was in that dining-room window that she decided to wound her enemy, and satisfy her own thirst for revenge. So she threw a jug at it and broke the glass. There's no romance there, and there is not much common-sense either; a jug, however admirable it may be for the purpose for which it was originally intended, is emphatically not the real object with which to break a window. A boot, a poker, or the moiety of a brick would not have been more romantic, but would have been more in accordance with the light of reason. A jug that goes breaking windows is likely to break itself, and if the jug were the property of the laundress, or even of the nearest public-house, that would mean actual loss to the avenger. But possibly in the wild rush of a vendetta one does not think of these sordid pecuniary details; possibly, too, the jug had been borrowed previously from the prosecutor, but there is nothing in the police-court report to justify the belief that this double *coup* was effected.

I am inquiring into the case of Annie Grace Bull, the little eleven year old girl who gave her life for her baby brother at a level crossing on the North Staffordshire Railway. I am doing this with a view of a memorial being erected to her memory.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

Mr. Alderman Ben Tillett writes me the following letter:—

Dear Sir,—Have been an interested and regular reader of your smart weekly since it's first issue, and, to use a hackneyed journalistic phrase, while not entirely agreeing with you, I recognise literary merit, and usually ensure myself a couple of hours' good reading and insure myself for £1,000 at the same time. This by way of introduction. What I have read has lead me to believe that at least you have enough of the Britisher in you to love a fair stand-up fight.

Now fair play, and let me correct the errors you have made in representing my case. I don't mind you quoting my strong Saxon, as I suppose you wouldn't mind if I strung together a lot of your rough epithets.

Not the most prejudiced person against me in court would say my case was tried—it was not, the occasion was seized to make a violent personal attack on myself. Your statement as to half-starved docker on 15s. or 20s. weekly paying to union. The common-sense docker pays because he now gets 15s. for every 10s. he was forced to accept when he had no union. It is not so very long since that one director of a large company, in declaring the first dividend for a long while, complained that £300,000 extra had been paid in wages. £245 travelling, thirty persons for fifty-two weeks—travelling sometimes long distances, and you have explanations.

Miscellaneous. — You might have given my complete statement, viz., "That same was bad debts, *i.e.*, loans to other societies, covering a period of four years, but wiped off in 1893.

£1,379. — General Expenses. —These cover rent, rates, taxes, stationery, printing, books, etc., and the salaries of a dozen permanent officials. You say wrongly, "It also appears that the secretary receives a commission," etc. I receive no commission. That refers to secretaries of the 140 branches, who are termed *branch* secretaries.

The income for 1893 was £8,911 13s. 5d.; payments made to members, 1893, £3,482 0s. 9½d. (dispute); legal, £783 15s. 7d.; funeral, £498; legal compensation, £1,200; Hull dispute, £14,000; total, £19,963 15s. 4½d.

Five hundred and sixty-six officials appointed by dockers —who are "minding their own business, and are quite grown up"—consume weekly an average of 1s. 7d. each. Enormous, isn't it, sometimes for all the week evenings? There is not a permanent docker, in or out of the union, but what to-day receives from 1s. to 3s. a day extra, and not a casual but receives 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. increase on his wages. I don't mind blunt, straightforward criticism, but I detest the opponent—journalistic or otherwise—coward and cad enough to hit below the belt. I believe you sincere enough to treat this frankly.

I thank Mr. Ben Tillett for his good opinion. Will Mr. Tillett give me names and addresses of a score of dockers who will prove to me that their wages have been increased fifty per cent. by the strikes which have made him famous? Will he tell me—to complete this point—how many men were employed at the docks prior to the period of strikes, and how many men are employed there now? Will he also estimate the loss in wages to the men, and the loss in freightage to the company—that is, to the whole community—during the strikes? For the rest of Mr. Ben Tillett's letter, it is simply an excuse, not an explanation. I am glad to see that Mr. Tillett objects to any blows below the belt, especially when he is the person hit. But a good deal depends upon where one wears the belt.

Dama and other Belfast friends inform me that the citizens of that town are greatly excited at the question of drink being or not being sold at their forthcoming exhibition. Of course, the teetotal fanatics are behaving with wild intemperance over the matter, but I still think that the logic of the argument is with them. If the exhibition is to be purely and solely in the interests of a teetotal institution, then, in common-sense, it should be conducted on teetotal lines. It was, perhaps, a mistake for the business men of Belfast to have anything to do with a teetotal institution. If there are not enough teetotalers in Belfast to support teetotalism, that speaks well for the sense of the place, and the institute might well have been left to collapse for want of funds.

Knox, writing on the subject of Bimetallism, points out that the owners of silver have been heavy losers by its depreciation and that therefore, a little gain to them—should a rise take place in consequence of the dual currency being established—would be no injustice.

A. H.—The chief question agitating mankind just now would seem to be: "What is the answer to the riddle, 'Sisters and brothers have I none, but that man's father is my father's son'?" The speaker is pointing to a portrait, and the question is: "Whose portrait?" I have known more happy homes broken up through this riddle than by any other question—social, political, or religious—and it generally carries misery and despair with it wherever it goes. If I followed my natural good sense, I should decline to have any connection with the question. I know by answering it I shall lose some fifty per cent. of my friends and cause much heartburning and bitterness, but if anyone wants my opinion I emphatically say that the portrait is that of the man's own son. I cannot answer letters through the post.

E. H. C. sends me a letter which bears the imprint of deep sincerity. He is a working man in a busy North of England manufacturing town, and his letter is so manly, so full of faith and strength, that I feel I should be doing some good by publishing its last two paragraphs. To the latter of these I call the earnest attention of our numerous preachers and guides. The letter is from one of those young men about whose welfare they profess to be so anxious. They will see how the young men themselves regard the matter: "I am doing my best, Sir, to live a Christian life. I have no enemies among my shop-mates, but it is not because I agree with their habits and views of life, but because I do not dictate to them or condemn them. I have resolved to fight against sin with all the power and *discretion* God has given me, and not fall into the general error of hating the sinner instead of the sin. But remembering that if I am any better than my fallen brother, it is only *by the grace of God*, and not through any merit of my own, I seek, in all humility and love, to patiently win them back to Jesus Christ. The most distracting influences I experience are wrought upon me by the hypocrisy among the so-called religious people. Some of them would give one the impression that God was an unjust tyrant instead of the loving Shepherd of the human flock; these exercise my charity to the fullest. How true is the prophecy, 'Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold'!"

S. M. —Your suggestions are good, but, alas! quite impracticable. C. H. N.—Thanks for your amusing cutting. The old scamp's admission "busts up the show," as they used to say in the old travelling days. Notwithstanding, his position was certainly more logical than that of the coroner. J. A. B.—Thank you for your letter and enclosure. I am making use of the details in editorial notes. J. B. H.—It is to be held in Paris. No particulars are to hand at present. Albion.—Many thanks for your letter, with which I cordially agree.

S. W. (Abergavenny).—I can quite understand the disinclination of members of Parliament to say what they think about Free Trade. The average M.P. does not know what he does think. He would only get himself into trouble if he attempted to work out questions for himself. S. W. is sure that if the direct question were put to the electorate an enormous number would reply in favour of Protection.

W. H. S. draws my attention to a wickedly light sentence of one month's imprisonment inflicted by the Birmingham magistrates upon a brute named Rutter, who, because his wife made some slight mistake in obeying his wishes, first of all savagely kicked her, and then set his dog on to her. The dog tore the flesh from the arms and legs. As my correspondent says, this is practically setting a premium on cruelty, and the sentence is certainly a disgrace to the magistrate who gave it.

O. H.—The book is certainly one that I would not care to see mentioned in an article supposed to appeal to girls and young women, but the writer of the article evidently differs from that

view, and I am in favour of freedom of opinion where the argument is within the bounds of reason.

E. C.—Why should I alienate broad-minded readers by praising the Salvation Army? One judges by works, and it would be wilfully shutting one's eyes to deny that the Army has not accomplished great good. It makes a good deal of noise over some of its labours, but much is accomplished in silence, as all good work is done. Meanwhile, as it seems to me—and I cannot help being impressed with the fact more and more as I look around me—other religious denominations are allying themselves so closely to social and political parties as to be practically useless for the purpose of Christianity.

A Doctor writes me with regard to the Contagious Diseases Act:

> "I have often tried to impress on my friends similar views on these subjects, with what success I know not. If there were a few more editors as fearless of expressing their opinions as you are, cant, prudery, and religious chicanery would soon become less in the land."

J. J. D. sends me the following letter dealing with the methods of the Salvation Army, which is interesting enough to be quoted at length:—"I was heartily glad to read in your issue of last week an appreciation of General Booth. He is the sensiblest man I have ever listened to, and although I am no greater lover of his eccentricities in religion than yourself, I would continue to help him in his social work were he to profess Mohammedanism or any other 'ism,' for, after all, a religion that practises common-sense is the only religion worth listening to. You mention particularly his work amongst fallen women, and in all he does he is quite as consistent. He asks nobody for their character—it is sufficient for him that they need help, and if the help is to be continued the only condition he makes is that it must be honestly worked for. The work of his 'slum' sisters perhaps appeals to me more than anything else that he has done. When a poor mother is ill and sleepless, and her children are too young to be of any use in the house, the sight of one of these Salvation lasses is like the vision of an angel. They draw thirteen shillings a week from headquarters, and out of this they keep and clothe themselves, and continually produce help for their poor patients from a cruse that seems to know no wasting. Their rooms are like an oasis in a vast desert of misery, and there is a world of difference between these sensible girls and the tract and flannel distributing district visitors who come in their silks and satins to read the Bible when scrubbing the floor and getting the dinner ready would be better appreciated. The General's latest idea is his best. He says that boys from 10 to 16 run wild in the streets of London, and grow up without a trade, so he means to take charge of them, and teach them a trade. He hopes that by means of their work he will be able to pay all expenses when once the thing is fairly started. Even his missionary work is supremely sensible. To keep a missionary in India costs the Salvation Army £5. This is how it is done: The Salvationist becomes for the time being a Hindoo, goes barefoot, wears the costume, eats rice, and begs for food just as the Buddhist priests do. They set their hymns to Indian tunes, they use Indian musical instruments, no matter how discordant they may be to European tastes, and they annex the religious dances. No wonder they are making such progress in India. Contrast the methods of these poor Salvationists with those of the Church of England, and you will then realise what it is that gives the Salvationist his strength."

R. G.—It is refreshing to hear from a working man who seems to be content with his position, and who is of opinion that the working classes are better off in this country than in any other. I have read what you say with interest.

A. S.—Apply to the Society for the Promotion of Home and Foreign Travel, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Myrtle Cottage.—I believe you would get pamphlets on the subject from the Fair Trade Club, whose address is 6, Waterloo Place, S.W.

W. P. S. M. sends me a report of the committee of visitors to the Cambridgeshire Pauper Lunatic Asylum. The authorities at the Asylum, acting, I suppose, under the threats of some fussy body of teetotal fanatics, have withdrawn the harmless occasional glass of beer both to patients and attendants. The committee of visitors appears to be unusually broad-minded, and their report upon the circumstance is as follows:—

> "We think that from drunkards and epileptic and special cases it [beer] may be with propriety withdrawn, the medical superintendent deciding; but in our opinion it would be impolitic and penal treatment to deprive all of a harmless beverage which they have all their past lives been accustomed to regard as a small luxury, if not a necessary."

W. (Birmingham).—My City editor tells me he has made it his business to inquire into the *bona fides* of these people, and on every occasion has found them fair and honest dealers. I have read a report of the proceedings to which you refer, and I can certainly see nothing discreditable to the plaintiff in them. If you can bring us particulars of any case where anyone has suffered wrong from the hands of this firm, we shall be happy to expose the wrong doing.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1895.

On Thursday, April 11th, a Special Express will leave **Willesden** at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Welton, Rugby, Trent Valley stations, and Stafford. **A Special Express** will also leave **Euston** at 4.25 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden and Coventry.

On the same date the 12.0 Midnight Train from Euston will be extended from Warrington to Preston on Good Friday, arriving Preston 6.2 a.m.

On Good Friday, April 12th, the 5.15 a.m. Newspaper Express Train from London (Euston Station) will run to Blisworth, Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Litchfield, Rugeley, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Crewe, Runcorn, Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, Carnforth, Oxenholme, Kendal, Windermere, Tebay, Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh Glasgow, Perth and Aberdeen. A Train will leave Manchester at 9.30 a.m. for Wigan, where passengers for Preston and the North can join the Newspaper Train.

A Special Train will leave Euston at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhampstead, and Tring.

On Friday night and Saturday morning, April 12th and 13th, the 11.41 p.m. and 12.5 a.m. trains from Carlisle will run as usual. The 12.5 a.m. will call at Oxenholme and Carnforth if required.

The other trains generally on Good Friday will run as on Sunday, with the exception of the 10.45 a.m., Crewe to Holyhead, and 1.0 p.m., Holyhead to Chester, which will not be run.

On Sunday, April 14th, a Special Train will leave Euston at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Berkhamsted, and Tring.

On Bank Holiday, Easter Monday, April 15th, the 12.0 noon and 4.0 p.m. trains from Euston will leave at 12.10 noon and 4.10 p.m. respectively. The 4.30 p.m. train from London will not run; passengers will be conveyed by the 5.0 p.m. train, except those for Peterboro', Market Harboro', Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G.N. line, who must travel by the 3.15 p.m. train from Euston. Numerous Residential Trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run. **The Up and Down Dining Saloons** between London, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Easter Monday, April 15th, but the Corridor Dining Car Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.
Euston Station, April, 1895. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

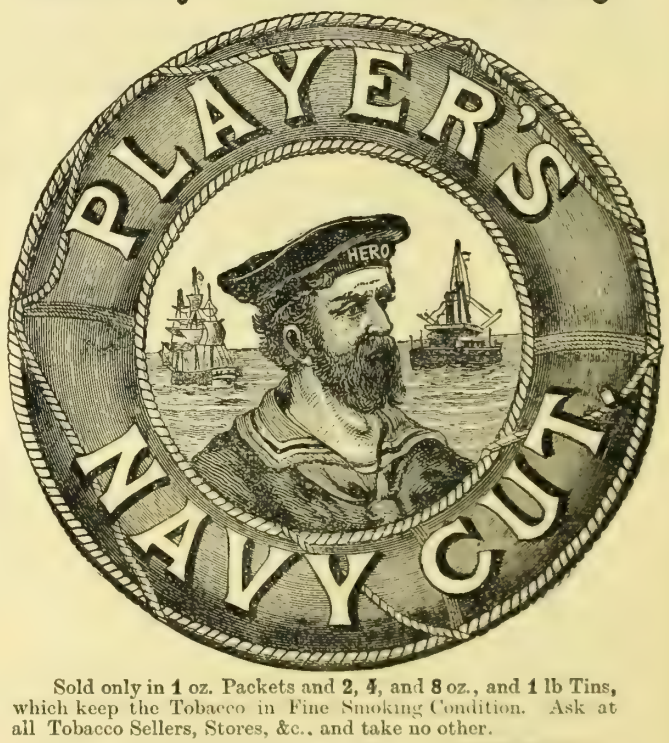
NOW READY,

SPRING NUMBER OF "TO-DAY."

DON'T MISS IT.

See Advertisement on Page 312.

Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking.



Sold only in 1 oz. Packets and 2, 4, and 8 oz., and 1 lb Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The genuine bears the Trade Mark "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE" on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY,

Containing 12, 24, 50, and 100.

CLUB CHATTER.

It was not the desire to see the eclipse of a brilliant life that led to my being present at the arrest of Oscar Wilde. It was sad—it was painful. Yesterday, figuratively speaking, we relied upon him for wit, epigram, and cynicism. It amused and charmed us. To-day the gutter looks to him to provide them with their food for mental pabulum. He laughed at the world till it took him seriously, and now our seriousness has turned to sadness. Chance made me a witness of the arrest. I was passing along the Strand when I was hailed from a passing cab by a well-known London journalist. "If you want to be in at the death," he said, "come along with me," and at the same time explained that Wilde was run to earth at the Cadogan. This was at six o'clock, and I suggested that up to that time I had heard no less than four times during the day that the man was actually in prison. "The warrant was only issued at five," he replied, and five minutes later, at every police-station in London, the message came up on the tape, "Wanted—Oscar Wilde." There was no earthly chance of escape now, and it was only a question as to whether he would be caught at the Cadogan.

We drove down, and left the cab standing some distance from the hotel. Two or three journalists were at the corner smoking, and assuming an air of innocence and surprise at finding themselves there. Later on another cab came up. Two men dismounted; one wore a silk hat and was to all appearance a well-to-do City man; his companion, a shorter, fresh-complexioned man, pulled violently at the buttons of his black kid gloves. They stood for a moment outside and then walked in. They represented Wilde's Golgotha in the form of Scotland Yard men.

Then came a long pause, and meanwhile every window in the hotel framed the head of a servant. The cabmen surmised that something was up, and eagerly accepted offers to follow the vehicle that should be selected by the police. The officers entered the room. Wilde suspected that he would be arrested, but he hoped against time. He had 100 guineas in his pocket, and the boat train went at eight. He rose, and assumed his usual air of nonchalance. "I must consider myself your prisoner," he said. He was very flushed, and the presence of a spirit decanter on the table suggested a possible reason. He stood up, and lurched a little in his step. Then he took up the decanter, and emptied freely. A soda-water bottle was lying by, which had been already partly used, and there was only a teaspoonful left. He seemed annoyed, but taking up the water-bottle, he poured in a little more, and then drank; his hand trembling.

He walked to the window, and assumed an air of indifference. He put his gloves on carefully, picked up two or three books, and wrapped an evening journal round them. He bowed to the officers, who had extended the courtesy that one invariably extends to a man in regard to whom you hold the whip-hand, and followed them. A growler was at the door, and Wilde looked at it contemptuously, at the same time glancing at the cabs that were waiting to follow him. Then he coloured up more violently than ever, and puffed at a cigarette. They drove off, and the only sounds he heard on the journey were the newsboys shouting his case; and the thing that seemed by an irony of circumstance to be most prominent on hoardings and 'buses was the publicity of his plays. The last flicker of jauntiness was supplied at Scotland Yard. He stepped out of the cab and staggered, and then turning to the officers he said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I pay for the cab. You have been extremely kind. Consider yourselves my guests!"

The doings of Wilde on the day in question baffled the journalists, who were playing the detective, by their extreme simplicity. He was lost and found all day long. A railway hotel has many exits, and it was thought that the leaving of the brougham outside was a blind to cover a retreat on the platform. Accordingly he was lost to a good many when he drove off in a natural fashion. Then came a race to Tite Street to pick up the clue. The cabmen knowing the game entered into the spirit of the chase. They deposited their owners at convenient hostelries, and drove to the house with letters of "urgency and importance," which could only be left if Wilde was at home. He was not at home, and so the search was resumed in other quarters. One man determined to go to Dover, as it was seriously stated he had gone there, and another story was that he had gone down the Thames in a steam yacht.

But to everyone's surprise he bobbed up in Fleet Street, of all places, riding in a hansom, the brougham having been discharged for some reason or another. Instantly every pressman chartered a vehicle, and before he was aware of it Wilde was the figurehead of a procession of cabs. Whether out of calculated design or not, I do not know, but Wilde ordered the cabman to go down Norfolk Street, past the office of Mr. Charles Russell, who had done more to land him in Holloway than any mortal man. It was only in the small hours of the morning that I got home, for I was afterwards induced to go down to Pimlico and form one of a large party who stole round street corners, and dodged up dark alleys, like members of the Mafia, in the hope of seeing other arrests. Modern journalism has its excitements and its disadvantages.

It has been said of Wilde that his flashes of wit were the result of considerable preparation. A correspondent assures me that that was not so. At a dinner a speaker was quoting from a letter of a minor poet, complaining that the critics had formed a conspiracy against him—a conspiracy of silence. "Couldn't we induce him to join in that conspiracy?" said Wilde lazily to his neighbour.

On the day when the intelligent New Zealander takes his stand on Westminster Bridge to view the ruins—I suppose he will represent an evening journal—I have no doubt that in the course of his investigations he will come across Spring Gardens, and will read of the doings of the London County Council. Aided by a map he will find that originally Fleet Street and the Thames Embankment were two of the main arteries to communicate between the City and the West-End. He will also read that at the same time they were both chosen for repairs. Why the County Council go in for these freaks I am at a loss to understand. It is not from any anxiety to give work to the workless, because the men employed seem invariably to be spending their time either in thinking or eating. The public suffer to a tremendous degree by this ridiculous system. A road does want mending occasionally, but the folly of practically closing two roads that share the same traffic is past understanding.

There is another point that I would suggest, and that is the desirability of cleaning the streets, and not waiting for a problematical sun to come out and dry up the mud. Oxford Street is a noticeable instance. If it rains it is necessary to avoid the whole of this district, unless you want to wander round like a mud fence. I mention this point because I see that numerous artificial skating rinks are contemplated. The directors would do wisely in agreeing to sweep these

districts free, for the sensation and risks eclipse anything they can offer.

Coloured shirts are to be seen everywhere this season, and, I am informed that one of the largest maker's is receiving more orders than he can deal with. Blue and mauve are the favourite colours, and pink is also in request, chiefly among boating men. Fine stripes, horizontal or perpendicular, are still the commonest pattern, but there seems an inclination to break out in other directions, and small patterns are on the increase. I am glad to see that many of the new shirts are being made with the single centre studhole in the front, as in the ordinary dress-shirt. It is difficult to understand what earthly advantage the three-hole front had for ordinary use. The pressure of the waistcoat kept it from opening even if the one stud was not sufficient. It may be interesting news for men who affect everything from Paris to hear that about nine-tenths of the so-called French material for shirts comes direct from Scotland. Soft material is also coming into favour again for shirts. It is exceedingly comfortable.

To prove what could be done in the way of fine cambric work, and also with an eye to advertisement, a leading firm recently had some pocket handkerchiefs made, giving the manufacturers absolutely carte-blanche. A single dozen cost 280s. to make, and when folded a handkerchief can be hidden under a sixpenny-piece.

I notice that the long morning coat is getting more fashionable every day. So far, there doesn't seem to be any definite understanding as to the width of the tails, but everyone is agreed that they are to be very long. Until the light spring materials come in, black diagonals are being largely worn by the best-dressed men. Of course, frock-coats have not, by any means, gone out of fashion, but they are cut much shorter than they were last season. Talking of morning-coats I saw a distinct innovation in the matter of pockets the other day. Instead of being cut on to the hips, as is usually the case, they were placed much lower down on to the side of the coat tails in a slanting direction.

Although the racing season has only just opened, several accounts were not settled the other day. Of course, did he desire to do so, the bookmaker could post his client, but we hear very little of this old-time proceeding nowadays. The Knight of the Pencil is generally willing to allow more time, and, as a consequence, the bad debts on the books of some of the leading ringmen represents an enormous sum.

Now Croydon has been eliminated, Alexandra Park is the resort of the cockney sportsman. This enclosure is a wonderful paying property, and if certain people have described the course as "round the frying-pan and up the handle," it is worthy of note that the same owners nominate horses year after year, so that those who believe that the track is unsafe, both for man and beast, are labouring under a delusion.

I hear from a Newmarket correspondent that Lord Rosebery stands an excellent chance of winning the Derby for the second year in succession. So pleased is the veteran trainer, Matthew Dawson, with the progress made by Sir Visto, that he has abandoned the idea of retiring from active service, and he can be frequently seen driving to the exercise ground to superintend the work of the son of Barcaldine.

It will, indeed, be a great triumph for Dawson if he wins the Derby again for Lord Rosebery. Several trainers have accomplished the feat of sending forth the victor in two successive years, but only once has this been done in recent years. The honour belongs to John Porter, who trained Shotover in 1882, and St. Blaise in 1883.

Regret has been expressed on all sides that a match cannot be arranged between Stoddart's XI. and a Rest of England team. Lord Sheffield did his best, but so many obstacles arose that his lordship was compelled to abandon his project. W. G. Grace would have found himself leading the Rest of England team, which, however, would not have included Arthur Shrewsbury, for I learn that the famous Nottingham batsman has suffered terribly from colds during the winter; indeed, it is doubtful whether he will play for his county this year.

The proprietors of the more expensive sporting sheets are reported to be very sore now that their "golden finals," etc., can be obtained by the public for the price of one penny. The Court of Appeal has just decided that there is no copyright in tips, and the only course now left to Mr. Chilton—the plaintiff in the recent action—is to take his case to the House of Lords. The expense, of course, will be heavy, but Mr. Chilton is a wealthy man.

Referee baiting in football matches is becoming very popular with northern spectators. Two cases occurred on Saturday—one in the League match on the Sheffield Wednesday ground, and the other after the match between Brighouse Rangers and Hunslet. The second case was the worst, sticks and stones being freely used, whilst mounted police had to be called out to protect the poor referee. The post ought to be a highly-paid one considering the risk.

The lady footballers are starring in the provinces, their latest appearance being before a Brighton crowd. They do not improve in their play, and really ought to give the thing up. Ladies on cycles are well enough, but football is essentially a game of strength, and it is not nice to see the female form divine in the attitudes necessitated by taking a flying kick, or being charged over on the turf.

England has won the Association International Championship by their victory over Scotland. Their score reads—two wins, one draw, with 13 goals for and 1 against. Scotland has not beaten England since 1889, and is not likely to until she includes in the area of selection those Scotchmen who are playing in England, and who under the present system are debarred from international honours. The rule was a useful one when Scotland was entirely amateur, but now that professionalism is legalised across the Border there is no sense in it.

Next season none of the Association internationals will be played in England. The match England v. Ireland will be at Belfast, on March 7th, that v. Wales in the Principality, on March 16th, and that v. Scotland at Glasgow, on April 4th. The date for the final of the English Cup next year will be April 18th.

For the benefit of the curious who wish to know the cost of running a professional football team, I gather the following details from the balance-sheet of the Burnley F.C., a club in the first division of the Football League. The expenditure is totalled up to £3,263. The receipts amounted to £3,645, which sum includes a large amount received from the Everton Club for the transfer of goal-keeper Hillman. The Everton balance-sheet deals with larger figures, but at Gordison Park they get enormous gates, and can afford a much more expensive team of players.

To the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Edward Rose in putting me in the way of getting at the facts, I am

indebted for the following particulars concerning Ghent whist. It will be remembered that I asked for information on the subject some little time ago, and Mr. Rose was, in consequence, good enough to refer me to "Larousse's Dictionnaire du XIX. Siècle," where I found out all about "Whist de Gand," which, after all, was not very much. Ghent whist is a degenerate form of Boston, and consists of proposals and acceptances and solos only, with stakes somewhat on the same lines as at solo whist. A pool, however, is being constantly formed by all the players at each deal, contributing an agreed upon amount. A solo only can take the "kitty," but should the players of a proposal and acceptance lose their call, they have to pay a fine into the pool, as well as the usual stakes to their opponents. A lost solo doubles "kitty."

Ghent whist, then, is but an attenuated offshoot of Boston, for it has two declarations only, while its parent has *thirteen*. In Boston a player can call a solo, consisting of anything from five to twelve tricks, and in the five-trick solo (or Boston) he has three alternatives—a solo in the trump suit; one in the other suit of the same colour; or one in either of the remaining suits. There is also a petite misere, in which each player privately discards one card before the commencement of the play; a grande misere, the same as the ordinary misere of solo whist; a petite misere ouverte, or the open misere with one card each discarded in advance as before; and the grande misere ouverte, identical with our own misere ouverte. The proposal and acceptance is really a variation of the game, and not always played. It takes the form of the caller of Boston proposing for a partner, or "whister," who can make three tricks, or eight in collaboration. So that practically there are about sixteen different calls, and these are paid by counters on a scale too complicated for description here. This, however, is the grandparent of our solo whist, and the parties who introduced the latter into London somewhere about the fifties, evolved it from Ghent whist and Boston.

In a previous note on miseres I pointed out that when you are playing a card of a sequence, you should invariably play the highest of it, because your partners are thus certain that you have not the next higher card. Any deviation from this rule is doubly misleading, for not only does it intimate that the next higher cards are not in your hand, but when, by the after play you show that they are, your partners, if they are observant and give you credit for correct play, will almost certainly read it that you want to take the lead, when you probably want to do nothing of the kind. Let us thoroughly understand this latter point.

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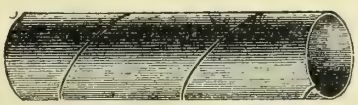
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taking the lead, such as holding the last cards of a suit in conjunction with the caller, or a card fatal to him, instead of getting rid of his high cards in the other suits as cheaply and expeditiously as possible, he retains them in order to take a trick. In the ordinary way, for instance, he would give his highest card of the suit, after the caller had played under the trick, without regard to whether a partner who played after him could cover it or not. But when he wishes to secure a lead, if he has a partner playing after him who he believes can head his highest card, he does not risk losing the command by putting it on (unless he can assume that the necessity for leaving the trick with him is patent to the table), but bids for it with a lower card. On the return of the suit should he be other than last player, he covers the trick with his big card, and a following partner who can now see his motive leaves the trick with him. This, then, begets the principle in miseres, that when a partner plays first a low and afterwards a higher card, when it is apparent that he knew he could play the higher card first with equal safety, it should be understood that he is asking to take a trick. It may be a question of only the four and five of a suit; it may occur before or after the caller has played to the trick; or it may be shown very significantly in a partner's discards. It is the exact opposite of the trump signal in proposals and acceptances, where first the high and then the low card is given, and as in that case it should be scrupulously noted and instantly acted upon.

When this signal is observed and responded to by one partner and disregarded by the other, the latter sometimes causes trouble in consequence, for he is almost certain to locate with the caller the high card which the last player held back in response to the signal, and, should the chance occur, to proceed to attack it.

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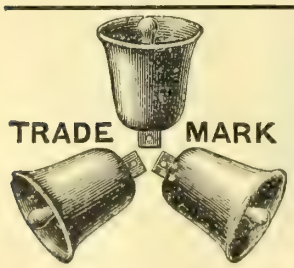

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DU MAURIER AND HIS NOVELS.

Then, going on to speak of his literary work, Du Maurier said, "Nobody more than myself was surprised at the great success of my novels. I never expected anything of the sort. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea that I had had any experiences worth recording. The circumstances under which I came to write are curious. I was walking one evening with Henry James up and down the High Street in Bayswater—I had made James's acquaintance much in the same way as I have made yours. James said that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots!' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots;' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said, 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much you may take it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself.

"Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream. But I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me; for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of 'Peter Ibbetson.'

"Some time later I was dining with Osgood, and he said, 'I hear, Du Maurier, that you are writing stories,' and asked me to let him see something. So 'Peter Ibbetson' was sent over to America and was accepted at once. Then 'Trilby' followed, and the 'boom' came, a 'boom' which surprised me immensely, for I never took myself *au sérieux* as a novelist. Indeed, this 'boom' rather distresses me when I reflect that Thackeray never had a 'boom.' And I hold that a 'boom' means nothing as a sign of literary excellence, nothing but money."

Du Maurier writes at irregular intervals, and in such moments as he can snatch from his *Punch* work. "For," he says, "I am taking more pains than ever over my drawing." And so saying, he fetched an album in which he showed me the elaborate preparation, in the way of studies and sketches, for a cartoon which was to appear in a week or two in his paper. One figure, from a female model, had been drawn several times. There was here the infinite capacity for taking pains. "I usually write on the top of the piano, standing, and I never look at my manuscript as I write, partly to spare my eyes, and partly because the writing seems literally to flow from my pen. My best time is just after lunch. My writing is frequently interrupted, and I walk about the studio and smoke, and then back to the manuscript once more. Afterwards I revise, very carefully now, for I am taking great pains with my new book. 'The Martians' is to be a very long book, and I cannot say when it will be finished."—*McClure's Magazine.*

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Jan. 14.—We floated the canoes down a two-mile stretch of rapids. The seventh was manned by Uledi, Zaidi, and Muscati, the steersman; the latter lost his head, and upset his boat in a piece of bad water. He swam with Uledi to the eighth canoe, and was picked up. But poor Zaidi clung to his vessel, which swept past to what seemed certain death. The great fall is parted by a single rock; on this the canoe was driven, split in two, one side jammed, the other end upwards. To this the man clung, perched on the point, washed by the stream. Close behind him the water fell down sheer into the whirlpools and rapids. We formed a cable of rattans and lowered a canoe; the cable snapped in the current like pack-thread. We tossed out poles tied to creepers; they could not reach him. He dared not move a hand. He saw us, but could not hear a word for the roaring of the cataract. We lashed three rattan cables to the bow, side, and stern of a canoe, with a spare coil of rattans to be thrown to Zaidi. I called for volunteers, offering rewards. No one spoke. I asked them how they would like to be in such danger without help. Uledi at once said, "Enough, master; I will go. My fate is in the hands of God!" And he stood forward, and tightened his loin cloth. Another, Marzouk, then offered. Then others. I stopped them, saying, "If all my brave boat boys are lost, what shall we do?" Uledi and Marzouk stepped into the canoe with the air of gladiators. I told them to paddle across the river. They obeyed. Uledi tried to guide the cable to Zaidi, but the heaving river swept the canoe to the edge of the steep slope, and we had to withdraw it from the swirl. Five times we failed, the sixth Zaidi caught the rattan; he was carried into the chasm in the effort. We thought him lost till we saw his head rise above the edge. I gave word to haul away, but at the first pull the cables parted. The canoe began to glide down. We stood horrified, muttering, "La il Allah! il Allah!" when the craft halted. Zaidi acted as a kedge anchor, which swept the canoe against the rocky islet. Uledi and Marzouk sprang on to it, and, leaning over, helped Zaidi out of the falls, and all three succeeded in securing the canoe on the islet. Though we hurrahed with joy, their position was only a short reprieve from death. How to reach the islet? We tied a stone to a hundred yards of whipcord, which they caught after twenty attempts. They tied the tent rope from the boat to that, and, pulling it to our side, we attached it to a stout rattan creeper, which they drew across taut, and fastened to the rock. Night fell; we were obliged to wait till morning, though it cut me to the heart to leave my poor faithful Uledi and the others out there all those hours.

Jan. 15.—By nine o'clock we had collected sixty strong canes besides stout climbers; we twisted them together, and sent them over, as well as light cables to be lashed round the men's waists. I motioned to Uledi to begin; ten hands seized the cable, one end of which he made fast round his waist. He lifted his hands to Heaven, and leaped into the wild flood, clinging to the bridge, and hauling himself along. Jerking himself up to avoid the waves, which were often over his face, he came within reach, and was joyfully pulled out by us. Zaidi came next; knowing his courage, we had few fears for him; he landed quickly. Marzouk, the youngest, was the last. Midway, the mighty weight of water made him loose his hold; the men screamed in terror; but I shouted, harshly, "Pull away, you fool. Be a man," at which, with three hauls, he reached us, to be embraced and applauded by all.—*From "Through the Dark Continent."—H. M. Stanley.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A poor young curate in China, after grinding for months over the language, was alone one Sunday and tried to read the service. When he read the Commandments, he saw that his congregation were extremely surprised. After the service he consulted an interpreter, to see if he had made a serious mistake. "Oh, no," said the other kindly, "nothing serious." He had only omitted the word "not" all through the Commandments.

DON'T MISS

THE SPRING NUMBER,

NOW ON SALE.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY
STANLEY J. WEYMAN.
Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LA LANTERNE.

OR, of all the things that had happened since I left the Committee Room, the Captain's death remained the one most real and most deeply bitten into my mind. He had shared with me the walk from the inn to the garden, and the petty annoyances that had then filled my thoughts. He had faced them bravely with me; and this late association, and the picture of him as he walked beside me, full of life and coarse wrath, rose up now and cried out against his death; cried out that it was impossible. So that it seemed horrible to me and unnatural; so that I shook with fear, and loathed the man whose hand had done it.

And that was not all. I had known Hugues barely forty-eight hours, my liking for him was only an hour born; but I had his story. I could follow him going about to borrow that small sum of money. I could trace the hopes he had built on it. I could see him coming here full of honest courage, believing that he had found an opening; a man strong, confident, looking forward, full of plans. And then of all, this was the end! He had hoped, he had purposed; and on the other side of the Cathedral, he lay stark—stark and dead on the grass.

It seemed so sad and pitiful, I had the man so vividly in my mind, that I scarcely gave a thought to the St. Alais' danger and escape; which, with our hasty flight, had passed like a dream. I was content to listen a moment beside the church door; and then satisfied that the murmur of the crowd was dying in the distance, and that the city was quiet, I thanked the Vicar again, and warmly, and taking leave of him, in my turn walked up the passage.

This was so still that it echoed my footsteps; and presently I began to think the silence odd. I began to wonder why the mob, which a few minutes before had shown itself so vindictive, had not found its way round; and why the neighbourhood had become on a sudden so quiet. A few paces would show, however; I hastened on, and in a moment stood in the market-place.

To my astonishment it lay sunny, tranquil, deserted; a dog ran here and there with tail high, nosing among the garbage; a few old women were at the stalls on the farther side; about as many people were busy, putting up shutters and closing shops. But the crowd which had filled the place so short a time before, the queue about the corn measures, the white cockades, all were gone; I stood astonished.

For a moment only. Then, in place of the silence which had prevailed between the high walls of the passage, a dull sound, distant and heavy, began to speak to me; a sullen roar, as of breakers falling on the beach. I started and listened. A moment more, and I was across the square, and at the door of the inn. I darted into the passage, and up the stairs, my heart beating fast.

Here, too, I had left a crowd, in the passages, and on the stairs. Not a man remained. The house seemed to be dead; at noon-day with the sun shining outside. I saw no one, heard no one, as I passed, until I flung open the door of the room in which I had left the Committee. Here, at last, I found life; but the same silence.

Round the table were seated some dozen of the members of the Committee. They started, on seeing me, like men detected in an act of which they were ashamed, some continuing to sit, sullen and scowling, with their elbows on the table, others stooping to their neighbours' ears to whisper, or listen. I noticed that many were pale and all gloomy; and though the room was light, and hot noon poured in through three windows, a something grim in the silence, and the air of expectation which prevailed, struck a chill to my heart.

Father Benôit was not of them, but Buton was, and the lawyer, and the grocer, and the two gentlemen, and one of the Curés, and Doury—the last-named pale and cringing, with fear sitting heavily on him. I might have thought, at a first glance round, that nothing which had happened outside was known to them; that they were ignorant alike of the duel and the riot; but a second glance assured me that they knew all, and more than I did; so many of them, when they had once met my eyes, looked away.

"What has happened?" I asked, standing half-way between the door and the long table.

"Don't you know, Monsieur?"

"No," I muttered, staring at them. Even here that distant murmur filled the air.

"But you were at the duel, M. le Vicomte?"

The speaker was Buton. "Yes," I said nervously. "But what of that? I saw M. le Marquis safe on his way home, and I thought that the crowd had separated. Now——" and I paused.

"You fancy that you still hear them?" he said, smiling.

"Yes; I fear that they are doing mischief."

"We are afraid of that, too," the smith answered drily, setting his elbows on the table, and looking at me. "It is not impossible."

Then I understood. I caught Doury's eye—which would have escaped mine—and read it there. The hooting of the distant crowd rose more loudly on the summer stillness; and as it did so, faces round the table grew graver, lips grew longer, some trembled and looked down; and I understood. "My God!" I cried, trembling myself. "Is no one going to do anything, then? Are you going to sit here, while these demons work their will? While houses are sacked and women and children——"

"Why not?" Buton said.

"Why not?" I cried.

"Ay, why not?" he answered sternly—and I began to see that he dominated the others, that he would not and they dared not. "We went about to keep the peace, and see that others kept it. But your white cockades, your soldierless officers, M. le Vicomte—I speak without offence—would not have it. They undertook to bully us; and unless they learn a lesson now, they will bully us again. No, Monsieur," he continued, looking round with a hard smile—already power

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had changed him—"let the people have their way for half an hour, and——"

"The people?" I cried. "Are the rascals and sweepings of the streets, the gaol-birds, beggars and forçats of the town—are they the people?"

"No matter," he said, frowning.

"But this is murder!"

Two or three shivered, and some looked sullenly from me, but the blacksmith only shrugged his shoulders. Still I was going to say more—to try threats, even prayers; but before I could speak, the man nearest to the windows raised his hand for silence, and we heard the distant riot sink, and in the momentary quiet which followed the sharp report of a gun ring out, succeeded by another and another. Then a roar of rage—distinct, articulate, full of menace.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" I cried, looking round, while I trembled with indignation, "I cannot stand this! Will no one act? Will no one do anything? There must be some authority. There must be someone to curb this canaille; or presently, I warn you, I warn you all, that they will cut your throats also; yours, M. l'Avoué, and yours, Doury!"

"There was someone; and he is dead," Buton answered. The rest of the Committee fidgeted gloomily.

"And was he the only one?"

"They've killed him," the smith said bluntly. "They must take the consequences."

"They?" I cried, in a passion of wrath and pity. "Ay, and you! You! I tell you that you are using this scum of the people to crush your enemies! But presently they will crush you, too!"

Still no one spoke, no one answered me; no eyes met mine; and then I saw how it was; that nothing I could say would move them; and I turned without another word, and I ran downstairs. I knew already, or could guess, whither the crowd had gone, and whence came the shouting and the shots; and the moment I reached the Square I turned in the direction of the St. Alais' house, and ran through the streets; through quiet streets under windows from which women looked down white and curious, past neat green blinds of modern houses, past a few staring groups; ran on, with all about me smiling, but always with that murmur in my ears, and at my heart grim fear.

They were sacking the St. Alais' house! And Mademoiselle! And Madame! The thought of them came to me late; but having come it was not to be displaced. It gripped my heart and seemed to stop it. Had I saved Mademoiselle only for this? Had I risked all to save her from the frenzied peasants, only that she might fall into the more cruel hands of these maddened wretches, these sweepings of the city?

It was a dreadful thought; for I loved her, and knew, as I ran, that I loved her. Had I not known it I must have known it now, by the very measure of agony which the thought of that horror caused me. The distance from the Trois Rois to the house was barely four hundred yards, but it seemed infinite to me. It seemed an age before I stopped breathless and panting on the verge of the crowd, and strove to see, across the plain of heads, what was happening in front.

A moment, and I made out enough to relieve me; and I breathed more freely. The crowd had not yet won its will. It filled the street on either side of the St. Alais' house from wall to wall; but in front of the house itself a space was still kept clear by the fire of those within. Now and again, a man or a knot of men would spring out of the ranks of the mob, and darting across this open space to the door, would strive to beat it in with axes and bars, and even with naked hands; but always there came a puff of smoke from the shuttered and loop-holed windows, and a second and a third, and the men fell back, or sank down on the stones, and lay bleeding in the sunshine.

It was a terrible sight. The wild beast rage of the mob, as they watched their leaders fall, yet dared not make the rush *en masse* which must carry the place, was enough, of itself, to appal the stoutest; but when to this and their fiendish cries were added other sounds as horrid—the screams of the wounded and the rattle of musketry—for some of the mob had arms, and were firing from neighbouring houses at the St. Alais' windows—the effect was appalling. I do not know why, but the sunshine and the tall, white houses, which formed the street, and the neat surroundings, seemed to aggravate the bloodshed; so that for a while the whole, the writhing crowd, the open space with its wounded, the ugly cries and curses and shots, seemed unreal. I, who had come hot-foot to risk all, hesitated; if this was Cahors, if this was the quiet town I had known all my life, things had come to a pass indeed. If not, I was dreaming.

But this was a thought too wild to be entertained for more than a few seconds; and with a groan I thrust myself into the press, bent desperately on getting through and reaching the open space; though what I should do when I got there, or how I could help, I had not considered. I had scarcely moved, however, when I felt my arm gripped, and someone clinging obstinately to me, held me back. I turned to resent the action with a blow, for I was beside myself; but the man was Father Benôit, and my hand fell. I caught hold of him with a cry of joy, and he drew me out of the press.

His face was pale and full of grief and consternation; yet by a wonderful chance I had found him, and I hoped. "You can do something!" I cried, gripping his hand hard. "The Committee will not act, and this is murder! Murder, man!"

"What can I do?" he wailed; and he threw up his other hand with a gesture of despair.

"Speak to them."

"Speak to them?" he answered. "Will mad dogs stand when you speak to them? Or will mad dogs listen? How can you get to them? Where can you speak to them? It is impossible. It is impossible, Monsieur. They would kill their fathers, if they stood between them and vengeance."

"Then, what will you do?" I cried, passionately. "What will you do?"

He shook his head; and I saw that he meant nothing, that he would do nothing. And then my soul revolted. "You must! You shall!" I cried fiercely. "You have raised this devil, and you must lay him! Are these the liberties about which you have talked to us? Are these the people for whom you have pleaded? Answer, answer me, what you will do!" I cried. And I shook him furiously.

He covered his face with his hand. "God forgive us!" he said. "God help us!"

I looked at him for the first and only time in my life with contempt—with rage. "God help you?" I cried—

I was beside myself. "God helps those who help themselves! You have brought this about! You! You! You have preached this! Now mend it!"

He trembled, and was silent. Unsupported by the passion which animated me, in face of the brute rage of the people, his courage sank.

"Now mend it!" I repeated.

"I cannot get to them," he muttered.

"Then I will make a way for you!" I answered madly, recklessly. "Follow me! Do you hear that noise? Well, we will play a part in it!"

A dozen guns had gone off, almost in a volley. We could not see the result, nor what was passing; but the hoarse roar of the mob intoxicated me. I cried to him to follow, and rushed into the press.

Again he caught and stayed me, clinging to me with a stubbornness which would not be denied. "If you will go, go through the houses! Go through the opposite houses!" he muttered in my ear.

I had sense enough, when he had spoken twice, to understand him and comply. I let him lead me aside, and in a moment we were out of the press, and hurrying through an alley at the back of the houses that faced the St. Alais' mansion. We were not the first to go that way; some of the more active of the rioters had had the idea before us, and gone by this path to the windows, whence they were firing. We found two or three of the doors open, therefore, and heard the excited cries and curses of the men who had taken possession. However, we did not go far. I chose the first door, and, passing quickly by a huddled, panic-stricken group of women and children—probably the occupants of the house—who were clustered about it, I went straight through to the street door.

(To be continued.)

BLACK-AND-WHITE ART.

A CHAT WITH MR. RAVEN-HILL.

"Mr. Raven-Hill is *facile princeps* in the kind of illustrative art he has made specially his own. His close connection with *Pick-Me-Up* is an open secret, and it was in the offices of that up-to-date little journal that I found the famous draughtsman and enjoyed with him the following little chat.

"Before beginning on more personal matters, may I ask you," I inquired, "whether you share the new-born enthusiasm for the artistic poster which now meets one at every turn, and stares at one from every hoarding?"

"Certainly; I thoroughly believe in art on the hoardings, and further, I feel sure that the more admirable the design the more commercially valuable is the poster. I think," he added smiling, "that you will be the first to admit the commercial value of Dudley Hardy's 'Yellow Girl' as an advertisement of To-Day. Of course, in this matter we have followed rather than led the French. Lautrec, Steinlen, Chéret, and Willette have done marvellous work of the kind, but soon you will find that many English artists of distinction will, if they are given the chance, take up this branch of work."

"And what made you first begin your special kind of black-and-white drawing. Did you supply a want, or create a demand?"

"I began life," he replied, "as a wood-engraver, but I do not think that my early experiences have been of much service to me in the art sense, although they, of course, taught me many things which have been of use in my editorial work. You see wood-engraving has quite dropped out; but it will certainly become once more in demand when really high-class work will have to be done."

"I believe, Mr. Raven-Hill, that you spent a portion of your student life in Paris?"

"Yes, I worked, not a little, first in one, and then another Parisian studio, including Julian's and Colarossi's."

"Would you advise would-be English illustrators to spend a portion of their art education in France?"

My host hesitated. "No, not now," he answered at length; "I think that at present there is just as good and even better art tuition to be found in London. I wonder if it has ever struck you, as it has often done me, that all the leading French painters are over forty-five years of age. The latter-day style of art teaching in Paris turns out a great many men dowered with what may be styled 'students' perfection.' But I think that you will find on inquiry that the strongest artists—those who have already made a name for themselves—received their training out of the regular studio ruts. This was beginning to be the case even when I was there, eight years ago; of course, many of the younger men are extremely clever and possess brilliant tricks of technique; but I doubt if they will ever take the place of their elders."

"I suppose you always made a specialty of black-and-white work?"

"No, indeed. After my return from France I began painting, but I soon found it was of no use. No one but my father bought my pictures, and so," added my host, drawing a long breath, "I made up mind to go in for illustrative work, and soon found a market for original drawings. But I haven't quite left painting entirely, although I rarely exhibit. I generally manage to do two or three pictures a year, besides etchings and lithographs."

"Then, do you consider black-and white an easier art than oil-painting?"

He smiled grimly. "Good Heavens, no! It is infinitely more difficult to do a piece of good black-and-white work than a sketch in colour; not but what one can express almost everything quite as well in black-and-white, but it requires a far surer power of execution and greater knowledge of technique. Of course, etching, which is the highest form of black-and-white art, is the most difficult to do. Next comes pen-and-ink work, which cannot, practically, ever be corrected. I remember talking of this subject with Luke Fildes while I was making a sketch of him for the *Art Journal*, and he entirely agreed with me as to the relative difficulties of black-and-white work and colour painting."

"Then, probably, you are not so enthusiastic concerning the future of illustrating as are many people?"

"I think," he answered decidedly, "that there is plenty of room for good, or rather, first-rate men; but for the average student who takes up illustration for a living, there is less and less chance every year, especially when we consider how greatly photography is taking the place of original work in our magazines and newspapers."

"And what is your opinion of these sun-pictures?"

"I need hardly tell you that I do not look on photography as a form of art; I have never worked either directly or indirectly from a photograph, but I quite admit that there are certain things which a photograph renders better, as far as illustrative purposes are concerned, than could an artist. Such a scene as the Lord Mayor's Show, for instance; but as a rule I simply regard photography as a foil to artistic work."

"Do you make great use of models?"

"Yes, and *à propos* of this subject, I should like to correct a wrong impression which obtains about my work. Because I make it a point never to employ professional models people seem to think that I draw *de chic*. Now, as an actual fact, I make endless studies from life, and I am always on the lookout for good sitters, both among my friends and among those types of human beings who are to be met here, there, and everywhere, and who, of course, are of far more value from the artistic point of view than the professional jaded model—who has, poor creature, to adopt one pose and one character after another."

"Have you any preference as to what kind of society moves your pen or pencil?"

"Just now I prefer country scenes. I always delight in the delineation of low life because of its naturalness and absence of artificiality. I need hardly tell you that I supply all the jokes for my cartoons, and those that have really happened, so to speak, are far more successful than those I pump out of my imagination. The finest joke I ever heard," continued Mr. Raven Hill immediately, "came off the other day—but I have not used it yet—so I cannot tell it you. Of course, I like my cartoons to be topical; for instance, a recent one deals with influenza, and depicts a little scene which happened in my own house when the whole family were down with influenza. It has for title the doctor's cheerful inquiry as he opens the door on a group of sufferers, 'And who shall I begin with?'"

"You spoke just now of country scenes. Have you any special district in your mind?"

"Yes," he replied promptly, "Wiltshire and Devonshire. You know I am a West-countryman myself, and

Wessex," he added, laughing, "has a special fascination for me."

"Do you prefer doing your work in wash or in line?"

"Just now I am obtaining the finest results with a new development of the wash process. I never draw for a large reduction, but only slightly larger than the reproduction."

LIFE AT A LADIES' COLLEGE.

College girls cannot be like ordinary girls. They must be fast or "blue," or, if apparently neither, then, at any rate, extraordinary in some other way. That is what several people think, or pretend to think, and they cannot conceive, or they pretend they cannot, how any girl can want to leave her home and go to a "barbarous" place like college.

Well, about leaving home, you see, home-life in a country vicarage is slow with three girls "out," and nothing but chickens, pigs, and the parish to think of. And I'm supposed to have some brains, and we're awfully poor, so I thought I'd much better go to Cambridge and qualify myself to teach, and that is why I am here. And that is why most of the others are here.

And college is not in the least "barbarous," though it has certain institutions and methods of work and play peculiar to itself. It is very, very nice. You can't imagine how delightful it is till you have tried it, till you have actually lived in a fascinating little curly-room (with your name on the door) at the end of a long, long corridor—just like mine.

You can't imagine—yes you can, if *I* can only describe properly some of the things which make college what it is. Where to begin—that is the question. The first thing that occurs to me is cocoa. I believe I enjoy cocoas as much as (or more than) anything else. College without cocoa would no longer be college.

When the lights in the corridors are out, when one has just finished a paper on the Origin and Growth of Trial by Jury, say, for one's History coach, or when one has finally abandoned some catchy problem, full of parabolic curves, which has resolutely declined to come out, then is the time for cocoa. The cocoa hostess is of two distinct types. She either pays great attention to the externals, or else she pays none at all. The one, when she gives a cocoa, likes to do it properly.

She will steal chairs from the common room, she will have her own six cups and saucers, and will use them together with such other china of other people's as will "go with" them. She will stop working half an hour before the guests are expected. She will have butter, and plates, and a tablecloth, and possibly even sugar tongs, if she can bear chaff, since chaffed she will most assuredly be for adopting such a genteel appendage. She will have a chair for each guest, and enough cocoa to go round for the third cup. She will not say much herself, but she will look after everyone's wants. Her cakes and biscuits will be much admired, no one will ever knock at her door to ask what is the joke, or to remonstrate about noise or late hours.

But the hostess of the other type usually forgets that she is going to have a cocoa, and is only roused from work by the arrival of the first guest.

Then with one swoop she will clear up her books, and fling the kettle on the fire. Next she will dash out of the room with her guest, and the two together will, in an incredibly short space of time, load a tray with the necessary number of spoons and cups. Scurrying back she will meet another of her guests, and will delight her by asking for the loan of a cake.

Talking of borrowed eatables, reminds me of the gratitude I owe to a jam-pot of mine.

One night, when I was only a Fresher, in my first year, there came a knock at my door, and a certain fourth year, a very important personage, put her head in and asked—

"Have you got any of that guava jelly left?"

"Yes," I said.

"How much?" she inquired, anxiously.

"About half a pot, or rather more."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, looking much relieved. "I shall be *so* pleased if you will come to cocoa to-night, and that villain of a grocer has not sent up any of my things, so will you be an angel and bring your jelly with you?"

And that was how I got to know her. But to return to our second hostess and her cocoa.

None of the cups will be her own, except by the merest chance; she will have white cups, blue cups, pink cups planted perhaps on yellow or patterned saucers, and nothing making the faintest attempt to go with anything else. Her biscuits and cakes will be handed about in their native tins, and her guests will soon overflow the chairs and will then sit on the floor or perch themselves on the fender. She will have a perfectly original way of making cocoa without boiling water, and will be quite convinced, though her guests persistently assure her to the contrary, that her cocoa is the best in the college.

All her guests will be in fits of laughter from the moment they enter her room till they leave. She will tell the most delightful stories against herself. Amusing things always seem to have happened while she was by; perhaps I have been with her and yet I have noticed nothing unusual. It is a kind of knack with her. Anyone who comes round to remark on the noise, and to suggest that other people are trying to sleep, will be sure to stay and join in the fun.

Sometimes a cocoa will be violently interrupted by the loud clang-clang of the fire-bell, and one or two of the guests, or even the hostess, will suddenly start to their feet and tear out of the room. Nobody will look surprised, for everyone will know that from all who belong to the fire brigade instantaneous obedience to the bell is exacted.

It is a great honour to be asked to belong to the brigade, which has only sixteen members, counting the captain and her two lieutenants. The captain has a fire—or rather a fire-practice—whenever she chooses, in the middle of the night, twice in one evening, or once a fortnight, at all sorts of times, and, of course, no one knows when it will be. But the very instant the fire-bell begins ringing—whatever the different members of the brigade may be doing—they have to jump up at once and fly down to the hall, and then the captain tells them where the fire is, and generally half a minute after the bell has stopped they are at work, shutting windows and doors to prevent draughts, unrolling the hose, forming lines and turning taps on and off, just as if there were a real fire.

But to turn to something more intellectual. You must know college is a great place for debating societies.

Once or twice a term there is a regular big debate, when all the students appear in full evening dress, and visitors are invited, before whom some of the more aspiring let off their carefully prepared orations. After such a debate we have refreshments and dancing. There are also several little frivolous debating societies, which, in spite of calling themselves by some such names as, "The Band of Despair," or "The Silent Hens," seem to flourish and to thoroughly enjoy themselves to judge from the cheerful noise they make.

"The Silent Hens" in particular all talk at the same time, and keep making the strictest of rules, according to which all, except the one person speaking, must be speechless. Naturally each considers that she is to be that one person speaking, so the result is that no one is speechless. Then there is "The Political," with its prime minister, and a cabinet, and secretaries, and members who sit with their own party, and address one another as "the honourable member" of some place or other; bills are brought in and discussed, and amendments proposed, and the votes are taken, and every-

thing is done in the proper Parliamentary way. "The Political" meets once a week after hall (dinner in hall), but every evening there is sure to be something else going on. We either dance among ourselves in our big hall, or else we read—taking parts—an English or French play, or we get up a little concert.

But all our amusements are not indoor ones. Bicycling, tennis, fives, rowing, riding, driving, walking, and hockey are all to be had.

But hockey is prime favourite, and our eleven is one of the best. Matches are fun, just desperately exciting when one thinks one has passed rather neatly, and all the spectators clap and cheer. And I am not sure whether we don't enjoy triumphs of this kind as much as when we come out "above the Senior Wrangler" on the examination list. So you see we don't spend all our time indoors poring over books, nor yet do we strut about with walking-sticks and cigarettes. And, perhaps, we are not quite so black, or "blue," as we are painted. In fact, I think we are extremely nice girls, but possibly you may think I am not exactly an impartial judge, as I myself am

A COLLEGE GIRL.

ON THE CARS AND OFF.*

Open this delightful book where you will, and a good story is ready to hand. On one page Mr. Sladen describes a wonderful fishing expedition, on the next he is going minutely into all the details of sugar manufacture. Fishermen are always allowed a little license when recounting their own reminiscences, but he will have to be a very imaginative sportsman who can beat Mr. Sladen's story of the fish who "towed the little canoe round in their struggle to free themselves," and didn't mind being caught at the rate of one hundred pounds weight an hour.

Mr. Sladen writes of bears and their little ways with the most happy familiarity. He says:—

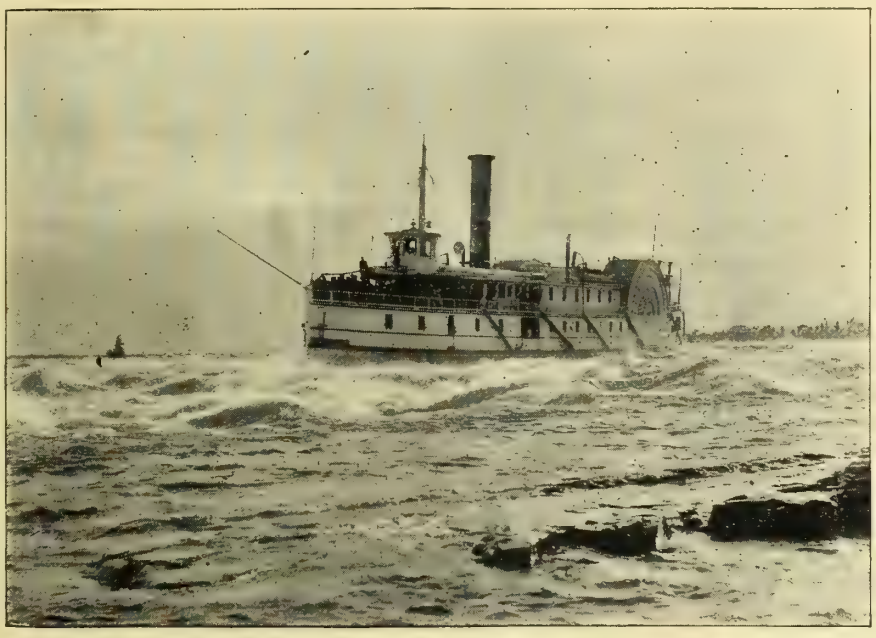
> The bears were very entertaining; we always missed each other. One evening we found a place where they had been rolling in the corn, and, it being moonlight, went back, and posted ourselves after supper for their return. It was quite a sharp night, and the dew was drenching, but we stuck to our watch. Meanwhile our hostess and the pretty girl sat up for us, snoozing with dead tiredness. They heard a noise in the back kitchen, and thought it was us sneaking in, ashamed of our empty-handedness, but it was the bear turning over the barrel for the carrots, which they had brought all the way from Montreal, as Mrs. S. discovered to her consternation next morning.
>
> The bears were very familiar at Lac Eau Clair. One night as G—— was returning home without a rifle he met one standing on its hind legs, drinking out of the water-butt; and if you took a lady out for a moonlight romance in a birch-bark, her whispers were drowned in the noise the bears made coming down to the water to drink, just like a lot of lambs. They did one thing which made us savage. It was quite a novelty to us to tap the sugar maple and to catch the syrup; but the bears always reached the syrup first.

After reading Mr. Sladen's description of the trip through the Lachine Rapids, one becomes anxious to follow his example. In fact, throughout the whole book Mr. Sladen seems to have held a brief for Canada, and he is certainly a most convincing advocate of its charms. Of the Lachine Rapids he tells us that—

> If the steamer is abandoned to the current, it is impossible for her to strike, the scour being so strong; certainly, her engines are slowed; she reels about like a drunken man; right and left you see green breakers with hissing white fillets threatening to swamp you at every minute. Every second thud of these waves upon the sides convinces you that the ship is aground and about to be dashed to pieces. There seems absolutely no chance of getting safely out of the boiling waters which often rush together like a couple of fountains. Yet, after a few trips, you know that the captain is quite justified in sitting in his easy chair and smoking a cigarette all through it.

Mr. Sladen has had plenty of adventures, and he tells them in a light, careless style, without half as much bravado as an average man assumes in narrating a cab accident. One of these remarkable experiences is in connection with the celebrated Loop railway, the picture of which is reproduced.

> The Loop is a marvellous piece of engineering. In order to make the swift descent of five hundred feet between the Glacier House and Ross's Peak, the railway describes two circles, twice doubling back on itself. One of the timber viaducts or trestles employed in the operation is more than a mile long.



IN LACHINE RAPIDS.

Most places in the world are oppressed by having to live up to the memory of some illustrious personage who has visited them. . . . In the Selkirks you suffer from Lady MacDonald, or I should say Lady Earnscliffe. The very porters know her description of the line by heart. Lady MacDonald, it appeared, had gone down the Loop on the cow-catcher in front of an engine. Wishing to show us the height of hospitality, Mr. Marpole, the divisional superintendent, invited us to do ditto. There was no engine with a cow-catcher attached, but he said this did not signify; we should be all right on the platform to which the cow-catcher ought to be attached; the platform was only about a foot wide, and we had nothing to hold on to, but he did not seem to think this signified either. "If an old lady like that can do it," said Mr. Marpole, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "surely young people like you can venture." So off we started. When we were on the mile-long trestle, he observed cheerfully that it would not be thought right to take a passenger train at the rate we were going. We felt all the time as if the engine was a big dog which we were leading, doing its best to tug itself loose, and the breeze it

* "On The Cars and Off," by Douglas Sladen. (Ward, Lock and Bowden. 18s.)

made swept up our legs as if they had been ventilators. But we did get back, and then Mr. Marpole divulged that Lady MacDonald had sat in an armchair made fast to a platform built out on the cow-catcher.

The author seems to have been in delightful company on his journey, and in putting down the book one feels a distinct desire to know who "the pretty girl" is who figures so prominently in nearly every story. Her doings and sayings are as artlessly charming as those of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Dolly," of whom she reminds one.

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W. P.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 76. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LITTLE GREY NUN.

BY

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

THERE was a long intense silence.

On one side of the deep window lay George Ward, pale and languid in his roomy chair; on the other sat the doctor, upright and grave, his fingers unconsciously opening and closing the black case of his thermometer.

Only a short while ago there had been a finch singing unrestrainedly in the green-filmed laburnum which grew in the middle of the grass plat below, but it had flown off in the interests of its new family. The little dressmaker, too, who sat so cheerfully day after day at her buzzing machine in the window opposite, was out of sight, and the machine stood idle. That terrier which had yapped through so many days and howled through so many nights in the stable-yard at the corner of the street, had at length broken through habit, and had departed at the end of a chain in search of rats. Even Nature seemed to be holding her breath.

The afternoon sun shone in on the men, and the silence lengthened. George Ward lay motionless, with his ten fingers pressed tightly together at the tips, his face expressionless, and his eyes fixed wide on the blue sky over the chimneys. The doctor still sat opposite, upright and grave, but a little wrinkle gradually showed up between his eyebrows, and he looked across at his patient anxiously. He had been the last to speak, and now, after this silence, so intense and complete, his words seemed to spring into sound again and reverberate on the air, and he hated them. He wished he had not used just that particular inflection of the voice on that particular word; it might easily have been softened a little; in any other tone perhaps it would not have seemed so brutal, so irrevocable.

At length, when the situation became unbearable to him—

"You must not——" he began.

"I must not worry?" interrupted George Ward, grimly. "Of course not, for as you say, I may live quite a number of weeks, with care."

"I considered it right to tell you the truth," the doctor remarked, half apologetically.

"Quite right, doctor, for as you know, I had not the remotest suspicion of this quick finish."

"No, there was little to warn you, but I fear I am right. However, if only for your wife's sake, you must be as cheerful as you can, and there's your medicine chest at hand in case unbearable pain comes on. I must go now," he concluded, with a half-sigh of relief. "I'll look in again in the morning."

George Ward rose from his chair and rang the bell as soon as the doctor's footsteps had died away on the pavement.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked the maid who came to him.

"Asleep on the drawing-room couch, sir."

"Ah, do not disturb her, and if I need anything I will ring."

"Yes, sir."

Then did George Ward lie back again in his chair, and look again on the sky with wide eyes, and though the finch had returned to the laburnum, and the little dressmaker to her machine, he heard nothing of their cheerfulness, for the echo of six words deafened him:

"Perhaps a few weeks, with care."

"The poor gentleman looks very pale to-day," thought the sympathetic little dressmaker, as she glanced across during the pulling out of her basting threads. Then, as even the humblest of us have thoughts beyond control, she contemplated the chances of a mourning order even as she sighed over the pallor. And still George Ward sat and thought, and grew whiter with the thinking.

* * * * *

"The Little Grey Nun," Theresa Dale had been called from two years old to twenty; a little saint she had

always looked as she moved placidly through life in her simple grey gowns and soft white kerchiefs, her golden hair suggesting a halo, her meek face peace, her blue eyes heaven. But when George Ward had first seen Theresa Dale it was in a time of woe. He was a barrister, she a prisoner; he was charged with law, she with sorrow; to him she represented a case, to her he represented a rescuer; to him it was business, nothing more, but before the trial was half over he thanked Heaven that he had been retained for the defence—not for the prosecution.

The charge was the theft of a ruby brooch, and to everyone's horror the case was proved, proved clearly, in spite of the untiring care and earnest pleading of her barrister, and when it was over George Ward found himself wildly in love, and Theresa Dale found herself in prison.

Then he went to her; he swore to his entire belief in her innocence, he vowed the jury must be demented to entertain an idea of her guilt; he declared his love for her, and his eagerness to marry her, and she laid her fair, pure face on his shoulder and wept quietly.

At the end of her imprisonment George Ward married the little grey nun. He had money, so he gave up his profession, he left his friends, he took her away to a kinder country, and he worshipped her as it is given to few persons to be worshipped by good and honest fellow beings. So they lived in love and sunshine, with only a past memory to sadden them.

HE DREW A SHAWL OVER HER.

But one day George Ward went forth in the morning a happy man. He returned to his hotel at noon with a grey pallor on his face and horror in his soul, for happiness had shuddered out of his life for ever. His wife was a thief—by courtesy a kleptomaniac!

The sun blazed down so insolently cheerful, the sky was so blue, and the roads so white; he had never before noticed how unsympathetic is summer with sorrow; but he felt it vaguely then as he lay on a cliff and tried to realise his misery and the life which lay before him. Now that the realisation was dawning on him he could remember signs and occasions which had never before touched his understanding; losses in the hotels, sometimes large, sometimes small, for which he had been ever ready to accuse the "peccant foreigner," smiling a tolerant smile as he did so. But his own wife a thief! That beautiful, saint-like woman who moved through the world as if more in touch with heaven than with earth! It was ghastly! yet had his own eyes seen it, there was no doubt.

Then he returned to the hotel, he looked upon his wife, and her wide blue eyes met his without shrinking; and he loved her wildly still, and he could not speak of her guilt. So he yielded to subterfuge, he temporised, and he sighed out that the lovely spot began to bore him and he would like to move on. So for five years he moved on, and for five years he played the part of a loving detective to the woman who was all the world to him—the human soul for which he had bartered friends, profession, happiness, everything; he compassed her about with love and luxury, he lied to save her name, he yielded up his self-respect in exchange for her reputation. His hair grew thickly threaded with silver, his heart grew sick and small with suspense and fear, but no word of it all passed between them.

Did she know? Did she ever guess? He often wondered.

And now he was to die and her unguarded; the burden of his life had outworn his heart, and he must quit his post. What would the world do to her when it had her at its mercy? His heart contracted with the pain of the thought.

The sun shone outside down on the little English street, and the shadows lengthened as George Ward lay thinking; but he thought to some purpose, for he did what he intended to do, he made up his mind; there is no margin to be allowed for chance when a man is dying of a worn-out heart.

The door opened gently, and a lovely woman in a plait

grey gown entered. George Ward turned instinctively. "Ah, Theresa, darling; you should have rested longer, I have almost worn you out."

"No, dear, not that. I would never leave you if I could only live without rest; but I felt tired, and knowing that the doctor was with you I planned to sleep just fifteen minutes, but—it happened otherwise, you see," she finished, smiling.

"It will not be for long now, Theresa," George Ward began, sitting upright in his chair as if to face and go through with his decision.

"That is comforting," she cooed, gently.

"Yes, that is comforting, for we want to be well together again, don't we?"

"Of course we do; I am longing to get you out in the sun, you will breathe new life then."

"Yes, dear."

"Is there any alteration in the medicine again to-day?"

"Yes, a tonic is the next item on the programme. I am to mix it myself from my medicine chest."

"A tonic! that really sounds like convalescence."

"I am to take some now, and you—are to take some, too," he added, laughing; "the doctor said I must take care of you, and, of course, I want you to share the new life; we always go shares, you know."

"Ah, yes; but I cannot bear medicine, and I am really quite well, only a little tired and harassed, as is natural when you are ill."

"But just a tonic, just—to please me." He spoke laughingly, but with the exacting tone of a capricious invalid.

The "little grey nun" laughed softly and patted his hand. "Of all things in the world to be asked to drink unnecessary horribleness to please an exacting husband," she protested, with a pout. But she yielded.

George Ward rose slowly from his chair, and, taking two glasses, went to the medicine chest, while Theresa looked down upon the grass plat below.

"Have you noticed the spring flowers in that corner, George? They are beautiful; all things seem to be going in for new life—but they are not forced to take tonics for it," she added, laughing softly, as she turned to her husband. His face was drawn and very grave, but as he met her eyes and came towards her a boyish smile crept over it, and resting one glass, he placed his arm round her and stood by her side. Together they looked out in silence for some moments.

"Now, dear," he urged; and she, with a childish laugh of protest, took the glass from him and drank its contents.

Again there was silence. "Well," she said, slowly, at last, "the sun seems to be going to bed—what a difference—light makes—I really am tired—still. I will rest on the couch—awhile. There is—nothing to do—before dinner." So he led her to the couch, and tenderly drew a shawl over her, and she slept.

"What if I were to draw back now?" he thought; but he went to the window and looked out again. He saw that the little dressmaker was at her machine; he saw that the finch was swaying, flippantly, on a lissom branch of the laburnum tree; then he raised one hand and grasped the tassel of the blind, and with the other he lifted the second glass to his lips; there was a moment's hesitation, then he drank to the last drop, and then looked out just once more on the narrow world.

The little dressmaker having come to the end of her seam, stopped the machine and glanced across. "Poor man, I'm glad to see him looking cheerful," she thought. Then she saw him set down the glass which he held in his hand, and pull down the blind.

* * * * *

Next morning when the little dressmaker looked across, she saw that *all* the blinds were down at the opposite house, and her soft heart fluttered painfully. "Dead?" she murmured. Later on she learned that there was no mourning order—for there was no mourner.

A GARDEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I went to see a beautiful garden a couple of miles away. It was approached by a long double avenue of blue gum-trees. The flower beds were bordered by a thick edging of violets; great shrubs of plants made tangled heaps of purple, scarlet, and white blossoms on every side; the large creamy bells of the datura drooped towards the red earth, and many shrubs of bluish green flourished side by side with the sombre leaved myrtle. A screen of scarlet euphorbia made a brilliant pyramid against a background formed by a hedge of shell-like cluster roses; and each pillar of the verandah of the little house had its own magnificent creeper. One pillar was hidden by a trumpet honeysuckle, another thickly covered by an immense passion-flower. But the feature of the garden was roses; roses on each side, whichever way you turned, growing as they might have grown in Eden—untrained, unpruned, in enormous bushes covered entirely by magnificent blossoms, each bloom of which would have won a prize at a rose show. There was one cloth-of-gold rose-bush that I shall never forget; its size, its fragrance, its wealth of creamy, yellow, blossoms. A few yards off stood a still bigger and more luxuriant plant, some ten feet high, covered with the large, delicate, pinkish bloom of the Souvenir de Malmaison. I suppose there were fifty cloth-of-gold and fifty Souvenir rose-bushes in the garden. Red roses, white roses, tea roses, blush roses, and last, the dear old-fashioned cabbage rose, sweetest and most sturdy of all. To make the scene perfect, one could hear the tinkling of the little brook at the bottom of the garden, and the song of the Cape canary. From blossom to blossom lovely butterflies flitted, folding and unfolding their large painted wings.—*From "A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa." Lady Barker.*

NAPOLEON AND MADAME DE CHEVREUSE.

Madame de Chevreuse, a representative of one of the noblest families in France, declined the honour which Napoleon wished to confer on her, that of being maid of honour to his sister-in-law, the Queen of Spain. She afterwards became Josephine's dame du palais, but always affected to look down on the Imperial Court. One day she went to a reception at the Tuilleries, blazing with diamonds. "What splendid jewels," remarked Napoleon, "are they all real?" "Mon Dieu! Sire, I really don't know, but at any rate they are quite good enough to wear here."—*From "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine."*

In "TO-DAY" for MAY 4th.
Will be Commenced a Series of
SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE AND CHARACTERS,
BY
GEORGE GISSING.

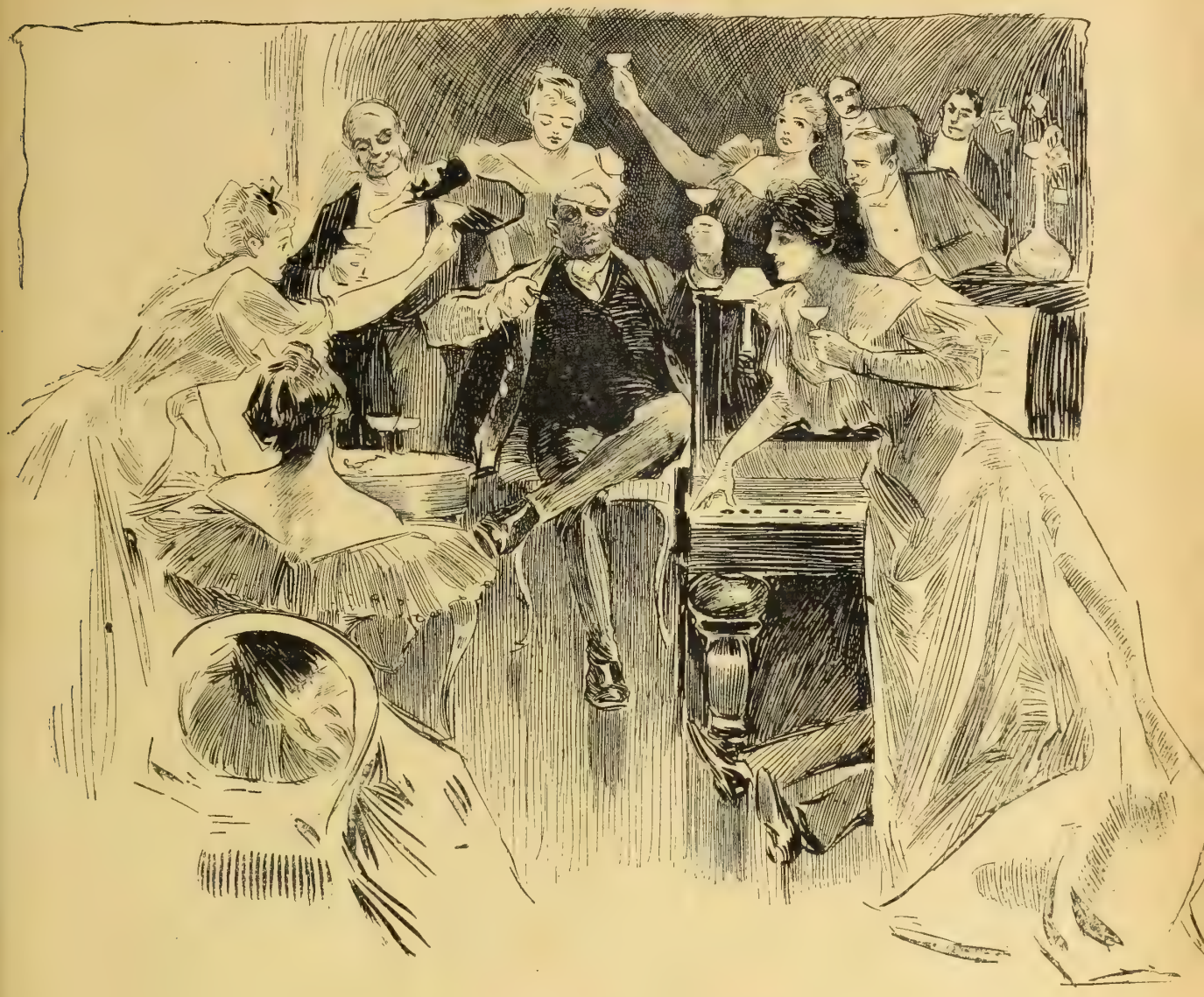
POETIC JUSTICE.

BY
W. L. ALDEN.
Illustrated BY HAL HURST.

THE social ventriloquist is by far the most dangerous and devastating of all social pests. The man who plays the cornet, or the accordion, or even the unspeakable wretch who performs on the banjo, can be detected and shunned. He carries his instrument of torture with him, and like the timely rattle of the rattlesnake it gives warning of his presence, and enables those who otherwise would be his victims to escape. But the social ventriloquist resembles the cobra in his silent and stealthy approach. You may sit close beside him for an hour without the slightest suspicion of his dangerous character, and at the end of that time he may suddenly rear his awful crest, and begin his deadly work. No place is safe from his inroads. While he particularly affects evening parties, whether these are of a tea or a dancing nature, he has been known to penetrate into a business meeting of the directors of a railway company, and to converse with a hypothetical and hardened stockholder concealed in the chimney. On one occasion a blameless young man was undergoing marriage with an equally blameless young woman in a crowded church. A wicked, or rather a more than usually wicked ventriloquist, who was concealed among the spectators, made both bride and bridegroom apparently reply in the most reprehensible manner to the ordinary questions put by the officiating clergyman, with the result that the latter, becoming both scandalized and indignant, abruptly cut short the service, and departed, leaving the unfortunate pair only partially married, and utterly unable to account for the apparently diabolical character of the proceedings.

HE KNOCKED DOWN THE VENTRILOQUIST.

We all know by sad experience the gloom which falls upon an unprotected assembly when a social ventriloquist leaves his chair, and proceeding to the sideboard knocks loudly thereon, and inquires if "Uncle Peter is there?" Of course, the alleged "Uncle Peter" is there, and, of course, he enters into a long idiotic conversation with the ventriloquist. There is no escape for the unhappy audience. For the next ensuing hour the ventriloquist will take unto himself seven other imaginary idiots more idiotic than himself, and converse with them in tones that would loosen the back teeth of a cat, and palsy the hind legs of an army mule. "Uncle Peter" in the sideboard will be followed by "John" in the chimney, by "Mrs. O'Flanagan" in the cellar, by "Little Jimmy" in the closet, and by "Old Mr. Perkins" in the garret. Then will come the conversation with the policeman in the garden, whom the social ventriloquist will address through the open window, instead of the kitchen door, and who, with a maddening disregard of probability, will be made to arrest an Irish and a negro burglar, who have ignored their racial differences, and combined to rob the house. After the final "Dutchman" in the book-case has ended his complaints that he is stifling, and his protests against being poked with the ventriloquist's cane, a series of objectionable beasts and insects will be brought forward. There will be the pretended fly that buzzes on the window-pane; the imaginary mosquito that bites—also in imagination—the ventriloquist's nose; the libellous dog that disgraces his kind by barking outside the window, as no decent dog ever dreamed of barking; and the preposterous and impossible cat mewing from her alleged confinement in the coalscuttle. All this time the unhappy audience sits and suffers, for anyone to leave the room, or to drown the miscreant's voice by loud talking, would be the height of rudeness to the host and hostess; and there is nothing to be done except to remain quiet and soothe the mind, if possible, by picturing the ventriloquist covered with blazing paraffin, or exposed, naked and bound, to the assaults of a colony of avenging South African ants. Unfortunately it is only in imagination that justice ever thus overtakes the social ventriloquist. A stupid and heartless law protects him from summary assassination, and there is little doubt that were a man to shoot a ventriloquist, even when caught red-mouthed in the very act of crime, he would be indicted for manslaughter, and subjected to a good deal of annoyance before his final acquittal. No one can read without feeling stronger, purer, and better the story of a social ventriloquist of Tooting, upon whom unexpected retribution recently fell. This monster had a peculiarly atrocious way of varying the order of his entertainment, so that "Uncle Peter" would sometimes howl from the distant garret, and Mrs. O'Flanagan would express her views as to the rights of coloured men from the recesses of the piano. This added an element of uncertainty to the performance, which intensified its horrors, and at the same time earned for the ventriloquist the reputation of being a man of strikingly original genius. On a recent occasion this unhappy man, who was present at a small tea party, having duly exploited "Uncle Peter," and most of his other stock characters, announced that he would proceed to hold an interview with "that burglar" who had concealed himself in the closet. Stepping to the door of the closet he propounded the familiar ventriloquist question, "What are you doing in there?" followed by the order, "Come out of that this minute." According to all precedent a squeaking voice should have replied, begging for mercy, and assigned some utterly preposterous excuse for its pretended owner's presence on the premises. Instead of the regulation reply the door of the closet suddenly flew open; a stalwart thief sprang out, knocked down the ventriloquist—whose head struck the piano with a delicious crash—and rushed for the door. A local inspector of gas meters, who happened to be present, and was, of course, professionally familiar with the manners



THE HOST SENT FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

and customs of burglars, and of the best methods of dealing with them, instantly caught the burglar by the throat, and informed him that unless he instantly surrendered, his supply of breath would be cut off, and that he would find it difficult to induce the company to restore it. The burglar being wise in his generation, instantly surrendered, and sat down in the nearest chair to wait for any decision as to his fate that those present might make.

Not a man present dreamed of delivering the captive to the police. On the contrary a subscription was immediately taken up on his behalf, and he was presented with the sum of seven pounds nine and fourpence. Even the gas inspector contributed to the fund, remarking, as he handed over a five-shilling piece, that it was the duty of a man to be benevolent, especially when he could reimburse himself at the expense of gas consumers. The women, not content with contributing their husbands' money to the testimonial fund, grasped the burglar warmly by the hand, and assured him of their belief that he would hereafter lead a virtuous life; and the host, in whose closet the burglar had been found, sent out to the nearest public-house for a bottle of champagne, which was opened for the benefit of the astonished felon. He departed from the house loaded with benefits, and it was not until nearly two hours later that a doctor was reluctantly summoned to prescribe for the still insensible ventriloquist.

Of course there are people who still believe that the burglar was hired to conceal himself in the closet, in order to bring the ventriloquist's entertainment to a happy close. This is, however, irreconcilable with the fact that no one, except the host, knew that the ventriloquist was to be one of the guests; and that even the host did not know with any certainty that the ventriloquist would pretend that a burglar was in the closet, or anywhere else. The affair was merely a beautiful illustration of poetic justice. The fact that the ventriloquist did not die, but fully recovered, after much excellent suffering from the effects of the burglar's blow, did not materially diminish the happiness of the event, for the effect of the incident upon the ventriloquist was so deep and lasting that he signed a pledge of total abstinence from ventriloquism in every form, and even undertook to convert other ventriloquists to a sense of the error of their ways. Materialists and sceptics may say that the presence of the burglar in the closet was due to design, but generous and uncontaminated souls will indignantly scout so narrow and chilling an interpretation of a great and glorious event. It is to be hoped that our enterprising burglars will be encouraged by this story to go and do likewise. They may rest assured that every burglar who conceals himself in a house where a social ventriloquist is to perform, and who at the fitting moment appears and knocks the ventriloquist on the head, will be hailed with universal enthusiasm, and will go home with his pockets full of money honestly and honourably earned.

HOW CHARLES SANSON DE LONGVAL BECAME HEADSMAN.

In the year 1662 I was a lieutenant in the regiment of M. le Marquis de Laboissière, which was quartered in the town of Dieppe. One day I had a bad fall from my horse. They carried me to the abode of a poor man who lived in the Clos Maudit. He tended me until I was cured. But I caught an illness more serious. I fell in love with his daughter, Marguerite. At first I tried hard not to think of her, but at length, yielding in spite of myself, I found myself in the road near her house. I went round the hedge, and catching sight of her in the garden, I leapt the enclosure, and running up to her confessed my love. The girl was not angry, but she begged me to go away as her father might come out and see us. I obeyed at last, and left her. But henceforth I paid her regular visits. My love increased so much that I cherished her as if she had been a queen's daughter. One day I received a summons from M. le Marquis de Laboissière. On entering I found him in violent anger against me. He told me I had disgraced the regiment by my affection for the daughter of an executioner, speaking of her in such terms as I dare not repeat out of respect for her memory. Hearing which I retorted so bitterly that M. le Marquis ordered me to remain under arrest until he had acquainted the King with my conduct. At this I drew my sword and breaking it over my knee, I told him he could dispense with writing to the King, as I resigned my commission. I then left him, but fearing he would have me arrested, I saddled my horse, resolved to go forth and embark for India. I would not go without bidding farewell to my mistress. I therefore rode to the Clos Maudit. The house was dark, but I saw a light through the crack of the door in the shed adjoining, and at the same time heard a deep groan. Although not easily moved I shuddered like a leaf. I looked through the chinks and saw Marguerite, my beloved Marguerite, stretched on the leathern torture bed, her cruel father looking more like a tiger than a man, had placed her foot in the boot of torture, and with his own hand was striking a spike red with his daughter's blood. At each blow he repeated with rage, "Confess! confess!" and the poor girl throwing herself backwards, with tears and shrieks, implored God to bear witness to her innocence. I only saw this cruelty for a moment. I picked up a small beam, and smashed the door into splinters at a single blow. When he recognised me, Master Jouanne seized his large sword and vowed that if I stirred in his daughter's defence, he would strike her head from her shoulders. I fell on my knees, crying and moaning, as poor Marguerite was doing when I entered. Master Jouanne then asked me whether I brought the name of his daughter's lover, which he sought to obtain by torment. I replied by confessing my fault, confessing that I alone was guilty, and not his saint-like and virtuous daughter. Hearing this, Master Jouanne burst into tears, he sank before the bed of torment, he unloosed the boot from his daughter's leg, and taking her foot between his hands, he kissed her wounds, imploring her pardon with so much grief that he would have drawn tears from a stone. At this I expressed my intention of leaving the country for India, and told him I was ready to take Marguerite for my wife. Jouanne seemed moved, and turning to his daughter told her that this was a question for her to answer. The poor girl then took those hands which had just done her so much violent and bloody harm, kissed them, and said she would not leave her father for the crown of India. I therefore proposed that we should all go together, but Jouanne answered that as a tardy change of profession could not prevent me from despising him, and in time my wife, he would only consent if my love was strong enough to share the shame and hatred which fell on himself and his child, and that I could only atone for my crime by becoming an executioner myself.—From *Memoirs of the Sanson*.

POPPIES AND MANDRAGORA.

I lean against the lion at the gate,
And strive to break the bars that rise between us,
To pierce the mystery relentless Fate
Has hidden in your sunken eyes, Silenus;
Whose cruel lips in cynic mockery play
The same for ever, now as yesterday.

Ah! you have seen a brighter world than this,
When life was young and merry spring love-laden,
When earth and heaven met in tender kiss
And man awoke to woo his nut-brown maiden;
Then Eros reigned within this garden gay—
Eros has died since that glad yesterday.

And gods came down to see the wondrous earth
So beautiful in that first golden dawning,
And all the stars of heaven sung with mirth,
And earth-born daughters charmed the sons of morning.
The gods have gone, the starlight has grown grey,
And songs have ceased since that blest yesterday.

And next adown the ages, sons of men,
Born from the womb of time in painless yearning,
Burst into being, lived and loved, and then
Vanished to that far land of no returning,
And you have laughed as these have passed away
In the dense mist of long-lost yesterday.

Then came the kings with battle-axe and crown,
And taught the nations all the lust of slaughter—
To slay, to burn, to hew their fellows down
To drink men's blood when they have thirst for water;
The kings have warred, triumphed, and passed away,
The fountain still runs red from yesterday.

And you have seen this garden's fairyland
Brightened with infant song and lisping laughter,
And little children toddling hand in hand
Beneath the trees that hid the woe hereafter;
This lawn their tiny feet have pressed in play,
The grass has grown again since yesterday.

And in the summer night, 'neath myrtle shade,
When in the silent sky the moon was shining,
The rustic lover sought the timorous maid
And lip met lip in innocent divining;
You have looked on and laughed in bitter way,
At vows so long forgot since yesterday.

And from the monarch's court down this green lane,
Where even now some perfume faintly lingers,
Came haughty ladies with a princely train
To garland dainty flowers with daintier fingers.
While lords bowed low in proud and stately way
To kiss their hands in that sweet yesterday.

But over yonder on the mountain-steep,
Where night-winds through the cypresses are sighing,
Another garden blossoms where they sleep
In calm and dreamless rest for ever lying,
And you laugh on, as mourners come to pray,
For the eternal dead of yesterday.

As I yet linger by the iron gate
A mist of tears rises up between us,
For I am weeping at the fearful fate
That glitters in your hollow eyes, Silenus;
Laughing to scorn, as I pass on my way,
All that the world has been since yesterday.

ALFRED SLADE.

In "TO-DAY" for MAY 4th.
Will be Commenced a Series of
SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE AND CHARACTER,
BY
GEORGE GISSING.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

A customer last week brought into my shop Mrs. Humphreys, who as "Rita" has charmed such thousands and thousands of seaside library readers—a little dark woman, with particularly bright brown eyes, very French both in her dress and her appearance, and with rather a foreign accent. She seems a most sympathetic, kindly woman, and has a very prepossessing face.

* * * *

Mr. Le Gallienne went to America the other day. I think I am not far out when I attribute this sudden visit to a desire to make arrangements in person with the agents who have approached him to follow in the footsteps of Dr. Conan Doyle in the next American lecturing season.

* * * *

A few days ago someone—I think it was Mr. J. T. Grein, the genial and witty Dutchman, who has done so much for the drama in England by giving us the Independent Theatre, brought into the shop Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian Shakespeare, who ran over from Belgium (in a whole gale of wind) from a Monday to a Thursday to be present at a couple of performances of his plays at Mr. Grein's Theatre. Unfortunately I was very busy attending on an old lady who was buying prizes for a Sunday-school when he came in, so the only impressions I have retained are that he was a little man who spoke a little English. A good customer of mine, Mr. William Archer, who I rather think "discovered" Mr. Maeterlinck for England, has told me a deal about the Belgian Shakespeare, but from the translations I have read I should think it would be more appropriate to call him the Belgian Ibsen.

* * * *

C. A. H. writes: "Sir,—Will you kindly inform me through your columns in To-Day, whether the book named below is of any special value? 'The Works of William Hogarth in a Series of Engravings; with descriptions and a comment on their moral tendency, by the Rev. John Tensler, to which are added anecdotes of the author and his works, by J. Hogarth and J. Nichols.' It is published by Jones and Co., Temple of the Muses (late Sackington's), Finsbury Square, 1833. If the book is worth disposing of I should be glad to know its approximate value, and also how to obtain a good purchaser for it." Of course, as an old-established bookseller I ought to know all about it. But I never did go in for rare books like my old friend Mr. Quaritch. The best authority on Hogarth matters, as far as I know, among my customers is Mr. Clement K. Shorter, editor of *The Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*.

* * * *

If Mr. Setoun had been a little better known he would probably have come in for a castigation at the hands of Mr. J. H. Millar in the *New Review*. I must own to a certain dissatisfaction with Mr. Millar's methods, however the great army of the unemployed (in literature) may applaud his singling out for attack two or three men whose merits have received full justice. Why need he attack what they may have said to an interviewer—in all probability very incorrectly reported, and worked up to make good copy? If Mr. Henley was being interviewed, or Mr. Asquith, or any more unsympathetic person, he would probably say something indiscreet which would grow by the telling. Why did Mr. Millar not confine himself to attacking their writings, by which he would be the first to say that they should be judged?

* * *

In my own particular line of bookselling nothing has pleased me so much as the announcement that Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., whose "Acme" series are little gems of typography, have taken over Professor Edward Arber's publications. I remember the late Mr. Walter Pater's delight when I first showed him one of the æsthetic little volumes in its paper covers of dark brown, with a sort of grape-bloom on it, and its beautiful black lettering. I cannot recall now whether it was Sir Walter Raleigh's "Last Fight of the 'Revenge' at Sea," or John Lyly's "Euphues," or "Roger Ascham," or what; but I remember that it took the famous Epicurean by storm. I used to stock them also in a smooth brown linen binding, with parchment backs and points, which were very effective.

* * * *

In common with most booksellers, I have always found great difficulty in making my shop windows attractive. This branch of the business requires a lot of attention, because if you are not very careful your windows present the same appearance day after day, and customers think you have nothing new to show them. Consequently, I was very glad the other day to get hold of a new addition of Smollett's works, edited by Mr. G. Saintsbury, and bound in pretty green covers. The whole edition is not out yet, but a start has been made with "Roderick Random," which is issued in three volumes at 2s. 6d. each net. I bought enough to make one row in my window, and a very pretty row they made. What is better still, however, is that the row has diminished within the last few days, and I feel sure that people who bought "Roderick Random" in this edition will purchase the rest of the series. In fact, in many cases I have booked their orders.

* * * *

When I was a lad, amateur reciters were much more uncommon than they are to-day. But within the last few years I have had so many young ladies and gentlemen in my shop asking for "some good recitations," that I have made it my business to pay special attention to the wants of reciters. I always keep the newest collections of recitations, and so I have just laid in a stock of "Voice, Speech, and Gesture" (C. W. Deacon and Co.). The book not only contains a large selection of works in prose and verse suitable for recitation, but hints on reciting by that well-known authority, Mr. Clifford Harrison, and advice about recitations with music, by Mr. F. Corder, R.A.M. I know I am safe in prophesying a large sale for this book.

* * * *

When Mr. Stanley Weyman was in my shop the other day, he told me of the difficulty he had in selecting a suitable title for his story now running through To-Day. He first called it "Denise," but soon changed his mind, and renamed it "The Black Cockade." This was altered to "The Green Cockade," which gave way to its present title.

* * * *

I have just been reading the newest pseudonym, "Under the Chilterns," by "Rosemary" (T. Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.). It is a pretty little story, and one can smell the fresh country air when reading it. I am sure no illustration could give one a better idea of the heroine's presence than the author's word picture does: "Rosamund was a well-grown girl of twelve—dark brown hair, with a golden gleam in it, a little curly, parted in the middle, and brushed down as smoothly as it would go on each side of a broad low forehead, and plaited at the back with two tight tails, the end of each tied across to the top of the other with brown ribbons—giving the effect of a door-knocker—large, long shaped grey eyes, a straight nose, and a widish mouth."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Curious.—A new edition of Henry Kingsley's works is being published by Ward, Lock and Bowden.

Joe.—Yes, Mr. Barry Pain is an Englishman. He was interviewed in the *Sketch* some months ago.

Yarm.—I am afraid your books are not worth much. An encyclopædia must be quite up to date to be valuable.

Newsvendor.—Your best plan would be to advertise your wants.

L.C.—Mr. A. P. Watts' address is Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—One of your pettest of pet colours is a great favourite this season—dove-grey. Do you remember, but, of course, you do, the sweet dove-tinted gown you were wearing when Jack proposed? I can see it now, with its pink ribbon blushing through folds of white chiffon at the throat, and your narrow rim of linen collar showing above it. I never see anywhere a girl so neat as you about the neck, and George Meredith, in a delicious passage in "The Egoist" has just described the back of your neck with its irregular but always glossy little rings and tendrils of hair.

Let me tell you about a dove-grey faced cloth gown I saw the other day. The very much gored skirt was lined with rose-pink silk and edged with a narrow ribbon ruching in dove-grey. The bodice was like a double one, the underpart being pink silk, and the fronts and backs drawn up over it like a drapery, meeting on the shoulders under a bow of pink and dove ribbons. The whole of the pink silk that showed between was braided closely in dove-colour, a lovely contrast. The sleeves were in the cloth, and were not so enormously full as we have been accustomed to see them; the long, tight part, from elbow to wrist, was pink silk braided in dove-grey. A sweet little cape of the cloth was lined with pink bengaline, and braided down the front (both inside and out) to a depth of about an inch and a half. An enormous flow of black satin ribbons reversed with pink began just over the hook whereby this cape was fastened at the throat, and an equally extensive—and expensive—cascade of the same (half-a-crown a yard!) issued from the centre of the full black lace ruffle at the back. This ruffle was sewn on a pink silk collar which showed slightly through.

MISS AIDA JENOURE IN "GENTLEMAN JOE."

Don't you want that gown? Yes! I knew you would.

I always try to think out a hat to go with any pretty dress I see, and for this one I fancy a black chip with pink roses and black feathers, with a few dove-coloured ostrich tips curling over upon the pink roses. Fashion would insist on a bunch or two of violets at the back, and a cluster of real ones pinned on the left side of the cape.

I think that part of the charm of this pretty union of dove and pink lies in the association of ideas: the suggestion of quaker-like demureness and sobriety in the first, and of bright and springlike happiness in the second.

Muslin collars and cuffs are a great feature of dress this season, and they are quite remarkably becoming to young, fresh faces. Some are so plain of make as to be almost like the ones that widows wear. Others have frills of yellow lace added to the white muslin, and the very newest have coloured spots worked upon them. The collars turn down over the dress collars, and the cuffs turn back over those of the sleeves in a fashion that reminds one of an Eton boy. These are called "Puritan"; but, like many other titles given in the dressmaking and millinery world, it is something of a misnomer when frills of lace are added.

Some of the square lawn collars with long ends coming to the waist are very good style, but it is not everyone they would suit. It must be a good complexion indeed that could stand such an expanse of flat whiteness near the face.

You would like the new ruffles of black chiffon with long kilted ends in front and a pink rose under each ear, or a bunch of violets or forget-me-nots or daffodils. They are sweetly becoming. For evening they are white or in pale colours. I saw a pale green one with pink poppies on one side, the hearts of them in black velvet—it looked good enough to eat.

The new evening cloaks are like tea-gowns, the fulness being set upon a yoke back and front. Among the prettiest I have seen was one in powder-blue brocade, lined with amber satin and finished round the neck with amber chiffon and a cluster of forget-me-nots. It was like a domino, very smart and handsome.

The price? From twenty guineas upward. How lovely it would be to be able to afford one!

I send you an illustration of the costume worn by Miss Aida Jenoure in "Gentleman Joe."

This would be a handsome and effective afternoon dress. It was made by Swan and Edgar, and illustrates some of the latest phases of the fashion. The skirt is made of white glacé silk striped with black satin, and the bodice is black satin covered with folds of net sewn thickly with sequins in jet and metallic blues and greens. The collar is in dark petunia velvet. The sleeves (ending at the elbows) are billowy puffings of white chiffon with a small bow of petunia velvet on each. The waist is outlined with similar velvet. The toque is velvet

With the Japanese Troops

JAMES CREELMAN, the American War Correspondent, in his dispatch to New York, dated PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 24, 1894, writes:

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with two outstanding white wings separated by a red rose, and supplemented by black tips disposed very high. A few red roses rest on the hair at the back.

I suppose spring has really come? One scarcely dares to feel sure of it. There is not much balminess in the air as yet, but April is often stern just at first, giving us only chilly smiles until she warms to her work a little and learns to laugh at her own tears. I saw some people buying sunshades this afternoon, and wondered at anyone being able so practically to project the mind into a sunny future on so bleak and grey a day. But perhaps they were going south; happy persons!

Black satin either dies hard or has nine lives, like a cat. It is now again at the very topmost altitude of fashion, and you could not have a smarter gown than one of this material, with a cape to match trimmed with pointed guipure round the neck, headed by a chiffon ruffle. And black satin blouses, with a black velvet box-pleat, and cut-steel buttons down the front, are both modish and becoming; some of them have a collar of guipure more or less pronounced in shape or size.

Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amata.—It will be some weeks before green vegetables are cheap again. Why not utilise the bounteous store of tinned or bottled vegetables that are ready to your hand? We have been having green peas, French beans, and okra now and then during the scarcity. Considering that there is no waste whatever, they cannot be considered dear. But perhaps, you are one of the numerous persons who are prejudiced against all tinned or bottled foods? It is not surprising that there are many such in face of the dreadful instances of poisoning one reads in the papers; but you must remember we never know anything of the thousands and thousands of cases where tinned foods are eaten and prove perfectly wholesome; and, if you notice, it is almost always with the poorer classes that these cases occur, showing that it is the cheap meats that are untrustworthy. We have now been largely using tinned and bottled fruits, vegetables, soups, fish, and meats for ten years, and have only once come across a case of bad food. It was a bottle of preserved prawns, and the instant it was opened our sense of smell did its duty as sentinel, and the contents were instantaneously consigned to the hottest part of the kitchen fire.

Amine.—Turquoises are very fashionable now.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Devilled Tomatoes.—Ingredients: One pound of ripe tomatoes, three hard-boiled eggs (the yolks only), three tablespoonsful of melted butter, three tablespoonsful of vinegar, two raw eggs whipped light, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of made mustard, a good pinch of cayenne pepper. Pound the boiled yolks, rub in the butter and seasoning; beat light; add the vinegar and heat almost to boiling; stir in the beaten egg until the mixture begins to thicken. Set it in a saucepan of hot water while you cut the tomatoes in slices nearly half an inch thick. Throw in the tomatoes, they will be done in ten minutes. Lay them on a hot dish, and pour the hot sauce over them.

Lobster a la Newbury.—This is another dish that can easily be prepared in the dining-room. Cut in small pieces the flesh of a lobster, and put them in the chafing-dish with a piece of butter weighing one ounce. Toss the morsels about with a fork for three minutes, adding for seasoning a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Pour over them a wineglass of good Madeira and toss them again for about three minutes longer. Beat three yolks of eggs, and add to them a half-pint of cream. Pour this over the lobster in the chafing-dish, stirring continually while pouring, and two minutes afterwards. This is a delicious method of cooking lobster.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES AMERICANISED.

THE COLDSLAW DIAMOND ROBBERY.

For the nonce, Holmes was slighting his cocaine, and was joyously jabbing himself with morphine—his favourite seventy-per-cent. solution—when a knock came at the door; it was our landlady with the telegram. Holmes opened it and read it carefully.

"H'm," he said. "What do you think of this, Watson?"

I picked it up. "Come at once; we need you. 72, Chinchbugge Place, S.W.," I read.

"Why, it's from Athelney Jones," I remarked.

"Just so," said Holmes; "call a cab."

We were soon at the address given, 72, Chinchbugge Place, being the town-house of the Dowager Countess of Coldslaw. It was an old-fashioned mansion, somewhat weather-beaten. The old hat stuffed in the broken pane in the drawing-room gave the place an air of unstudied artistic negligence, which we both remarked at the time.

Athelney Jones met us at the door. He wore a troubled expression. "Here's a pretty go, gentlemen," was his greeting. "A forcible entrance has been made to Lady Coldslaw's boudoir, and the famous Coldslaw diamonds are stolen."

Without a word Holmes drew out his pocket-lens and examined the atmosphere. "The whole thing wears an air of mystery," he said quietly.

We then entered the house. Lady Coldslaw was completely prostrated, and could not be seen. We went at once to the scene of the robbery. There was no sign of anything unusual in the boudoir, except that the windows and furniture had been smashed and the pictures had been removed from the walls. An attempt had been made by the thief to steal the wall-paper also. However, he had not succeeded. It had rained the night before, and muddy footprints led up to the escritoire from which the jewels had been taken. A heavy smell of stale cigar smoke hung over the room. Aside from these hardly noticeable details, the despoiler had left no trace of his presence.

In an instant Sherlock Holmes was down on his knees, examining the footprints with a stethoscope. "H'm!" he said; "so you can make nothing out of this, Jones?"

"No, sir," answered the detective; "but I hope to; there's a big reward."

"It's all very simple, my good fellow," said Holmes. "The robbery was committed at three o'clock this morning by a short, stout, middle-aged, henpecked man with a cast in his eye. His name is Smythe, and he lives at 239, Toff Terrace."

Jones fairly gasped. "What! Major Smythe, one of the highest thought-of and richest men in the city?"

"The same."

In half an hour we were at Smythe's bedside. Despite his protestations, he was pinioned and driven to prison.

"For Heaven's sake, Holmes," said I, when we returned to our rooms, "how did you solve the problem so quickly?"

"Oh, it was easy, dead easy!" said he. "As soon as we entered the room I noticed the cigar smoke. It was cigar smoke from a cigar that had been given a husband by his wife. I could tell that, for I have made a study of cigar smoke. Any other but a henpecked man throws such cigars away. Then I could tell by the footprints that the man had had appendicitis. Now, no one but members of the '400' have that. Who, then, was henpecked in the '400,' and had had appendicitis recently? Why, Major Smythe, of course! He is middle-aged, stout, and has a cast in his eye."

I could not help but admiring my companion's reasoning, and told him so.

Thus ended the Coldslaw robbery, so far as we were concerned.

It may be as well to add, however, that Jones' arrant jealousy caused him to resort to the lowest trickery to throw discredit upon the discovery of my gifted friend. He allowed Major Smythe to prove a most conclusive alibi, and then meanly arrested a notorious burglar as the thief, on the flimsiest proof, and convicted him. This burglar had been caught pawning diamonds that seemed to be a portion of the plunder.

Of course, Jones got all the credit. I showed the newspaper accounts to Holmes. He only laughed, and said: "You see how it is, Watson; Scotland Yard, as usual, gets the glory." As I perceived he was going to play "Sweet Marie" on his violin, I reached for the morphine myself.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Me and 'Ankin, 'avin' took a dye off, dropped darn inter the country the other dye, doin' of the trooly rooral. Thet's a thing I ain't done since I were a boy. The wye they keeps their roads is a disgrice; you couldn't git the 'bus along 'em, were it ever so. As fur the beer, o' course I mye 'ave struck the wrong public, but if I did 'ave a feer sawmple all I says is that it 'ud brike the business of any 'ouse in Lun'nun. No, I'm glad I don't live thur. Theer's so many unconvenyunces. Suppose nar as yar've put your little bit on a 'orse; well, then, the dye the rice is run, you wornt ter see the speshul an' know whort's won. Yer cawn't do thet in the country, 'cos they don't 'ave no evenin' pipers. They don't 'ave nutthink, if it comes to thet—no 'alls, nor theayters, nor 'buses, nor kebs. It pawses me whort they does with theirselves all the time. In course there is the flars an' the noo pertiters an' things of that kind, but whort's the odds? They sends off all the best of 'em to Lun'nun, and eats the wust theirselves; and if they didn't do that, they couldn't live, and you cawnt spend the 'ole dye eatin' of pure eggs an' pure milk. 'Ankin says I don't appreshyite the booties of nychur; 'e pinted art ter me some trees in blossum along a gawden wall. "Ain't thet lovely?" 'e says. "I dunno," says I, "but its yooseful. It shows yer whur ter come if yer wornt ter pinch a bit o' froot liter on." 'Ankin 'ad a fancy fur some yeller flars as was growin' in thet gawden. Theer wasn't nobody abart; so 'e jist opened the 'gite quiet-like and slipped in. Next momunt 'e slips art agin in a 'urry with a dorg arter 'im the size of a elefunk.

* * * *

'Ankin went darn the road as 'awd as 'e could lick, and the dorg arter 'im. I stood theer laufin' fit ter split, whin all of a suddin like that dorg leaves 'Ankin an' comes arter me. Theer's sillines fur yer. I 'adn't been in the gawden and I 'adn't done nutthink. But 'ow was I ter egspline ter that poor dumb fool that 'e was a goin' fur the wrong man?—and runnin' ain't much in my line neither. I didn't know 'awdly whort ter do. Theer wasn't no tree handy whort I could climb, nor a stone on the road wuth chuckin'. So I 'ollers art and lies ararnd me with my stick, and kips 'im orf that wye fur a minnit. Then a little gel comes art o' the gawden—she weren't more'n five or six year old neither; she goes hup ter that dorg, kitches 'im by 'is collar, an' drags 'im orf. And 'e went with 'er, a-waggin' 'is tile, as meek as any bloomin' lamb. 'Ankin's ideer was thet we oughter ring the bell an' compline as that dorg 'ad flewed at us as we was a pawsin' by; 'e thought it might mean 'awf-a-doller each by wye of compensishun. Well, I didn't. I shawn't go theer no more. It ain't 'ospiterble keepin' that sort o' dorg abart. Theer's a good many of 'em does it in the country, and it's a wunder as theer ain't more axerdunts. It didn't ought ter be allard.

AT A CONCERT.

Concert Hall, nine o'clock p.m. Concert half over, audience half interested, accompanist half tired, artistes half excited. Tall thin soprano reaches end of song.

Tall Thin Soprano (*sings austerely*)—

And there where the angels are sing-ing,
I shall lay, I shall lay, I shall la-a-a-y me down (*pause* and (*pause again. Draws long breath*) r-r-rest.

(*Audience applauds.* Tall Thin Soprano *relaxes sternness of expression, beams amiably and goes.*)

Young Lady (*applauding*). I've a good mind, Ethel, to buy one of these pieces, you know, and work away at it until I learn it all off by heart from beginning to end, and then I can sing it every time I go out anywhere.

Ethel. That *would* be rather nice, Louisa.

Louisa. When I'm out people come up to me you know, and they say, "Come, Miss Richards, *you've* got a singing face. What are *you* going to give us?" and I have to pretend always that I haven't brought me music. And I *do* 'ate havin' to tell a story unless it's —well *you* know what I mean—unless it's really necessary.

Ethel. I always prefer to tell the truth myself—if I can.

Louisa. That's *my* point. Besides with me I'm so ridiculous. If I do go and tell much of a crammer I get quite red in the face over it.

Ethel (*reprovingly*). Oh that's very absurd of you.

Louisa. I know it's absurd, dear, but (*frankly*) I can't help it. My sister Dorothy now, *she's* just the reverse. Mother often says that if she ever wanted anyone to walk up to the mouth of a cannon she should choose Dorothy. But of course (*vaguely*) it's all according to your nature, isn't it?

Ethel. What's the next song?

Louisa. "A Lullaby." That ought to be rather nice. (*Artiste enters.*) Oh, here she is. (*Purses her lips.*) Bodice cut rather low.

Ethel (*tolerantly*). Suits some people.

Louisa (*primly*). It don't suit *me*.

Deep Contralto (*sings*).

Sing me to sleep, my dear, my dear,
Send me to dreamland softly,
(louder) Whisper your sweet song in my ear,
(still louder) Murmur and I shall hear thee.
(louder) Soft as the winds from the balmy south
(much louder) Faintly the notes come.

Mature Young Person (*whispers behind programme*). And so I put some fresh trimming round the sleeves and wore rather a nice fichu that Mr. Clodd gave me, and *he* said—of course *I* don't know—but *he* said I looked as well as anyone in the whole room.

Her Friend (*politely*). Fancy that! Talking about dresses, though, you know that brown dress that I wore so long, don't you?

Mature Young Lady. Do I not.

Her Friend. Well, you'll never guess what I've been and done with it.

Mature Young Lady. Given it away.

Her Friend (*whispering confidentially*). Bought some new lace very cheap indeed—*very* cheap, but quite good enough for ordinary wear, you know, and tacked it all round the top, and (*triumphantly*) I assure *you*, my dear, it makes it look for *all* the world like a new dress.

Mature Young Lady (*with suggestion of doubt*). Really? I shouldn't have thought that!

Exhausted Contralto (*sings*).

Mur-mur and I shall—hear—(*Pause. Then, with loud burst of confidence*)—thee. (*Exit.*)

Friend (*applauding absently*). Oh, it's wonderful what you can do if you're only handy with your needle. *I* never waste anything if I can help it. People often say to me, "Miss Beecher," they say, "however *do* you manage to always look so stylish?" and, really, I'm surprised at myself sometimes. Who's this coming on now? (Pale Youth *comes on platform.*)

Pale Youth (*sings*).

Sing hey, sing ho, for the highwayman bold,
And the dancing on the green;
For never as yet, so I've been told,
A gallanter seeker for jewels and gold
Has ever this wide world seen—
Has ever this wide world seen.
For whether by night——

Humorous Youth (*to companion*). I say, Miss Smith!

Miss Smith (*giggling hysterically*). Now begin your nonsense again.

Humorous Youth. Look at this chap's dress tie. It's working round his neck to see what all the row's about.

Miss Smith (*convulsed*). Oh, I declare, I'll *never* come out to a concert with you again so long as I live.

Humorous Youth. Well, I shan't ask you if you ain't alive that's a very sure thing.

(Miss Smith *rolls in her seat with suppressed hilarity,* Highwayman *finishes song,* Dapper Little Man *skips on the platform and bows.*)

Dapper Little Man (*speaks*). Ladies and gentlemen, the other evening a country cousin of mine came up to town and insisted that I should take him to a music hall.

Ladies in Audience (*to each other, gleefully*). Oh, I say.

Dapper Little Man. Now, of course, *I* was very much shocked (*murmurs of polite derision*), but I very soon got over that, and we started off. We turned into the Pavoli or the Tivolion (I really forget which), and we saw there a young lady who was singing a song which, with your kind permission, I will endeavour to reproduce.

(*Cheers. He seats himself at pianoforte, strikes few chords, then turns and faces audience.*)

Dapper (*sings in falsetto voice*).

I'm always asking questions, I'm *such* a silly thing,
I often get myself into a row.
When beaux to see my sister come, I say "Have you the ring?"
And then they colour up all anyhow.
But though I am an artless, sweet, enquiring little girl,
I know a——

Acid Girl (*to Neighbour*). Rather silly, I think, don't you, dear?

Neighbour (*tolerantly*). Oh, well, it makes people laugh.

Acid Girl (*with severity*). I don't think that's any excuse at all. There's no advantage in laughing and in making yourself a guy that *I* can see. I'm sure *I* don't laugh—not what you may call a laugh—from one week's end to the other. Some girls now are all on the giggle.

Neighbour. I think the happy medium's the best.

Acid Girl. I don't agree with you there, dear. I think you always want to be either one thing *or* the other. No half-and-half measures for *me*.

Neighbour. I've always had an idea that a good hearty laugh did you good. I know I read something about it somewhere in a paper. Oh, *do* look at him now (*laughs consumedly*). Isn't he making an absurd face?

Dapper (*sings*).

For you see I always want to get to *know* a bit;
My schooling's been neglected in my youth.
If there's anything you know, come and whisper it to Flo,
But tell me naught that isn't quite the truth.

(*After last refrain, Dapper rises and hints at a few steps. Audience delighted.*)

Dapper (*speaks*). The next item on the programme was a mandoline solo, an imitation of which, with your kind permission, I would attempt to offer you, only that I am suffering from a cold. I will pass on to a comic song, which I will endeavour to reproduce.

(*Chords on Piano.*)

First Mother (*whispering*). My young Willy's the one that would enjoy this, you know. Oh, he *is* a comical little card.

Second Mother. How nice!

First Mother (*gleefully*). The things he says! Takes his pa up, bless you, directly he makes a bit of a slip in his grammar, or what not, and it *does* make the rest of us laugh so.

Second Mother. And doesn't your husband mind?

First Mother. Well, as a matter of fact (*apologetically*), pa's rather queer in that way. He gets rather cross about it sometimes, and then Master Willy has to stop it for a bit. But (*with renewed delight*) you should hear the puns that boy makes.

Second Mother. I'm very fond of puns myself. That is to say, of course, when they're good.

First Mother. Oh, my boy Willy's are very good. There's a friend of ours whose name happens to be Bacon, and I can assure you that when he comes to see us that boy will sit there and make pun after pun about Mr. Bacon's name.

Second Mother. Makes the home bright and lively, I daresay.

First Mother. Oh, *very* lively.

Mr. Dapper (*sings*).

And we all went home on shutters, boys,
On the night of Bink's birthday.

(*Speaking.*) After that we came out of the music-hall and wended our respective ways home. It only remains now, ladies and gentlemen, for me to thank you for the kindness with which—— (*Applause.*)

Louisa. Who's the next supposed to be? Here's the programme—"Recitation by Miss Violet Verequeer." (*Yawns.*) We'll just hear the beginning of it, and then we'll go.

(*Enter on platform* Miss Violet Verequeer. *She is a cheerful young person with a fluffy fringe and dimple. She nods to one or two friends.*)

Miss Verequeer (*smiling*). "The Russian Serf," by Anon. A poem. (*Coughs and assumes a frown*).

"The Russian serf, his limbs (*holds out wrists*) in chains,
Plodded along (*walks*) the snowy road.
Behind (*points to piano*) were hundreds such as he,
Their hearts (*slaps corsage*) a heavy weary load.
'Get on, you dog,' the soldiers (*puts hand to mouth*) cried;
They flicked their whips (*snaps fingers*), and swore and cursed;
'Get on, or else as' (*points to ceiling*) 'heaven's above,'
'Well——'"

Omnes. Oh, let's slip out quietly.

(*They slip out.*)

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A SHORT LIFE.

I called on the rival leaders, Tricoupis and Delyannis, just as decisive returns of the Greek general election were coming in. Tricoupis, who had expected a narrow majority, but had literally swept the board, was nervous and irritable. He stood in his study by the fireplace, while telegraph messengers succeeded each other with fresh news; half-a-dozen henchmen sat at a big table, jotting down and calculating. Presently Tricoupis turned to me and said, gloomily, "I have an enormous majority." I said I hoped he would allow me to offer my hearty congratulations. "Yes, yes, yes!" he growled, impatiently turning his back upon me. Every other time I saw him he was the most courteous and punctilious of men.

* * * *

Delyannis, on the other hand, was wreathed as ever in soapy smiles. I was received by his niece, who admitted quite frankly that the defeat was a crushing disappointment to them all. When Delyannis came in she left us, and he hastened to assure me that he was not in the least disappointed, as he knew his turn would come again presently. He told me Constanopoulos' Ministry consisted of utterly unknown people, unknown even to each other until they met at the Palace to kiss hands on their appointments.

I had an interview with M. Constanopoulos during the short period when he was Prime Minister of Greece. He told me he had once known a distinguished Conservative statesman. "Disraeli?" I suggested. "No," he replied—"the man who succeeded Disraeli. Lord—Lord—what was his name?" "Lord Beaconsfield," I suggested. "Yes, that was his name. He was Disraeli's rival in the Conservative party, and took his place." At first I thought the Greek Premier very ignorant. Then I reflected that he had perhaps uttered a truth without knowing it. Disraeli and Beaconsfield were surely different beings.

* * * * *

I saw General Boulanger the day before the general election which extinguished him. There was no sign of excitement. His house in Portland Place looked as deserted as Sleeping Beauty's castle, and the door-bell rang as if it had not been rung for years. In the anteroom was a comic paper with a cartoon of Clémenceau, Ferry, and others as firemen with hose vainly trying to put out the sun, which had a face like the General. He told me he expected a majority of precisely 30. I said that was very little; but he replied that in France a majority always grew like a snowball. I asked, "Why?" and he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "*Il y a toujours des moutons qui reviennent.*"

* * * * *

Boulanger has been blamed and ridiculed for running away from France when there was a chance of a successful coup d'état. I once had a long chat with a Paris cabman on the subject, and he told me the unanimous opinion of his friends was that Boulanger would have been arrested, and poisoned in prison.

* * * * *

I was introduced to Mr. Parnell in the cloak-room of the House of Commons, and found him the reverse of what I expected. Instead of being cold and supercilious, he spoke to me with an old-fashioned courtesy, choosing his words carefully, and overwhelming me with compliments. He began by telling me that the future of the country was in the hands of the young men, and went on to say that he considered my having entertained John Dillon at Cambridge a proof of great moral courage. His manner and phraseology were very much what I should have expected from Disraeli. During Mr. Parnell's last campaign in Ireland I offered to come and help. He sent me a long telegram in reply, full of compliments and thanks—a graceful and unnecessary act in a busy man.

* * * * *

The Sultan's favourite aide-de-camp is General Ahmed Ali Pasha. The Sultan gave him the nickname of Sugar Pasha, because his manners are so sweet, and everybody at Constantinople calls him by it—even on ceremonious cards of invitation. He paints a great deal in oils, and by no means badly for an amateur. His landscapes and still life are quite well done, but a large portrait of a woman which he showed me does not bear comparison with the others. This he explained by telling me that in Turkey it is forbidden to pose a model, so he had to evolve a woman from his inner consciousness.

One day I told him he looked tired, and must have been keeping late hours. He replied that he had gone to bed at such and such a time. Then he stopped, and ceremoniously apologised for the phrase. It is considered a breach of good manners in Turkey to refer, directly or indirectly, to the harem or anything in it.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3*d*. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London Est. 1866.—Advt.

IN THE CITY.

THE GREAT NORTHERN AND CITY RAILWAY COMPANY.—I.

Our attention has been directed to the fact that the promoters of this Company have applied to Parliament for an extension of time for completing their works, and we have been asked, in view of the possibility of the re-issue of the prospectus at some future date, to say something about the scheme and those who are behind it.

The Great Northern and City Railway Company has been formed for the purpose of constructing and working a three-mile line, mostly underground, and intended to compete for suburban traffic. The motive power is to be electricity, and it is quite possible that, given economical construction and sagacious management, the line, running as it would through a densely-populated district, might pay. But these conditions do not seem to us to be present, and the record of the promoters is not one to inspire great confidence.

It will be seen from the prospectus, which was advertised at the end of January, that—

> A contract has been entered into with Mr. J. W. Willans (who constructed the Liverpool Overhead Electric Railway) for the construction and equipment of the Railway and Works for a fixed maximum sum.

This paragraph implies that the Great Northern and City Company will be the gainer by having secured the services of the constructor of the Liverpool Overhead Electric Railway, and that it will be a further gainer by having contracted for the construction and equipment of the railway and works "for a fixed maximum sum." Neither of these contentions can, we think, be maintained.

Who is Mr. John William Willans? Well, when the City and Southwark Subway was commenced this gentleman was agent in Manchester, as we are informed, for the Messrs. Oliver, of Chesterfield. He also did a little jobbing in the iron market. Mr. Willans got an order for the supply of a portion of the cast-iron for the subway. Seeing that ironfounders were most anxious themselves to supply the contractor with castings, it is not unreasonable to assume that Mr. Willans was assisted in this matter, more or less, by his friend Mr. James Henry Greathead, who financed and carried out the subway. Be that as it may, Mr. Willans, as the prospectus reminds us, constructed the Liverpool Overhead Railway, in which, by the way, he was greatly helped by other contractors. But we cannot see anything in Mr. Willans's connection with the Liverpool Railway to warrant the conclusion that he is an exceptionally good man for the construction of the London line under discussion. It is an open secret that he made a very large profit from the Liverpool contract, and if he was able to do so under the conditions then existing, he will probably make a much larger profit out of the London company. The capital of the Liverpool Overhead Railway was £70,000 per mile, or about 30s. per foot of double line. The capital of the Great Northern and City Company is to be £500,000 per mile, or about £10 per foot of double line. That is a tremendous figure for two single line cast-iron tunnels driven in the clay, a system of construction that does not entail the purchase of property.

This question of price goes, needless to say, to the bottom of the business. It may be that for reasons of which we are ignorant half a million sterling per mile is not an excessive price to pay for the construction and equipment of a railway such as we have described. But however that may be, it would be interesting to know why Mr. Willans was given this contract without public competition, and why he was given the equipment of the company. It is not usual for contracts to be entered into by a railway company without inviting tenders, nor is it usual to leave it to a contractor to equip the line. But it should be noted that the contract for the Liverpool Overhead Company was given to Mr. Willans just as the Great Northern contract is to be given to him. His name did not appear upon the prospectus, but, as soon as the capital had been got together, the directors announced that they had accepted the tender of Mr. J. W. Willans, of 28, Deansgate, Manchester.

The directors of the Great Northern and City Company seem to think they have done a smart thing in contracting for the work "for a fixed maximum sum." But this maximum sum notion is a delusion and a snare. It was tried by the directors of the Liverpool Overhead Railway Company, but it did not preclude the Company from entering into further contracts with Willans, nor from paying him large sums for "day work." It looks, this maximum sum method, very nice to shareholders who think they know what the job is going to cost them, but they really know nothing of the kind. When once the contract is signed the engineers are omnipotent. They are given absolute power under the agreement to vary and alter any and every thing therein as they may from time to time deem advisable. They are sole arbitrators between the company and the contractors. They may give the latter any extension of time they think fit. They alone decide all questions of amount between the company and the contractor, and from their decision there is no appeal. The engineers of the Great Northern and City Railway Company are Sir Douglas Fox and his brother, Mr. Francis Fox, with Mr. J. are H. Greathead. These gentlemen and Mr. J. W. Willans are its promoters, and in our next issue we shall have something more to say about past enterprises in which they have been concerned.

It must be understood that our criticisms do not touch upon the question whether a railway such as it is intended to build is or is not wanted over the route it is to run. We are concerned only, here and now, with the conditions under which it is to be built. The enterprise has not as yet commended itself to the investing public, but it may soon be put before them in more attractive guise, and we think we shall be rendering a public service in letting a little daylight into the inner arrangements and aims of the promoters.

AN EARL AND HIS COLLIERIES.

We print below a letter we have received from a considerable shareholder in the Earl of Dudley's Round Oak Iron and Steel Works, Limited. Our correspondent classes the vendors of this Company with "the Balfour Group," and although we are not prepared to go that length, or anywhere near it, he does well to be angry. Our correspondent writes:—

> In 1891 a glowing prospectus was issued in floating this Company with a capital of £202,000, Mr. Wm. Blakemore's report, taking a very low estimate of the price of iron, showed the following result:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | Income.. .. .. | £41,000 |
> | Interest and dividend of 10 per cent. | 21,000 |
> | | £20,000 margin left for reserve. |
>
> After three years trading there is a loss of **£22,073**, and in consequence of not paying by default of one year's interest on debentures the vendor forecloses and takes possession of the works, which are not only in better condition than when transferred, but he also takes possession of the new Steel Works, which cost **£40,000**. This is not all, for the Court sanctions a resolution that the creditors of the firm be paid 10s. in the £ in settlement of their debts, thus leaving the poor deluded shareholders nothing. As a shareholder of £—— hard saved money and all I was possessed of, I ask if nothing can be done to expose the floating of this Company, as I see no difference between it and the Balfour Group.

We supplement our correspondent's letter by quotations from the prospectus. It stated—

> 1. That the works are in active operation, and the trade connection of the highest standing.
> 2. That new branches of business have been recently developed, including the manufacture for Her Majesty's Government of high-class chain cables for the large ironclads.
> 3. That the business is capable of great extension, and that part of the capital is to be employed in putting down a steel plant which will greatly advantage the business.
> 4. That the directors will be justified in assuming, taking good and bad years, an annual net income of about £41,000.
> 5. That this net income would be sufficient to pay interest on mortgage, and 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, leaving an annual surplus of £20,000.

Here we have elaborate calculations, based upon a low estimate of profit, put forward with all the authority of the Earl of Dudley, and which promise the investor profits sufficient to pay him 10 per cent. upon his money, with ample margin for paying off debentures, providing a reserve fund, and making due provision for all contingencies.

Such was the promise; now for the performance. The Company was brought out in April, 1891. The business was taken over as from September 15th, 1890. The profit and loss for the period from September 15th, 1890, to June 30th, 1892, showed a deficit of £18,191. At the end of June, 1893, the deficit was increased to £22,073. In November, 1894, the Company went into liquidation. No dividend was ever paid. From first to last the Company was working at a loss. Had the estimates—those estimates which were said to have taken full account of good and bad years—been realised, by the 30th of June, 1892 the Company would have made a profit of £71,750; instead it had lost £18,191. And so on to the end of the chapter. Most companies of this magnitude manage to pay a dividend, or two; here there was never the sign of one.

But the story of the deal between the Earl and the public is only half told. Usually a vendor is content to make his pile

and leave the Company to do what it may with the property, or if he has to retain an interest in it he, like others, has to reckon with depreciation. But not so with the Earl of Dudley. This up-to-date young man sold the concern for £160,000. Of this £60,000 was paid in cash, and he took a mortgage upon the property for the remaining £100,000. The share capital was £202,000, divided into 20,000 ordinary shares and 200 founders' shares of £10 each. Thus, assuming the whole of the capital to be subscribed, the Company would have at its disposal £142,000. But the issue was only 16,000 ordinary shares, so that after the payment of the £60,000 to the Earl, £100,000 remained. Of this £50,000 was reserved for the erection of the additional steel plant which, according to Mr. Blakemore, was necessary for the full success of the Company, and though the figures are not given, it is to be assumed that most of the other £50,000 went, as agreed, in payment of the stocks of raw material, etc., taken over from the Earl of Dudley. Thus nearly the whole of the cash subscribed, other than the £50,000 reserved for the steel plant, went into the pockets of the Earl of Dudley. And this plant had hardly been erected when the Earl exercised his rights as mortgagee, and upon the first default in payment of interest foreclosed. Now he has the property back again for which he was paid, all told, over £100,000, improved and completed by the erection of a magnificent steel plant at the cost of the unhappy shareholders.

It is all in accordance with the letter of the bond, but that is cold comfort for men like our correspondent, who put their money into the concern on the faith of the Earl's statements as to profits, and the fact that persons like Sir Henry Howorth, M.P., were upon the Board. We are not suggesting that the Earl of Dudley and the directors were parties to wilful misstatement; but the story is not a pleasant one, and as to the why and the wherefore of failure we shall have something to say on another occasion.

JUSTICE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Some weeks ago we made some remarks upon the judicial bench in South Africa which were not flattering to the judges concerned. We have now before us the report of a trial at Johannesburg, where the editor of the *Critic*, Mr. Hess, was charged with criminal libel by one of the Transvaal judges, Mr. De Korte. Mr. Hess asserted that the judge in question was unfit to administer justice because he was heavily in debt; and it was insinuated, if not deliberately stated, that he had been in the habit of selling justice. If these charges were without foundation no punishment could be too heavy for the offence, but whilst the jury found Mr. Hess guilty of libel, as the case was presented to them, they coupled their verdict with a very strong, and even vehement, recommendation to mercy, and when sentence of two months' imprisonment was passed they with one consent petitioned for the remission of the sentence. We may then fairly say that in the opinion of the jury the judge had not been seriously libelled.

Here is an illustration of the way in which they administer justice in the High Court of the Transvaal. Some time ago a well-known man in those parts sued another for £50,000 damages. The defendant admitted in the box that he had improperly sold a property in which the plaintiff was interested for a nominal sum, in order to give the plaintiff "a shot in the eye." The property in question was worth a very large sum; the defendant sold it for £1,600. It was not denied that the plaintiff had a fifth interest in it, and judgment—the evidence was so overwhelming—was given in his favour. But what were the damages? Were they commensurate with the loss the plaintiff had sustained by the dishonest action of the defendant? They did not even amount to the one-fifth of the £1,600 for which the property was actually sold. *The judges awarded 20s.*

It may be that it was an honest judgment, but it is a curious coincidence that a week after the judgment, in which the defendant—a very wealthy man—had been let off so lightly, one of the three judges concerned paid off a portion—some £5,000—of his personal debts, the second went on a six weeks' holiday, and the third took unto himself a wife, and started on a holiday tour to England. There is only one of the Transvaal judges against whom no suspicion of corruption has been whispered, and he was a nominee of the President's. He could never get a practice at the Bar, but on the Bench he has been incorruptible, and his judgments are generally sound

ANOTHER COOLGARDIE COLLAPSE.

At the statutory meeting of the North Crœsus Gold Mine, Limited, the chairman, Sir William J. Davies, found it expedient to make the following very disquieting admission:—

> We think it right to inform you that the communications we have received from our temporary manager have not tended to confirm the reports on the property written by Captain Hawke and Mr. Moran, which appeared in the prospectus

The North Crœsus was brought out with a capital of £40,000 to buy and work a 12-acre mining lease for which the company undertook to pay £30,000, of which £19,000 was to be in cash, and this is what Captain Hawke said about the property:—

> There is no doubt to my mind but this is one of the Crœsus lodes known as Bickford's lode, from which very rich rock has been taken, giving a return by fire assay of 120 oz. to the ton.

And Mr. Moran—

> Captain Hawke is certain that these reefs, and also several others going through the property, will carry rich gold. . . . The mine is situated alongside the famous Crœsus, and has the Crœsus reefs running through it.

And the directors—

> The directors submitted the case of samples . . . with instructions to pick out and assay what they considered to be the two purest specimens. The assays of these two samples yielded fabulously large results. The directors, however, do not base their calculations on these assays.

Whatever they based them upon, they are now admitted to have been very worthless.

OUTSIDE BROKERS AND THEIR CLIENTS.

It is so seldom that a person dealing with an outside broker finds himself with a considerable balance to his credit that the correspondent who sends us the letter published below may well have been surprised at the result of his operations. But, as will be seen, the present advantage of success to the client is small. Let us hope that the "fresh capital" will be forthcoming, and that in due course the "cheque for the amount" will be forwarded. The letter runs—

> Enclosed please find Statement for End-March Account, which shows the sum of £69 1s. 10d. to your credit. It is with great regret we have to inform you that, at the moment, we are unable to send you a cheque for this difference, as, having been caught short in the American Market, we have had to pay some exceedingly heavy differences, which for the moment have crippled us.
>
> We are, however, busily engaged in arranging for the introduction of fresh capital into our business, and as such negotiations are well advanced we have every reason to believe they will be completed in a very few days, when, we need hardly say, our cheque for the amount will be forwarded to you at once.
>
> In the event of these negotiations occupying a longer time than at present anticipated, we shall be pleased to send you our acceptance at one month, always provided you think it is of any use to you.

The "any use" is good.

We hear that a company, to be called the Simmer and Jack Deep, is about to be brought out with a capital of £500,000. The company has 143 mining claims situated about two miles south of the Simmer and Jack. Report has it that it will be necessary to go 1,700 feet to strike the reef, which means the expenditure of enormous sums before returns could be hoped for. The promoters say that on the claims themselves they have several outcrop reefs, the Kimberley, Bird, and others. And they further say that from these they will be able to declare dividends right away, and whilst they are sinking for the main reef at 1,700 feet.

We strongly advise our readers not to make application for shares in this company. If they do, it is in the highest degree unlikely that they will ever see their money back.

What is this we hear about the West Australian Explorations, Limited, with a capital of £100,000, which is to take over a block of 40,000 Westralian Premier shares—shares that, as matters stand, are quite worthless, having regard to the conditions under which they are held? We have not been able to find in the prospectus any reference to these conditions. Will the directors—not Mr. A. Shaw—explain?

We shall have something to say in our next issue about another company that is being formed to buy certain claims on the Luipaard's Vlei.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Rio Tinto Mortgage Debenture. A Subscriber (Kingston).—They are a fair security. **Sundry Companies.** J. K. (Belfast).—The first two companies we cannot recommend, the other two we know nothing about. **Brokers' Charges** (Old Hill).—We are making the necessary inquiries, and will answer your letter fully next week; meantime we return papers. **The Artizans' Land and Mortgage Corporation, Limited.** T. H. (Birmingham).—This corporation, which took over the assets of the Rock Freehold Building Society, exposed and sent into liquidation by the *Star* some three years ago, is carefully managed by a competent Board, and, without looking for very brilliant results, we think you should retain your holding. **Stock Exchange Quotations** (Herts).—Buy the *Financier*, price twopence, now and again. It publishes the official list of quotations. **Spitzkop.** Regular Reader (Leeds).—We think not.

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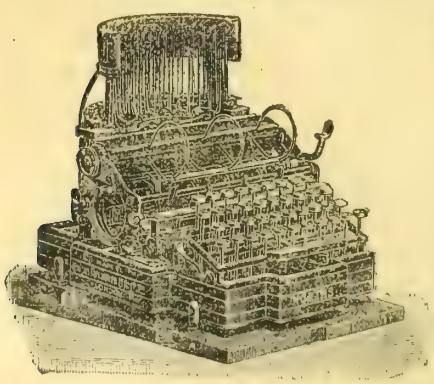

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Our teetotal lecturers tell us that one man in every four dies a drunkard's death. The actual facts, taken from the Registrar-General's returns, say that the average is from forty-seven to seventy-three persons in every million. So for the sake of an average of sixty persons in a million the comfort, happiness, convenience, and health of the whole community is to be interfered with. For the sake of these few hundred brainless loafers, who are much better dead than alive, and concerning whom it is perfectly unimportant whether they die drunk or sober, a perfectly legitimate appetite is to be denied to their millions of fellow-citizens, and one of the most agreeable gifts of the Creator refused to His creatures! It is an amusing suggestion, and shows the utter thoughtlessness with which these bigots argue. The nonsense and exaggeration spoken about the subject of drink would be comical, if it were not harmful. The eyes of the teetotal fanatic are blinded by drink. If a man is happy he says he is drunk. A bottle of wine between two people he describes as an orgie. The corpse of anyone who has not been a strict teetotaller all his life becomes in his eyes the carcase of a sot. There is a story told of an eminent doctor who discovered an hitherto unknown disease. So delighted was he with his discovery that he neglected his general practice, and thought of nothing else but his new pet, and from that moment in every patient who came to him he discovered the germs of this disease, and nothing could ever persuade him that any human being was free from it. This is the history of your teetotal fanatic. He grows so intoxicated with his own enthusiasm that he cannot see truth.

The Moderate party will be ill-advised if they take the water companies under their wing. There is not a ratepayer in London who would not subscribe ten per cent. of his income towards ruining the whole body of them. A gas company we can tolerate, the South Eastern Railway Company is popular, amongst a few; but the London water companies have not a single independent friend throughout the country, and don't deserve to have one. They do not carry out their contracts, and they over-charge and cheat the public. Every man regards them as a band of legalised thieves. They are discourteous, ungrammatical, and overbearing. For years they have—metaphorically speaking—wiped their boots upon us, and the public has determined in its own mind—and determined none too soon—to get rid of them.

The Government of a civilised country has not been ashamed to propose taking away the property of beer sellers without giving them a farthing of compensation. The wrong would be just as great were they to propose depriving the water companies of their property without payment, but the measure would, I think, pass both Houses. The water companies ought to be kicked out of London without a moment's delay, and not a pound more paid to them than the most strict and economical justice demands. I am no believer in County Council management, and I know that, as a rule, every change of masters is a change for the worse, but I cannot bring myself to believe that even a Progressive County Council could manage the water supply of London worse than it has been managed by the companies, and at all events we should have someone to abuse.

Various good men in England and America, who have been, and who still are, making money out of Mr. Wilde's works, are very energetic in suppressing the name of the author. Do these excellent managers and the excellent people who form their audiences really imagine that they are doing anything beyond making themselves ridiculous by this piece of thoughtless nonsense? The plays are good plays, and there is no getting over the fact that they are written by Mr. Oscar Wilde, which only goes to show that man is a complex animal, and can contain within his soul a good many personalities. Because we condemn the bad that is within a man, there is no need to condemn the good that is in him, and were this new morality to be applied to all art, I fear very much that some of the earlier classics might have to disappear from our libraries. A work when it goes out of a man is an accomplished fact, utterly independent of the man himself. You can obtain a good work of art from an exceedingly depraved person; you can obtain some very wicked work from an exceedingly good man. To confuse the two things is foolish—utterly foolish.

I am coming to think that men are greater slaves to fashion than are even women. If an example were needed of their absurd deference to conventionality, it might be found every Sunday afternoon at Niagara. There you will see hundreds of gentlemen skating vigorously in frock-coats, stiff shirts, high collars, and silk hats. One can hardly imagine a picture more ludicrous than the sight they present. Their hats are glued to their heads, and the perspiration pours from under them. Their coat tails wave wildly round them as they twist and turn, and their wobbling legs, cased in loose trousers, are the funniest things about them. But fashion decrees that a tall silk hat and frock-coat is the

proper dress in which to skate on a warm Sunday afternoon, and so the costume is worn. If fashion decreed that men should hunt in court costume, they would hunt in court costume; if that they should play cricket in sack coats you may be sure they would meekly obey. A woman does occasionally think for herself in the matter of dress; a man never.

Professionalism is driving the sporting spirit out of England altogether. Our young men used to be players of games; now they are only gaping spectators at a shilling or sixpence a head. They cannot play cricket; they have to hire a set of men to play it for them, while they sit round and shout. They have only muscle and pluck enough to carry them through the gate of a football field, and to enable a few thousand of them who have lost their wretched half-crowns to attack the referee. The game itself is played by a set of professional rowdies, who do not care a toss of a halfpenny whether they win or lose, provided the takings are big. England hires Scotchmen to play football for her against Scotland, and this contemptible piece of tomfoolery is dignified by the name of sport. With the exception of the University Boat Race there is not a bit of fair and honest sport left in England. It is like our precious morality—all talk and no fact. The whole system is a disgrace to the players, and a degradation to the spectators. In a few years' time, watching a game of football or cricket will be too exhausting for our modern English sportsmen. Then they will hire eight little girls to play croquet for them at the Oval, and ten thousand spectators will sit round watching them, each one fancying himself an athlete because he has got a *Sporting Times* in his pocket.

A correspondent sends me a newspaper report of a debate that took place at the lecture-room of the Nether Congregational chapel. At this debate it was decided by a small majority that the Press was a curse. That should, naturally, have settled it. The *Times* and all the other daily papers should in common decency have ceased to appear. Fleet Street should have been desolate, and the newspaper offices converted into—well, say Nether Congregational chapels. If these things have not happened, it must be because the momentous decision at which these good people have arrived has not been reported as widely and fully as they would have wished. Well, I am glad to give them the help of a little advertisement. I am case-hardened myself and quite used to being considered a curse, but if any of my fellow editors are sufficiently sensitive they will doubtless stop their papers at once. Then we can have the whole world remodelled—made again, and made different—by a few people in the Nether Congregational chapel. How nice it will be!

The parsons seem to be surprised that the young men hold aloof from the Churches, and regard religion as a bore rather than as a blessing. The wonder is that there can be found any young men so poor spirited, so wanting in proper pride and intelligence, as to allow themselves to be dictated to by the fanatical old women who seem at present to be the controlling influence throughout the religious world. Here is an example of the imbecility exhibited by Manchester "Christians." The Manchester Y.M.C.A. started a gymnasium where boxing, fencing, and wrestling are prohibited as being worldly and violent. Trapeze practice has also been discontinued for fear of accidents. Then this Manchester Old Woman's Christian Association offers prizes, to be selected by the winner, but when the gentleman selects French classical literature the secretary refuses to supply him on the plea that such works are not fit for young men.

Then that young man applies for a copy of Sterne's works, but is again refused, the secretary replying—"We all know what Sterne is." A third book applied for was a work called "Stageland," and this was at first refused, Christian young men, according to Christian old women, being supposed not to take any interest in the stage. It is sad that such narrow-minded folly should exist in the world at all, but it is becoming a really serious matter when all the fools and bigots in the country take to calling themselves "Christians" and to degrading religion by taking it under their special protection. Is it not time that those who have the good of religion really at heart should warn off these mischievous parasites, who are working such incalculable harm to the cause?

Man is, I believe, the only rate-paying animal, and he suffers in various ways from it. He is from time to time called to serve on a special jury, and as a rule he does not like it. In some ways the experience may be good for him. He will learn, for instance, that barristers in the courts do not in the least resemble barristers in books, that the barrister in court is sometimes inaudible, often illogical, and almost always unmannerly. He will learn that there are many worse berths in the world than that of the usher, or clerk, or whatever he may be pleased to call himself, who pays the special jurymen. This man pays twelve guineas, and gets twelve separate shillings returned to him by way of gratuity, which, being frequently repeated, must lead to a very decent living. He will learn that there are many more people who understand the nature of an oath than attach the least importance to it. But this enlightenment hardly makes up for the inconvenience, discomfort, and actual money loss which a special juryman has to undergo. No regard, apparently, is paid to the nature of the business which a special juryman is compelled to neglect. It may be that he is able to find a substitute while he is absent in the courts, or it may be his work is of a kind which only he himself can do. Contracts may have to be broken, business disorganised. But in return for that we get our most precious possession—trial by jury; that is to say, the decision by twelve angry, uninformed people as to the rights and wrongs of a dispute that they cannot under, stand, and in which they do not in the least want to mix.

It is not, I believe, certain that illness will rank as an excuse. The juror who sends in his doctor's certificate may get a letter back asking him when he is likely to be well again. In fact, I have only heard of three ways by which a man may escape being called on a special jury. One is a refusal to pay rates, another—mind, I have only heard this—is a judicious expenditure in a certain quarter, and the third is death. The thing is

inevitable. Nor does it follow that because one is called on a special jury one will be required to serve. Day after day one may sit in the courts doing nothing, as a juror-in-waiting, and be finally discharged without even the satisfaction of having helped to decide a case. One feels that these days have been wasted for no purpose what ever, that no one is any the better for one's obedience and law-abidingness, and that one's self is very much the worse. The one thing that a juror-in-waiting can do is to sit and meditate upon the absurdities of the present system, and the possibilities of any improvement.

There are two ways in which it seems possible that the system might be altered. They are, of course, the suggestions of a superficialist, and I am quite prepared to hear that they are impracticable, but I don't see how they could be any worse than the system in vogue. One method would be to allow a man, who has been called to serve on a special jury, to pay a substitute. At first sight it looks as if this would lead to a class of professional jurors being established, and, in consequence, to dishonesty. Undoubtedly such a class would be established, but I do not see that there would be any necessity for the dishonesty. The professional juror need not know until the last minute in what court he will be required to serve, and those interested in the case need not know until the last minute of whom the jury will consist. Indeed, in some cases, I think that the professional juror would be an advantage. One does almost everything better if one practises it, and this applies to jurors' work as well as to bicycle-riding or piano-playing. Besides, here is a new profession open. The unemployed are not confined to the poorest or the lowest classes. There are many men of intelligence, character, education, and position who can find nothing remunerative to do. Professional juries would give them a chance.

The other way is, perhaps, even more revolutionary. It is difficult to understand why we want twelve men to decide one thing. What is the particular virtue in the number twelve? What difference would it make if there were six, ten, or a hundred and forty-two? What advantage do we get by having these twelve men in court to listen to what the judge has to say, and carry out his instructions implicitly, when, if the twelve men were not there, exactly the same result would be obtained by the judge giving the verdict himself. Why put men who are not lawyers to settle questions of law? In a word, trial by jury is, I suppose—as I have frequently been told so—one of the bulwarks of our Constitution. But I propose to abolish it, and assign to the judge the work at present nominally done by the jury. Much time and money would be saved, and much discomfort would be avoided. Nor do I think that anyone will suggest that this proposal could possibly lead to injustice or dishonesty. At any rate, I make the suggestion. It seems to me that almost any change from the present wasteful, irritating, and stupid system would inevitably be a change for the better.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

J. D. sends me an account of a Salvation Army meeting in Sunderland. The gentlemen of the press seem to have come off badly at this meeting. First of all, they were allotted the "penitents' form," and the audience prayed aloud to the Lord to save them. Later on it was suggested that they should subscribe to the collection, upon which they appear to have left the hall. Judging from this, if I were a reporter I would rather go and report upon a new dance at a music hall than attend a Salvation Army meeting.

Jack.—I sympathise with your desire to improve your position, only remember the old homely proverb of not throwing away dirty water until you have got clean. Go in for the examination by all means, but do not throw up your present position until you are firmly established in another. I do not believe much in instruction through the post. Cannot you find a coach in London?

R. writes me as follows with reference to my astonishment at finding that clergymen, not themselves teetotallers, should be determined speakers at teetotal gatherings:—"I regret to say that I think you will find on further inquiry that such cases are by no means uncommon. Speaking of the clergy of the Church of England—not in malice, for I hope to be one of them myself—if you take into consideration the fact that the majority of churches have 'Bands of Hope,' and the majority of the clergy are not teetotallers themselves, you will see that this anomaly of the clergy advocating principles which they do not hold themselves is not infrequent. I have come across many such instances myself. If the congregation regard a 'Band of Hope' as a necessity, the clergy are compelled to undertake the charge of the same in deference to their wishes, with this result. I think that there is no attempt to deceive, and no harm done, for the clergy may fully believe in 'Band of Hope' principles, and yet not follow them themselves, nor be 'teetotal bigots.' All the same, it would be better if the 'Bands of Hope' could be *temperance*, and not teetotal." I agree with my correspondent. The forcing of teetotalism into the position of a dogma has done nothing but spread hypocrisy. But I suppose that in England this is considered a benefit.

Welshman sends me a cutting from the *Cardiff Western Mail*, from which it seems that on the Cardiff Board of Guardians they possess a broad-minded and sensible parson, the Rev. G. A. Jones. The guardians were examining applicants for the post of labour superintendent and hairdresser for the workhouse. It seems an odd combination, but that *en passant*. A few fussy members of the board insisted on questioning each candidate as to whether or not he was a total abstainer. At last the Rev. G. A. Jones rose and asked a candidate bluntly: "Are you a drunkard?" Upon surprise being expressed, the reverend gentleman told his teetotal fellow guardians that his question was not more impertinent than theirs, and added that so long as a man was decent and worthy they had no right to ask if he was an abstainer or not. Such men as the Rev. G. A. Jones are needed. The pity is there are not more of them.

Vigilant.—You will have less reason to complain of the cover as time goes on. It seems to be an exceedingly difficult thing to find a blue ink that dries quickly, but I am glad to say that our printers have made great improvement, and are still working in the same direction.

Mancunian tells me of action on the part of the Blackburn Weavers' Union that it seems impossible to credit. A Blackburn employer received an order for artist's canvas. He offered to pay extra wages for having it well made. The operatives refused, declaring they would not make it at any price. The order has gone to Germany. The *Textile Mercury* comments bitterly upon the case, and well it may if there is no further explanation to be offered. One would think that even the officials of a union would have sufficient sense to see the disadvantage of deliberately driving work out of the country.

Anglo-Australian.—Thanks for your kind appreciative letter. I am glad to find To-Day is so liked in your colony, and that its City article is of use. I received my information as to the antagonism of a certain section of Australians towards England from fairly reliable sources, but I should be only too willing to be convinced that my informant was mistaken, and your letter goes far to this end. Colonial subscribers can obtain any of the books on the list as easily as anyone in England can, and the railway insurance does hold good for them. The annual subscription would be thirteen shillings, and postage of the book selected.

Traveller, who has had a painful experience of suburban lines, makes various suggestions. He urges—as a good many have urged before—that the name of the station should stand out from the mass of advertisements with which it is surrounded, so that a man might know whether the spot at which he had arrived was Hackney or Homocea, and not alight at Kew in consequence of seeing an advertisement of Richmond Gem Cigarettes. Seeing that morning and evening trains generally contain eighteen passengers to the compartment, my correspondent suggests that rails should be placed across the roof for those standing up to hold on to. At present, with each jerk of the train, standers and sitters are mingled in a wild and angry heap.

L. B.—I read your letter with interest. It would be a grand thing for the world if the principles of truth and honesty were the basis of our social and political life. But then the world would no longer be the world, but heaven. Human nature has a long way to travel before that goal is reached.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

HINTS ON LONG-DISTANCE CYCLING.

Arithmetical cycling is a phrase of the scornful bestowed on riders whose passion for the pastime spends itself in counting milestones, and chronicling daily distances, weekly averages, and yearly totals; but the arithmetic of cycling survives derision, and appeals in some degree to every rider small or great. The novice who has just learned to ride, and suddenly finds his horizon of personal unaided travel indefinitely extending, enjoys his own astonishment and the surprise of his acquaintances at his new-found ability to cover thirty miles with perfect ease, when a dozen miles on foot would be an irksome toil. The ordinary man taking to cycling cannot avoid noticing the multiplication table at work upon his leg-power. The arithmetic of his new experience stares him in the face, and he cannot be blind to it. "I can ride twice as far as I could walk," he says, "in half the time, and with a tenth of the fatigue," and his pleasure in these figures prompts him to endless quiet little boastings of his prowess. The ordinary man who suffers from this foible usually adds an apologetic qualification to his braggings. "Not bad for a novice, eh?" or "Of course I'm only an amateurish rider," but whatever modifications or excuses for his performances he makes, he will undoubtedly be proud of his best day's ride. Every rider has a "best on record" for himself, which he likes to improve upon or remember as a performance, and it is not the men whose bests on record are better than anybody else's that usually make the most clatter about themselves, as other people do it for them, and it has become the fashion for a man whose rides are really extraordinary to adopt a modest, self-deprecating attitude towards them. It gives the key for an extra song of praise from the hero worshippers, and adds another colour to the irridescence of his halo.

Cyclists who do not race, or who have never raced, are always ready to assert that they ride for pleasure only, as though the racing man were a tortured soul, working out his own damnation. Yet it is the demands of the racers that have led to all the chief improvements in cycles, and it is by copying the methods of long-distance performers that the tourist can extend his own powers of enduring a tour. The Moloch of Speed is a good enough god to throw stones at, but the merely-for-pleasure rider has to thank the speed men for the modern bicycle. The ordinary roadster bicycle of to-day is ahead of the racing mounts of the past decade, because as the racers have been built faster and faster the pleasure bicycles have followed in their train, and it should be remembered by those who sneer at speed and love their ease, that anything which makes cycling faster for the fast, makes it easier for those who prefer to hurry slowly.

This comparison must not be pushed too far; the ordinary rider would be as great a fool to expect to tour in Devonshire on a track-racing safety as the man who would harness a racehorse to an omnibus, or put a Great Northern 8-footer on duty in the shunting-yard. Each to its purpose, and a non-racing, touring, pleasure rider must eschew the high gears of the sprinters, who only want to go short spurts at top speed, and adopt a low gear on which a less exalted average speed can be much longer maintained.

This question of gearing is a vital one. Gear low is the cardinal precept to secure ease in long-distance riding. Nine-tenths of the riders of the day are over-geared, and to this evil may be put down that appearance of hard labour that cycling sometimes presents to an onlooker. A low gear is easier to drive uphill, against the wind, or in any unfavourable condition, and its only drawback is the fast rate of pedalling when running at excessive speed. Even then it is easier to learn to pedal fast than to be "plugging" for ever at a machine geared beyond one's strength. A high gear means that the legs are doing hard work slowly, while on a low gear light rapid pedalling is needed to go fast, and it is almost no work at all to go slowly. On a high gear a low pace does not mean rest; the condition is akin to that of starting the machine at every push, while with a low gear it needs scarcely more than the weight of the leg on the pedal to push the machine along at a mild pace. Gear should be proportional to the rider's strength, and low, except for sprint racing; more comfort can be found on a sixty-inch gear, or even less, than in the high-speed sixty-eights and seventy-twos. The pleasure bicycle should have full roadster tyres. There is no fun in the frequent repair of thin racing tubes. They are faster of course between the punctures, but their riskiness is not worth the substantial freedom from trouble associated with a first-class roadster tyre. As to weight most machines are unnecessarily heavy, and thirty-five pounds should be an outside maximum for a fully-equipped machine with brake, mudguards, and the chain covered in a case. These remarks apply to single safety bicycles, the predominant type of machine, different conditions obtaining in respect of double bicycles, and the tricycle, that select mount, favoured only by a few, but nevertheless a type that those few will not willingly let die.

On a low-geared bicycle the ordinary man can accomplish much in the ordinary way.

Practised riders, who, after all is said, are only ordinary persons with the fever for cycling in an acute stage of development, have easily exceeded a total of three hundred and fifty miles on the public roads between two midnights, and scores upon scores of riders can do their double century in the daylight of an autumn day. It has ceased to be an athletic feat to ride a hundred miles between breakfast and bed-time, and has become quite an ordinary phenomenon. In order to ride a long way in the day, it is well to avoid a mid-day meal of a substantial character. It is impossible to ride comfortably directly after a square feed. The all-day racing man feeds himself on the day of his trial as if he were an invalid. Beef teas, meat juices, portable foods, milky puddings, fruit, even drugs to kill the craving for food are taken. This course (with the exception of the last item, which is seldom excusable in a race, and never in a pleasure trip) might serve as a hint to tourists. Let them feed after the journey is done, with steaks and chops or the full routine of a heavy dinner, but not *en route*, for then he is best fueled with light stuffs easy to swallow and readily assimilated. Cycling is a bodily exercise and needs the body to be fitly nourished, but no man can build his body up for a performance on the day thereof. That process precedes his effort, and on the day he feeds chiefly on himself, and uses either directly digestible essences, or mere fill-ups. So the tourist cannot enjoy his tour unfit and unprepared. If the ordinary man tries to ride his hundred he must have a few preliminary evening canters, he must be in sound bodily health and accustom his muscles to the special exercise of riding. The secret of success of a long-distance racing man is identical with the secret of enjoyment of a pleasure rider. Neither does well unfit and unprepared, for it is a dull agony to over-ride one's self when out of condition. Another useful tip is never to hurry or put on steam at pressure, especially uphill. The work should be kept pretty constant and well within one's powers. If the road varies as to difficulty, let the pace, not your work, be the corresponding variable quantity. It pays to crawl uphill, and, if clear, to flutter down. It *never* pays to sprint, or put all in, over a stiff crest. It is hard to go slow at first when it all seems so easy, but it is an essential for successfully riding far. An extra mile per hour at first, or an injudicious rush and struggle early in the day either against the wind or at a stiff gradient, will leave its mark on the rest of the ride. Never bustle yourself, and your gross total will

be greater. Long rides are not built up of sprints and crawls, but are the result of steady, uniform exertion, which for a track-rider means uniform pace, but on the road means pace regulated by the varieties of resistances encountered. Yet another point, and that is, never mind if you feel rather tired soon after half-way. Nurse yourself by crawling for a mile or two and the tired feeling will evaporate. It is better to coax one's self along gently than to get off and rest and stiffen the muscles thereby. Fatigue, when cycling, seems to mysteriously disappear. You apparently reach your limit, and after a while a "second wind" of renewed energy comes, and this secondary or induced store of power usually lasts indefinitely. It is a common experience of long-distance men that when once their "bad time" has passed they can continue to the end.

It is an advantage in riding for long distances to have a companion, not necessarily in imitation of the speed men whose friends ride with them in relays as wind cutters, but for company's sake. Riding in solitude seems extraordinarily hard work compared with riding in company; the difference is enormous, and hardly credible to one who has not compared the two in his own experience, but it is wise to agree beforehand not to indulge in little competitions by the way. To sum the matter, the chief points are, to gear low, never to hurry, to avoid indigestible foods or much drink of any sort, and to battle with the first symptoms of fatigue by persevering through a "bad time," and so will the ordinary rider who wants to ride far find himself pretty easily able to do it.

CLUB CHATTER.

The interest aroused by witnessing his arrest, led me to Bow Street, last week, to hear the trial of Wilde. The change in him was less than I expected. He was slightly thinner. There was a certain hunted, defiant look, occasionally mixed with a contemptuous sneer in his expression as he looked round the court. He has never held what I should call conventional opinions on any subject. I could almost imagine him saying to himself when any particular piece of evidence came out, that almost sent a shudder round the court, "Do with me as you will. I am by myself, and am indifferent to your opinions on all matters, but the power is with you." He looked up from time to time and calmly faced journalists who, with note-books and pencils, were sketching his features.

Now and then a slight smile crossed his face at some point or other in the evidence, but only once did he appear angry. That was when some reporter, reaching across with his flimsy, caused him to drop his hat in the dust. He raised it as a mother might have raised a run-over child, flicked the dust off with his gloves, wiped its glossy face with his handkerchief, and gently smoothed it with the thick sleeve of his overcoat. A strange-looking—almost cadaverous—man he appeared as he sat with his heavy, massive face leant upon his hand—a somewhat un-understandable man. At times one would have thought he was only bored by the whole proceedings; at other moments, when thought seemed to be pressing itself upon him against his will, the nerves of his face would twitch involuntarily, so that one almost expected him to break down.

As for the crowd that filled the court, apart from those who were there on business, it was an ugly crowd—a crowd that made one feel unpleasant to be among—a crowd of eager satyr-like faces, that seemed to have come there to gloat over and to feed on their favourite offal. Nor was the appearance of the witnesses calculated to refresh the jaded eye. Altogether one came away from the court thinking that if mankind—as they fondly imagine themselves to be—are the most important creatures in the universe, then one would rather not become acquainted with the lower order.

It seems that the police are determined to stamp out a certain class of clubs in the West-end. One or two a night now seems the average. As a matter of fact the police are about the very last that desire this kind of thing. Closing one of these clubs is about as exhilarating and useful as turning a time-glass upside down, and pointing to the top as proving that the sand had ceased to exist, and covering the base with your hand. To-night one is shut up nominally, and the following night there is a "friendly lead"—in coster parlance—to help the owner to pay his fine.

Some twelve months ago, with the aid of a private detective I visited most of these clubs. It is quite possible that certain people would object to all that goes on there. For instance, the men gamble, play baccarat, faro, and rouge-et-noir. Also any ladies who may be present in the club, smoke. Well, Sir John Bridge has laid down the law in a memorable case that it is no offence for a lady to smoke in public, and that a publican who turns out any woman for such an act does it at his own peril. Apart from that, one has only to go into the Cavour and a dozen other places at night to see ladies smoking, and it is, I am sure, an assumption of innocence that could make one believe the excitement over a game of dominoes in the Cafe Royal was purely through love of the sport.

During the time I was engaged going to these clubs I found that in practically every case, so far as drunkenness and so far as bad language was concerned, they could, allowing for the difference in membership, compete on equal terms with West-end clubs. Certainly, the class of company you met there was not the class you would desire to be acknowledged by in any street on the following morning. At one club in New Compton Street which I remember, there were no doubt a number of men whom the West-end police only know through suspicion or conviction. But they were invariably well-conducted.

Roughly, this is a general description of the nature of these clubs. There are a number of foreigners engaged throughout the day chiefly as waiters at restaurants. With a natural desire for a little sociable intercourse after the day's work they join some club, and when they meet there they, as might be expected, indulge in a little gambling, or, which is equally possible when a Frenchman and a German meet, a certain amount of altercation. The character of the building seems invariably the same. You knock at the door, and a face peeps at you through the grille. "Are you a member?" is the first thing you hear, and the face assures itself that you are not a detective, or a spy. You enter. Originally the house was a private one, but for the purposes of a club the front sitting-room, and the adjacent breakfast-room, have been knocked into one. Under the window which faces the street, and which is boarded and padded in order to ensure absolute silence, is a bar, fitted up in the usual fashion. Once inside there is no question as to membership. You can order what you like, and pay directly for it. The prices are moderate. At one or two o'clock in the morning there is a movement towards the adjoining room. Banker is being played, and the bettors have by this time been reinforced by a considerable number of the local tradesmen. Bets are made and honoured, and beyond an occasional oath when the luck has gone against the gambler, little is said. The women present may or may not join in the game, but it is certain that whatever may be their position they are always protected

from the slightest insult, and I have seen a rough-looking man double a small foreigner in halves for merely throwing a kiss to one of them.

But to go back to the night of the "friendly lead." The place was crowded. A concert had been arranged, and the performers were mainly from the audience. Everyone drank champagne, but no one seemed to pay for it. A Frenchman got up on the small platform and sang Armande Silvestre's version of the song popular to England, under the name of "Finiculi Finicula." There was a dead silence over the whole place. Then an Englishman started some row with a Frenchman. The proceedings were a study in national characteristics. The Frenchman raged and stormed and threatened. The Englishman never spoke a word, simply regarding him with half-closed eyes and a squared jaw. Suddenly, when things had gone far enough, he pulled his clenched hands from his pockets, and said, "Stop it"—and the Frenchman stopped.

The feature of the evening was the appearance of a young lady, who, for a small consideration in shillings, brought up a pink frock, blue stockings, and a repertoire of music-hall songs. She sang one song, and threw any quantity of vulgarity into it. Then there was a cry of "Over!" and before most of us knew what was happening, she was, amid loud laughter, turning catherine-wheels on the floor. It was a show devoid of any artistic beauty. You could see it done much better at a high-class West-end theatre. Everyone seemed to long for the tables to be broken up and turned into gambling boards, but I will leave a description of the gambling and the gamesters till next week, and deal also with clubs of another class.

I may as well set at rest a story that for some reason or another has been set in motion that To-Day is responsible for a journal that has been lately put upon the market. As a matter of fact nobody, I believe, connected with this office had ever heard of the journal save through this fiction.

Driving through Hertford the other day I dropped into a little barber's shop for a shave. Judge of my surprise when I found that the old barber was no other than Billy Caffyn, the once famous Surrey cricketer. Caffyn was, years gone by, the best batsman and bowler of his day. Eventually he went out to Australia, he and Stevenson taking out the first English team to visit the Colonies.

Caffyn stayed in Australia, and may be said to have been the apostle of the game there. He had amongst his many pupils, Murdoch and Bannerman, and South Australians modelled both their batting and bowling on his vigorous style. He was the first to inculcate the necessity of break-bowling, one of his favourite sayings being: "Pitch is as easy as melted butter." His batting was very clean and hard, though without the minor graces of style and delicacy.

A story is told of him which will bear repeating. "Terrible Billy," as they called him in Australia, was batting, and a little but very active point, named T. J. Kelly, kept fielding his best hits in such a way as to make the great batsman savage. "Get out of the way, Kelly, or I'll kill you," he thundered. The next ball was to the off, and Caffyn smote it as hard as possible in the direction of Kelly's head. It went like a cannon ball, and had it reached its mark there would probably have been an inquest. But Kelly was ready, and snapped the ball. "The best catch I ever saw," said Billy ruefully, as he wended his way to the pavilion.

Now poor old Billy Caffyn, who must be nearly three-score years and ten, is engaged in scraping chins at three-halfpence a time. It is very sad to think that this grand cricketer should have to work at this time of life, and it is to be hoped that someone may be able to suggest something whereby the rest of his life may be spent in comparative ease. A benefit match might be got up for him. What do my readers say?

The sad fate of Major Sudell may have the effect of acting as a warning to those persons who allow their enthusiasm for football to run away with them to the extent of financing a professional club. Sudell has been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for embezzling large sums, said to amount to £5,000, from his employers, large mill owners in Lancashire. There is no doubt that he impoverished himself by keeping the Preston North End Club going for several years when it was in great financial straits. Sudell was one of the pioneers of professionalism in football, and he practically made the Preston Club what it was in the zenith of its glory, when it won the English Cup without having a single goal scored against it in the competition.

A friend of mine who knows more about such matters than I do, tells me that Morrell, the jockey, who bought The Crust so cheaply for Mr. Netten, is not the Jack Morrell who rides now for a Lewes stable. The former Morrell was apprenticed to Mat. Dawson, for whom he won the Great Ebor Handicap in 1877 on Il Gladiatore, beating Mrs. Pond by a short head. He afterwards rode for W. Goater, and finally for F. Barratt, Goater's son-in-law. The year that Strathem won the Royal Hunt Cup, Morrell performed the hat trick at Ascot with three winners in succession. He has since retired from riding, and married Mr. Netten's daughter. That gentleman, who has been lucky in buying one of the best two-year-olds seen out this year, is, I believe, a tradesman in North London.

Storer, who had the honour of keeping goal in the match, English League v. Scottish League, is the regular goal-keeper of the Woolwich Arsenal Club. The choice made amends to him for his being passed over by the Football Association in all the International matches, even as a reserve. He is certainly the best goal-keeper in the south. He is a brother of Storer, the Derby County Cricket Club's wicket-keeper, and goes north this season as coach to the Drumpellier Cricket Club.

Surrey has won the South Eastern Counties' Association Football Championship. Its scores were:—v. Hants won by 5 goals to 2, v. Berks and Bucks won by 4—2, v. Middlesex won by 2—0, v. Kent drawn 3 all, and v. Sussex won by 6—2. Surrey has the advantage of including in its available list of players several well-known Corinthians.

Next Saturday (April 20th), the League Championship will probably be decided by the game between Sunderland and Everton on the ground of the former. Everton, however, even if they win, will not be out of the wood, as on the following Wednesday (the 24th) they have to play their final match with Aston Villa at Perry Barr. Intense interest is being taken in Lancashire in both these games.

There was quite an invasion of Scotch clubs in the South this Easter, among the visiting clubs being Battlefield, a Scotch amateur club, Dumbarton, and Third Lanark. The Corinthians as usual went on tour to Liverpool, Derby, and Birmingham.

In the event of Lord March declining to act as Steward of the Jockey Club for a third time, little difficulty should be experienced in selecting his successor. Prince Soltykoff, Mr. Lowther, Lord Durham, and Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, have proved that they are well versed in all the rules of racing, whilst Mr. C. D. Rose,

Mr. Paget, Lord Penrhyn, Marquis of Zetland, and Earl of Dunraven, would certainly allow themselves to be nominated.

Prince Soltykoff was senior steward three years ago. Probably there is no more popular foreigner connected with the Turf than the handsome Russian Prince. Prince Soltykoff served through the Crimean War. About 1858 he came to England merely to pay a visit to some friends, but so charmed was he with our country that he decided to remain here for good. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 186" three years after the Prince of Wales.

Prince Soltykoff has had a house at Newmarket for twenty-one years. It is known as "The Kremlin." The Prince has frequently been chaffed for bestowing such a name on a building which is not much larger than the ordinary villa. But he is not to blame; the late Admiral Rous, when in a jocular humour one day, called it "The Kremlin," and although the Prince tried to alter it, "The Kremlin" it has remained to the present day. There are few finer whist players than Prince Soltykoff.

Sheen was, I think, one of, if not the best horse that ever carried Prince Soltykoff's colours. His success in the Cesarewitch under 9 st. 2 lb. stands out as a record performance. Minting won the Jubilee with 10 st., Carlton the Manchester Handicap with 9 st. 12 lb., and Ravensbury the same race with 9 st. 4 lb.; but the distance of the Cesarewitch is a mile and a half longer than the Jubilee, and over half a mile further than the Manchester track.

A very curious thing in connection with Sheen is that he was born as late in the year as May 25th. As is well known, horses take their ages from the 1st of January, so that although Sheen was considered nearly a six-year-old when he won, he was really only five years five months old. There have been many arguments *re* the age question, but I think it will be found that our best horses have been born late in the spring.

I have already alluded to Sheen's birth. Isonomy, St. Gatien, and Sterling, three of the most famous handicap horses of recent years, were May foals. Ormonde and Ayrshire were foaled in March, and Donovan, Semolina, Memoir, George Frederick, and Amphion in April.

It has been pointed out to me that West Australian, the first horse to win the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, was a June foal. But Mr. Cowes' colt was born in 1850, and at that time horses took their ages from May 1st. Ex-Judge Clark is of the opinion that it would improve the healthy constitutions and staying powers of racehorses if the date was altered from January 1st to March 25th.

The hotel keepers in the City by the Dee will soon be recalling Scott's famous lines, "Charge, Chester, charge." The Chester meeting promises to be a

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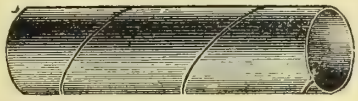

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suit the
Various Climates.

gigantic success this year, although we must not expect to see any anti-post betting on the Cup for some time. The Duke of Westminster, who will as usual have a few horses at the meeting, is, it may be noted, presenting a champion cheese to the owner of the winner.

Raconteur, Speedwell, and Sir Visto still continue to hold their own in the little wagering which takes place on the classic races. The Newmarket meeting will probably throw some light on the Guineas. Visitors to headquarters, too, should, if possible, try and catch Whittier, Keelson, and Marco at exercise.

Had Whittier been nominated for the Derby he would certainly have been a hot favourite by now. That good judges put him down as the best of his year is a well-known fact. In the Free Handicap made by the Keeper of the Match Book, the son of Laureate (who unfortunately was sent to America) was set to concede 5 lb. to Marco, Keelson, and Speedwell, who came next on the list.

Mr. Weatherby has had a life-long connection with the Turf, and few men can know more concerning handicapping. He last year considered Sir Visto 5 lb. behind Marco, Speedwell, and Keelson, but 1 lb. in front of Raconteur, Attar, and Kirkconnel. Myself, I should say that now Kirkconnel could beat any of the above-mentioned horses even at a receipt of 10 lb.

That well-known and popular journalist, "Pavo," of the *Morning Post*, has been sunning himself at Cannes during the winter. He has benefited considerably by his holiday, and we shall probably soon see him at a race meeting again. Mr. Langley is now the oldest sporting journalist, and his reminiscences would make delightful reading. His son is Mayor of Stockton.

I noticed some black underwear in a Bond Street shop the other day. It is not attractive in itself, and is not likely to be generally worn. Its novelty is the only thing that can be said for it.

The Major.

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IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

THREE BELLS CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF BEERBOHM TREE.

One of the most versatile actors on the English stage, Herbert Beerbohm Tree, manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London, made his initial bow to an American audience at Abbey's Theatre, New York, recently, and was given a critical hearing, the result being, however, that he was received with undoubted marks of approval. His bill was a double one, *The Ballad-Monger*, being the opening piece and the melodramatic play, *The Red Lamp*, concluding the entertainment. These plays were selected because of the wide contrast afforded in the parts assumed by Mr. Tree. The display of his versatility was accepted as satisfactory proof 's talent.

Mr. Tree is about fifteen years younger than Mr. Irving, but, like the older player, is all and spare. His face, however, is not as lean as, and far more shapely than, Mr. Irving's. He seldom allows is own face to be seen on the stage, though; for in the art of making-up he is an acknowledged master, and in singular contrast to many leading men who rely to a great extent on the peculiar individuality of their own countenances in representing whatever part they may be impersonating, Mr. Tree seeks to present every character in an entirely different guise, and will make himself as repulsively ugly in one part as he will transform imself into one of the best-favoured men in the ext.

A reliable estimate of how Mr. Tree' work suits from an American standpoint is given in the New York Tribune's critical review of the first performance in America: "The principal note that Mr. Tree strikes is the note of singularity. He is not an actor of power, either physical or intellectual. He is an actor of subtlety, delicacy, refinement, complex method and ingenious device. He is not capable of those tremendous and overwhelming manifestations of emotion, those frenzies of excitement, those tumul of vehement delivery which were characteristic of Forrest and Brooke and the elder Booth; neither, upon the other hand, does he convey an impression of that vital, predominant intellect, and that high and rare spiritual charm which are victorious attributes in the acting of Henry Irving. He neither thrills the feelings nor dazzles the imagination, nor enchants the soul. He affords, however, an exceptional gratification to the mind—first, because he is singular, and next because his method is so various, so dexterous, and so neat. Wherever he moves, the attention of the observer follows him. He arouses curiosity; he satisfies the sense of cleverness; he pleases taste. All this points to fine talent, not to genius; and fine talent is Nature's gift to this actor—a faculty that has onscientiously developed and worthily used.

"Mr. Tree is a comedian—that distinctly and that alone—and, as a comedian, possessed of a special, perhaps a unique, talent for the portrayal of eccentric character. He shows sensibility rather than passion, and his affinities with tragic feeling appear to be very slender; but he possesses many of the attributes that go with comedy. His humour, indeed, is dry and transparent—a sapient, jocose manner, not spontaneous, not worn with pleasure—yet it is humour, and upon occasion it can create ludicrous effects. His mind is self-observant and exceedingly alert. His temperament is nervous and restless. He is exceedingly picturesque. He can be fantastic without becoming ridiculous, and he is apt in the felicity of abrupt transition from pleasantry to gravity. Those are traits of a comedian, and of a comedian with a broad range. Mr. Tree's nimble intelligence and versatile talent, combined with solid self-confidence and much experience, would make him a satisfactory representative of many sorts of character; but those types of human nature which he seems fitted to present with ecial and pre-eminent effect are such as combine ard purpose with bland affability and a general quaintness of personality and demeanour with the soft plausibility that covers without concealing a ruthless will. He comprehends with remarkable accuracy the dramatic value of salient characteristics and of situation, and his practised command of the expedients of the dramatic art is so complete that, whether he is doing something or doing nothing, he concentrates interest, and thus gives due effect to every point."—*Current Literature.*

UP THE RIVER IN AMERICA.—A CAMPING PARTY.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*continued.*)

Two or three ruffianly men with smoke-grimed faces were firing through a window on the ground floor, and one of these, looking behind him, as I passed, saw me. He called to me to stop, adding with an oath that if I went into the street I should be shot by the aristocrats. But in my excitement I took no heed; in a second I had the door open, and was standing in the street alone—alone in the sunny, cleared space. On either side of me, fifty paces away, were the close ranks of the mob: in front of me the white blind face of the St. Alais' house, from which, even as I appeared, there came a little spit of smoke and the bang of a musket.

The crowd, astonished to see me there alone and standing still, fell silent. I held up my hand. A gun went off above my head, and another; and a splinter flew from one of the green shutters opposite. Then a voice from the crowd cried out to cease firing; and for a moment all was still. I stood in the midst of a hot, breathless hush, my hand raised. It was my opportunity; I had got it by a miracle. But for a moment I was silent, I could find no words.

"IN THE NAME OF THE TRICOLOUR, STAND!"

At last, as a low murmur began to make itself heard, I spoke.

Copyright, 1895, by Stanley J. Weyman.

"Men of Cahors!" I cried. "In the name of the Tricolour, stand!"

And trembling with agitation, acting on the impulse of the instant, I walked slowly across the street to the door of the besieged house, and, under the eyes of all I took the Tricolour from my bosom, and hung it on the knocker of the door. Then I turned. "I take possession," I cried, hoarsely, at the top of my voice, that all might hear, "of this house and all that are in it in the name of the Tricolour, and the Nation, and the Committee of Cahors. Those within shall be tried, and justice done upon them. But for you, I call upon you to depart, and go to your homes in peace, and the Committee——"

I got no farther. With the word a shot whizzed by my ear, and struck the plaster from the wall; and then, as if the sound had released all the passions of the people, a roar of indignation shook the air. They hissed and swore at me, yelled, "A la lanterne!" and "A bas le traître!" and at last burst their bounds. As if some invisible floodgates gave way, the mob on either side rushed suddenly forward, and, rolling towards the door in a solid mass, were in an instant upon me.

I expected that I should be torn to pieces, but instead I was only buffeted and flung aside and forgotten, and in a moment was lost in the struggling, writhing mass of men, who flung themselves pell-mell upon the door, and fell over one another, and wounded one another in the fury with which they attacked it. Men, injured earlier, were trodden under foot now; but no one stayed for their cries. Twice, a gun was fired from the house, and each shot took effect; but the press was so great, and the fury of the assailants, as they swarmed about the door, so blind, that those who were hit sank down unobserved, and perished under their comrades' feet.

Thrust against the iron railings that flanked the door, I clung to them, and partly protected from the pressure by a pillar of the porch, managed with difficulty to keep my place. I could not move, however; I could not escape if I would. The crowd swayed round me, and I waited in dizzy, sickening horror for the crisis. It came. The panels of the door, riven and shattered, gave way; the foremost assailants sprang at the gap. Yet still the frame, held by one hinge, stood, and kept them out. As that yielded under their blows, and the door fell inward with a crash, I flung myself into the stream, and was carried into the house among the foremost; fortunately—for several fell—on my feet.

I had the thought that I might outpace the others, and, getting first to the rooms upstairs, might at least fight for Mademoiselle if I could not save her. For I had caught the infection of the mob, my blood was on fire. There was no one in all the crowd more set to kill than I was. I raced in, therefore, with the rest; but when I reached the foot of the stairs I saw, and they saw, that which stopped us all.

It was M. de Gontaut, lifted, in that moment of extreme danger, above himself. He stood alone on the stairs, looking down on the invaders, and smiling—smiling, with everything of senility and frivolity gone from his face, and only the courage of his caste left. He saw his world tottering, the scum and rabble overwhelming it, everything which he had loved, and in which he had lived, passing; he saw death waiting for him seven steps below, and he smiled. With his slender sword hanging at his wrist, he tapped his snuff-box and looked down at us; no longer garrulous, feeble, almost—with his old stories of stale intrigues and his pagan creed—contemptible; but steady and proud, with eyes that gleamed with defiance.

"Well, dogs," he said, "will you earn the gallows?"

For a second no one moved. For a second the old noble's presence and fearlessness imposed on the vilest; and they stared up at him, cowed by his eye. Then he stirred. With a quiet gesture, as of a man saluting before a duel, he caught up the hilt of his sword, and presented the lowered point. "Well," he said, with bitter scorn, "you have come to do it. Which of you will go to hell for the rest? For I shall take one."

That broke the spell. With a howl, a dozen ruffians sprang up the stairs. I saw the bright steel flash once, twice; and one reeled back, and rolled down under his fellows' feet. Then a great bar swept up and fell on the smiling face, and the old noble dropped without a cry or a groan, under a storm of blows that in a moment beat the life out of his body.

It was over in a moment, and before I could interfere. The next, a score of men leaped over the corpse and up the stairs, with horrid cries, I after them. To the right and left were locked doors, with panels Watteau-painted; they dashed these in with brutal shouts, and, in a twinkling, flooded the splendid rooms, sweeping away, and breaking, and flinging down in wanton mischief, everything that came to hand—vases, statues, glasses, miniatures. With shrieks of triumph, they filled the salon that had known for generations only the graces and beauty of life; or clattered over the shining parquets that had been swept so long by the skirts of fair women. Everything they could not understand was snatched up and dashed down; in a moment, the great Venetian mirrors were shattered, the pictures pierced and torn, the books flung through the windows into the street!

I had a glimpse of the scene as I paused on the landing. But a glance sufficed to convince me that the fugitives were not in these rooms, and I sprang on, and up the next flight. Here, short as had been my delay, I found others before me. As I turned the corner of the stairs I came on three men, listening at a door; before I could reach them one rose. "Here they are!" he cried. "That is a woman's voice! Stand back!" And he lifted a crowbar, to beat in the door.

"Hold!" I cried, in a voice that made him lower his weapon. "Hold! In the name of the Committee, I command you to leave that door. The rest of the house is yours. Go and plunder it."

The men glared at me. "Sacré ventre?" one of them hissed. "Who are you?"

"The Committee!" I answered.

He cursed me, and raised his hand. "Stand back!" I cried, furiously, "or you shall hang!"

"Ho! ho! An aristocrat!" he retorted, raising his voice. "This way, friends—this way! An aristocrat! An aristocrat!"

At the word a score of his fellows came swarming up the stairs. I saw myself in an instant surrounded by grimy, pocked faces and scowling eyes, and haggard creatures sprung from the sewers of the town. Another second and they would have laid hands on me; but desperate and full of rage, I rushed instead on the man with the bar, and, snatching it from him before he guessed my intention, in a twinkling laid him at my feet.

In the act, however, I lost my balance, and stumbled over him. Before I could recover myself one of his comrades struck me on the head with his wooden shoe. The blow partially stunned me; still, I got to my feet again and hit out wildly, and drove them back, and for a moment cleared the landing round me. But I was dizzy; I saw all now through a red haze, the figures danced before me; I could no longer think or aim, but only hear taunts and jeers on every side. Someone plucked my coat. I turned blindly. In a moment another struck me a crushing blow—how, or with what, I never knew—and I fell senseless and as good as dead.

(To be continued.)

HE STOOD ALONE ON THE STAIRS.

IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

AN APPRENTICE'S LIFE IN THE HALF-DECK.

Almost any morning there may be seen in one or other of the daily papers an advertisement emanating from "an eminent firm," and offering a position as apprentice to a young gentleman who wishes to go to sea in the merchant service. The vessel is invariably described as "a splendid clipper ship," with a "kind captain," and the apprentice is to be berthed aft and to be instructed in the mystery of navigation as well as in the art and craft of seamanship. Always a more or less handsome premium is required, but as a set-off against this it is generally stated that the food will be of superior quality.

All these promises, and more, were once made to me, or rather to my father on my behalf, but during a period of four years' service in a highly respectable firm owning some fourteen ships they remained unfulfilled.

I, who know it from bitter experience, say that the lot of an apprentice in the merchant service is a hard one. Generally it is as bad, or worse, than that of the lad who crawls aboard through the hawse pipes, or, in other words, who commences his career in the forecastle. It is true the apprentice is generally "berthed aft," but this term is liberally interpreted as indicating that the quarters are abaft the foremast. In many cases the boys' quarters are no better—and generally they are much less roomy—than those of the men. The idea, I suppose, in separating the apprentices from the common seamen is to insure that they may not be corrupted by the evil communications of the latter, but in our case the captain himself had one of the prettiest gifts for obscene and profane swearing it has ever been my lot to know.

I made three long "deep sea" voyages in a barque where ten of us—six apprentices, carpenter, sailmaker, cook and steward—lived in a vile den under the break of the poop. It was reached by means of a ladder. Although certified by the surveyor to afford sufficient accommodation for ten persons, the space was so confined that it was next to impossible for all hands to be below at once, unless one or two climbed into their

"pews" to make room. We always ate with our plates upon our knees. The table, of course, did not matter much, but many a heart-felt curse the food—or the lack of it—called forth. The apprentices received exactly the same rations as the men. Rightly or wrongly, I have always been of opinion that Mr. Plimsoll, in determining the question of sailors' food by Act of Parliament, did not see all the way ahead. In the old days, if a man did not receive sufficient food he had at least the privilege of going aft and growling, and I will not say that he does not do so still. Now, however, the captain simply confronts the malcontents with the Act of Parliament, and, in the words of the Scotch skipper, says:—"Ye've got your whack, and ye'll get nae mair."

The scale of provisions is as follows:—On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, one (alleged) pound of salt pork and one pint of pea soup. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, one (alleged) pound of salt beef and sufficient flour to make a small roll of fresh bread, or a "portion" of plain dough, as the cook pleases. On Saturday, beef and boiled rice, without any accompaniment. On Sundays, as a great treat, a "fresh mess" of Australian tinned mutton is given. Each week one pound of sugar is "whacked out," less two ounces stopped off for sweetening lime juice. Lime juice and vinegar also must be supplied, "according to the Act," as anti-scorbutics. Bread—that is, hard tack, or ship's biscuit—is generally served out *ad lib.* Each morning is supplied a pint of coffee, and each evening a pint of tea.

One of the objections to the Act is that to the scale of provisions contained in the ship's articles, there is attached this saving clause: "Substitutes at master's option." Thus I have known a captain to purposely allow himself to run short of other stores for economy's sake, and feed us on rice three or four times a week. We also ran short of sugar on this particular voyage, and in lieu of it were supplied with a commodity described as molasses, but which was really the bilge water of some sugar ship. Our coffee for a time was made from rice roasted in the oven and ground. At St. Helena, having run short of sea biscuits, we obtained a tank of condemned Navy bread (I believe such a thing is illegal now), which proved to be full of maggots.

Sometimes butter is given at sea, and this is a great luxury. But butter and sugar seldom last to the end of the week. It is the steward's duty to weigh out the meat each day, the allowance for the half-deck being in one piece, that for the forecastle in another. Very often a full half of it was bone, and there was barely enough for one meal. Towards the end of the week, butter and sugar being gone, one would come below at eight o'clock in the morning, after four hours' work on deck, to find only "Liverpool pantiles" and unsweetened coffee for breakfast. There is no more uninteresting feed than this on God's earth.

I have never seen mustard, pepper, or any other condiment than vinegar supplied. Even in port, and when fresh meat and vegetables were provided, we were obliged to break up the pickling salt from the harness casks to supply ourselves.

Scanty food and bad accommodation may not be the only hardships the apprentice will have to undergo.

In 1879 my father paid £25 premium to Messrs. W. J. Myers, Sons and Co., of Liverpool, in order that I might be permitted to serve as an apprentice in one of their ships. I was to receive £30 in wages during the four years of my apprenticeship—or, in other words, to have the premium returned in that time with £5 added.

In the month of November, 1879, I entered upon my duties as an apprentice on board "A1 clipper barque *Warwickshire*," Simon Graggans, master; owners, W. J. Myers, Sons and Co., Liverpool.

There were six of us apprentices on board. Two had made one voyage in another ship of the company, the others were like myself, first voyagers. We latter were practically the servants of the half-deck, having to keep it clean, and to wash up after each meal for the carpenter and sailmaker and the two senior apprentices. These duties were imposed upon us by the captain's orders.

On the first night out, the weather being bad, I was violently sick. I was on the poop, as it happened, and probably, in my ignorance, went to windward, thus invading the region sacred to the captain's use. I was discovered by him, and was kicked (also by him) clear on to the main deck. This was the beginning of things. Not many mornings later—for merely hanging a jacket on the fife-rail, whilst we washed decks—the captain struck me a violent blow in the face with his closed fist, and kicked me severely.

When about a fortnight out, and already in fine weather latitudes, the captain ordered the four junior apprentices aloft one Sunday morning. We were bidden to put our caps on the "truck," or ball, at the royal masthead, and were sent up the main rigging first. I had already been aloft, and had assisted to furl a royal, so I accomplished the task, which was rendered more difficult than is ordinarily the case, owing to the absence of ratlines in the topgallant rigging. I was then ordered up at the fore to reeve the flag halyards. When I descended, two of the others were still in the cross-trees at the main. Sumner, a Manchester lad, had been up at the main truck, and was begging the second mate to give him time to breathe before he ascended the fore rigging. The only reply was, "You'll have plenty of time to breathe up there," and the lad was literally driven aloft. In the meantime, I was permitted to go to dinner. Whilst at dinner, we in the half-deck heard a cry of alarm, and then a sudden rush of feet along the poop, and became aware that something had happened. I climbed on deck, and running forward, saw a pair of yellow canvas shoes sticking out from amongst a little crowd of people gathered on the starboard side of the galley. I knew then that Sumner had fallen from aloft.

It seemed that Sumner, who had been followed aloft by the second mate with the earring, had gained the fore-truck all right. In descending, having got below the cross-trees, he essayed to slide down one of the back-stays. Apparently he must have lost his presence of mind and his grip, for he came down with his arms and legs loosely round the back-stay, till, striking the crane-line above the fore-yard, he fell a clear forty feet to the deck, coming down upon his back, with his head but two or three inches from an iron ring-bolt close to the galley door. The flesh on the inner sides of his calves and fore-arms, where they had chafed against the back-stay, was shockingly torn by the friction.

The captain appeared at first to be very much frightened, but, having examined the lad, he declared there were no bones broken. Sumner lay for many hours utterly unconscious. Next day he was able to speak, but was still incapable of the slightest movement. The captain, when approached upon the subject, refused to put the sufferer upon invalid diet, beyond supplying him with some oatmeal gruel, which—as Sumner could not eat it—was consumed by his messmates. It seemed as though the boy was temporarily paralysed by the shock of the fall, but on the third day after the accident the captain came down and ordered him to get out of his bunk. As he could not obey he was assisted—not too gently—by the captain himself, and propped up with pillows on a sea-chest. Next day he was carried on deck, and on the following day flags were given him to mend. Thereafter he was enrolled amongst the "idlers"—that is to say, those members of the crew, such as the carpenter and sailmaker, who work in the daytime and sleep in all night. It is only fair to say that this heroic treatment seemed to have no ill consequences, for before many weeks were over Sumner seemed almost as well as ever. He complained, however, of pain in his right arm, and of a difficulty of using that limb. Also his nerves were disordered, and he walked the deck at night, when he should have been asleep, for a long time. Everybody, however, taking his cue from the captain, Sumner was constantly accused of "playing the old soldier," and I fear he met with the scantiest sympathy.

(To be concluded.)

MY WIFE.

BY

FRANK L. STANTON.

The sun sinks down the darkened dome;
The twilight shadows 'round me steal,
And on my heart the night I feel
And long for her—the wife at home!

How true she is! how tenderly
She thinks of me so far away!
(Alas! That any night or day
Should hide me, Oh, my wife, from thee!)

I see her standing there, as when
I left her last—her sweet "good-by
Still on her lips—the moistened eye—
The quivering lips—the kiss—and then
The long caress. (Ah, women know
What 'tis to love and then to part;
Their life is only in the heart
And God hath willed it shall be so.)

I see her standing there, and I—
I have some tender words to say:
"I'll come again, my love, some day,"
And so I kiss her, and "good-bye!"

Good-bye! but through the paths of life,
However dark, however lone,
Thy feet must still walk near my own—
Thy hand in mine, my wife, my wife!

SERMONS FOR TO-DAY.

BY

THE REV. T. W. M. LUND, M.A.,
(Chaplain of the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Liverpool.)

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

Gal. V. 1.—"With freedom did Christ set us free; stand fast therefore, and be not entangled again in the yoke of bondage."

One of the most important conferences of this century, for our liberties and the spread of enlightenment, was held on February 2nd in London, when the National Federation of Sunday societies resolved to petition Government to bring in a bill to cancel the obsolete law under which fanatics may still annoy with vexatious litigation people who, for the public advantage, and not for pecuniary profit, give lectures on science, art, or literature, or perform music vocal or instrumental.

This is a distinct advance, and points hopefully to a not far distant time, when the Christian Sunday will be restored to us, and the Jewish Sabbath left to the race to whom it belongs.

For many years, in the name of the Religion of Christ, but really by a return to what St. Paul calls, "The beggarly rudiments of Judaism," we have limited the nation to two forms of enjoyment on the great weekly holiday, viz.—the spiritual and the spirituous. The latter has been by far the more popular; the former, supported by all the eloquence of all the pulpits, has little chance against it. The demon, which will awake a little stir and sense of artificial gladness in human nature, will win in the competition. Why should we want to restrict the uses of Sunday within these narrow limits?

For most of us Sunday is a day of about twelve available hours, from nine to nine.

Take out three hours for meals, and odd jobs, and nine good hours remain at our disposal. Deduct another two hours for Divine worship, quite as much as any ordinary soul is equal to, or could profit by, and we still have seven hours at our disposal.

What are we to do with them? What would our Sabbatarian friends have us do with them?

The theory of rest which consists of twiddling our thumbs, because it is sinful to read a fascinating book, or ride a bicycle or play the violin, is, as far as young people are concerned, to put the game into the devil's hands. "Satan" never suffers anyone to be idle, and if we cannot find wholesome occupation, he is sure to put some vicious job in our way. The theory of spending our time before our open Bible, or on our knees, or in heavenly meditation is an unpractical one to real students of human nature.

Let me commend some Christian principles which should govern our attitude towards this large period of precious time, given to us by law for recreative purposes.

1. First of all our Christian holiday must be treated with full liberty. Liberty of conscience, the right to judge and act for ourselves on any point which is one between us and God, is a supreme principle to be maintained in our own interests, and even more in those of posterity. Luther, whom Evangelical England has been in the habit of elevating into a thirteenth apostle, uses language on this subject calculated to give a serious shock to the confidence of his admirers. He says: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the day's mere sake, if anyone anywhere sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, ride on it, dance on it, feast on it, do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

Sunday is kept, not on the strength of a Divine law, since no such law exists, but by Christians out of respect to Christ, to whom the day is dedicated, and by the nation at large through a Puritanic tyranny

The Puritans who began by dying for liberty, ended by imposing burdens which we have groaned under ever since.

They want to go on doing the same for us to-day, if we are fools enough to let them. Our Puritans, who are only happy when putting a spoke in some wheel, and organising a society to prevent something, would rob us of the scraps of joy and brightness granted by our dull skies and triste nature. Stand for liberty, since its withdrawal from conscience creates Pharisees on the one side, cant and hypocrisy on the other.

2. Next, keep Sunday rationally. It is not rational to force the mind to inordinate devotions, or to sit with folded hands and yawn the hours away, letting precious time slip by unused in a world, where so much is to be learnt and done.

Sunday is adopted by us as a rest day, and rest is often best achieved by change of occupation.

I have known active people go to bed half the day, sedentary people take a long ride or row.

Whatever fits us most for life and puts us cheerfully in tune with duty, that is rational. God is best served by those who adopt the wisest means of recouping their powers of mind, body and soul for their work in life.

Some excellent people were recently roused to prophesying by the decision of a golf club to open its links on Sunday. Golf was admitted to be a healthy and manly exercise in the abstract, but was denounced as "silly and wicked" when played on Sunday. Curses were predicted as a consequence. All golf links, however favourable to health and manliness on week days, were declared to "stink in the nostrils of humanity" if used on Sunday. Could anything be more irrational?

Assume that the Jewish commandment controls our conduct, and press its meaning to the last issue. The most it says is "Do not work on Saturday." It is, in fact, a dignified version of a good old English proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and is as much an incentive to every kind of wholesome recreation as it is an obligation to abstain for twenty-four hours from sordid money-grubbing. It is the noble recognition by a superb statesman of human nature's need for play, and each one of us has his own kind of play—whether golf, or literature, or a long sleep. And when we add to this that the Christian Sunday is not, never has been, and never can be identical with the Jewish Sabbath, the argument is greatly strengthened for giving us a free hand in the use of Sunday. The highest claim of Sunday is that it is consecrated to Christ. It is the Lord's Day. And to pretend to please that Lord Christ by the rigid Phariseeism of Sabbath keeping, which He attacked so mercilessly, is so irrational that it provokes a smile. I wonder what He would have said the other Sunday, when some urchins from our distant slums found a heaven of delight in kicking a football on a piece of open ground, where no one could be affected by their play, and were promptly put to flight as Sabbath-breakers by a stolid policeman? I think it would have been something to the effect that we were those dogs-in-the-manger who will not enter the Kingdom of Heaven ourselves, and shut the door against those who would like to go in without us.

3. To freedom and reason in keeping Sunday let us add charity in its largest sense. Keep it charitably, as Christian people should. Keep it so as to expand all the kindly powers of the soul. If you are well off and pleasantly placed, decree that someone tied by duties, or worn with toil, shall be made free on the Christian holiday by your purse or your vicarious help. Make it a day on which those who have less bright surroundings than yours shall share yours for awhile. See that someone who needs it gets a change into sweeter air and more bracing scenes. Make it a day on which to keep in touch with those who are drifting away from you, by letter or visit. In

some way let it be a day of thought for others, not of mere selfish gratification, even though that gratification be "religious." Let it be a day of high human inspirations. Feed yourself with kindly judgments, especially towards the intolerant and bigoted. Give your support sometimes on that day to those who are fighting the battle of freedom and a rational Sunday. Do not take all your champions win for you, while you stand aloof to escape blows and abuse. Boldly declare your principles and so help to leaven society. Aid those who are striving to open the doors of enlightenment and happiness on Sundays, and break the ring of the Church and publichouse. But because you are liberal, broad and progressive, do not be less pious, devout and reverent. The rational Sunday often has to pray "Save me from my friends." Once let freedom and enlightenment be identified with irreligion and we put the hands of the clock of progress back for a generation.

I plead for the observance of Sunday, that is free, reasonable, and helpful. That surely must be the mind of Christ, and will best advance the great cause we have at heart of human enlightenment and progress. No one can rob us of that eternal *dictum* by which Christ, once for all, adjusted the relations between all ordinances and humanity. It stands as the final word upon the Sunday question and a thousand more beside. Christians whose watchword is Christ will not listen in preference to the Lord's Day Observance Society and its narrow legalism. I refer to those words in which the Great Master answered the Pharisees, and Scribes, and lawyers of all time—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

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TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

VOL. VI.—No. 77. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

A NOVEL PROBATION.

BY

WARREN KILLINGWORTH.

Illustrated by W. DEWAR.

WHAT brought me to the place is very briefly told. I had business to do in a small town a few miles inland, and having retained a lively impression brought away with me from London of fog, mud, and general atmospheric depression in the direction of home, I was induced to spend a few days at a quiet little watering-place that I had heard of as likely to rise and become fashionable, to the disgust of the few who knew the place and loved it for its retirement.

My first impressions of the spot under its winter aspect were such as did not make me desirous to renew its acquaintance at that particular season of the year. After a dreary walk along the deserted Marina, I hit upon a comfortable-looking inn, built one could see at a glance long before the town aspired to the dignity of a popular seaside resort, and very glad was I to gain the shelter of its old-fashioned interior.

As I entered, a homely woman, country-bred, judging from her speech and appearance, came briskly forward to ask my pleasure.

"Very pleasant," thought I, "but if I am not very much mistaken there is an amount of will and determination marked upon your buxom countenance which would make any ordinary man quail at the thought of possession." Anyway, I soon came to terms with my hostess, and at her invitation entered the coffee-room, where I was shortly interviewed by an individual, who answering to the shrill summons of his mistress, appeared from unknown depths, possibly the cellars, and stood at the table, hand on hip, more like a sailor than a born and bred waiter, awaiting my orders.

"Chilly day, sir," said my attendant.

"Chilly?" replied I, "do you think it is chilly? I wonder what you would call a very cold day? I think bitter is a better word, the very marrow in my bones feels frozen."

"Ah, well, sir, use is everything, you know," he replied, stirring the fire into a blaze. "What would you like? We can send out for anything you fancy, and my wife's—I beg pardon, Mrs. Scales' cooking ain't to be beaten in these parts, although I say it."

"There is no earthly reason why you should not say it, if it is a fact. Let your wife cook me a steak—as quickly as possible."

"Yes, sir—beg pardon—slip of the tongue—my wife—Mrs. Scales, sir—if you please."

I looked at the man in astonishment, and began to think the cold had affected his brain. He saw my perplexity, and murmured something about the usage of the house; but I fancied I had detected something interesting from his manner, and taking no further notice at the time, determined to probe matters later on. The opportunity came after I had dined.

"Waiter," said I, "bring whiskey, lemons, hot water, sugar, and two glasses, one for me, one for yourself. I want to hear all the news in this part of the country, and have no mind to sit here alone all the afternoon."

"You're very kind, sir, I am sure, but I'm afraid the missus wouldn't like it."

"Not like it? Why, it's for the good of the house! There doesn't appear to be a landlord, and I can't well ask a lady to drink whiskey with me. Wait a minute, I'll arrange matters."

I disappeared within the adjacent bar, and soon returned, followed by the buxom landlady, with the necessary materials for grog-making, who, with an admonition to the waiter to "keep his place," closed the door, and left us.

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I bade the man be seated, and after a short preliminary conversation, thanks to the warming effects of the grog upon my guest and the soothing influences of a good cigar, I found myself listening to as curious a

"IT WILL SERVE TO PASS AN HOUR."

story of feminine caprice as I, a confirmed bachelor, could wish to hear.

"Well, sir," he began, "I should never be forgiven if the missus knew." He gave a furtive glance over his shoulder as he said this. "And I don't see how it should interest you, but it will serve to pass an hour. In the first place, waiting ain't my trade, or was not, until recently. I was brought up to the leather business, and hail from Bermondsey, served my apprenticeship, and stuck to the trade until I was five-and-twenty. I'm nearer forty now. Leather didn't suit my bent, although I certainly ought to have made it—seeing I married on it."

"And the lady outside is——"

"Hush, she has an awful quick ear"—then in an audible whisper—"you've guessed it, sir, she is my wife."

"Oh, then I understand the mistake you made; you act as waiter, and nobody is supposed to know that you are man and wife. Wouldn't do, I suppose?"

Mr. Scales shook his head in a dubious manner—for a moment I thought I had checked his communicativeness and inwardly cursed my awkwardness.

"No, sir, that's not it," he continued at length. "You must hear the whole story to understand properly. As I was saying, I used to be in the leather trade, and how I came to marry was in this way. I was in Lincolnshire on a holiday, and met my wife there; her father kept an inn of the right old sort, and that is how she came to be such a good manageress. How it was she took to me I can't say. I was a flash kind of lad in those days, and suppose my London manners took her fancy. Anyway, she was a buxom, fresh-coloured, healthy-looking lass enough, and we made a match of it, much against the old man's wish, who was sharp enough to notice, I suppose, that although I had fine feathers I was not quite the sort to make a good husband. The old man was right, for I certainly did not. But though I am naturally of a roving disposition I am a determined character too, and when I make up my mind to a thing I generally manage to carry it through somehow. Well, I saw Nance Gibson, and made up my mind then and there that she was the girl for me; but I was foolish enough not to consider, whether or no, marriage was suited to my inclinations, which subsequent events proved decidedly in the negative. I had, you know, sir, a hankering after seeing life. I don't mean town life, for I saw enough and to spare of that kind of thing, but foreign countries and foreign ways. Perhaps the stifling air and monotonous round of life in Bermondsey made me pine for fresher atmosphere and a change of scene, and perhaps, too, I forgot my daily surroundings when in Lincolnshire, and only thought of Nance and how unlike she was to the girls I saw in London. Anyhow I had no intention of treating her badly when I married her in the old village church, or of breaking

her old father's heart, which I learned afterwards I had done. For he was very fond of his Nance, and had always hoped she would marry into the farming business and settle near him in his old age; for London was as unknown a country to him as some of the lands I dreamed of and longed to visit. Well, I took Nance away from her quiet native Lincolnshire village to London and dirty Bermondsey. All went well for a few months. Nance felt the change keenly, and lost her colour and her temper too, sometimes, which was a wonder to me, for she was a good-tempered girl was Nance before I married her, although she always had a fairly strong will of her own, too. Perhaps, sir, she saw there was a screw loose about me, and began to repent of her choice. One thing I am certain of, she repented of coming to London, and pined for the old home she had left behind her. This, as time went on, angered me against her, and then the old feverish longing to see something new came upon me harder than ever. The end of it was, I just crept away from her one dark foggy afternoon and made my way to the London Docks, where I had heard from a pal of mine, a sailor, that his ship was in want of a cook. He did not know the circumstances, or I know he would never have got me the crib. I left sufficient money behind me to pay the rent up and take her back to her father, and turned my back upon her—I who had sworn to cherish and take care of her through life—I feel now how heartless it was, but I was fairly mad to get away. I found the life hard but enjoyed it—the free open air was delightful—the foreign ports and strange people filled me with wonder, and during the ten years I was away I never even wrote to Nance; my marriage seemed like a dream, a thing which had happened when I was very young—hardly remembered. On the west coast of South America, up Panama way, I caught the fever, was left in hospital, and on my recovery found my ship had sailed for England a month back. A great longing to see the old country then seized me, as strong as the wish I had to leave it years before. You see, sir, what a mistake I made—I should have satisfied my craving first, and then settled down to a quiet life at home. Ten years of ever-changing scenes makes a man long for home, and so it made me. I shipped in a homeward bound vessel, landed at Falmouth, and re-visited my old haunts. I found several of my old mates still at work in the same old humdrum way as they will do, until they die or drift into the workhouse, and from them I learned that Nance had returned to her old home after I deserted her, and that was all they knew. I journeyed to Lincolnshire—found old Gibson's grave in the churchyard—the inn passed into strange hands, but no Nance. After making inquiries round the village, I came across an old woman who did not know me for Nance's husband, and from her I learned my wife's whereabouts. She had taken this inn, the old man had left her all his money, a tidy sum I am told; but how she found anchorage in this particular spot I do not know. I arrived here in the height of the season, for we are very busy in the summer, and for some days lay quiet, thinking how I could best approach her. One evening I had been taking a walk along the cliffs, thinking all the time how badly I had treated my wife, and had almost made up my mind to leave her in peace, when a thought struck me which brought me up short as if I had been suddenly shot. I got the idea of engaging myself as servant at her inn, and endeavouring to gain her confidence in that capacity before I attempted to regain it as a husband.

One thing was certain, she was not likely to know me again, for the healthy life had expanded my chest, and deepened my voice. I stood at least two inches taller than when she had last seen me, my face was bronzed deep, like mahogany, and, besides all these changes in my appearance, I had grown the thick, dark beard which you now see me wearing. I got a situation as handy man, from that rose to waiter and barman, waiter in the season, barman in the winter. I had been in her service about twelve months, and so far, my mistress had no idea whatever that her husband was so near her day by day. Somehow I had not the heart to tell her, she seemed so contented with her lot.

"I found one day, however, hanging in the bar where she always sat, an old photo of me, one of those shilling tin things, and I well remembered when it had been taken. It was at Peterborough Fair, in the first year of our courting. I was almost inclined to tell her then, but circumstances had arisen which made me bide my time. There was a flash young commercial used to come and stop here from time to time, and it wasn't very long before I saw as plain as glass that this young man meant having my wife, and I began to see that the photo in the bar would soon lose its place. For the first time in my life, I knew what it was to be jealous. I didn't like the man, though I shouldn't have let the affair go on if I had liked him. I saw plainly enough that all he wanted was the comfortable business my wife had got together, to fall back upon when commissions ran short. It was commonly reported that she was a warm woman, and he was no fool. I watched the little game closely, and every time that commercial came to the house I remarked progress. The last visit he paid was unusually prolonged, and matters had come to such a pass that I hardly knew how to contain myself. One circumstance made me determined to end it all, and that soon. I found my photo missing. I fairly ground my teeth with rage at this, though in quieter moments I had wondered why my wife kept it, seeing I had treated her so badly.

"That very night I was told to go next day to London with a letter to the brewers, and putting two and two together, I made a pretty good guess why they wanted to get me out of the way.

"So I made ready, and instead of going to the station, hid myself in an outhouse, and waited events. It did not take long to find out what their game was; for I, soon growing tired of cooling my heels in a draughty shed, stole gently to the back door, which I softly opened, and crept into the passage. Then I heard voices.

"'Nance, darling,' the commercial was saying, 'are you ready?'

"'Yes, dearest, in a moment,' replied my wife. 'Has the London train gone?'

"'Gone? It's been gone half an hour. Be quick, it's eleven o'clock.'

"Soon after this I heard a rustling sound, and presently Nance appeared, tricked out in a silk dress and mantle, like a duchess. The intended bridegroom stood at the foot of the stairs, and held out his arms to embrace his future partner, for I was right in my guess, they were just off to church.

"This was more than I could stand so I bawled out, 'Not so fast, there.'

"You should have just seen their faces, sir; it was a picture. Nance drew herself up and looked daggers at me, that is to say when she caught sight of me, for at first I thought she would have fainted, but she soon thought better of that, and prepared to brazen it out.

"'Why aren't you on the way to London to do my business?' said my lady as proud as Lucifer.

"'Because,' replied I, 'I've no liking to see my mistress married, and thrown away on a young fellow who only cares what he can make out of her.'

"'What do you mean, you scoundrel!' said he, furious: "I'll throw you outside if you dont take yourself off.'

"'Try it on,' said I, 'I'm ready.'

"He looked at me for a second, and then putting on a sneer, as well as he could with his white face and his voice all of a tremble with passion, he turned to Nance saying, 'I believe he wants to marry you himself.'

"'Marry me, indeed—he'd better go at once or I'll call for help.'

"'You can make me leave the house, perhaps, Nance,' said I, 'but before I go I can stop your marriage.'

"Well, sir, I did stop her marriage, and she, out of spite, I suppose, at her disappointment, took the upper hand of me, and named the only terms upon which she would consent to live with me again—I was to serve her as usual for board and wage for another two years—which time expires at Christmas, and until then I am nothing more to her than an ordinary paid servant, and my word, she has been a Tartar into the bargain."

"I CAME ACROSS AN OLD WOMAN."

By this time the short afternoon had passed away, the room in which we sat had grown dark, and Mrs. Scales' shrill voice was heard calling for her man-of-all-work.

"Coming ma'am, coming," said he.

I heard an animated discussion proceeding from the bar, and when a few minutes later Mr. Scales entered with candles he had shrunk into his shell, and was to all appearance an ordinary inn attendant. Anyway, I did not succeed in drawing him further, and next day I returned to London

* * * * *

Upon a subsequent visit I found the Marina Hotel no longer under petticoat government. I discovered, too, that the landlord was a man of determination, that under his management the business had even improved, and that no more loyal wife existed than his late employer.

ON THE RANK.

BY

W. PETT RIDGE.

Cab rank near Charing Cross. Ten something p.m. Sad horses stand in shafts, with extended front feet, scowling over their past; drivers, in middle-aged overcoats, stand near and wrangle, and smoke and argue, and wrangle again.

Redfaced Cabman. I cawnt say I agree with you, 'Opkins. Your argument won't 'old water, not for a single moment.

Mr. Hopkins. Who wants it to 'old water? What are you drivin' at? It ain't a blankey trough; it's a blankey argument.

Red-face. You don't see my meaning, 'Opkins.

Mr. Hopkins. No, and I m 'anged if you do either.

Red-face. Oh, yus, I do. Yus, I do. I know what's in my mind very well at the present moment, and I tell you straight I don't agree with you. For one thing, what would become of the country if your Army and your Navy *was* abolished?

Mr. Hopkins. Your talking back'ards, old man. Why, the country 'ud always be here, fathead, wouldn't it?

Red-face. Grawnted, grawnted! But what's going to become of all your soldiers and sailors, aye? Suppose they all went and turned driving kebs? That's *my* point.

Mr. Hopkins. Ah, you're all self, James, that's what you are. You want to look at these things from what I call a broad point of view. Don't 'arp too much on number one.

Red-face (*with decision*). Number one's the best chum I've ever 'ad, old man, and I ain't going to desert him now he's getting old, and— (*To* Pert Servant *arriving*). Four wheeler, miss? Certainly miss. Now?

Pert Servant (*sharply*). Of course, it's wanted now. What a question to ask. And mistress said I was to ride back inside.

Red-face. Certainly, my dear. Allow me (*Opens door*). That's it. In you go. What number did you say?

Pert Servant. I said number ten as plain as I could speak.

Red-face. Right you are. *I'll* shut the door for you. (*Drives off.*)

Pimpled Cabman. We'll *he's* off the rank, thank Gawd! I wish I was 'im, that's all. I bin on my feet, I 'ave, for over 'alf a hour now, an' I ought to be in bed by rights.

Morose Cabman (*gloomily*). There ain't no such thing as rights nowadays. It's damn well all wrongs.

Pimples. You didn't 'ear about me and that copper th' other night jest off the Strend, did you? (*No answer.*) I wanted to get into the Strend, I did, owin' to the theatres jest being on the point of getting it over, as you may say, and 'ang *me* if a 'alf-baked young copper didn't put up his 'and like this (*illustrates*). *You* know.

Moroseness (*bitterly*): Do I not.

Pimples. And he says—this half-baked young copper—he says, "No, you don't," he says, and I pulls up, and I says, very polite, "Don't what?" I says, "Ain't I got a fare a-waiting for me at the Marble Halls?" and he says, "Fare or no fare you get back." And I lets the old 'orse go on for a bit, and he says, "Stop it," and I says, "Sergeant (he was on'y a ordinary twenty-five-bob-a-weeker, but I called him sergeant), I says, "You can't do what you like with a norse," and the young devil he says, "What's your number?"

Moroseness. That's *so* like 'em.

Pimples. And I shows him me number and I took his, and I druv off back, and I called out to him, I did, over me shoulder and I hollers out, "You look out you don't lose your brasted uniform, my man," I says, "I'll get those buttons took off of you," I says.

Moroseness. What made you give him your number, you silly chump?

Pimples (*reassuringly*). It was all right old man, I kep me thumb over the figure 'ite.

(*Slaps his own shoulder appreciatively.*)

Aged Cabman (*to thin Cabman*). So I says to this party, I says, "Where might you be wanting to go to, lidy?" and the party answers me back, and she says (*whining tone*), "Acton, cabman!" And I says to her I says, "You can't get to no Hacton to-night, lidy. You'd better lemme drive you to a friend," and she says 'alf to herself, "Shall I go to my sister's at Bayswater, that I haven t spoken to for ten years?"

Thin Cabman (*doubtingly*). You're miking this up as you go along.

Aged Cabman. It's gawspel, Banks, it's gawspel truth I'm giving you, and I says, "Certnly lidy. You go to your sister's, *she'll* make you comfortable enough," and she goes and gets in my keb.

Thin Cabman (*satirically*). Poor soul!

Aged Cabman. And when we gets there her sister comes to the door and cries out, "Sophia!" and my fare, she cries out, "Mabel!" and they kisses one another, and——

Thin Cabman. What 'id you get?

Aged Cabman (*with triumph*). Five bob, my boy.

Thin Cabman (*unbelievingly*). So are you five bob. Who are you getting at?

Aged Cabman (*emphatically*). Five solid bob I give you my word of honour. Sister sent it out by the servant, an' said would the cabman mind kindly keeping the change (*laughs ironically*), *would I* keep the change, indeed. Would I *not* keep the change. What do *you* think?

Thin Cabman (*with candour*). Since you ask me 'Erry I think that the biggest fools 'ave the best luck. That's what I think (*spits*), I've seen it so often in this world. I ain't lived five an' fifty year for nothin'.

Aged Cabman. Ah, your jolly clever, you are, all at once.

Thin Cabman. Well, we can't all be born idiots, can we? Give us a chance, old man.

(Aged Cabman *goes to lamp of his cab and rubs it with arm-sleeve strenuously.*)

Cabman in Oilskin Hat. So I says, "What's this for,' I says; "I don't want to buy no chocolate out of no autermatic machine," I says; and the gent says, "That's your fare," he says.

Youthful Cabman. Well, so it was.

Oilskin Hat (*with acerbity*). What the 'ell's that got to do with it? I'd like to see *your* face if you'd drove all that way and then been offered 'iteenpence. So it was indeed! You've got as much sense as a bit of old blanket, you 'ave.

Youth. Get on.

Oilskin Hat. Well, so I says, "Oh, that's my fare, is it? That's as well to know," I says; and he says, "Good-night, cabman;" and I stops him, and I says, "*One* moment, if *you* please." And then I gives 'im a bit of my mind, and I gives it to 'im straight. *You* know my style when I feel 'urt.

Youth. It's pretty thick.

Oilskin Hat. And when I'd finished he says, quite carm, "If you care to call on me to-morrow morning I'll see if we can find something more for you;" and I says, "Ah! now you're tawking sense;" and he says, "I'm the new magistrate at what's-the-name of the Court;" and he gives me his card, and—well, I give you my word you could 'a' knocked me down with 'alf a feather. I ain't bin so tooken not since—

(*Two whistles in distance.*)

All Cabmen. Now then, Ginger.

Oilskin Hat. Awright, awright, I 'eard. I ain't got a clawth ear.

(Oilskin Hat *wakes up his horse and goes.*)

Cabman with Cigar. If I backed that blankey 'orse once I reckon I backed it 'arf-a-dozen times, and it never did win.

Colleague. What made you back it, then?

Cigar. What mide me back it? What rot you do talk! Why, you've on'y got to keep on backin' a 'orse and it's sure to pull it off some day. Look at me, f'r instance. There was me, backing the bag o' bones six times; I drops it; I says, "No, thanky, I've 'ad some," and (*explosively*) bile my 'ead if the very next time he didn't fairly romp in!

Colleague. You wasn't in the know, old man.

Cigar (*frankly*). That I most certainly was not. Ten to one he started, too. Never put more than a bob at a time on him, I didn't; but, after all, a bob is a bob nowdays.

Colleague. It takes a lump o' gettin'. (*To passing youth*). 'Ere you are, sir. 'Ansom, sir? (*Youth shakes his head and goes on.*) A 'apenny 'bus once a month is more in your line. (*To colleague*). It's my firm belief, Jobson, that a lot of these young chaps don't know what a 'ansom is.

Cigar. They would if they got inside of yourn. My Gawd! Shook all to bits I reckon.

Colleague (*feelings too deep for intelligible words*). Ba-a-h.

(*Noise in distance.*)

Cigar (*to another colleague, humorously*). There's your pore 'orse been and got blown down agen, Banks.

Mr. Banks. You're funny aren't you?

Cigar (*modestly*). Well, I try to be, old chap. Why don't you lean 'im agenst the wall somewheres? It's downright croolty to make a old 'orse like that stand up. I reckon *he* was born in the year dot, that 'orse was.

Mr. Banks (*threateningly*). I'll dot *you* one, young Master blooming Waters, if you don't keep that mouth of yourn—

(*Excited cab runners turn corner of street. Theatres emptying*).

Excited Cab-Runners (*screaming breathlessly*). Four wheelah! 'ensom! 'ensom! four wheelah! quick! come on! 'urry up, this w'y! 'ere y'are sir! 'ensom! four wheelah! four wheelah! 'ensom! four——

(*All cabs move. On the rank peace.*)

IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

AN APPRENTICES LIFE IN THE HALF-DECK.

(Conclusion.)

Upon our return to Queenstown, for orders, eleven months later, discontent having occurred amongst the men, several of them who were suffering from scurvy (despite the lime-juice and vinegar, "according to the Act") demanded to go ashore, and—not through any feelings of sympathy with Sumner, but simply out of spite against the captain—told the story of the accident. Sumner, who—always unlucky—was also suffering from scurvy, was brought ashore by order of the magistrate. I, who was in the captain's gig, heard him beg the boy not to say too much, as it might prove a serious matter, and he (the captain) had a wife and children to think of. Sumner said as little as possible, but a medical examination at Queenstown demonstrated that the point of his right elbow was broken off. He remained in the service until his term of apprenticeship had expired; but his nerve was gone, and from the day of his fall he never ventured aloft beyond the sheer poles again.

We boys always went barefoot in fine weather, and one afternoon I jumped down an open hatchway upon a board which had a rusty nail sticking up from it. The result was a nasty wound, which bled excessively. The "old man" upon being informed by the second mate of the occurrence, sent up word that I was to bathe my foot in hot water, and he would attend to it when he came on deck. The cook was a Cockney of the lowest class, whose proudest boast was that he had been born in the gutter. He was, as I have already indicated, one of our berthmates. When I went to the galley for hot water this blackguard swore at me, and made no offer to give me what I wanted, so I got some linen rags, and bandaged my foot as well as I could. Presently the captain came on deck, and sent for me. When he saw that the wound had not been bathed, he cried, "Why the ——— haven't you bathed this, as I told you?" I was afraid to say anything against the cook, who had already got into the habit of ill-using some of us lads, so I merely replied, "I didn't think the cook had any hot water handy, sir." The cook was sent for, and came aft swearing. He declared that he had told me to bring a pannikin for the hot water. The carpenter, who was standing by the half-deck scuttle, and who had been a witness of the scene at the galley, spoke up for me, but was promptly snubbed by the captain. Without further question, the skipper seized the end of a rope from the mizzen-mast, and, despite my crippled condition, gave me a severe thrashing. No further attention was paid to the injured foot.

The same night the men got me down into the forecastle (the cook being there also, apparently, a kind of leader amongst them), and were kind enough to pull off my shirt and examine my back, which was covered with weals from the neck downwards. I afterwards discovered that the cook, who had some real or fancied grievance against the captain, was keeping a "log," to be used for the latter's discomfiture upon our return to England. As a matter of fact, the cook was sent ashore to the hospital when we arried at Iquique, and he remained there, much to the relief of us all, for he had been suffering all the passage out with a loathsome disease.

One morning, in the tropics, when there was a blazing sun overhead, and the iron plates of the ship were as hot as stove-lids, we six apprentices were summoned aft. The captain informed us that he had a nice job for us; and watch on deck and watch below were to share in it alike. The "nice job" was to chip and scrape the iron plates in the lazarette. The *Warwickshire's* lazarette was a terrible place, gained by a man-hole under the cabin-table. This man-hole offered the only means of ventilation or light, as the place was below the water-line. There was, of course, no pressing necessity for the work, which could have been readily performed in cooler weather, when no particular hardship would have been involved.

The six of us descended into the lazarette with three flaring colza-oil lamps, one for each gang of two. In the confined space—where we had to work in constrained positions—the atmosphere became unbearable in ten minutes. A little chap from Liverpool, who had been ailing and had been spitting up blood some time before, suffered especially. Speaking down the man-hole, the captain facetiously remarked that any boy who came up at dinner-time with a dry shirt would get no dinner. The work lasted all day, and our suffering was great. Happily, there was no one to overlook us, and so we took it in turns to get well aft, out of sight, and take a spell. In the afternoon little Caswell, the Liverpool boy, whom we had put under the manhole for the sake of the air, inadvertently splashed a few drops of cement, with which we were coating the iron plates, into the cabin above. When it was discovered, the captain thrashed him after his usual gentle fashion.

One of the apprentices, a vicar's son, was doing something in the cabin one afternoon, when he was called into the captain's state-room, and—by way of a joke, I suppose, on the "old man's" part—was then and there put in irons. The boy was frightened, and wept bitterly. The captain thereupon became angered, and struck him violently as he sat handcuffed and helpless on a box. The boy's nose bled very freely, and as a mess was made on the deck of the state-room additional punishment was inflicted. Captain Greggans had no desire to let the steward see the blood, so he actually induced the chief mate to swab it up himself. This was the boy's version of the affair, and it was verified by the steward, a decent little Norwegian, who had been in the pantry close by all the while.

When crossing the line barbarous cruelties were practised by the sailors upon us first voyagers, with the tacit consent of the captain. The horrid mixture used as shaving "lather," in the incidental operation, was composed of Stockholm tar, "slush"—*i.e.*, fat skimmed from the water in which the salt meat is boiled—and soot from the galley funnel.

One of the sailors, armed with a huge wooden razor and a brush of manilla rope yarns, officiated as barber. When I refused to open my mouth, I received a hard stroke across the face with the razor. When I did open it, the brush, well charged with noxious lather, was pushed down my throat—not once, but many times. With deliberate intent the stuff was brutally forced under my eyelids, and although I refused for a time, yet eventually I was driven to cry out with pain. This was exactly what the operator had desired. I remained perfectly blind for an hour or two, but was not permitted to attend to my injuries, for after having three buckets of water poured over me, I was forced to join the other victims at the after capstan, where, to the accompaniment of the sailors' songs, we were obliged to push the capstan round. When we faltered, we were touched up with a rope's-end from the fife-rail. The captain regarded the scene from the break of the poop. I could not see him, but I could hear his voice occasionally. This entertainment continued for an hour or so. It was Christmas Eve, and grog was served out to the men. We boys got none.

Space has permitted me to narrate only a few incidents of my first voyage. I fear they give an inadequate impression of what we suffered. Sometimes it has been said to me, by those who have never been at sea, that they would never have submitted to such treatment. Well, we were constantly told by the carpenter and sailmaker that we were better off than most apprentices; but even had we been inclined to rebel, we would have been intimidated, not only by our own knowledge of the hopelessness of such a proceeding, but by the constant warnings of these two men, who reminded us with brutal insistence that there were no "back doors at sea."

S. J. REA.

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

It is not often that an old fogey like myself takes up an entirely new idea, but I could not help stocking a number of *London of To-Day's Calendar of Fixtures and Events*. It seemed to me such an impossible book for anybody who goes anywhere to do without when he or she had once become aware of its existence. It is published monthly, in a very attractive cover, at 1, Creed Lane, E.C., and contains all the fixtures of the month entered on their own days, first of all *en masse*, to show you what is going on everywhere on any particular day, and then assorted under the different headings of the Court, Social Events, Banquets and Dinners, Annual Shows, Concerts, the Opera, the Theatre, Art Exhibitions, Races, Regattas, Cricket Matches, and Sports, the last five not only for the present month, but for the whole season. It is charmingly printed, and has a pretty white parchment wrapper.

* * * *

Everyone who comes into the shop begins to talk of Mr. Wilde. An Oxford customer of mine tells me that Mr. Wilde began his career of notoriety—harmless notoriety in those days—at Oxford. He brought forward with a great flourish a motion that quill-pens should be excluded from the musical society, on the rolls of which he appeared as O.O'F. Wills Wilde. He was found in his rooms with his face buried in his hands, and tears trickling through, because he could not live up to some old blue china which had been presented to him. He sat up all night to watch the birth or death, I forget which, of a lily; until Magdalen, the college of which he was a distinguished ornament in scholarship, rose in rebellion and decided to put him under the college pump if he persisted in courses so inconsistent with young Oxford's notions of "Life."

* * * *

Very attractively got-up books are Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's "Lyrics" (John Lane, 5s.) and Mr. H. C. Beeching's "In a Garden," and other poems (John Lane, 5s.). Both of them are distinctly above the average of minor verse. Mr. Benson, who is a son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a brother of Dodo Benson and Miss Margaret Benson (author of that charming book on her animals, "Subject to Vanity"), is a very scholarly poet. I was specially charmed with his sonnet on "Gaston de Foix"—

GASTON DE FOIX.

Half sunk in marble, soft as down, he lies,
Smiling with that inscrutable content
That comes when brows are grey, and shoulders bent,
But seldom deigns to brood in younger eyes.

Armed as he fell, he needs no braveries,
No wreath, nor curious gaud, nor jewelled ring,
Who was not loth to perish, that a king,
A careless king, might sit an hour at ease.

Happy the hero who hath served the truth,
And, full of years, is borne through weeping streets
Amid a weeping nation—happier he
Who in one glorious hour his fate completes,
Setting the seal of immortality
On all the grace and goodliness of youth.

* * * *

Have been stocking a number of copies of Mr. Richard Pryce's "The Burden of a Woman" (Methuen, 6s.). It is charmingly written. Though it is a story of village life, Mr. Pryce writes about it with the same air of actual experience which is the charm of his Belgravian stories. The style is particularly noticeable. It is so terse and nervous. There is not a word too much. All the women characters are well drawn, and the character of Mary Redwing is particularly powerful as well as charming. If one had to make a suggestion it would be that perhaps his style is more suited to short stories than long. Mr. Pryce has certainly not been lucky in the proportion of notoriety to merit. His work is so consistently good. It is a more interesting love story than one generally gets in novels of village life. Mr. Pryce places a whole situation before one with a few strokes of the pen.

* * * *

I expect to do very well with Ouida's "Views and Opinions" (Methuen, 6s.), a volume of essays. They have her charm of style in a marked degree. The first essay, *The Sins of Society*, is very clever and most catholic in its strictures. It assails such widely different social misuses as those of wedding presents (which she calls "spoils"), wired flowers at funerals (the martyrdom of flowers), and the German influence in Sovereigns. Then there are several poetical essays on *Gardens*, and *The Passing of Philomel*, and so on. *O Beati Incipientes*, *The Penalties of a Well-known Name*, and *Vulgarity*, are very scathing. They deal mostly with such topics as the want of taste in publishing the letters of the dead, and domestic details about the living. "Views and Opinions" is certainly a book both to read and to remember.

* * * *

It was appropriate that Mr. Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey should have published together their "Songs from Vagabondia," for Mr. Hovey and Mr. Carman shared a room when they were students at Harvard. Mr. Carman, though a New Brunswicker by birth, was attracted to the great American University, because he had a sister married to one of its Professors. Mr. Hovey is an American from the capital city of Washington, U.S., the very type the late Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., would have chosen for a Pharaoh or for Ehud the Moabitish King—a large fine man, with handsome, majestic, Semitic features, flashing dark eyes, jet black hair, and a jet black Semitic-looking beard. His publisher, my rival and neighbour, Mr. Elkin Matthews, brought him in to introduce to me when he first came to England a year or more ago.

* * * *

I remember how honoured I felt the day that that great man, and old patron of mine, his Grace of Argyll, brought in his son, the Most Noble Sir John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne, who is just bringing out a guide to Windsor Castle, of which he is Governor. He has been an author for nearly thirty years. His first book was not, as is currently reported, the poem "Guido and Lita," but "A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America," published in 1867, when he was only twenty-two years old. His best-known book is his "Canadian Pictures," published in 1884. Lord Lorne is a very powerfully built man, and wears his blonde hair rather long. There is a remarkable family likeness between him and his brothers.

* * * *

I was rather puzzled in ordering the volume of Helen Lady Dufferin's Songs (just published, with the music she wrote for them, by John Murray, 9s.), uniform with the Poems, Songs and Verses published last year, which has gone into its third or fourth edition. It is about the only volume of verse published in octavo book form I ever handled except a hymn-book. I am doing very well with it, but of course, not as well as with the former volume, which had the advantage of a delightful biographical introduction, which was a book in itself, from the pen of that great man who is now the British Ambassador in Paris, and during his Governor-Generalship made Canada the most loyal of all British colonies

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—The April sun is shining, the green buds are bursting out all over the soot-blackened bushes that we can see from the window of our tiny flat. A detachment of the Lancers has just gone by, their splendid uniforms glistening in the sun, their chargers looking as conscious of a fine appearance as the riders, the band playing "Tommy Atkins," and everything so bright, so glorious, so delightfully young of aspect that all my thoughts are singing like birds in my brain How I wish you were here! What on earth made you marry and go off to India, where you will certainly lose your pretty complexion and forget all your housekeeping?

We spent Easter with the Brownes, in their lovely home among the Surrey hills. It was beautiful, but cold. Are all country houses cold? I begin to think they are. It was my first visit since we lost our money, and I had to contrive with all my might in order to make a respectable appearance. One's friends may be very kind and sympathetic about one's change of circumstance, but they will not stand a shabby look, not even the least snobbish of them.

NEW EVENING DRESS.

And the worst of it is that all last season's gowns are too narrow in the skirt. However, we managed pretty well. Is it not Mr. Walter Besant who says that "managing" means doing without things? And oh, how hard we worked, mother and I, with our needles and that dear little sewing-machine you gave me two years ago on my birthday.

Do you remember mother's black satin gown? I have made her a quite handsome cape out of the skirt of it, and a tea-jacket out of the bodice. Yes, dear, I can see how astonished you look! You can't think how clever I have got. I took all the breadths of the skirt to pieces, and sponged them carefully with cold water, rolled them up in a soft old sheet, and next day ironed them out on the wrong side. The right side looked like new. There were seven of them. Out of each I got a gored piece, the full width of the satin at the bottom but quite narrow at the top. I joined them all together, pressing the seams with an iron that I took care was not too hot. Over each seam I sewed a narrow line of jet trimming that we had picked up cheap at a winter sale. For the lining I used the skirt of my old peach-coloured brocade, renovated after the same fashion as the satin, and it looks beautiful. It was an expensive one when new, and has so much substance in it that it sets out the satin to great advantage. The next thing was to make a high collar of a piece of satin and to cover it with a ruffle of black silk grenadine, which is cheaper than either chiffon or silk muslin, and much stronger than either. When I had added a shoulder cape, which was once a portion of a lovely old Chantilly flounce, and put black satin bows on the edge of each shoulder at the back under the ruffle and in front to hide the hook and eye at the neck, the cape was done.

I am so proud of it!

Making the tea-jacket was easy enough. I made the rest of the Chantilly flouncing into a basque, very full and deep, put a black lace ruffle round the neck, and hung wide ends of black accordion-kilted silk muslin over the fronts. The sleeves we made of three tiers of accordion-kilted muslin, ending below the elbows with a deep fall of Chantilly. It looks quite smart.

My own gowns were not much trouble. Last year I bought a ready-made tweed skirt and four yards for a bodice. The skirt was much too narrow for this season's fashion, so I consulted with the dressmaker who comes by the day, and between us, with the aid of a paper pattern of the newest skirt, we added in two gored breadths from the length sold for a bodice. At Redmayne's I found a silk blouse that goes with it beautifully, and the price was something under a sovereign. You get such good style there in even the least expensive makes.

I longed for some money when I saw what pretty ruffles they have for the neck, and the neat and dainty collar and cuff sets of embroidered muslin and lace. I particularly coveted a wide lawn collar of the Henrietta Maria sort—square at the back, overhanging the sleeves on the shoulders, and coming down in points to meet at the waist

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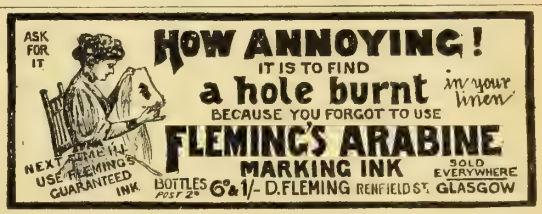

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As to hats, it is a simple matter to buy one of the new straws, untrimmed, at the draper's, and trim it up at home; but when I see other girls with lovely hats, all soft curves and foaming feathers, I want to be well off again.

Gloves and boots are the expensive items, and *white* gloves, if you please, are to be all the fashion with afternoon dress this season.

Is it not wicked? I shall wear black. They last longer and look better than any others, when you can get them good; and in the matter of boots and gloves I *won't* be shabby, even if I have to go short in the item of gowns. Don't you think I am right?

Your affectionate
Susie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Junior S.—Don't have tartan notepaper. It is very ugly, and the prettiest writing in the world looks horrid on it. The pale mauve is pretty, especially with the address in a deeper shade of the same colour, but it carries a suggestion of mourning with it. As you are so young you may indulge in dainty papers, flower-decked. Make your stationer get you a box of "Sprays of Beauty." It contains tinted paper with flowers delicately coloured on the front page, a spray or two reading round to the last. A stick of green sealing-wax, just the shade of the foliage, is put up in the box.

Spring Clean.—Yes, there are tall shields for the tops of lamp chimneys and gas burners. They preserve the ceilings from getting blackened, a sight that always vexes the housewifely soul. I will get the address for you, and put it in this column next week if possible.

Baby Dear.—You will find exactly what you want at Harrod's Stores; tennis flannels, well shrunk, at 1s. 2½d. the yard. The ground is white, and the charm of many of them lies in the vague, and consequently becoming, blues and pinks that form the pattern. Others show the decided tones that suit brunettes so well, and "kill" blondes so mercilessly. At the same stores, enormously enlarged since you left England, and immensely improved in the class of goods obtainable, you will find the prettiest possible bed-spreads in guipure, canvas trimmed with linen lace, Nottingham lace, and Swiss appliqué. Some of them have a satin insertion, embroidered in colours. They have an enormous stock of very inexpensive lace curtains, both white and écru. Go yourself to choose them. It is all downstairs, and you can have tea in their restaurant.

Sweet Sixteen wants to know how she is to make her fringe keep in curl when the hot weather comes. I can't think how you are to manage it, dear "Sixteen." What a lovely age! I wonder if I envy you. And, after all, you know, I daresay you look ever so much nicer with those tight crimpings a little loose and free. Most girls curl up their fringes into too much artificiality of aspect.

Gardener.—You will find a list of hardy annuals in Beeton's "All About Gardening," a new edition of which has just been issued. Stock, sweet-pea, nemophila, and nasturtiums are among them. For mowing your lawn with your own feminine hands I can recommend the new "Model" mower from personal experience. It is so light that a girl of ten can with ease run it along the grass, and it keeps a small lawn in excellent order. The address of the firm from which it can be had is Chadborn and Coldwell, 223, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

Ingenue.—Six yards of silk for a blouse—the sleeves about four, so huge are they; the skirt from four-and-a-half yards round the hem. Capes are cut in a complete circle, and are, as you may deduce from this, extremely full. The smartest are very short, reaching scarcely to the elbows.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Inquirer.—An apple stewed with meat helps to make it tender, and greatly improves the flavour of curry. Get Armour's 'Delicious Dishes." It is a capital little cookery book and costs only sixpence. We tried the Cornish Pasties the other day and they were excellent. This is the recipe: *Cornish Pasties.*—Ingredients: Half pound cooked beef, half pound cold boiled potato, one boiled onion, a little pepper and salt, quarter teaspoonful of Armour's Extract, two tablespoonfuls of water, one egg. Mince the meat, potato, and onion finely; add the seasoning and extract, and mix well. Then make some short crust, and cut into rounds about four inches in diameter. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture in the centre of each round. Beat an egg up on a plate, and brush round the edge of each, press the edges firmly together and form into a frill on the top. Brush all over with egg and put into a quick oven for half an hour. Time, thirty-five minutes. And there is a capital recipe for Bisque of Lobster, No. 20.

Deafness Cured.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London

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Per 1/- & 1/4 lb.

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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE. AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS OF LIPTON'S TEA SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE.

And if you want a sauce that everyone is sure to like, make it according to the instructions given in No. 39 for *Poivrade Sauce*.—Ingredients: One ounce of butter, lean bacon, carrot, onion, and flour; one wineglass each vinegar and sherry, one pine water, one sprig of thyme, parsley, and marjoram, a few cloves, a small piece of mace, one dessertspoonful of Armour's extract of beef. Cut the vegetables and bacon in small squares and fry them in the butter; when well browned add vinegar, and let it boil until reduced, then mix in the flour, the water, spice, and herbs; stir until it boils; simmer until nicely flavoured (about twenty minutes), then strain, add the wine, the extract of beef, and seasoning to taste. Re-heat and serve. Time, half an hour.

A correspondent asks for a good recipe for *Potato Soup*.—Take two quarts of the water in which a leg of mutton has been boiled. Skim clear of fat. Mash six large potatoes with a tablespoonful of good butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onions, a similar quantity of finely-chopped parsley, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix in a basin the potatoes with a little of the stock so as to get the soup smooth and free from lumps, then pour it into the saucepan, stir it till it boils, and it is ready for table.

This is a good way of utilising cold potatoes. They must be warmed up, however, before being mashed.

Cheese Fondue.—I give the recipe for variety, in Brillat-Savarin's own words:

Pesez le nombre d'œufs que vous voudrez employer d'après le nombre présumé de vos convives.

Vous prendrez ensuite un morceau de bon fromage de Gruyère pesant le tiers, et un morceau de beurre pesant le sixième de ce poids.

Vous casserez et battrez bien les œufs dans une casserole; après quoi vous y mettrez le beurre et le fromage râpé ou émincé.

Posez la casserole sur un fourneau bien allumé, et tournez avec un spatule, jusqu' à ce que le mélange soit convenablement épaissi et mollet; mettez-y un pen ou point de sel, suivant que le fromage sera plus ou moins vieux, et une forte portion de poivre, qui est un des caractères positifs de ce mets antique; servez sur un plats légèrement échauffé féutes apporter le meilleur vin, qu'on boire rondement, et on vierra merveilles.

Mrs. A. B. Marshall has had a very beautiful supper-table display at the Cavendish Rooms, just opposite her School of Cookery in Mortimer Street. The floral decorations were white and yellow. I have never seen so many varieties of daffodils collected together except at a flower show. One in particular, with petals bordered with orange, struck me as both novel and beautiful. There were thirty-two dishes on the table, and I should like to give the menu, but there would not be enough space. They all looked delicious, and many of them were not only appetising, but highly ornamental. There were plovers' eggs dressed in several different ways, with salad and otherwise. The scallopped pigeon was extremely tempting of aspect; as was the timbale à la Caird, to such as like curry, and who does not in this enlightened age? Of one lovely little dish called, "Biscuits à la Duchesse," I was fortunate enough to secure the recipe for the readers of To-day. Here it is:—

Biscuits a la Duchesse.—Prepare some biscuits as below, and when they are cold arrange on each by means of a forcing bag and large rose pipe a purée of chicken prepared as below; sprinkle each with finely-chopped raw green parsley and place in the centre a quarter of a cooked plover's egg that has been garnished with strips of cut truffle and French red chilli; set these to the egg with a little aspic jelly, and arrange the biscuits on a dish on a paper. Use for any cold service luncheon, etc.

Chicken Purée.—Take six ounces of cold cooked chicken, freed from bone and skin and pounded till smooth with one large tablespoonful of thick Bechamel sauce, one ounce of fresh butter, a dust of coralline pepper, a little salt and two tablespoonsful of thick cream. When well mixed rub it through a fine hair sieve and use.

Biscuits.—Rub into a quarter of a pound of fine flour two ounces of good butter, half an ounce of grated Parmesan cheese, a dust of Marshall's coralline pepper, a pinch of Cowan's baking powder, and a few drops of carmine. Mix with cream into a stiff dry paste, roll it out, prick it with a pricker, and cut into rounds with a fancy cutter, place them on a baking tin, and cook in a moderate oven for about fifteen to twenty minutes.

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London Est 1866.—Advt.

In "TO-DAY" for NEXT WEEK.

Will be Commenced a Series of

SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE AND CHARACTER,

by

GEORGE GISSING.

DE OMNIBUS.

BY

THE CONDUCTOR.

Theer's bin a deal o' talk litely about these 'ere old ige penshings. 'Ankin's bin very free with 'is voos on the subjic, likewise on the boot tride and libur questshings gin'rally. But theer, 'Ankin talks rarnd an' rarnd 'is opinyuns till yer cawn't see 'em; 'e don't know 'ow ter sye a thing strite an' then leave it; 'e wuks it up an' spreads it art and turns in inter bewtiful langwidge till yer cawn't tell whort 'e is drivin' at and whort 'e ain't. As fur as I understan's 'im, 'is voos on the grite libur questshing is as follers:—The idle an' disserloot hupper clawses ought ter be mide ter wuk, so as ter tike it art of 'em an' give 'em a lessing, an' the wukking clawes didn't ought ter wuk at all, 'cause theer ain't enough wuk ter go all rarnd, and cornsequintly they is tikin' the bread art o' the marths o' the unimplyed. But I couldn't tell yer—nort so as tu call it tellin'—whort 'e said on the subjic o' old ige penshings; mind yer, it was fust-rite langwidge, 'ad awgyments in it, an' come art easy like a speech, showin' of 'is talinks. But all the sime I couldn't mike art whort it meant, and I said so. Then 'e said it were or'nary pulitical ecornermy, and I called 'im a bloomin' liar, and so we 'ad a bit of a barney.

* * * *

Old ige penshings! 'Strewth, I wish they'd start some young ige penshings. If we is ter 'ave the pieces, let's 'ave 'em when we kin enjy 'em. Tike my own kise. 'Ere am I a-gettin' on. I ain't by no means an old man, but I ain't so young as I yoosed ter was. But if I was ter come in fur a bit o' stuff nar, I could do sutthing with it. I'd tike my fortnight at Mawgit, get inter some wuk as were rather more clawsy than I 'as at present, drive my own trap, an' mike things a bit livelier. But suppose I come inter it liter on, whort's the yoose of it thin? I'm a old man and got set, as yer might sye; I wouldn't 'ave no energy to chinge my wye of livin', nor I wouldn't be able ter injy things sime as I kin nar. Likely I'd blue it all moochin' rarnd the pubs an' backin' wrong 'uns. But, 'arrever, 'Ankin says as penshings ain't no treat, bein' fur them as is bust up and destitoot, and nort leadin' ter no luckshries. If thet's so, bein' on the penshing is tew much like bein' on the perish fur my tiste. I cud do with a bit o' luck, but I don' know as I wornt any cherity. Wheer's yer inderpendunce? I knowed a man, though nort intimit, as lived in the Line, or rawther in one o' them courts off it. Well, 'e was in a bad wye, and fust of all 'e worn't nutthink—I mean of a Sunday. Then 'e took up with bein' some kind of a Dissenter, and mide a bit art o' the Dissenters. Next, 'e turned Cawtholic, an' mide a bit art o' them, and nar 'e's both of 'em, and mikin' a bit art o' both too. Ho, yus, I don't sye it ain't business. In a manner o' speakin', it is. Thet man's mikin' more art o' charity nor 'e cud ever mike art o' work. But thin, as I says, wheer's 'is bloomin' inderpendunce? 'E don' keer. 'E's one of them sort as wears out their 'ats at the brim fust. But it wouldn't soot my book. Well, p'r'aps I mye be puttin' it a bit too fine an' lawge. It's easy talkin' when you're in work, and drorin' yer money reglar. But if anythink 'appins to yer, and yer gits lide on yer back, yer mye sing a bit diffrunt; when you've took all your cash art o' your pocket, yer mye be gled ter put your pride inter it. But this I will sye, if yer comes to the end o' yer luck, and yer wornts a bit of 'elp, go to a pore man, an' nort to a rich 'un. An' there's too reasings for that. You're a deal more likely ter git the 'elp, and yer ain't supposed ter be anywyse extry perlite to the man as gives yer it. Put it this wye—if yer knows a man well enough to call 'im aboosing nimes ter 'is face, yer mye know 'im well enough ter borrer money from 'im. But if yer doesn't, yer suttingly don't.

THE CASE OF DELIA HARDING.

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Victorien Sardou at his very worst—that is "Delia Harding." Gentlemen of the Jury, I am prepared to prove that at any rate. Estimate him as we will, this same Victorien Sardou has talked of the English art and the English theatre in a very high-handed and arrogant manner. In fact, he has assumed that England has no art and no theatre at all. When this Sardou sells his plays at enormous prices to English managers he considers it a grievance and an indignity to him, the great Sardou, if they, the managers, alter them so as to suit the audience of England, whom Sardou does not pretend to study. I will give you an instance, an historical case in point: One of the finest bits of dramatic work in the way of comedy drama attributed to Sardou is his "Dora," but I have no hesitation in saying that had "Dora" been literally translated for the English stage, as it stood in the original, it would have been as great a failure as it proved to be a brilliant success. Sardou's play of "Dora" contained a political intrigue that no human being would have understood, a second act bodily cut out, in English so hopelessly dull that it would have made every audience yawn and go to sleep, as they certainly did over the tedious first act of "Delia Harding." But when "Diplomacy" was produced and succeeded, it pleased the great Sardou to sulk in a corner because two impertinent Englishmen had dared to mutilate his masterpiece. Indeed, I am assured that he has never forgiven them to this day. Now, what "Delia Harding" would have been without the literary assistance of Mr. Comyns Carr it is painful to imagine. Oh, that first act, with its voluminous and interminable talk all about nothing; I wondered when it would ever end. The idea of half a dozen sane men and women sitting in a semi-circle discussing and rediscussing some mysterious women over the way who had never been seen by them.

Dear me, the utter staginess of Mrs. Venables, the hoarse tragedy queen, who loves the hero, and scowls at the heroine. Why, even Miss Rose Leclerq and Mr. Cyril Maude, most admirable artists and reciters of dialogue, broke down over Sardou's dull wit and tirade of talk. I suppose you know the reason of Sardou's habit of introducing two servants at the start, who talk for a good half-hour apparently about nothing, or the other Sardou dodge of giving the audience a silly and unnecessary second act, as in "Dora" and "Odette." This is all due to his commercial instinct. And Sardou has a decided commercial instinct, I can tell you. It is done to prevent, in addition to his own play in the programme, the occurrence of a first piece or an afterpiece.

It is the rule of the French Dramatic Authors Society for authors to share the proceeds when it is a mixed bill. But Sardou does not like sharing, so he has the evening all to himself, and instead of a first piece or a last piece, we have the conventional Sardou talk. Why, the dramatic interest of "Delia Harding" never starts in the first act until we see delightful Marion Terry in her white summer frock. And, after that, off rides Victorien Sardou on his conventional hobby horse. He is not ashamed to give us once more a ragout of the "three men scene" from "Dora" terribly over stewed. He brings out the medicine chest and the bottle of port wine and digitalis. We know as well as possible what is going to happen when the heroine leaves her poisoned night-cap untasted, and the tipsy villain alone with it.

Gentlemen, Monsieur Sardou has written a very poor, talky, and dull play, and the pen of no Comyns Carr in the universe could save it from the yawns by which it was universally condemned.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

Gentlemen, we are not all analysts, dissectors, or dramatic critics. There is too much a tendency in these times when we talk with a shudder of conventionality and the growing taste of the new drama and the scenting out of old situations that every hard-headed, common-sense playgoer is as fastidious as a modern critic, or a first-night audience mainly composed of experts. Think of the country cousins, think of the scores of people who go to the play to have a good laugh or a good cry as the case may be, how can they differentiate between conventionality and unconventionality. They want to be excited or amused. My learned friend has been very eloquent and doubtless very accurate in his description of the Sardou method. But all this is Greek to the majority. When the democrat steps on to an omnibus in the Strand he does not want to know or care a hang to know how it is built or what proportion of wood to iron it possesses. There is an old dramatic situation known as the situation of Jonathan Bradford. A man is murdered and is lying on the floor. The murderer escapes. An innocent fellow who has had a quarrel with the murdered man comes in accidentally. He is accused of the crime. Now, you cannot have anything much more conventional than that. The Adelphi has lived upon this one situation for years. The late Mr. Henry Pettit made a fortune out of it. But do you think that when it is dished up in another fashion, and served up another year that the playgoing public will turn its back against it and execrate it? Not a bit of it! They will welcome it as they have welcomed Sardou's "Old Joes" borrowed from every dramatist under the sun, and they will get as excited over it as some of them did at the Comedy Theatre when the famous "three men scene" was served wine. That charming and most womanly actress, Miss Marion Terry emptied the digitalis bottle into the port wine. That charming and womanly actress, Miss Marion Terry, would surely save many a worse play than "Delia Harding." She never rants, scarcely ever raises her throbbing voice, is never artificial or stagey, but she touches and often melts every heart in the audience. Her acting in the great scene with Mr. Mackintosh with his stereotyped staccato irritating style, her love-scene with Mr. Fred Terry, who was very unfairly treated on the first night, and her piteous accents during the informal trial at the end, certainly excited the audience to enthusiasm, and the actress succeeded in stifling the weak points of the play. When the audience went out of the theatre, I heard many of them saying, "Oh, that dear Miss Marion Terry!" She gave to them the pleasure of the evening. You cannot forget, and must not forget, gentlemen, that some playgoers prefer good acting to a good play, they admire this and that performance, and dwell on it, whereas they know little of the merit of a play. Such as these forget the poison bowl and the dagger, the conventional and the commonplace, and dwell on the sweet womanly scenes between Miss Marion Terry and Mrs. E. H. Brooke.

THE JUDGE.

I have no need to tell you, gentlemen, that there is such a word in art as "Pot-boilers." The greatest artists give us a succession of pot-boilers, and so do the greatest dramatists. Sardou's work is in enormous request, and therefore he boils pots whenever he can. He has two great markets in his hands—the American and the English—and he loves to rake in the dollars and the guineas. You do not suppose for one instant that Sardou would ever have dared to produce such a play as "Delia Harding" in Paris? No! it is for the American or English market. Not a bit of it. He took it down from a shelf, where it was labelled "Pot Bouille," tore the ticket off, and sold it for the best price it would fetch. The situation of a sister sacrificing her honour to ensure her brother's safety is far older than the three men scene, or any other Sardou device. It was in the Sardou pigeon holes at Marly le Roi, and down it came at the first jingle of cash.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST CLOSES APRIL 27th.

THE HOMOCEA COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital £25,100 in 5,020 Shares of £5 each; all of which have been issued and fully paid.

Issue of £25,000 Six per cent. Debenture Stock (of which £5,200 has already been subscribed) redeemable at 110 per cent., on the First day of January, 1905, or at the option of the Company, at any earlier date after the First January, 1900, on not less than 6 months' previous notice.

Subscriptions are now invited for the balance, £19,800 at par.

Payable £10 per cent. on application.
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SECRETARY:
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PROSPECTUS.

THE Company was established on the Fifth day of February, 1895, for the Manufacture and Sale of the preparations known as "Homocea," "Hippacea," "Exano," and "Thilum." The sales of these preparations have increased with such rapidity, that the present plant is insufficient to supply the demand. Hitherto, the operations of the Company have been practically confined to the United Kingdom, but it is very desirable to extend them as soon as possible to other countries.

The Debenture Stock is issued in order to provide funds, for paying off a charge of £5,000 and for extending and developing the business of the Company.

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Failure to pay any instalment on the due date will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

A quotation in the Official List of the London and Liverpool Stock Exchanges will be applied for in due course.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the trust deed, dated the 17th April, 1895, under the seal of the Company, may be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Cleaver, Holden, Garnett, and Cleaver, the solicitors to the Company.

Forms of application can be obtained from the Bank of Liverpool, Limited, and its branches, from the broker, or at the office of the Company, 22, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, and in London, from Messrs. Mather and Crowther, 10, 11, and 12, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

North Crescent Chambers,
3, Lord Street, Liverpool,
1st March, 1895.

The Homocea Co., Ltd.,
22, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

Dear Sirs,

We have audited the Books and Accounts of The Homocea Company for the five months from 1st August, 1894, to 31st December, 1894, and have checked the Sales Book of "The Homocea Company, Limited," for the two months ending 28th February, 1895, and certify that the total sales as shown by the Books for the periods named are as follows:—

		£	s.	d.
Month ending	31st August, 1894	1555	5	9
do.	30th Sept., 1894	1608	11	3
do.	31st Oct., 1894	2246	4	10
do.	30th Nov., 1894	2210	10	0
do.	31st Dec., 1894	*5111	12	9
do.	31st Jan., 1895	2435	6	8
do.	28th Feb., 1895	5269	2	9
Total for 7 months		£20,436	14	0

You will observe that the last month of only 28 days has been the highest on record.

We are, Dear Sirs, Yours faithfully,
LEWIS & MOUNSEY,
Chartered Accountants.

* This sudden rise in the sales was occasioned by a notice given to the trade of an advance in price, at the beginning of the year, this accounts for the drop in January. Since then the increase is normal.

Birkenhead, 22nd April, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

THE GREAT NORTHERN AND CITY RAILWAY COMPANY.

It was our intention to have supplemented our remarks of last week by further observations upon Mr. Willans' connection with this scheme. But several correspondents inform us that Mr. Willans has just died, and under these circumstances, and the changed conditions consequent upon his death, we shall not add to our observations upon Mr. Willans as contractor. For the moment we content ourselves with expressing the hope that if the railway is to be constructed the directors will avail themselves of the release created by Mr. Willans' death to invite tenders in the ordinary way for the work to be done.

Since writing the above we have received a visit from Mr. Greathead, who denies that he financed the Southwark Subway, or that the contract for the Liverpool Overhead Railway was given to Mr. Willans without inviting other contractors to tender. Mr. Greathead also denies—and his denials apply to the Messrs. Fox—that he is a promoter of the Great Northern and City Railway Company. We think it fair to Mr. Greathead to make public this denial in our present issue. We shall have something to say upon the matter in our next.

THE EARL AND HIS COLLIERIES.

Since our reference to this matter last week the liquidator's report has been published, and completely bears out our remarks upon Lord Dudley's connection with the Round Oak Iron and Steel Works Company. The company took over the works in 1891, and, notwithstanding the prospectus estimates, which showed an annual profit of £41,000, and a margin, after pay ment of interest and a 10 per cent. dividend, of £20,000 per annum, the concern was in liquidation in 1893. The profits were not sufficient to pay the interest on the debentures, and forthwith the Earl put in a Receiver. And this Receiver spent £29,636 in the completion of the new steel works!

The shareholders will not get a penny piece. After much haggling Lord Dudley agreed to pay the trade creditors 10s. in the £, but shareholders get nothing. The Earl has got back his works with the steel works—built and paid for by shareholders' money—required to render the thing complete, just when trade is looking up in this department. It is the shareholders who are out in the cold.

If the Earls go on as they have begun they will be able to give points to the Cottams and the Crockers of the company world. Cabs, collieries, gold mines, nothing comes amiss to them—unless it be giving the public value for their money.

THE PLEIADES GOLD MINING COMPANY.

We are seldom in agreement with *Truth* as to the value of the property held by companies under the control of Mr. Barney Barnato, but this gives us the more pleasure in being able to agree with its opinion of the favourable prospects of the Pleiades Gold Mining Company, whose shares are just beginning to be dealt in in this market. This is the first genuine flotation of a really good piece of ground that the Barnatos have been identified with. The property consists of 185 claims to the west of the New Orion Company, on the Black Reef series of Witwatersrand, the series so much in favour just now. But *Truth* is wrong in two particulars. Our contemporary says —and in its later comment the *Financial News* falls into the same error—that the working capital is £85,000 (£50,000 cash and £35,000 reserve), it being only £75,000 (£40,000 cash and £35,000 reserve), and that it works out at £400 per claim; whereas, taking the par value of the issued capital of £140,000, the claims work out at £757 each.

GARDINER AND CO.

Messrs. Gardiner and Co., of Deptford, Islington, and Whitechapel, do a large dry goods business, but not content with that they have set up a "Banking Department," and are sending out circulars in which their customers and others are invited to open deposit accounts. We quote the first two paragraphs of the circular :—

> 1. At the request of a number of their customers Gardiner and Co. now receive cash on deposit, from £5 to £300, from customers and their friends, on which five per cent. interest is allowed.
>
> Money is received on deposit in sums of not less than £5 nor more than £300, subject to three days' notice of withdrawal of whole or part of deposit.

We have been asked to advise as to whether advantage should be taken of this offer, or not. We think not. We are not suggesting anything to the prejudice of Messrs. Gardiner and Co.'s credit. But we do not believe in these "Banking Departments." Banking business should be done by bankers. Messrs. Gardiner may be able profitably to employ money for which they pay five per cent. at call, but they give no indication of how they propose to employ it, the deposits are not safeguarded as they are when left with great banking institutions, and without further, and much fuller, information we advise readers of To-Day who may have received Messrs. Gardiner and Co.'s circular not to act upon it.

THE BEGELHOLE IMPOSTURE.

Below will be found in parallel columns extracts from the report of Mr. Begelhole upon the Cashman "Reward" claim, as it appeared in the prospectus advertised on October 11th, 1894, and extracts from the speech of Colonel Engledue, as made at the extraordinary general meeting, held at Winchester House on April 17th, 1895 :—

Begelhole's Report. October, 1894.	Colonel Engledue's Speech. April, 1895.
"I paid a visit of inspection to that (Cashman's Reward) mine just prior to leaving Coolgardie in July last, and was most favourably impressed. The reef has been probed by a long open cutting of about 100 feet. . . Very rich stone was proved to exist both in shaft and cutting. . . . Making every allowance for the rich shoot of gold where opened on, I am of opinion that the reef will give an average throughout of four ounces per ton. . There is a large quantity of rich ore already raised and awaiting crushing."	"Various shafts and drives have been made in different parts of the property, but in no case are there any payable prospects, and the largest number of the samples were barren. . . . The future depends entirely on the discovery of pockets of rich specimens, for the general lode stuff is not payable. When it was represented as containing four ounces of gold to the ton throughout, and that a trench existed showing pieces of gold larger than peas, it was unquestionably a cruel swindle. The treatment of twenty tons of stuff yielded only fifteen dwts. Under these circumstances, it is impossible to understand how any experienced mining man could have made such assertions as that the reef would promise four ounces of gold along its entire length. . . . . Mr. Pascoe now recommends the abandonment of the property, 'for which,' he states, 'there is no hope.'"

And so the property is to be abandoned!

THE PETROLEUM RING.

Just now, when petroleum is attracting a good deal of attention in one way or other, the following extract from a letter we have received may be read with interest :—

> In the course of communications with gentlemen in Austrian-Poland (Galicia) I have been and am daily asked to encourage British capitalists to invest in Galician petroleum. You know, no doubt, that almost the whole of Galicia is nothing else but a sponge saturated with petroleum, that several English and Canadian gentlemen have made vast fortunes in Galicia. But it seems that there is, even in London, a little ring, wrecking, or trying to wreck, every negotiation which aims at purchase or exploration of the Galician oil fields and paraffin wax (ozokerite) deposits. I have had an instance of this recently. For the last six or eight months I have been working through respectable agents in the City to find purchasers for *the* greatest paraffin and paraffin wax works in Galicia. Several times the negotiations were on the point of being concluded when, for reasons quite unknown, one or other of the capitalists withdrew. The refinery is still in the market.

Our correspondent goes on to make it clear that "the reasons quite unknown" means what he describes as the unscrupulous opposition of the petroleum ring.

COOLGARDIE.

We have received a letter from a correspondent in Victoria, who says, *inter alia* :—

> I see that more and more Coolgardie mines are being floated at home, and I am told the mail boats coming out have numbers of capitalists on board, going to buy Coolgardie mines. Most of these men who do buy good mines load them so heavily before they sell to the public in England that there seems small chance of their ever being profitable investments to the public, and, of course, in the end the Colonies will get the opprobrium of this. Besides this, I am afraid there are a lot of duffing mines being sold at home. It is to be remembered that there has never yet been a mine there fairly tested, none have been yet sunk on deep enough to prove their permanence. I do know that a number of promising mines have lost the reef at a shallow depth. I received a confidential letter from a friend there last week. He told me of several mines in which friends of mine were interested which are no good. The mine (just sold to an English syndicate) he had just inspected with an expert, and found that the reef had duffered out at between twelve and thirteen feet. Bailey's Reward—the first big mine which made Coolgardie, and which was so rich—is a good example of what others are likely to be. A man who has been working in the mines for two years told me the other day that he would not give 5s. for the shares. To-Day seems to get very good information about the mines. I was glad to see the way that it pitched into Captain Begelhole. He came to Geelong some time ago. I am very sorry for all this, because it will react so badly on the Colonies after a while.

Mr. T. B. Robinson is a lucky man, if his own account of his belongings is to be accepted. Before leaving Johannesburg he said (our authority is the *Critic*), that he had the best gold mine on the fields, the best diamond mine in South Africa, and that he intended [illegible] 1895 has run to have the best bank.

SOME BOOKS.

Mr. Thomas Farrow has in this book* given us much useful information respecting money-lenders and their ways; but in his natural and proper indignation at a good deal that is indefensible, Mr. Farrow writes much nonsense. There is, indeed, no class of men about whom more nonsense is talked and written than that of the money-lender. Men like Mr. Farrow seem to think that with the money-lender and his client it is always as with the spider and the fly. It is nothing of the sort. The clients of the money-lender are persons not merely of broken but often of desperate fortune. The mere fact of applying to a money-lender, by which we mean a person who advances upon bills of sale and the like, and charges 30, 60, 100 per cent., is proof of financial extremity. You do not go to a money-lender—save in most exceptional circumstances—until you are bankrupt of credit—credit, that is, that would enable you to raise money elsewhere. There is therefore nothing unreasonable in the money-lender asking you a very high rate of interest.

Let us give an illustration. We happen to have before us a letter from a Glasgow man. He sends us a long report from a Glasgow newspaper headed "Revelations as to money-lending in Edinburgh." He denounces the rapacity of the money-lender, and he asks To-Day (about whom he is pleased to make some complimentary remarks) to expose the doings of this particular money-lender. And no doubt upon their face the facts look bad for that individual. A worthy woman carrying on a drapery business appears to have borrowed £10, for which she agreed to pay £30 in weekly instalments of £1 each. Of the £30 she paid £19. Then she borrowed £25 and gave a note for £30, and another £25, for which she gave a note for £35. These two sums she paid. Then she borrowed £60—repaid the old balance of £11, and gave a note for £100. She paid £32 of this last loan, and then went into the Bankruptcy Court. Now it is, of course, enormous interest that this woman agreed to pay, but how stood her account with the money-lender on her own showing when she became a bankrupt? We quote her own words, "She had repaid him all except £7 apart from interest, therefore £61 of that was interest." No doubt, but he never got the interest, and apart from interest was a loser to the tune of £7 by his transactions with her.

We do not say that this is the ordinary result of transactions between the money-lender and his client. That would be absurd. But unquestionably the money-lender runs great risks, and inquiry would show that the profits are much less certain than is generally supposed. Only a year or two ago one of the most respectable of these money-lenders—a man trading as a "bank"—had to call together his creditors, and it was demonstrated that his dealings had been fair, so far as his books disclosed them, and that his losses were largely due to default on the part of his customers.

One of the most frequent causes of complaint is that the applicant for a loan has to pay 10s., or something like it, for inquiry fee, even when no loan is granted. Mr. Farrow can find no words too strong to condemn this practice; but assuming that the money-lender makes genuine inquiry, intending to lend if there is adequate security, we can see nothing unjust in the charge. "The grocer and draper," says Mr. Farrow (see page 202), "do not dream of charging inquiry fees before acceptance of one's custom." No. But neither does the grocer or the draper dream of giving credit to would-be customers without satisfying himself as to their solvency or repute, and if he does not charge for these inquiries it is because he only gives credit to local persons about whom he knows, or may easily know sufficient for his purpose, whereas if a money-lender is to advance money upon household goods—and that is the commonest form of loan—he must send a man often a considerable distance to make searching inquiry, which takes time and money.

Mr. Farrow thinks that the usury laws ought to be revised, or that at any rate the interest charged by the money-lender should be fixed by the State as it is in the case of the pawnbroker, but our author forgets that the pawnbroker runs no risk; he gets his 20 per cent., and his security for his capital is ample. It is not so, very often, with the money-lender. That there are many disreputable money-lenders is a fact no sane man would dispute, and that these men sometimes, perhaps often, go beyond the law is equally indisputable, but if they do, and when they do, the law, as it stands, can deal with them. We think the law might usefully be amended in ways some of which are indicated by Mr. Farrow, but these two truths should be impressed upon all who may wish to influence opinion upon this money-lending question—the one that men in desperate circumstance will, most of them, accept any terms, if by doing so they can obtain the loan they want; the other that strangers will never make such loan save upon terms that to the philanthropist may seem harsh or even unjust.

We have to acknowledge a copy of Mr. Stafford Ransome's "Modern Labour."* We do not always agree with Mr. Ransome's conclusions, but he writes from the standpoint of practical experience—Mr. John Burns was at one time an employé of his firm—and there is much in what he says that deserves the attention alike of master and man.

We have also to acknowledge copy of a supplement to the *West Australian Review*, consisting solely of plans of the mining leases on the various goldfields of Western Australia. We understand that some of these plans are, by permission, reproduced from those just issued by the Department of Mines at Perth, so that they may be relied upon as trustworthy. This supplement—laborious and costly—should be of much value to those interested in West Australian mining ventures.

* "The Money-Lender Exposed." By Thomas Farrow. (London: The Roxburghe Press, 1895.)

* "Modern Labour," by J. Stafford Ransome. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode 1895.

NEW ISSUE.

The Homocea Company, Limited. Issue of £25,000 Six Per Cent. Debenture Stock.—The business of this company is to sell Homocea and other preparations more or less known to the public. The sale of these preparations is said to have increased very largely of late. The Debenture Stock is to be secured, by way of floating charge, upon the undertakings and assets of the Company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

National Provincial Bank of England. E. H. (Charlton).—Tell your friend that he need be under no apprehension as to the safety of his deposit. It is in the hands of one of the greatest banking institutions in the world. Let him take our advice and keep his money where it is, rather than withdraw it to deposit with the people whose circular you send us. **The Harrogate Land Company.** A. S. (London).—There are London directors. The offices of the company are at Gresham House, E.C. **Crisp and Co.** Richmond (Richmond).—Yes, a capital investment. **New Zealand Consols.** J. S. (Southport).—You would be quite safe in investing in this stock. **North-West Australian Gold Fields Company.** T. L. F. (Belfast).—We do not know, but we will ascertain it for you. **Chartered's.** O'M. (Dublin).—It is quite possible that they will go to £5, but you have made a handsome profit, and—"a bird in the hand," you know the rest. **Safe Deposit.** T. K. V. (Birkenhead).—We do not recommend you to place your money as suggested. It is a 60 per cent. shop. **Mining Shares.** C. C. P. (Notting Hill). We have no sufficient reason to suppose that the reports are untrustworthy, but we fear the shares are not likely to recover the recent drop just yet, if at all.

INSURANCE.

Endowment Assurance. J. B.—Security need not be doubted of any of the offices in your list. Taking into consideration premiums and bonuses, the best thing you can do is to take out a whole life policy for £500 in No. 2, and when you reach the age at which you want to receive the money, take the surrender value. Write the actuary. He will tell you the powers of the society in this particular. **London Assurance, Royal, and Northern.** E.—All these are good Fire offices. They will all readily and promptly pay 20s. in the £ of your loss should one ever occur. As your property is insured in the London Assurance, you had better keep it there unless one of the others will accept a less rate of premium. **Teachers' Provident Society.** Teacher.—We have not heard of this before. Judging by the advertisement it appears to be a friendly society in its infancy. Perhaps the secretary will be good enough to let us have a copy of its revenue account and balance-sheet for 1894. **British Union.** S. M. (Sheffield).—The company is under careful management; the capital is quite sufficient for the extent of its business. **Cattle Insurance.**—The best company for this purpose is the Horse, Carriage and General, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C. **New York Life Office.** R. W. G.—Yes, quite sound. **Mutual Life of New York.** A. F. W.—We presume you have misapprehended our answer. Kindly refer us to the one you had in mind. **Royal Insurance Company.** A. A.—The company is all you describe it, and it will do quite as well for you as the other Life office you mention. **Life Policy.** Costless.—Which of the two offices you mention would be better for your purpose depends to a great extent upon the kind of assurance you want, and upon your age. The second-named office realises more than a normal rate of interest upon its investments, and therefore can give more bonus than most offices. **Annuity.** Annuity.—Most Life offices are now so strong, that they are as strong as the Bank of England. The chief thing for you to consider is the cost. Tell us your age next birthday and we will mention two or three offices for you to select from. You may buy one now and another at any subsequent time you like, either from the same or any office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Detector Syndicate, Limited.—R. M. (Glasgow).—No, we cannot make all the inquiries you ask us to make. Anything in reason we are happy to do for our readers, but—there are limits. **Purchase of Appropriation.** Muzzled (Halifax).—Surely the simpler way is to communicate with the advertiser? **New Oriental Bank.** Oriental (Dundee).—It means presumably 2s. in the £. If you do not want the money it would be as well not to accept the offer. **Two Outside Brokers.** P. E. W. (Birmingham).—Either would treat you fairly. **Outside Broker.** Alpha (Edinburgh).—The person who trades under this name is supposed to have considerable means. We do not recommend Brokers. **London Bank of Australia.** Crestwick (Maidstone).—Something under 17s. **Stubbs' Directory.**—We take note of your letter. **The Civil Service Bank.** C. W. (Carmarthen).—We have never been able to see the need for this bank, or to pursuade ourselves that it will ever win an assured position for itself, and the report recently issued does not help us to a different view. As to whether you should sell your shares—it would be as well, if anyone wants to buy. **The New Manufacturing Company.** Yate. Arbaces. (Birmingham).—The commission matter seems to require explanation, but it is not for us to interfere.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. Sir Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager.
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For Full Particulars see Daily Papers.
Box Office now open.

LYCEUM.—KING ARTHUR.—EVERY NIGHT until May 3, at 8.0 o'clock; KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. MATINEES of KING ARTHUR, WEDNESDAY, May 8; SATURDAY, May 11; WEDNESDAY, May 15; and SATURDAY, May 18, at 2 o'clock; Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. On SATURDAY NIGHT, May 4, Mr. Conan Doyle's One-Act Play, A STORY OF WATERLOO, together with DON QUIXOTE, a New One-Act Play by the late W. G. Wills. Preceded by BYGONES, by A. W. Pinero. These Plays can only be represented for a limited number of nights, as before the Season closes the following Plays of the Lyceum Répertoire will be given:—"Macbeth," "King Lear," "Becket," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Louis XI.," "The Lyons Mail," "The Bells," "Charles I.," "Nance Oldfield," "Faust," "The Corsican Brothers." Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30, and SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30, by arrangements with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Humperdinck's Fairy Opera, HANSEL and GRETEL (in English). Box Office now open.

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PREMIUM INCOME.
The Premium Income for the year amounted to £244,830 7s. 7½d., showing an increase of £16,088 2s. 1½d.
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Claims and Grants paid, £98,483 0s. 2d.
The total Claims and Grants paid by the Company now amount to £834,272 10s. 8½d.
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The Assurance Funds on 31st December last were £106,516 18s. 10d.
THOS. NEILL, *General Manager.*
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It will only cost you 1s., and it's well worth a trial.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

The chief proof of the strength and vitality of Conservative principles is to be found in the fact that the Conservative party still maintains and even advances its position in the country, in spite of the efforts of the Conservative leaders and the Conservative Press. Just now, the wooden heads of the Conservative party, who, as a body, are not to be despised, having regard to their numbers and to the utter impossibility of reasoning with them, seem to have made up their minds that the time has now come to throw back their cause to where it stood some fourteen years ago, when, after the death of Beaconsfield, the party contained hardly a single man of ability within its ranks. There is no convincing the old-fashioned Conservative that utter, hopeless, brick-wall stupidity should not be the backbone of his policy. To pound a stick as thick as his own head upon the floor, and say "Damme, sir," is to him the end-all and be-all of Government. So it has occurred to this old fossil that Mr. Chamberlain is too clever a man to be fit company for his party, which might be the truth, did his party consist throughout of none of higher intellect than himself.

But as the Conservative party of to-day is a very different thing from the Conservative party of yesterday, and as even a Tory cannot move backwards, his action is only damaging himself. If, through the dense stupidity of these dead weights, Mr. Chamberlain is driven from his union with Lord Salisbury, the Conservative party will be shattered. Mr. Balfour is an excellent administrator; but no one who has heard him speak could ever maintain that as a popular leader he is worth the cost of a temporary platform. He may be something very much better; but that he certainly is not. He has no passion, very little unscrupulousness, and no sense of claptrap, and without these it is impossible to govern mankind. The Conservative party got rid of Lord Randolph, when they would have done much better to have put up with him. If they quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain, they will prove to the hilt the old reproach against them of being the "stupid party," and with Mr. Chamberlain they will lose the youth and the brains of the country, which at present are on their side.

I have to thank the *Sportsman* for drawing my attention to an interesting item of news from America, casting a vivid light upon the methods employed by teetotal fanatics in arguing the drink question. The Rev. Dr. Lansing—the continual necessity for reproving ministers of the Gospel for lying is becoming painful—publicly stated that President Cleveland was intoxicated upon the occasion of the Columbus' celebration. Being required to prove this shameful libel the reverend gentleman crawls back and apologises, saying that he heard it from "a friend." Birds of a feather flock together, and one does not envy the Rev. Dr. Lansing his convenient "friend." This is typical of the statements that teetotal orators continue to make up and down the country. We know that a few weeks ago a reverend gentleman in Liverpool was found guilty of having falsely libelled a body of his fellow-citizens; while at Portsmouth another reverend gentleman, doing his best to bring his religion into contempt, had to publicly withdraw his slander against a local publican. Have these gentlemen determined to expunge from their Bible the commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," or do they—arguing from the Jesuitical point of view—consider that the cause of teetotalism is to be aided by falsehood and slander?

A lying spirit is abroad among our teetotal friends. They are drifting towards a point where we shall not be able to believe a single word they say. I have received letters telling me that every fourth person you meet in Glasgow on Saturday evening is drunk, and that ten per cent. of the population of Edinburgh are to be found intoxicated on a Sunday. The temperance cause is a great cause, but these mad fanatics are rendering it contemptible and shameful. A cause can only be advanced by sense, by justice, and by truth. Your temperance crusader is too often a shallow-brained fool. He wants to go too far, and he finds that facts do not support him, so he invents his facts, and by dint of shouting them loudly many times comes to believe in them himself, and proceeds to argue upon them. Timid politicians, preferring popularity to honour, and knowing that the reputation of being a good man is an excellent bait wherewith to catch votes, school themselves to repeat each silly lie. Thus we have windy talk as to drink being the cause of every evil there is in the world—as though evil passions were unknown to human nature before the introduction of the public-house. (Our teetotal fanatics cannot even look as far as Armenia, where the soldiers of the Prophet are one and all strict abstainers.) Thus we are told that drunkenness is everyday increasing, when as a matter of fact we know that it is decreasing rapidly, and would disappear—so far as it is in the nature of any evil to disappear—were the question dealt with by broad-minded, practical men of sense, and not given over to be experimented upon by every noisy idiot who considers that his mission in life is to take care of everybody's morality but his own.

"It is hard for a paper to have to explain its own

jokes," pathetically remarks the *New Budget*. It seems that the *New Budget* has been publishing pictures signed "Phil Mace," and Mr. Phil May's solicitor does not seem to have perceived the point of this joke. So the *New Budget* apologises, and promises to adopt a newer sort of humour for the future. I merely mention the incident because the paragraph containing this "explanation" comes at the foot of a column in which the writer talks a good deal about humour, new and old, and sneers at certain gentlemen who for their sins have been dubbed "humorists." It is always useful to obtain advice and information upon a subject from those in authority; but before studying humour at the feet of the young gentlemen who write and design for the *New Budget* I should wish to feel sure that my jokes were not going to be followed by lawyers' letters, elaborate "explanations," and pathetic apologies.

All honour to Mr. Tom Mann for his outspoken honesty in advising the Rushden men out on strike to loot the shops and help themselves to whatever goods they desired. "It was not a case of stealing,' said Mr. Tom Mann, "when they were in a state of warfare." Now we know where we stand. Mr. Tom Mann has blown away the cant that is usually talked concerning trades unions and their strikes. Whenever their paid leaders desire it the men of a trade are to cease work, and to prevent by violence every man from working, and when the weekly wage does not arrive, they are to band themselves together into gangs of brigands and rob the small shopkeeper. Of course, any interference with this plan would be "brutal interference" by "hirelings," and the Government would be denounced by the labour papers for its "cowardly attack upon the workers." But when the grocers and the bakers have been cleared out, Mr. Mann, and have closed their shutters, what then?

Some time ago I spoke of the absurdity of allowing teetotal fanatics to go round our Board and National Schools, teaching the children utterly untrue facts concerning alcohol. The lecturers are generally men of no education whatever, and they simply disseminate a tissue of misleading nonsense; but there is a graver aspect of the case. Some precious lecturer, connected with the Liverpool Temperance Band of Hope Union, goes about illustrating his twaddle with a series of disgusting diagrams. The other day, at the Wirral National Schools in Cheshire, many of the poor children condemned to sit out this tomfoolery were made actually and physically sick. One poor little fellow fell into a dead faint, and only recovered after a considerable interval. Another was led outside in an unconscious condition. I should like to know who are the authorities responsible for having admitted into the Wirrall National Schools this public nuisance from Liverpool. One would hardly blame an indignant father for giving him a sound horse-whipping.

Prophecy is almost always effective. It is effective, even when it is only fulfilled in some slight particular. It is effective, even when it occurs after the event. A gold mine that has attracted many investors breaks down; there are scores of experts ready to rush into print and declare that, though they did not mention it, they foresaw the collapse from the first. They are prophesying after the event—prophesying the collapse after the collapse has occurred—but they get their effect. The general public considers them to be men of sound, penetrating, far-sighted judgment. Similarly, if any man turns out to be a great politician, or an extraordinary criminal, or a popular author, the phrenologist is equally ready with his prophecy—after the event; up goes a rough portrait of the man, famous or notorious, in the phrenologist's window, and underneath is evidence, sufficient for anyone who is not in the habit of examining evidence, that the phrenologist knew what the man's career would be all along. And, if one may judge from the crowds that have examined Wilde's portrait, exhibited in the windows of a London phrenologist, such prophecy is not without its effect.

Yes, prophecy is almost always effective, and it is most effective—as far as those who *are* in the habit of examining evidence are concerned—when it is fulfilled in every detail, and takes place before the event. Let the phrenologist put his degree of science to a very simple test. Let him exhibit in his window the portrait of some man, unknown, of whom the general public has never heard. Let the phrenologist say what his future will be—that he will become a great politician or an eminent preacher—that he will write the novel of the year, or become notorious for crime in some other form. Then, when the prophecy comes true, it may become necessary to take that phrenologist seriously. Besides, the phrenologist who has a shop window is, probably, at least as much interested in commerce as in science. Let him consider what an impression such an accurate forecast would make on the public mind; the public shillings would come rolling in; the phrenologist would become a man of wealth. But all the same, I do not think that he will make that forecast.

The phrenologist may, as a rule, be said to make inaccurate deductions from insufficient observation. Even if one extends the observations, and takes into account far more than comes within the province of the phrenologist, one is brought face to face with sums in addition and subtraction that only life itself can work out. Pallor of the complexion is a frequent characteristic of criminals; it is also a frequent characteristic of men of genius; it is also frequently the result of some illness in perfectly ordinary people. Any man who wishes to know what his own character is, is likely to form a far more correct estimate of it for himself than any phrenologist can form for him. The phrenologist may conjecture just about as much as a man who is not a phrenologist can also conjecture; that he can do more than this, that he can speak with absolute certainty and absolute accuracy of detail, I do not believe.

Superintendent Bakewell, of the Staffordshire Police, writes me as follows with reference to my enquiries into the case of little Annie Grace Ball:—"The deceased's parents are very poor, but respectable, and their family consists of six children, four boys and two girls, the eldest of whom is a boy of thirteen years. The father, whose name is Thomas Ball, is a potter's turner, and earns on an average £1 per week, out of which the family subsist. This family resides at No. 8, Railway Terrace, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent. There is no doubt that the deceased lost her life whilst trying to save that of her brother." I am sending a couple of

guineas to the father, to whom I have no doubt they will be useful in helping to pay the funeral expenses of the poor child. I am also having prepared a memorial to record her brave deed.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

W. S. writes me the following story: "Some fifteen years ago a young lady, whose parents were in comfortable circumstances, was not satisfied with the pocket-money allowed her, and took a situation in a shop to earn something for herself. In a short time she attained the position of manageress of a department in a large London house, where she earned £80 a year indoors. When in that situation she made the acquaintance of a butcher, who was a masher for one of his calling, and was called by his friends 'Gentleman John,' having got that name through his habit of wearing gloves and a silk hat on going to and returning from business. He earned good wages, treated her in a lordly fashion, and induced her to marry him. He commenced business in Maidstone, and in a few years they saved sufficient money to enable them to build a shop and house; but he got tired of the place, sold up and came to Lancashire. Then, when she had one child and was again pregnant, she discovered that he had already been married, and that his wife was alive when she married him. He admitted his guilt, but told her that his first wife had since died, and produced evidence to that effect to satisfy her. She insisted on being remarried and went through the ceremony a second time. He then got unsettled, moved from place to place, and they lost their all. He became insane, was removed to Prestwich Asylum, and she was then left with three children destitute. She succeeded in borrowing a few pounds, took a small shop, and by working hard for eighteen hours a day she made a living for herself and children, and *paid for his maintenance in the Asylum* for about three years. Thinking to improve her position she took a larger shop here, when he died. The venture was a failure, she again lost all, and got into debt. Last February she died from ulceration and perforation of the bowels. She left a will, in which she made me executor, but her effects have been valued at only £15 18s. 4d., and her debts to nearly £200. The three orphans are unprovided for, and I find that they are all illegitimate, for the first wife is still alive. She struggled hard to bring her children up respectably, and now they must be treated as bastards. I cannot get them into any orphan school on that account. If you could give publicity to their case you might save them from the workhouse. The children, of course, do not know their position. There are two girls, aged five and eleven, and one boy aged seven years. I am a bachelor, and not in a position to keep them, and I would be pleased if you could give me any assistance or advice." I know that many of these trade charities are conducted on the most narrow-minded principles, and that help too often goes in quarters where it is least needed. Most English charities are instituted for the benefit of the well-to-do and influential, and the really destitute are turned from their doors. The meat trade is an exceedingly rich one, and it will certainly be a disgrace to it if these three children are compelled to enter the workhouse.

R. and Other Correspondents draw my attention to a telegram sent by a Methodist clergyman to a gentleman who had written to the papers, advocating the granting of a license for the sale of drink at the Belfast exhibition:—

> "Exhibition letter recorded in Heaven attitude photographed and spirit weighed you have now to deal with the Lord Jesus."

Comment, as we say in Fleet Street, is needless.

An Artist of No Account.—It is not only in painting that the dead are praised at the expense of the living. Your suggestion that the Royal Academy should limit the number of works to be submitted by outsiders to three instead of eight is a matter for you artists to decide. I don't suppose the committee would at all object.

F. E., who is a tramway shareholder, writes me as follows:—"I hope that you will excuse me in addressing you on account of the shareholders, of whom I am one, with very limited means, and this last act of the L.C.C. in bringing in a Bill to work the tramways, if passed, will enable them to offer such terms to the companies as they will not be able to accept, and then they will work them themselves, and by so doing cause the shareholders to lose the money they have invested. I am old-fashioned enough to think that all governing bodies should be just before all things, especially to the weak. I, for one, can see no difference, as far as the shareholders are concerned, between the action of the majority on the L.C.C. and the Balfour companies—if you lose your money through rogues, or through those who ought to protect your interests in the cause of justice. The latter to me seems worse." The London tramways, it seems to me, have been worked very fairly in the public interest. The fares could certainly not be made any cheaper in justice to the employees, the horses, and the men who have invested their savings; and I fear that if the lines come into the hands of the Council a certain section of the community would be benefited at the expense of the ratepayers. A Progressive County Council, anxious to secure votes to itself, would offer to carry workmen at prices entailing a dead loss, and the shopkeeper and skilled artisan would be required to make up the difference.

Oriental.—I thank you for your appreciative letter. I am of opinion that neither those who publicly denounce the liquor trade nor those financially interested in it ought to sit on the licensing bench. It is certainly unfair that avowed prohibitionists should be allowed to legislate on the subject, while a brewer would at once be turned from the bench.

Working Woman.—I certainly do consider "Esther Waters" a fit book to be put into the hands of "grown-up" boys and girls; but I would not give it to a young boy or girl who has had no experience of life—who would not understand its true meaning, and whose unformed mind it might only injure. I do not believe that any literature could injure a grown man or woman. It is only when a tree is growing that you can graft good or evil upon it. When once its bark is formed you cannot alter its sap.

H. G. and Others.—When one hears of Scotchmen being employed and paid by an English club to play a football match against Scotland one does not feel called upon to make any "temperate" remarks on the subject. The tendency to give up playing cricket and football, and to be satisfied with merely watching hired gangs, is driving the spirit of sport out of Englishmen, and it needs strong language to impress this upon you young fellows.

H. J. M. writes a charming letter, from which I quote the following: "To an Englishman living in Western America the up-to-date writings, good sound common-sense, and above all the fearless honesty, which prevails all through To-Day, come like water to the thirsty desert traveller." He hopes To-Day will again touch upon Bimetallism, and sums up the case by observing that the quantity of gold in circulation is really insufficient for the purposes of the world's growing commerce.

Philistine.—You are quite right to have your own opinion on all questions. It is a sign of want of culture—that is, of want of thought, to follow sheep-like other people's views. But then you must allow other people their opinions also. Like what you like, and do not blame others for liking what they like.

B. H. T.—Glad we agree on this point. Party politics To-Day seeks to avoid, but policy embraces matters too important to be ignored by any journal. Nameless.—You take the right view of this sad case. The good that is in a man is the light; the rest is darkness. A. H. J.—Thanks for your letter, with which I quite agree. Tom.—I am not in agreement with you upon the two points you mention. The latter part of your letter appears to me to show a narrow and uncharitable mind. C. G.—Thank you for your pleasant letter and cutting. I am making use of it in editorial notes. M. E. F.—Three months' notice will be quite sufficient, and your friend would probably lose money by litigation. L. de P.—The beauty lies in the delicacy and grace of the line work. From that point of view it is exquisite. J. W. W.—I am glad to find you so much in agreement with me on this subject.

C. P.—There may be several opinions as to which metropolitan Volunteer corps is the best. The Queen's Westminster is a very good one; the entrance-fee is one pound, and the subscription five shillings a year. The Sergeant-Major, Q.W.V. Corps, Queen's Hall, off Victoria Street, S.W., would give you all particulars.

R. P. (Edinburgh) sends me the *Scottish Guardian*. The editor of that paper regrets that the Bishop of Glasgow appeared on the platform at a recent temperance demonstration at which the principal speaker was Lady Henry Somerset, and that he moved a resolution rejoicing at the work being done by the association so well represented by Lady Henry Somerset. The *Scottish Guardian* quotes the paragraph from To-Day in which I called attention to Lady Henry Somerset's statement concerning myself, and adds: "If this is true—and responsible journalists are usually more careful in their statements than over-zealous lecturers—the public will be apt to form a different opinion from that of the Bishop as to an association which is 'well represented' in such a fashion, and more especially of the lady who represents it. At any rate, while such charges as this can be made, we venture to repeat the wish that our bishops and clergy, in spite of their laudable zeal for temperance, would refrain from associating themselves—and, to at least some small extent, the Church—with this lady's crusade."

J. R. R.—I agree with much that you say, but letters on the subject are hardly in place just now.

J. S. C. sends me an explanation of the bell motto about which a correspondent asked me a little while ago. The inscription should run, my correspondent thinks—

ΤΟΙ ΣΟΜ ΜΑΣ ΙΝ †
ΥΠΟ ΤΕΤ ΑΓΜ ΑΙ †

Or, in more modern Greek character, and properly re-divided—

τοις ὀμμασιν ὑπο τεταγμαι
(tois ommasin (h)upotetagmai.)

It is a charm against the evil eye.

W. P. R. hopes that when next a Bimetallist conference is called India will be allowed to send her own representatives to the meeting, and not be hampered by orders from the British Government.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My Dear Dick,—Since you have gone to live so much deeper in the country, you will naturally want to hear all the news I can give you, not only about the drama, but about any of the other matters in which I know you take an interest. So for the future I shall not confine my letter to theatrical things alone.

I shall be able to tell you a good deal about the Oscar Wilde case when the trial at the Old Bailey is over. It would not be fair or proper to comment on it yet. I do hope, however, in the course of that trial, some juryman will have the courage and common sense to kick at the suppression of names that has characterised the proceedings hitherto. Names, have been written on paper, and witnesses have been ordered not to mention names—names have been covered up, hidden and suppressed.

This is altogether wrong and bad. If the prisoner were accused of forgery, burglary, or murder, every name connected with the case would be mentioned and published without exception. And this very publicity would very probably promote the ends of justice. It would not be pleasant for those whose names were mentioned, perhaps, but if it did nothing else it might deter a number of young men from keeping questionable company in the future.

I believe, however, that it would do a great deal more than this. You must remember that the theory of the police and the authorities generally with regard to scandals of the sort I am discussing, has always been that the least said about them the better; that more harm would be done by the publicity incidental to suppression than by the existence of the evils themselves.

If this view is correct, if evil is begotten by a knowledge of evil, then every police-court report should be suppressed, and no newspaper should be permitted to publish the details of a trial for murder. But the theory is not insisted on in ordinary cases. The result is not harmful—indeed, it is beneficial—because to many men the dread of public exposure and public disgrace is a greater deterrent than all the unknown terrors of a gaol.

In dealing with the evil rampant in our midst, publicity is the first essential. The system of secrecy and silence has been tried, and see what it has done. The evil has flourished and fattened in dark places, and gradually it has faced the light. But no one has protested, and gradually literature and poetry have become permeated with a corrupt flavour, nauseating to healthy, decent men. The vice that formerly trembled behind locked doors came out and swaggered in drawing-rooms and public places, and naturally its power of contamination rapidly developed. You encountered its foul traces everywhere. Sooner or later a scandal was certain. Now it has come, and with it has come the opportunity of dragging out the cancer by the roots. This necessary and salutary operation cannot be performed secretly and in darkness. There is no need whatever for the publication of disgusting details. But there is an imperative necessity for publicly branding the unclean members of society, so that they may no longer go about freely in our midst exhaling poison and corruption.

There is, indeed, just now a double necessity, because the suppression of names in the recent legal proceedings has actually resulted in numberless names being whispered and hinted at in daily conversation. The mention of one name in a trial may blast a reputation; but the suppression taints a dozen. "Who was it?" people ask. "I hear it was young So-and-so." "No; it was really old What's-his-name," and gradually rumour credits half a score, possibly innocent people, with an offence that they never committed or even contemplated. It is for this reason that I cry aloud for "Names! Names! Names!"

If you could hear the wild talk that has gone on at the clubs for the past week I am sure that you would agree with me.

Even from the police point of view Society cannot be more horrified and shocked than it has been by recent revelations, and all the publicity in the world can do no more harm at present. Nobody would feel more disgusted if the police put into the dock, instead of two prisoners, two hundred. Twice that number have been tried and convicted by word of mouth during the past few days, and, what is worse, they have not had a fair trial. No evidence has been produced; no defence has been possible. "I fancy" has merged into "I believe," and has been repeated as "I know." The backbiter and the blackmailer have had a revel. Names that should be beyond the reach of scandal have been freely bandied about, smirched and defamed.

It is wrong, all wrong, and it is all the fault of secrecy and suppression; again, therefore, I say, let us have no more of it, but let us have the plain open truth. The police have evidence and information enough at their command to make a clean sweep, if they are so minded, and if they are not there are other ways. It is time for the formation of a moral Vigilance Committee, on the rough and ready American frontier principle. This idea is already in many minds. Yesterday I saw a circular, which is being quietly but extensively circulated, the object of which is the formation of what may come to be called the "Queensbury Association." Its end and aim is the collection of a sufficient fund to justify a regular campaign against the horror in our midst, to follow the threads and clues that have cropped up in the recent proceedings, and to do all that the Treasury ought, but possibly will not. There is nothing vindictive about the circular. It does not shriek for tumbrils and a gallows. It points out dispassionately the existence of a grave public scandal, which will not be removed by the punishment of one offender. The evidence given at the Old Bailey points to a more or less organised system of vice. This should be investigated, its ramifications traced, and its foundations uprooted. Whatever happens at the next Old Bailey trial, there must be no subsequent hushing up and squaring,

From these propositions it is difficult to dissent. The circular, I may tell you, does not emanate from a parcel of fanatics or faddists. It is the result of patient inquiry. It was sent to me by one who predicted the exact outcome of the Queensberry libel trial the day after Lord Queensberry was arrested.

Oscar Wilde's play, *The Importance of Being Ernest*, finishes its run at the St. James's. Alexander is supposed to have another play by the same author in his desk. It will be interesting to see what he will do with it. Wilde's other play, *An Ideal Husband*, will probably terminate its run about Wednesday week, when Charles Wyndham will appear at the Criterion in Carton's new political comedy drama, the peculiarity of which is that the action all passes in a few hours, commencing in the evening, and terminating in the early morning. Charming Miss Mary Moore has just come back from Paris, where she purchased a variety of gorgeous frocks for the production.

Have you noticed that George Bernard Shaw has been going for the gods over their conduct at the Comedy? He says that in the middle of the second act "some low fellow shouted 'Rats!'" And he suggests that the "low fellow" in question should have been instantly removed by the police. I don't like shouts of "Rats," or even "cat-calls," in the middle of an act myself, but I am bound to admit that *Delia Harding* did not stimulate me to resent the brief interruption. I am bound to confess that as a general rule modern audiences honourably observe the unwritten bargain between themselves and theatrical managers—the rule of no adverse expressions until the play is over. Sometimes

when a play is hopelessly dull and bad the tedium of the evening is relieved with chaff, but I do not remember any successful play being so treated in recent years. As we all know, there *was* a time when—but no matter.

The Lyric Theatre is still in the market. The difficulty, I understand, is that the now wound up Lyric Theatre Company, Limited, made an agreement with Edwardes and Lowenfeldt for the production of a comic opera, libretto by Gilbert, to follow *His Excellency*. Whoever takes the lease will have, I am told, to take that agreement with it. But the comic opera is not ready; therefore anybody taking the theatre and putting up something for a run might find themselves called on by-and-bye to stop their run to make room for the Edwardes-Lowenfeldt combination. Lowenfeldt made overtures, as I told you, for the purchase of the theatre, but they have come to nothing. The Lyric is still the property of Henry J. Leslie, who built it and ran it for some time, but over *Doris* and *The Red Hussar*, together with the pantomime at Her Majesty's, he lost the bulk of the fortune that he made over *Dorothy*, and the Lyric is now practically in the hands of Fladgate and Fladgate, who represent mortgagees for its full value.

A Loving Legacy, which was moved from the Strand to the Opera Comique on Easter Monday, came to an end on Saturday, and the Opera Comique is again closed. This theatre seems to be as dead out of luck as the Royalty.

The season of cheap opera that Sir Augustus Harris is running at Drury Lane has proved phenomenally successful—so much so that I expect he will make a regular yearly fixture of it. I have been on three nights recently and found the house crammed. His grand opera season at Covent Garden will be one of the most attractive ever organised in this country. Meantime, just to amuse his leisure, Sir Augustus has got out the scene models for his autumn drama, and has approved the dress designs for the Christmas pantomime.

Despite the good business at the Lane, theatrical business all round is rather uncertain. *Mrs. Ebbsmith* and *Gentleman Joe* are enjoying the cream of the market. *King Arthur* has not been a success, as I took the liberty of anticipating when it was first produced, and it will give way to a triple bill and a series of revivals. I rather think that the music-halls have had the best of the Easter patronage. Some of them have been crammed lately.

If the Actors' Association, and the much-puffed and paragraped Chorister Association, are worth their salt, they will take some action over the continental tour of *Morocco Bound*. This successful variety show was taken abroad by Mr. F. Harris and Mr. H. J. Chamberlyn in direct defiance of the author and composer. Protests were vain. Harris and Chamberlyn offered 2½ per cent., and said that if the authors would not take it they would pay the money to a theatrical charity. The authors refused, and again protested. The company started, but had not got far when the law was invoked, the copyright was upheld, and a considerable sum was awarded. An injunction also was granted. Now, salaries are unpaid. The chorus have been informed that any of them who can afford to pay their own fares home are at liberty to depart. Those who stay are told that though every endeavour will be made to pay them, nothing can be guaranteed. I am very sorry for the chorus, but it gratifies me to know that disaster has overtaken an endeavour to deprive English authors of their rights. Harris and Chamberlyn would probably have got on well enough if the authors had not taken legal measures. As it is, their capital has been absorbed by costs and damages, and on the return of the belated company there will, I expect, be further appeals to the Law Courts to recover salaries.

The rights of authors have been simultaneously vindicated in America, where Sir Augustus Harris has successfully sat on a couple of pirates who rolled *The Prodigal Daughter* and the *Derby Winner* into one, and had the cheek to try and play it in New York! But they didn't.

Your affectionate Cousin,

RANDOLPH.

CLUB CHATTER.

I spoke last week of the night clubs that the police have lately taken so much interest in, more particularly of those where gambling took place. Going back twelve months, I can remember visiting one which was described as thoroughly typical, and which I managed to get into through the aid of a member. It was about one o'clock in the morning, and the snow was falling. Old Compton Street was crowded with well-dressed women, who were generally engaged in violent altercations with men of the worst possible class, and who up till twelve o'clock had been the shining lights in debates in the Anarchist Club, in Windmill Street.

We turned off into one of the streets that lead from Shaftesbury Avenue to Oxford Street. It was very quiet, practically deserted. We stopped before a respectable, sombre-looking house. There was not a light to be seen, and the curious part of the whole thing was that in almost every case the blinds at the windows were half-drawn. I pointed this out to my companion, and suggested the complications that might arise if we had mistaken the house, and pushed our way in directly an unsuspecting citizen answered our knock. He silenced me with a knowing smile.

Presently there was the sound of footsteps in the passage, and a voice through the hole of the letter-box asked who was there. A reply that it was "all right" seemed only to half satisfy him, because I could see the flap of the letter-box opened wide, and an adjacent lamp convinced you that there were a couple of eyes peering through. Apparently assured that all was well, the door was opened, and closed again the instant we were inside. The passage was pitch dark, and what struck me as being remarkably uncanny was the cold night air blowing directly into your face, and the sound of running water from a tap. I felt for my match-case, but a "Don't be a —— fool" from the attendant stopped me, and holding on to his coat I followed him. At the end of the passage I found myself in the open air, and felt the crunching of the snow under my feet, while a cloud-blotted moon showed something like a shed in front of me.

The attendant turned a handle, and next moment I was inside a bright and warm room, which I should say had originally been intended for an outhouse, but which had been transformed into its present condition by the liberal use of match-boarding, bunting, and pictures. A weary-eyed woman sewing, and with a copy of *L'Intransigeant* before her, rose, and asked if we cared to drink anything, and when we ordered two hot clarets prepared it with the utmost care. I mention this fact because the drink was one of the finest cold expellers I have ever tasted. It was not served in the usual English buffet fashion, with hot water, but the claret was itself boiled, and with a sprinkling of nutmeg, and a slice of lemon, was a drink to remember.

The proprietor, a German, came and joined in. He had a light drink, and asked us if we cared to play, for at the far end of the room a table, placed crossways, was surrounded by punters. Almost as he uttered the words the sound of a knock and a ring at the street door was heard. In a second every vestige of gambling had disappeared. The spaces formed with matches (instead of the old-fashioned chalk) were swept on the floor, and

the players gathered round us at the bar, leaving never a trace of circumstantial evidence to aid the police. As it happened, the arrival was only another snow-encased member, and the gamesters fell back to their old positions.

The banker was a tradesman, I was told, in the Tottenham Court Road, and a week previously had lost £200 at one sitting. To-night he was in little better form. The players simply staked to win back their losings until they were clear, and plunged with their winnings. He paid out over £30 in ten minutes, and then lit a cigarette, and dropped the bank. He only laughed in a hollow fashion, and sat down and risked shillings where he had previously risked pounds. Faro was played, so was banker, rouge et noire, trente et quarante, and there was never a suggestion of cheating, and never a bet dishonoured. Gambling had been going on for hours, and a tremendous lot of money had changed hands in small stakes.

I went back to the bar, where hot coffee had just been provided, and was joined by a typical night lounger. In easy flowing terms he discussed every possible subject. Had I read the *Times* that morning? There was a capital article on the Little Englanders. He had no respect for Laboudere. When he was better off he had gambled with him; so he had with Charley Russell, as he genially described the present Lord Chief Justice. "You know," he continued, "that the best years of a man's life are spent in building life's ruins. I had every chance. I fooled it away. I never drank much, but I betted, and I was fond of the girls." I told him that family history never interested me, but as he picked up a glass and drained it he answered without anger: "Better than you, better than I, have found these clubs a home at the finish. No one has done harm here to anyone else. If I could afford to gamble I would. I can't. But it's warm and comfortable here, and it's snowing outside." All said and done, there are many worse places than these clubs, and the police might find better objects for their attention. I know there are many shady characters inside, but they are better there than waiting round street corners when one walks home late.

Mr. G. R. Sims' attack on the silk hat in the *Referee* was capital reading. He mentions one case where the hero left his silk hat on the stage, and went off to America. I can recall an instance in one of Mr. Sims' plays where, at a critcal moment, the heroine defied her father, and sat on the villain's hat. And this suggests a point to me. Why is it that in every play of a transpontine character, where vice and virtue are clearly defined, all the bad characters, the family solicitor included, wear silk hats? The noble men wear straw hats in drawing-rooms, slouch hats at receptions, and felt hats at funerals.

For some reason or another, the silk hat is the badge of civilisation. Nobody knows the reason. It is impossible in wind, it is useless in the sun, it gets more rain on it apparently than the whole of the superficial area of the body put together, it is useless in a train, worse on a boat, ridiculous at the seaside, and comfortable nowhere. But it is with us, and we must stand it. It compels us to wear certain coats, to carry umbrellas, and to travel first-class. Who introduced it I have never taken the trouble to learn. No doubt if photography had been introduced six thousand years ago we should have had to acknowledge Adam as the founder of a perpetual fashion.

When the nigger was freed from slavery and became a recognised citizen, he went in for a silk hat. The Hindoo comes to London and buys one as soon as he gets on land, and no well-conditioned Jap has ever dreamed of going in for anything else. Even the lower order of animals represented by the dog and the cat use it, when available, for family purposes of an interesting character. Possibly its popularity lies in its undoubted power to render us eternally same—the crowning glory of modern fashion.

Tobacco without nicotine may seem to some of us like Hamlet without the Prince. But among smokers, as my correspondence has convinced me, there are many who fear its effects on the nerves and heart. To them, I can confidently recommend the Tinico flake tobacco. If I had not known there was no nicotine in it, I should have thought I was smoking a mild, pleasantly flavoured tobacco, and was getting all the genial effects of the ordinary weed. A tobacco that can so hide its virtue seems to be near the mark.

Another tip for smokers is to get Bell's gold-tipped cigarettes. The name of the firm assures you that you are not contracting blood poison by using some cheap metal coating, and the tobacco is cool, pleasant, and fragrant.

There is a new invention in sovereign purses, which I mention for the benefit of those men who find them useful. It is not necessary to open the purse to get the coin, as it is pushed out by sliding a small knob. The advantage of this is that it can be done without taking the purse from the pocket, thereby obviating an ostentatious display of wealth.

I am glad to see that there is a tendency among well-dressed men to adopt more rational shapes in boots. Lately we seem to have been trying to get back to something on the lines of the sabatynes of a fifteenth century knight, under the mistaken idea that the foot was wedge-shaped. The extremely-pointed toe was neither comfortable nor sightly, and the newest boots, built to go on the same lines as the foot, are in every way more desirable.

I have had a good word before now for Lingfield Races, but I must say that I was wofully deceived in my impression that objectionable characters had been eliminated from it, when, in an interval of racing on Saturday, I went into the small ring and found the three-card trick being played on the stand. The authorities should see to this. Every one of these card-sharpers brings with him a crowd of confederates, whose sole aim is robbery and, if necessary, violence. The respectable City man, the farmer, the neatly dressed mechanic and the Israelite, formed the gang. To my knowledge, this same set has been going round England for the last six years, and the racecourse police could have identified every one of them and barred their entrance.

There is no more favourite cry with the newsboys than "All the winners," but these enterprisiug and shrill, toned folk can have but little idea of the way in which they are enabled to be shouting the news in Fleet Street within a few minutes of the "all right" having been proclaimed from the weighing-room.

The racing reporters—a most painstaking body of men—have first to obtain a list of runners—no easy task at such places as Goodwood and Epsom, where the fields frequently run well into the twenties. The next message of importance to be despatched is the "off," and then follows the winner and 1, 2, 3. Rarely does the reporter wait for the judge to hoist the numbers, and the celerity with which the wires are sent cannot be excelled.

The messages come straight from the course to the G.P.O., and are instantly forwarded to the various agencies, of which the Exchange Telegraph and Central News are the most prominent. The news no sooner

reaches the Haymarket and New Bridge Street than it is sent out over the tape machines, and to show how keen the two companies are, it may be mentioned that, as a rule, both machines start clicking forth the momentous news at the same moment.

It is on the extra special edition that most anxiety is displayed in evening newspaper offices. The forme has gone through with the last race but one, and the stereotypers, working like Trojans, have got all plates down in an incredible short space of time. Meanwhile, the compositors designated "fudge hands" are hard at work preparing their boxes.

Readers of evening journals have, of course, noted the blank space generally to be found at the top of the column. This is for the "fudge." When "fudging" first came into vogue many people were puzzled over this blank spot. Some thought it was an advertisement, and that by staring for a few moments a notice of —— Soap or —— Pills would appear, whilst one well-known racing man was of the opinion that it was left for speculators to write their bets on.

But to return to the "fudge-box." Whilst the plates are being cast the betting on the race before the last is set and inserted in the box. Special type and leads are prepared, and a box will take about twenty-four lines. The horses engaged in the final event are already set up, and when the runners arrive the jockeys are added. The machine has barely delivered the result before the "fudge hand" has his box closed and on the printing press; and copies of the journal are being printed at a rate of 24,000 per hour.

No sooner are the machines going than the "run-

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ners," or newsboys, begin clamouring to be served first, and most evening journals have formidable barricades erected in the publishing room. The papers are brought up by lifts, cut, counted, and folded. To be out first is the ambition of every journal, and there is seldom more than a second or two between the rivals.

Next week marks the opening of the cricket season, the M.C.C. starting the ball with a match against Notts at Lord's. The season at the Oval will not commence till May 9th, when Surrey and Leicestershire will try conclusions. The county championship should under the new conditions prove interesting this year.

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IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

THREE BELLS CIGARETTES.

J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

One of the disadvantages under which the solo whist novice labours, apart from his lack of judgment in playing the cards, is his inability to calculate chances when he is considering whether to declare or not. I am not specially referring to those hands which one picks up every now and again where the considerations are sufficiently involved to perplex the most experienced player, but the simpler combinations where the issue is dependent upon only one or two conditions. An example of this came under my notice the other evening. The dealer turned up king of diamonds; first hand held ace, Jack, 10, 9 of trumps, ace and two small spades, ace and two small hearts, and three small clubs. He proposed, the three other players passed, and after a minute's cogitation he threw up the hand. This was a mistake, for the chances were distinctly in favour of his making a solo. He could reckon with reasonable certainty upon making his two aces in the plain suits by playing them off at once, and then *if he were not eventually obliged to lead trumps himself*, he must, with king on his right, ultimately make three out of his four trumps. He could calculate upon ruffing twice, or even thrice, and being once overtrumped by the queen, and his only danger would be being left with the lead on the last round but one with ace and another trump, and so having to lose a trump to king guarded on his right. This is only one instance out of the many constantly occurring, and as they are generally interesting, I shall be greatly obliged to any of my readers who will furnish me with their experiences of similar cases.

In reply to Mr. W. Bell's enquiry some weeks ago as to what books have been published on solo whist, I may say at once that I have no knowledge of any works on the subject that have appeared abroad, but as far as England is concerned they are roughly as follows:—

Solo Whist. By "Bird's Eye." (John Heywood.)—A small thirteen-page sixpenny pamphlet, containing a brief account of the calls, and about half-a-dozen laws. This is dated 1881.

Solo Whist. By Captain Crawley. (Goodall and Son.)—Also a small sixpenny issue, of about the same date, with calls and laws given more fully.

Solo Whist, its Laws and Rules. By A. Chart. (P. Levy.)—A pamphlet of fifteen rather larger pages; price one shilling. This contains thirty laws, which, with certain reservations, form the basis of the game as it is played now. Published about 1883.

How to Play Solo Whist. By A. S. Wilks and C. F. Pardon, 134 pages, crown 8vo.—The first attempt to explain principles of play in solo whist, as well as its calls and methods. The laws are here eighty in number, and are those generally adopted at the present time. Published 1888. Price two shillings.

Solo Whist. By Edward Rose.—An amusing little treatise, in which Mr. Rose, with the true dramatist's instinct, has given the gist of the preceding work in dialogue form. I regret that owing to having mislaid my copy, I am unable to quote the publishers, or the date of publication. Price one shilling.

Solo Whist. By R. F. Green. (George Bell and Sons).—An epitomised explanation of play mainly borrowed from Messrs. Wilks and Pardon's book, with additional laws somewhat extraneous to the game. Published 1890. Price one shilling.

Solo Whist and its Rules. By Abraham S. Wilks. (In "The Whist Table:" John Hogg.)—A summary of all forms and variations of the game, with the latest hints on play, and an up-to-date code of 113 laws. Published 1894. Price half-a-guinea. These, I believe, with the exception of one or two articles contributed to the sporting press, and books on card games, comprise the literature of solo whist up to the present.

A question that is being constantly asked is whether the abundance déclarée has a trump suit, and I may say at once that it has not. At one time I thought, as did many old and experienced players, that it had, but I have since been brought to see the error of my ways. There was always a certain element of doubt upon the point, and yet it was invariably admitted that the caller always led out to the first trick, whether he was first, second, third, or fourth hand. This is the one solitary exception to the ordinary way of leading to the first trick in solo whist, and it could only have originated in the fact that there are no trumps in this particular declaration. Assuming no trumps to be the rule, the necessity for the first lead at once becomes apparent, for if the caller based his call upon one or two suits only, he might, if it were not his own lead, have a third suit started from another hand, and so be defeated on the first round. Hence by arguing from effect to cause, we see that the caller takes the first lead because there are no trumps. The point is often discussed in theory, but seldom arises in practice, for in the seventeen years during which I have constantly played solo whist, I never called the abundance déclarée myself, nor did I ever see it called, although I once or twice heard of it being played and made elsewhere.

The Major.

THE TAKING OF THE TENOR.

And the tenor is married! I knew,
That brilliant night at the play,
That the sweet soprano with eyes of blue
Was singing his heart away—

Singing his heart away,
Leading his lips astray:
The dark of the forest dreamed to-day—
The stage was a meadow, sweet with May:
She was singing his heart away—away,
Singing his heart away!

She was not singing to you—
She was not singing to me;
He saw himself in her eyes of blue,
A drowning man in a sea!

A drowning man in a sea
Where drowning is sweet! And she—
Oh, she was singing his ship astray;
But the beautiful haven heavenward lay—
The stage was a meadow, sweet with May,
And the birds were singing his heart away—
Singing his heart away!

I said when the curtain fell:
"Adieu, brave tenor, adieu!
You sang your part and you sang it well,
But Love sang sweeter than you!"

Love sang sweeter than you—
Love, with the eyes of blue:
The sweet soprano—she knew, she knew
When she was singing of love and May,
That Love was master and ruled the play,
And Love was singing your heart away—
Singing your heart away!

FRANK L. STANTON.

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GEORGE GISSING.

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STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT GOES ILL.

It was August, and the leaves of the chestnuts were still green, when they sacked the St. Alais' house at Cahors, and I fell senseless on the stairs. The ash-trees were bare, and the oaks clad only in russet, when I began to know things again; and, looking sideways from my pillow into the grey autumnal world, took up afresh the task of living. Even then many days had to elapse before I ceased to be merely an animal—content to eat, and drink, and sleep, and take Father Benôit kneeling by my bed for one of the permanent facts of life. But the time did come at last—in late November—when the mind awoke, as those who watched by me had never thought to see it awake; and, meeting the good Curé's eyes with my eyes, I saw him turn away and break into joyful weeping.

A week from that time I knew all—the story, public and private, of that wonderful autumn, during which I had lain like a log in my bed. At first, avoiding topics that touched me too nearly, Father Benôit told me of Paris; of the ten weeks of suspicion and suspense which followed the Bastile riots—weeks during which the Fauxbourgs, scantly checked by Lafayette and his National Guards, kept jealous watch on Versailles, where the Assembly sat in attendance on the King; of the scarcity which prevailed through this trying time, and the constant rumours of an attack by the Court; of the Queen's unfortunate banquet, which proved to be the spark that fired the mine; last of all, of the great march of the women to Versailles, on the 5th of October, which, by forcing the King and the Assembly to Paris, and making the King a prisoner in his own palace, put an end to this period of uncertainty.

"And since then?" I said, in feeble amazement. "This is the twentieth of November, you tell me?"

"Nothing has happened," he answered, "except signs and symptoms."

"And those?"

He shook his head gravely. "Everyone is enrolled in the National Guards. Here, in Quercy, the corps which M. Hugues took in hand to form numbers some thousands. Everyone is armed, therefore. Then, the game laws being abolished, everyone is a sportsman. And so many nobles have emigrated, that either there are no nobles or all are nobles."

"But who governs?"

"The Municipalities. Or, where there are none, Committees."

I could not help smiling. "And your Committee, M. le Curé?" I said.

"I do not attend it," he answered, wincing. "They go too fast for me. But I have worse to tell you!"

"What?"

"On the Fourth of August the Assembly abolished the tithes of the Church; early in this month they proposed to confiscate the estates of the Church! By this time it is probably done."

"What! And are the clergy to starve?" I cried in indignation.

"Not quite," he answered, smiling sadly. "They are to be paid by the State—as long as they please the State!"

He went when he had told me that; and I lay in amazement, looking through the window, and striving to picture the changed world that lay round me. Presently André came in with my broth. I thought it weak, and said so; the strong gust of outside life, which the news had brought into my chamber, had roused my appetite, and given me a distaste for *tisanes* and slops.

But the old fellow took the complaint very ill. "Well," he grumbled, "and what else is to be expected, Monsieur? With little rent paid, and half the pigeons in the cote slaughtered, and scarcely a hare left in the countryside? With all the world shooting and snaring, and smiths and tailors cocked up on horses—ay, and with swords by their sides—and the gentry gone, or hiding their heads in bed, it is a small thing if the broth is weak! If M. le Vicomte liked strong broth, he should have been wise enough to keep the cow himself, and not——"

"Tut, tut, man!" I said, wincing in my turn. "What of Buton?"

"Monsieur means M. le Capitaine Buton?" the old man answered, with a sneer. "He is at Cahors."

"And was anyone punished for—for the affair at St. Alais?"

"No one is punished nowadays," André replied, tartly. "Except sometimes a miller, who is hung because corn is dear."

"Then even Petit Jean——"

"Petit Jean went to Paris. Doubtless he is now a Major or a Colonel."

With this last shot the old man left me—left me writhing. For through all I had not dared to ask the one thing I wished to know; the one thing that, as my strength increased, had grown with it, from a dull apprehension of evil, which the mind, when bidden to do its duty, failed to grasp, to a dreadful anxiety only too well understood and defined; a brooding fear that weighed upon me like an evil dream, and in spite of youth sapped my life, and retarded my recovery.

I have read that a fever sometimes burns out love; and that a man rises cured not only of his illness, but of the passion which consumed him, when he succumbed to it. But this was not my fate; from the moment when that dull anxiety about I knew not what took shape and form, and I saw on the green curtains of my bed a pale child's face—a face that now wept and now gazed at me in sad appeal—from that moment Mademoiselle was never out of my waking mind for an hour. God knows, if any thought of me on her part, if any silent cry of her heart to me in her troubles, had to do with this; but it was the case.

However, on the next day the fear and the weight were removed. I suppose that Father Benôit had made up his mind to broach the subject, which hitherto he had shunned with care; for his first question, after he had

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learned how I did, brought it up. "You have never asked what happened after you were injured, M. le Vicomte?" he said, with a little hesitation. "Do you remember?"

"I remember all," I said, with a groan.

He drew a breath of relief. I think he had feared that there was still something amiss with the brain. "And yet you have never asked?" he said.

"Man! cannot you understand why—why I have not asked?" I cried, hoarsely, rising, and sinking back in my seat in uncontrollable agitation. "Cannot you understand that until I asked I had hope. But now—torture me no longer! Tell me, tell me all, man, and——"

"There is nothing but good to tell," he answered, cheerfully, endeavouring to dispel my fears at the first word. "You know the worst. Poor M. de Gontaut was killed on the stairs. He was too infirm to fly. The rest, to the meanest servant, got away over the roofs of the neighbouring houses."

"And escaped?"

"Yes. The town was in an uproar for many hours, but they were well hidden. I believe that they have left the country."

"You do not know where they are, then?"

"No," he answered, "I never saw any of them after the outbreak. But I heard of them being in this or that château—at the Harincourts', and elsewhere. Then the Harincourts left — about the middle of October, and I think that M. de St. Alais and his family went with them."

I lay for a while too full of thankfulness to speak. Then, "And you know nothing more?"

"Nothing," the Curé answered.

"ANDRÉ CAME IN WITH MY BROTH."

But that was enough for me. When he came again I was able to walk with him on the terrace, and after that I gained strength rapidly. I presently remarked, however, that as my spirits rose, with air and exercise, Father Benôit s declined. The priest's kind, sensitive face grew day by day more sombre, his fits of silence longer. When I asked him the reason? "It goes ill, it goes ill," he said. "And, God forgive me! I had to do with it."

"Who had not?" I said, soberly.

"But I should have foreseen!" he answered, wringing his hands openly. "I should have known that God's first gift to man was—Order! Order, and to-day, in Cahors, there is no tribunal, or none that acts: the old magistrates are afraid, and the old laws are spurned, and no man can even recover a debt! Order, and the worst thing a criminal, thrown into prison, has now to fear is that he may be forgotten. Order, and I see arms everywhere, and men who cannot read teaching those who can, and men who pay no taxes disposing of the money of those who do! I see famine in the town, and the farmers and the peasants killing game or folding their hands; for who will work when the future is uncertain? I see the houses of the rich empty, and their servants starving; and all trade, all commerce, all buying and selling, except of the barest necessaries, at an end! I see all these things, M. le Vicomte, and shall I not say, 'Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa'?"

"But liberty," I said, feebly. "You once said yourself that a certain price must——"

"Is liberty licence to do wrong?" he cried, almost with passion—and seldom had I seen him so moved. "Is liberty licence to rob and blaspheme, and move your neighbour's landmark? Does tyranny cease to be tyranny, when the tyrants are no longer one, but a thousand? M. le Vicomte, I know not what to do," he continued. "I know not what to do. For a little I would go out into the world, and at all costs unsay what I have said, undo what I have done! I would! I would indeed!"

"Something more has happened?" I said, startled by this outbreak. "Something I have not heard?"

"The Assembly took away our tithes and our estates!" he answered. "That you know. They denied our existence as a Church. That you know. They have now decreed the suppression of all religious houses. Presently they will close also our churches and cathedrals. And we shall be pagans!"

"Impossible!" I said.

"But it is true."

"The suppression, yes. But for the churches and cathedrals——"

"Why not?" he answered despondently. "God knows there is little faith abroad. I fear it will come. I see it coming. The greater need—that we who believe should testify."

I did not quite understand at the time what he meant, or what he had in his mind, but I saw that his scrupulous nature was tormented by the thought that he had hastened the catastrophe; and I felt uneasy when he did not appear next day at his usual time for visiting me. On the following day he came; but was downcast and taciturn, taking leave of me when he went with a sad kindness that almost made me call him back. The next day again, he did not appear; nor the day after that. Then I sent for him, but only to learn from his old

housekeeper that he had left home suddenly, after arranging with a neighbouring curé to have his duties performed for a month.

I was able by this time to go abroad a little, and I walked down to his cottage; I could learn no more there, however, than that a Capuchin monk had been his guest for two nights, and that M. le Curé had left for Cahors a few hours after the monk. That was all; and I returned depressed and dissatisfied. Such villagers as I met by the way greeted me with respect, and even with sympathy—it was the first time I had gone into the hamlet; but the shadow of suspicion which I had detected on their faces some months before had grown deeper and darker with time. They no longer knew with certainty their places or mine, their rights or mine; and shy of me and doubtful of themselves, were glad to part from me.

Near the gates of the avenue I met a man whom I knew; a wine-dealer from Aulnoy. I stayed to ask him if the family were at home.

He looked at me in surprise. "No, M. le Vicomte," he said. "They left the country some weeks ago—after the King was persuaded to go to Paris."

"And M. le Baron?"

"He too."

"For Paris?"

The man, a respectable bourgeois, grinned at me. "No, monsieur, I fancy not," he said. "You know best, M. le Vicomte; but if I said Turin, I doubt I should be little out."

"I have been ill," I said. "And have heard nothing."

"You should go into Cahors," he answered, with rough good-nature. "Most of the gentry are there—if they have not gone farther. It is safer than the country in these days. Ah, if my father had lived to see——"

He did not finish the sentence in words, but raised his eyebrows and shoulders, saluted me, and rode away. It was easy to see that the change pleased him, though he veiled his satisfaction out of civility.

I walked home, feeling lonely and depressed. The tall stone house, the seigneurial tower and turret and dovecote, stripped of the veil of foliage that in summer softened their outlines, stood up bare and gaunt at the end of the avenue; and seemed in some strange way to share my loneliness and to speak to me of evil days on which we had alike fallen. In losing Father Benôit I had lost my only chance of society just when, with returning strength, the desire for companionship and a more active life was awakening. I thought of this gloomily; and then was delighted to see, as I approached the door, a horse tethered to the ring beside it. There were holsters on the saddle, and the girths were splashed.

André was in the hall, but to my surprise, instead of informing me that there was a visitor, he went on dusting a table, with his back to me.

"Who is here?" I said sharply.

"No one," he answered.

"No one? Then whose is that horse?"

"The smith's, Monsieur."

"What? Buton's?"

"Ay, Buton's! It is a new thing hanging it at the front door," he added, with a sneer.

"But what is he doing? Where is he?"

"He is where he ought to be; and that is at the stables," the old fellow answered, doggedly. "I'll be bound that it is the first piece of honest work he has done for many a day."

"Is he shoeing?"

"Why not? Does Monsieur want him to dine with him?" was the ill-tempered retort.

I took no notice of this, but went to the stables. I could hear the bellows heaving; and turning the corner of the building I came on Buton at work in the forge with two of his men. The smith was stripped to his shirt, and with his great leather apron round him, and his bare, blackened arms, looked like the Buton of six months ago. But outside the forge lay a little heap of clothes, a blue coat with red facings, a long, blue waistcoat, and a hat with a huge tricolour; and as he released the horse's hoof on which he was at work, and straightened himself to salute me, he looked at me with a new look, that was something between appeal and defiance.

"Tut, tut!" I said, fleering at him. "This is too great an honour, M. le Capitaine! To be shod by a member of the Committee!"

"Has M. le Vicomte anything of which to complain?" he said, reddening under the deep tan of his face.

"I? No, indeed. I am only overwhelmed by the honour you do me."

"I have been here to shoe once a month," he persisted stubbornly. "Does Monsieur complain that the horses have suffered?"

"No. But——"

"Has M. le Vicomte's house suffered? Has so much as a stack of his corn been burned, or a colt taken from the fields, or an egg from the nest?"

"No," I said.

Buton nodded gloomily. "Then if Monsieur has no fault to find," he replied, "perhaps he will let me finish my work. Afterwards I will deliver a message I have for him. But it is for his ear, and the forge——"

"Is not the place for secrets, though the smith is the man!" I answered, with a parting gibe. "Well, come to me on the terrace when you have finished."

He came an hour later, looking hugely clumsy in his fine clothes; and with a sword—heaven save us!—a sword by his side. And presently the murder came out; he was the bearer of a commission appointing me Lieutenant-Colonel in the National Guard of the Province. "It was given at my request," he said, with awkward pride. "There were some, M. le Vicomte, who thought that you had not behaved altogether well in the matter of the riot, but I rattled their heads together. Besides I said 'No Lieutenant-Colonel, no Captain!' and they cannot do without me. I keep this side quiet."

What a position it was! And how for a moment the absurdity of it warred in my mind with the humiliation! Six months before I should have torn up the paper in a fury, and flung it in his face, and beaten him out of my presence with my cane. But much had happened since then; even the temptation to break into laughter, into peal upon peal of gloomy merriment, was not now invincible. I overcame it by an effort, partly out of prudence, partly from a better motive—a sense of the man's rough fidelity amid circumstances, and in face of anomalies, the most trying. I thanked him instead, therefore—though I almost choked; and said I would write to the Committee.

Still he lingered, rubbing one great foot against another; and I waited with mock politeness to hear his

business. At length, "There is another thing I wish to say, M. le Vicomte," he growled. "M. le Curé has left Saux?"

"Yes?"

"Well, he is a good man; or he was a good man," he, continued, grudgingly. "But he is running into trouble, and you would do well to let him know that."

"Why?" I said. "Do you know where he is?"

"I can guess," he answered. "And where others are, too; and where there will presently be trouble. These Capuchin monks are not about the country for nothing. When the crows fly home, there will be trouble. And I do not want him to be in it."

"I have not the least idea where he is," I said coldly. "Nor what you mean." The smith's tone had changed and grown savage and churlish.

"He has gone to Nîmes," he answered.

"To Nîmes?" I cried, in astonishment. "How do you know? It is more than I know."

"I do know," he answered. "And what is brewing there. And so do a great many more. But this time the St. Alais and their bullies, M. le Vicomte—ay, they are all there—will not escape us. We will break their necks. Yes, M. le Vicomte, make no mistake," he continued, glaring at me, his eyes red with suspicion and anger, "mix yourself up with none of this. We are the people! The people! Woe to the man or thing that stands in our way!"

"Go!" I said. "I have heard enough. Begone!"

He looked at me a moment as if he would answer me. But old habits overcame him, and with a sullen word of farewell he turned, and went round the house. A minute later I heard his horse trot down the avenue.

I had cut him short; yet the instant he was gone I

"GO!" I SAID. "I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH. BEGONE!"

wished him back, that I might ask him more. The St. Alais at Nîmes? Father Benôit at Nîmes? Something brewing there in which all had a hand? In a moment the news opened a window, as it were, into a wider world, through which I looked, and no longer felt myself shut in by the lonely country round me and the lack of society. I looked and saw the great white dusty city of the south, and trouble rising in it, and in the middle of the trouble, looking at me wistfully, Denise de St. Alais.

Father Benôit had gone thither. Why might not I?

I walked up and down in a flutter of spirits, and the longer I considered it, the more I liked it; the longer I thought of the dull inaction in which I must spend my time at home, unless I consented to rub shoulders with Buton and his like, the more taken I was with the idea of leaving.

And after all why not? Why should I not go?

I had my commission in my pocket, wherein I was not only appointed to the National Guard, but described as *ci-devant* "President of the Council of Public Safety in the Province of Quercy"; and this taking the place of papers or passport would render travelling easy. My long illness would serve as an excuse for a change of air; and explain my absence from home; I had in the house as much money as I needed. In a word, I could see no difficulty, and nothing to hinder me, if I chose to go. I had only to please myself.

Accordingly the choice was soon made. The following day I mounted a horse for the first time, and rode two-thirds of a league on the road, and home again very tired.

Next morning I rode to St. Alais, and viewed the ruins and returned; this time I was less fatigued.

Then, on the following day, Sunday, I rested; and on the Monday I rode half-way to Cahors and back again. That evening I cleaned my pistols and overlooked Gil while he packed my saddle-bags, choosing two plain suits, one to pack and one to wear, and a hat with a small tricolour rosette. On the following morning, the 6th of March, I took the road; and parting from André on the outskirts of the village, turned my horse's head towards Figeac; with a sense of freedom, of escape from difficulties and embarrassments, of hope and anticipation, that made that first hour delicious; and that still supported me when the March day began to give place to the chill darkness of evening—evening that in an unknown, untried place is always sombre and melancholy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ORIGIN OF LACE.

The woman that yields to the fascination of old lace may accumulate precious treasures as delicate as cobwebs and as valuable as diamonds, but she will never accumulate money: that will be captured and held in the fine meshes of Colvert, Venice, and Alençon point. Ancient as is the art of lace-making, the finer qualities do not appear before the fifteenth century. The most celebrated lace collections are those of the South Kensington Museum in London, and the Bruges Museum, although the Cluny Museum in Paris contains inestimable specimens of antique lace. There are many pretty legends of the origin of lace-making, and one of the prettiest is the story of the Venetian sailor who, on the eve of a sea voyage, gave to the woman he loved a piece of beautiful seaweed, to keep while he was absent, in memory of him. He sailed away, and the girl cared for his gift with constant devotion, superstitiously fancying that upon its preservation depended the safety of her lover or the endurance of his love for her. Therefore, when she discovered that the seaweed was slowly drying up and falling to pieces, she caught the fine leaves and branches with thread against a piece of linen, and thus invented lace.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

CLAIRON'S CHILDHOOD.

Clairon's mother brought her up very strictly. She used to lock her in a room to do a certain amount of study, and beat her if it was not done in a given time. One day the child stood watching a girl at the opposite window taking her dancing lesson, and being tenderly embraced by her mother at its conclusion. Clairon burst into tears at the contrast. To console herself she began to practise the steps before her glass, and in a few days improved enough to dance to the violin played for her neighbour's lesson. One day the music stopped suddenly, and she saw that master and pupil were watching her. The secret was discovered, and she feared her mother's anger. In fact, the master called and complimented Madame on her clever daughter telling her that his pupil was studying for the Français. Instead of the anger little Clairon feared, her mother was delighted, and allowed her to make her first visit to the theatre with her new friends.

POLITICAL DIFFERENCES.

Paul Louis Courier being insulted by a professor, quietly remarked: "He seems very much annoyed. He has called me traitor, thief, pig, blackguard, liar, murderer, ruffian, and scum of the earth. He only means that we hold different opinions, and this is his way of saying it."—*From "Glances Back through Seventy Years."—H. Vizetelly.*

A charming story of Robert Louis Stevenson is told in the New York *Times*—

"He was visiting a friend, afterward Consul to Samoa, in Northern Vermont. This gentleman had a little daughter about eleven years old, who confided to Mr. Stevenson the woful fact that she was born on the 29th of February, and, therefore, had enjoyed only two birthdays in all her eleven years. The poet sympathised not only in comforting words, but also in action. He meditated a few moments, then went to the writing-desk and drew up the following document:—

"'I, Robert Louis Stevenson, in a sound state of mind and body, having arrived at that age when I no longer have any use for birthdays, do give and bequeath my birthday, on the 13th of November, to Miss Adelaide Ide, to be hers from this year as long as she wishes it.

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HOW I WAS "BROUGHT OUT."

EVERY girl who is blessed with what are called "good looks," is, I suppose, ambitious to have a season in London. But such a thing is expensive, and although my people were "county" folk, and held in great respect by our tenants, rents were down, and money was not so plentiful as mother could wish.

How I had my season after all, and was "brought out," I am about to explain for other girls' benefit. My Aunt Julia had a good deal more money than mother, and we felt that she might, perhaps, do something for me. She had two girls of her own; but still she might do a little. My mother wrote to her; and in reply, to my intense staisfaction, she wrote back that if mother could scrape £50 or £60 together for my pocket-money, she would "bring me out." Adding that as I was a good figure and pretty, it would not cost her very much in actual coin of the realm. She was always fond of me, and I knew that I should be treated exactly as her own daughters, who were nice pleasant girls. Of course, occasional visits to town had made me perfectly aware that such dresses, etc., as I should *have to have* were not got for nothing; but, although aunt (or at least I didn't know that she did) did not explain how it was to cost so little, I was only too anxious to accept her invitation.

When I had been at aunt's house in Kensington two or three days one morning her maid came into my room whilst I was writing home, and told me aunt wished to speak to me.

She made me sit down quite close to her, and then after looking me up and down for a minute or two she smiled and said: "You're really quite lovely, child. I'm sure you ought to be a great success." I blushed; and then she asked me if I had ever thought as to how I was to get all the beautiful dresses and other things necessary for a girl "brought out" during the whirl of a London season. I must have looked scared at the prospect, for she hastened to add that I was not to be afraid for she had arranged everything. Adding, "I have been compelled to tell Marie (her maid), but I shant say anything to the girls about it. And you can trust Marie perfectly."

Briefly I was to turn myself into a human advertisement! For such was the scheme Aunt Julia propounded to my astonished and unsophisticated mind. "Heaps of pretty girls, who haven't too much money do it, my dear," she explained, seeing my rather blank looks. "All you have to do is to always look your best, and recommend Madame V——, J—— and Sons, M—— et Cie., "Evangeline," and the rest; and they have agreed in return, and in consideration of my having done such a lot for them in the past, to let you have your dresses, underthings, boots, etc., for nothing. Do you agree?"

What could I say? Here I was in London, with a healthy natural love of gaiety and pretty clothes, with these things within my grasp. All I had to do was to recommend, whenever a fitting opportunity served, the people who had so largely supplied me with the wherewithal to look nice, and, as my youngest cousin was in the habit of saying, "have a good time." Is it wonderful that I fell in with my aunt's scheme? All along she was most kind, and insisted that she had really done very little for me, although she gave me board and lodging, the use of her maid and carriages, and treated me just as one of the girls.

Next morning Marie and I sallied forth and visited Messrs. W—— and Co., where I was measured for a smart up-to-date riding habit. My aunt's name gained me every attention; as it did, indeed, everywhere else. As I went to other shops I lost the feeling of having things for nothing, which troubled me at first. For Marie, seeing my embarrassment, and no doubt guessing the cause, assured me that none of the assistants would know anything about the arrangement. From W——'s we drove to M—— et Cie's (aunt's *corsetières*), where I was measured for riding, opera, and ordinary stays. When Madame M——, who was herself present, mentioned the waist measurement—full three inches smaller than I had been accustomed to—I remonstrated; but she assured me that I should find her corsets of that size perfectly comfortable, and Marie whispered that it was all right, and that a small waist was necessary to show off to advantage both the figure of the wearer as well as the article worn itself. In justice to Madame M—— I must record that the stays, though they did give me an eighteen-inch waist, were not nearly so uncomfortable as I anticipated; but I fear I told a good many fibs in her interest during the season to girls, who, envious of my figure, asked my *corsetière*, and suggested that I must tight-lace. I, of course, repudiated the accusation; and said that Madame M——'s skill did away with any necessity for the practice.

By the time we had visited a well-known firm of boot makers in Bond Street, and S—— and Co.'s, where I was allowed the pick of lovely novelties in lingerie, our morning was gone, and it was time to return home for lunch. I did not quite see how I was in any way to advertise S——'s; but about six weeks later a bride-to-be and her mother were calling on aunt, and the question of trousseau coming up I was asked to show Edith B—— (the girl) some of my things. I did so; and must have praised the firm very successfully, for a week later aunt told me Mrs. B—— had given the order to S——'s. As it amounted to several hundred pounds, perhaps they were able to repay themselves for what I had had gratis.

"Evangeline," when we went next day seemed charmed to supply me with hats of all sorts. As did Madame Cecile with dresses. I was now well supplied with everything in the way of dress that a girl's heart could wish for, and if at first I suffered discomfort from the tight-lacing I indulged in to accord with Madame M——'s idea of what my figure should be I soon became used to it; and, indeed, submitted uncomplainingly to an inch less ere the season was over.

One of my first social duties was to be photographed, and I was duly added to Messrs. B——'s "Gallery of British Beauties," and whenever I took up an illustrated paper for several weeks after I was sure to be confronted with my counterfeit presentment. I believe that a large number of my photos were sold, and I hope that the sums received from papers for leave to reproduce my face in their pages recouped Messrs. B—— for the three-dozen gratis copies they sent me.

Marie must have reaped a small fortune over the articles which useless to me, I gave her. Soaps, complexion washes, powders, hair dyes, etc. I used to "make-up" a little, like most girls in my position, but I could not have used a tithe of the articles which in a mysterious way reached me with notes asking that I would either write a testimonial or recommend them. A dainty case of ruby velvet, containing every toilet necessary in the way of cosmetics still graces my dressing-table; and I must have been the means of selling, indirectly, of course, at least a dozen for the enterprising firm.

One thing attached to my cheap season in town I found very tiresome, namely, informing reporters who

supplied my frocks, etc. Or writing to some troublesome and pertinacious lady journalist or other to tell her that the dress I wore at such and such a ball, or "At Home," was supplied by Madame Cecile.

The week before I was to return home aunt showed me some accounts. They were those kept by Marie at her request of the things I had had. Perhaps some of my readers may be curious to know how much my season would have cost:—Riding habit, etc., £20; Madame M—— for corsets, £22 12s.; boots and shoes, £18 10s.; flowers (paid for), £23; "Evangeline" hats, etc., £35 6s.; S—— and Co., underclothing, £47 3s.; other firms (including Mdme. Cecile for dresses, £134), £276 18s. 9d. Making a total of £443 9s. 9d. In conclusion, I may say that although I went everywhere, as it is said, aunt did not consider the expense at all out of the way. This is what it costs to give a good-looking girl a season in London, without reckoning all my aunt actually paid in the way of theatre and concert tickets, carriage hire, etc.

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Printed for the Proprietors by Wyman & Sons, Ltd., 63, Carter Lane, Doctors' Commons, London, E.C.

TO-DAY

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

Edited By JEROME K. JEROME.

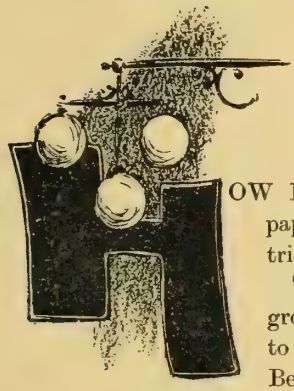
VOL. VI.—No. 78. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895. PRICE TWOPENCE.

NOBODIES AT HOME.

BY

GEORGE GISSING.

Illustrated by L. BAUMER.



I.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

"HOW I do like to sit down to a paper with a good murder trial in it!"

Thus, after a supper of gross abundance, as he drew to the fender, Mr. Henry Bellamy, pawnbroker. The labours of a well-spent day were over, and he had his family about him: two sons, a daughter, and the wife espoused in second nuptials after the death of his children's mother. Mrs. Bellamy was a high-coloured adipose woman, arrayed, as always for the evening—with the barbarous splendour justified by her independent income; courted by Bellamy twenty years ago, she had forsaken him for another, but now, in the mellowing of her charms, fulfilled those early vows. Admirably did the couple suit each other, and they were never so conscious of the fact as after high feeding. Of the youths, one had a rakish, the other a stolid aspect; their sister was characterised by an unwholesome skin and shrill hilarity.

"I wouldn't care to be young again," Bellamy had remarked. "To my mind, this is the 'appiest time of life." And his look declared sincerity. Complete baldness emphasised the simian shape of his head; than his visage none more vulgar could be discovered in all Peckham; but unmistakable felicity enwrapped him. He was the owner of houses in swarming neighbourhoods, and his business had long been lucrative. The house above the shop, crammed with ostentatious furniture, which he had acquired in the way of trade, was still his abode, but he talked of "retiring," and often inspected "eligible villas."

Absorbed in the newspaper, he did not perceive that a servant summoned his wife from the room. On her return in a minute or two, Mrs. Bellamy told him that a woman stood at the door below, "It's that Mrs. Brookes. She wants you for Gawd's sake to let her have something on a dress. There's one of her children ill, and she hasn't a penny in the 'ouse, and not even coal to make a fire. I've told her you can't do business after hours, but she won't go away. It's fair cruel to hear the pore creature talk."

"Bring the pledge up here," said Bellamy, without raising his eyes from the paper. And the garment was brought; a better dress than might have been expected, worth to a secondhand dealer some seven and sixpence. Mrs. Bellamy spread it upon a table, and the family grouped about it.

"She says for Gawd's sake let her have all it's worth, 'Arry."

Now it was certain, as the pawnbroker knew, that this pledge would never be redeemed. Mrs. Brookes had brought numerous articles to the shop of late; a widow with many children, she was fighting hopelessly against inevitable pauperdom. Bellamy, after a few cold glances, took from his pocket one shilling and a threepenny-piece.

"Tell her to come for the ticket to-morrow—and we won't say nothing about the 'apenny."

A scarce perceptible pause, and Mrs. Bellamy left the room. The two youths exchanged a grin, but spoke no word; the daughter, with deft hand, rolled the garment together, and threw in into a corner; then, as if to break silence, she began singing: "It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage——"

Mrs. Bellamy was absent for rather a long time, and when she reappeared her husband had finished his reading.

"Well, I *have* had a job to get rid of her. But she went quiet at last, and said I was to thank you for attending to her out of business hours."

"I'm glad she was civil," replied Bellamy, with a satisfied air. "It's what I always am myself, even to the poorest. Just think! A night like this without a bit of fire! Why, it fair makes your blood run cold! I am sorry for that woman! Yes, I am. She used to

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be comfortable. It's hard lines. But that's the world, my sonnies; one up and the other down. Life isn't all honey. Be thankful you wasn't born in a family like that."

He was talkative now, and quite cheerful. See—he remarked—what a useful friend a pawnbroker was to the poor. Suppose that wretched woman had had no such person to call upon in her need. It wasn't charity. He didn't believe in charity. Nothing was any use that hadn't a solid basis of business.

"You may give and give, and you don't really help people. They must learn to help themselves." Mrs. Bellamy made strong assent, and cited instances of the demoralising effect of almsgiving. Then the subject was dismissed, and all began to talk of the murder trial; they reviewed with gusto every terrible and loathsome detail; they probed possibilities, debated evidence, and, in short, thoroughly enjoyed the close of the evening.

In his bedroom, the pawnbroker, as he undressed before a glowing fire, observed musingly how glad he was that he hadn't refused to oblige that poor woman.

"It's a cruel night. She'll have got a fire lit by now. What's the matter with the child?"

"Hooping cough, pore little thing. Why, I'd rather have given money out of my own pocket than think of them all night long in a freezing bedroom. It makes me shiver to think of it!"

"No good thinking about that kind of thing. It doesn't do. You get uncomfortable, and where's the use. Life's life, and business is business. But there's a pleasure in feeling we've done her a kindness. It's worth the money. Yes, it is."

Bellamy spoke gravely, pausing to reflect, as he unbuttoned his waistcoat. Not a trace of troubled consciousness marked his demeanour. He smiled with the nearest approach to benevolence possible on such features, and then he sighed, as though dismissing his melancholy.

"I've a good mind to make it next midsummer, Jane—the retiring. I haven't done badly; we're comfortably off, old girl. I feel it about time I took a rest. It hasn't been all honey, you know."

"You've worked 'ard for it, 'Arry," answered the woman, with genuine kindness. "Yes, I'd make it midsummer if I was you."

THE BRAINS OF THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

The Sensitive Plant, which is such a delicate house ornament with us, fairly enamels the earth in this island, growing wild from Adam's Peak to Point de Galle, multiplying its dainty, bell-like pink blossoms, mingled with the delicate feathery acacia. Growing so exposed and in weedlike abundance, it is natural to suppose that it would become hardened, as it were, to rough usage; but it is not so, as it retains all its native properties in exaggerated form, if possible. Our puny little hothouse specimens are not more delicate or sensitive to the human touch than is this Ceylon Mimosa. It is the most impressible of all known plants, and is appropriately named. Curious experiments prove this. If a person will fix his eyes upon a special branch and slowly approach it, the plant is seen gradually to wilt and shrink within itself, as it were, before it is touched by the observer's hand. It is endowed with an inexplicable intelligence or instinct, and what appears to be a dread as regards rude contact with human beings. A few years since the author was at Cereto, in the island of Cuba, where he was the guest of an English physician who was also a coffee-planter. While sitting with the family on the broad piazza which formed the front of the bungalow, a thrifty Sensitive Plant was recognized and made the subject of remark. The doctor called his daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the Mimosa."

The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child!

"Now," said our host, "will you touch the plant?"

Rising to do so, we approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact, the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor, "but you are a stranger." It was a puzzling experience, which seemed to endow the Mimosa with intelligence.—"The Pearl of India."—M. M. Ballou.

NOT IN A CLUB.

"Cheer up, No. 8, *you've* no cause to be a gruntin' and a grumblin', you ain't half nor a quarter as bad as a lot o' the pore chaps as is brought in here," said cheerful No. 3, the briskest of the present batch of patients, and the easiest to please, although he had been carried on a stretcher three or four weeks before from the neighbouring factory, where his right arm had been cruelly smashed, through another man's blundering work.

No. 8 smiled in response to the advice as regarded "cheering up," but said sadly enough—

"'Tain't only my leg, mate; the doctor says it's a 'simple fracture,' and I've no cause to worry, but lor' bless us all, who's to help it? When a man knows his wife won't get his wage for the next five or six weeks, and when he's been a reg'lar fool and never saved a penny, I guess he may be forgiven for lookin' and feelin' down on his luck."

"Ain't you in nurra a club?" said his nearest companion.

"Never put a farden in one, although the missis often worrited about it."

An interruption occurred, and the matter dropped, and poor No. 8 fell asleep presently, and dreamt he was a boy down in the country, and he smelt the roses and pinks in his grandmother's garden. Opening his eyes with a start, he beheld a huge bowl of roses on a table near by, lovely blooms of every possible tint, with fine fresh foliage; not a bit like the stray flowers, faded and faint, which he had occasionally bought at a stall on a Saturday night.

"Why, nurse, I've been dreamin' o' the country and feelin' like a youngster again, and it seems like you've bin theer to git sech beauties as they."

"They've come from my home down in Somerset,"

SHE HAD A WHISPERED CONFERENCE WITH THE NURSE.

said the nurse, "and here's something for you, too. The other patients wished me to tell you that they've sent round the hat whilst you've been dreaming, and they've made up half-a-crown between them, and they want you to give it to your wife when she comes in to-night."

Tears stood in the rough labourer's eyes as he said huskily—

"Thank 'em, will ye, and say as they're rare good 'uns, but oh, lor! what a fool I've bin!"

When the wife appeared she had a whispered conference with the nurse, whose quiet face inspired her with instinctive trust, and her last words on leaving the ward were—

"So don't you go fur to tell 'im, you've promised me true, now, ain't you? It's no harm to giv' 'im a bit of a fright, and I'll let on to-morrer as I've put in a club for the last two years, unbeknown to he, and a good job, too! I've pinched back and belly to save the money, and I'll have to pinch both to make the 'lowance do whilst he's laid by. But, please God, I'll do it, and I'm real glad the poor chap ain't wus hurt. Say's he's quite easy to-night; so good-bye, nuss, and you mind you don't let on. I wants to tell him myself, to-morrer."

Off bustled the worthy little soul, to "pinch and scrape and make both ends meet," till the bread-winner was at large again.

H. F. Gethen.

VACCINATION OF LAND.

One of the strangest things in recent science has to do with the "vaccination" of land. Everyone knows that it enriches, instead of impoverishes, a field to plant it occasionally with a leguminous crop, such as clover or lucerne, the roots of which have a power of absorbing and retaining more nitrogen than they take from the ground. But where the nitrogen comes from is another matter. The air suggested itself at once when people began to study the problem. Many months were spent by eminent scientists in fruitless endeavours to trace the source to the air, but they came to a negative conclusion. The discovery was eventually made that the absorption was due to minute organisms (a sort of disease) in the roots, which, when the supply of nitrogen in the soil began to fail, appeared in the form of small excrescences, drew nitrogen from the air, and so caused the enrichment.

When this had once been settled it became a matter of importance to foster, and, if possible, hasten the growth of the disease in the fields sown with leguminous crops, and extensive experiments have been made during the last few years in France and Germany with this object. Fields have been literally "vaccinated" by sprinkling over them soil in which tuberculous crops have grown, or even water in which they have been soaked. A most convincing experiment was performed in Prussia, where a large field was sown with lupines, and divided, one part being treated in the ordinary fashion, the other inoculated from an old lupine crop. The yield in the latter was five and a half times as great as in that under the normal treatment. A remarkable point in these operations is that each variety of such plants has its characteristic microbe, and that it is of no use to innoculate a field of clover, for instance, with lucerne, or of lupine with clover. The individuality of the field must be recognised and respected.—*Montreal Witness.*

Mr. Andante Serioso (*conducting first rehearsal of his new opus*): "Hush, hush! Steady, brasses! *Piano*, woods and strings! *Pianissimo*, all of you; It's the *drums* that have the melody for the next forty bars!"

At the Private View.—First Critic: "Marvellous example of artistic fidelity to nature! What do you think of it, Grindelsby?" Second Critic: "Perfect triumph of realistic technique! But what do you take it really *to be?*"

Modest Literary Aspirant: "Yes, what our literature really wants is another Shakespeare. (*Meditatively*) Great Jupiter! If only I had a little more time!"

HOW TO SEE VENICE.

BY

W. L. ALDEN.

Venice is at its best in October and May, and at its worst in the winter months, when it rivals London in the thickness and frequency of its fogs. August, and the early part of September, are the months in which the Venetian mosquito flourishes, and next to the Florida gallinipper he is the most infamous of the insect tribe.

If you are going to Venice for the first time, manage if possible to enter the city on a moonlight night. Stop over for a day in Verona, and take the train, which leaves at 5.20 p.m., and reaches Venice a little after eight o'clock. You can never enter Venice for the first time but once in your life, and you should therefore make sure of night and moonlight.

Before arriving make up your mind as to your hotel. The two best hotels in Venice are the Hotel Danieli and the Hotel Britannia. The former is in the Riva degli Schiavoni, and the latter on the Grand Canal. Of the two situations I rather prefer the former, but the Britannia is certainly more quiet than the Danieli.

A good second-class hotel is the Luna, which is situated close to the Piazzo S. Marco, and has far and away the best *table d'hôte* in Venice. Most of the rooms, however, look on a courtyard. It will cost you about nine or ten francs a day at the Luna. You can be very comfortable for about eight francs at the Hotel di Roma, on the Grand Canal, and for five francs a day at the Aurora, or the Casa Kirsch, on the Riva degli Schiavoni. At the *succursale* of the Hotel Inghilterra, close to Danieli's, you can get a room for two francs a day, and dine at a restaurant.

There is no better restaurant in Paris itself than the Quadri, on the Piazza S. Marco. It is, however, rather dear. At the Bauer-Grünwald restaurant you can dine at a moderate price, but the cooking is tainted with German heresies. If you seek for cheapness alone go to the Panada, and dine "at a fixed price" for three francs. The cooking and the company will be purely Venetian. I cannot, however, promise that the dinner will please you. As a compromise, go to the Capello Nero, in the Merceria, near the clock tower. Let me suggest a *menu* that is characteristically Italian, and thoroughly good:—

Soup.—Cappelletti de Bologna.
Fish.—Brancino bollito.
Entrée.—Risotto con Fegatini.
Roast.—Manzo al cacciatore.
Sweet.—Zabagione.
Cheese.—Parmigiano.

The common Verona red wine is pure and good, but if you wish something better order Valpolicella. This dinner will be well cooked and inexpensive, and if you do not like it all I can say is that you lose a good deal in being unable to appreciate Italian cookery.

If you are a smoker you will find the *Virginia Scelti* cigars excellent in flavour, but unspeakably strong. Before trying them, I should recommend you to smoke a limekiln for a week or two, as a sort of preparation. The *Minghetti* (at fifteen centimes) is a mild and rather decent weed. Probably you will like it better than the *Virginia*.

Your after-dinner coffee you will take in the Piazza, either at Florian's, or the Quadri. One is as good as the other, the only distinction being that foreigners are more numerous at Florian's. It is not generally known that ices were first invented at Venice, but such is the fact, and nowhere else are they made equally good. Be sure and try them.

There are people who attempt to see Venice in three days. I knew an American who saw Rome in one day. Do not try to emulate these bad examples. Less than a week at Venice is only an aggravation. Assuming, however, that your time is limited, I suggest the following as the best way of employing it.

The morning after your arrival visit the Church of S. Marco, and the Ducal palace. If you have a "Bædeker" a guide will be quite superfluous. After lunch, take a gondola, go to the Church of S. Maria della Salute, and then row the length of the Grand Canal, as far as the railway station. On the way back go first to the Church of the Redentore to see the three marvellous Madonnas of Bellini, and then to the Church of the Frari. Spend the evening in the Piazza, or in a gondola.

The next day go in the morning to the Arsenal; thence to the Church of S. Maria Formosa, and then to the Church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo. In the afternoon cross, by gondola, to the Lido, and time your return so as to stop at the Giardini Publici to see the sun set. Next day devote the entire morning to the Galleria delle Belle Arti. In the afternoon go to the Madonna del Orto, thence to the churches of S. Sebastiano and S. Giorgio Maggiore.

The fourth day, go in the morning to the Scuola di S Rocco; then to the Museo Correr. After lunch see the Bellini Madonna in the Church of S. Zaccaria and take a walk through the city.

The streets of Venice are quite as interesting as the canals, but the foreigner rarely sees them. Let me give you a route which will show you some of the most picturesque bits of the city.

Pass through the arches in the west side of the Piazza S. Marco, and follow the stream of people whom you will find in the Frezzaria. Look at your map, and at the name on the street corners, and you will not lose your way. The Frezzaria will take you to the Campo S. Fantin, in which stands the great theatre. Take the little street on the right-hand side of the theatre as you look towards it, and then take the first turn to the right. This will bring you to the monument in memory of the martyrs of 1849. Pass to the left of the monument as you face it, and this will lead you over a bridge and along a narrow street to the Campo S. Angelo.

A street that is always full of people leads out of this campo on the right-hand side. Follow it until you come to a broad open place, where there is a statue (and a rather bad one) of Manin. Take the first street to the right after you have entered the campo, and it will conduct you to a beautiful tower with an exquisite winding staircase, which is well worth seeing. Returning to the campo, follow the stream of people through a street that leaves the corner of the campo. You will soon find yourself in the Campo S. Luca, where there is a stone column erected in memory of the defeat of the conspiracy of Tiepolo, though few people in Venice except antiquarians, know what the column means. Still keeping on in the same general direction, you will leave the campo by one corner, take the first turn to the left, and then the first to the right, and after a little you will find yourself in the Campo S. Bartolommeo close to the Rialto bridge. Return to the Piazza through the Merceria. You cannot miss the way if you follow the crowd.

Or if you are not yet tired, take a street that leaves the Campo S. Bartolommeo on the side opposite the bridge. This will take you by way of the Campo S. Lio to the Campo S. Maria Formosa. Then you can easily find your way by means of the map to the Piazza S. Marco, or you can suborn a small boy to show you the way for two sous.

I am sure this walk will give you a taste for walking in Venice. You need not have the slightest fear in exploring any street in Venice at any hour in the day or night, no matter how cut-throaty some of them may look. Highway robbery, or indeed any crimes of violence, except the occasional use of the knife in settling a quarrel, are absolutely unknown in Venice. The Venetian of the lower orders will cheat you in small matters if he can, but he is the most peaceable person in existence, and you need never have the slightest fear of any bodily injury. Venice is full of delicious bits of architecture, and picturesque nooks and corners, which

the foreigner, who goes about only in a gondola, never sees. There are also shops of second-hand furniture, and rubbish generally, in the parts of the city distant from the Piazza S. Marco, where one may frequently pick up articles of real value for a song. I once bought a crucifix for two francs, which was afterwards proved to be the work either of Albert Dürer himself, or of one of his pupils. Had this been exposed for sale anywhere near the Piazza, its price would have been far beyond my limited means.

Most people have the idea that Venice is unhealthy, and allege in support of this theory that the canals are simply open drains. So they are, and that is the reason why Venice is the best-drained city in the world. All waste pipes run directly into the canals, but these canals twice a day are scoured by the tide, which rises some four feet on ordinary occasions, and sometimes floods the entire city. I have repeatedly seen the Piazza S. Marco entirely under water, and swarming with gondolas. The water in the canals looks very black and dirty, but if you will take the trouble to fill a cup with it you will find that it is perfectly clear and bright sea water. Its colour is simply due to the reflection from the muddy bottom of the canal. There is little or no typhoid fever or diphtheria in Venice, although there is a good deal of rheumatism. Its death rate is remarkably low—far below that of Paris. You can drink the water in Venice without fear, except in time of cholera, when all water should be shunned. The water comes from the River Brenta, and is pure and good.

I have by no means exhausted all the churches which a man would be obliged to see if he wished to see Venice thoroughly, but one soon tires of churches in over-doses. I have mentioned those which must be seen if the visitor is to preserve his self respect, and as for the rest, he can select them from his "Bædeker." There is the whole lagoon waiting for him, and he must not miss it. On a bright, quiet morning take a gondola with two oars, and make a bargain to be taken to the cemetery, Murano, Burano, Torcello, and S. Francesco in Deserto. Ten francs ought to be sufficient for the gondolier, and he should have the right to select the order in which he will take you to the different places I have mentioned, for he will have to consult the tides. Take luncheon with you, for you will find nothing which you can eat either at Murano or Burano.

This excursion will not only show you the whole Northern lagoon, but it will also show you some of the most beautiful places to be found anywhere on earth. The cemetery is interesting chiefly on account of the cloisters of the church. At Murano you will find an extremely interesting old church—S. Donato—and if you take interest in glass-making you can visit the glass manufactory. At Burano you will find the handsomest women in all Venetia. Tell the gondolier to show you the *Scuola di Merletti*. It is a school where the girls are taught to make lace, and if you should happen to be an artist you will want to paint at least three out of every four of the girls. They are poorly clad, and poorly fed, but some of them are bewitchingly beautiful—and they know it.

Torcello is simply an island with a very old cathedral. You will find all about it in Ruskin. It is a very interesting old church, and you should not fail to climb the church tower for the sake of the view of the lagoon which it affords.

I never knew but one foreigner, not a resident of Venice, who had ever been to S. Francesco in Deserto. For all that it is the most beautiful island in the whole lagoon. Eat your lunch in the shade of its cyprus trees, and bless me for having given you a glimpse of paradise.

The whole excursion need not take more than six hours, but the day must be clear and calm. If the gondolier shows a disposition to take a mast and sail with him sternly forbid it. A gondola is an amazingly ticklish craft under sail, for she is flat-bottomed, and capsizes with great swiftness, when she takes a fancy to spill you. Moreover, she is steered with great difficulty, and the average gondolier is not expert in managing the sail. You will not be drowned if the gondola does capsize, but you will be very wet and muddy, and it is as well to avoid such a fate.

The guide-book recommends the visitor to take the steamer down to Chioggia and back. This shows him the Southern lagoon, and also the quaint town of Chioggia. By all means do it if you can spare a day. If not, take a gondola (with two oars) as far as Malamocco, where there is nothing in particular to see, and then return by way of the Armenian convent. This will take, say, three hours at the outside, and ought not to cost over six francs. In all these excursions beyond the boundaries of the city the tariff for gondolas has no force, and a bargain must be made with the gondolier before starting.

It does not cost very much to go to Venice. You cannot buy a return ticket from London to Venice, but you can buy a return ticket from London to Milan for £6 15s. 5d. second class, good for forty-five days, and the fare from Milan to Venice is twenty-one francs, second class; which is about sixteen shillings. "Bædeker" is a good enough guide-book for ordinary purposes, but you had better also provide yourself with Hare's "Venice," which is much more full in its descriptions. If you really want to know what life in Venice is like, read Horatio Brown's "Life in the Lagoons." It is by far the best book of its kind.

There is an excellent barber's shop in the Piazzetta dei Leoni, by the side of S. Marco. Zamperoni is an excellent chemist, who speaks English. Dr. Di Angelo is an experienced Venetian physician, who speaks English perfectly, and may be fully trusted. There is a money-changer close to the telegraph office, at the corner of the Calle dell' Ascensione, who is honest—as some money-changers are not. Finally, there is excellent German beer either at the Bauer-Grünwald restaurant, or the Birerria Pschorr, near the Campo S. Angelo.

AN ACCIDENT ON THE SCAFFOLD.

"Ventose 13.—A very unfortunate accident happened to-day. Only one convict remained, all his companions having been executed. As he was being strapped down, my son, who was attending to the baskets, called me and I went to him. One of the assistants had forgotten to re-raise the knife, so that, when the weigh-plank was lowered with the convict Laroque strapped upon it his face struck the edge of the knife which was bloody. He uttered a terrible shriek. I ran up, lifted the plank, and hastened to raise the knife. The convict trembled like a leaf. The mob hissed us and threw stones at us. In the evening, Citizen Fouquier severely reprimanded me. I deserved his blame, for I should have been in my usual place. Citizen Fouquier saw I was very sorry, and dismissed me with more kindness than I expected. Thirteen executions."—*From "Charles Henri Sanson's Diary."*

During the Peninsular War the town of Matragorda was heavily bombarded. While the fire was at its height, a little drummer boy was ordered to take a bucket and fetch water from a well, where the shots were thickest. The child hesitated. Marion Reston, the wife of a sergeant in the 94th, was tending the wounded. She turned round. "The puir bairn is frightened," she said, "and no wonder. Gie the bucket to me." She reached the well, and, though a shot cut the rope she held, succeeded in returning with the water.

A LOVE NOTE.

Do not forget me, dearest; all day long
I think of you and with the time more fleet;
My heart is always singing some sweet song,
And thinking of you makes my labour sweet.
And if the day seems anywise less bright—
More vext with cares than I had thought 'twould be—
I think with joy of the approaching night
When the sweet stars shall guide my steps to
One thought still whispers—sweeter evermore,
"Thou shalt behold her when the day is o'er!"

And so I shall; for you will watch and wait
When on the flowers the tears of twilight fall;
Sweet are the roses round your garden gate,
But you are still the sweetest rose of all!
And you are my rose—even my very own,
And to my life your beauty you impart;
Bloom sweetly still, but bloom for me alone,
And twine your tendrils closer 'round my heart.
Dear, I shall soon within your presence be,
And you are waiting with a kiss for me!

Frank L. Stanton.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE CHILDREN.

Prarial 27.—To-day I had trustworthy information concerning the bodyguards, without which it is said Robespierre never goes out. Martin, my assistant, proposed to me to see to this day's work. I accepted, for I had for a long time promised to take my neices to the country, and I was glad to get out of sight of the guillotine. We went through Clichy. The little girls romped in the fields, I sat down on the edge of the road. Presently I saw a citizen with a dog coming up. The citizen looked at the children who were trying to reach some wild roses in a hedge, and coming to their help he picked the flowers and divided them between them. I saw the little ones kiss the stranger. They came up to me talking and smiling. Then I recognised him. He wore a blue coat, yellow breeches, and a white waistcoat. His hair was carefully combed and powdered, and he held his hat in his hand. His head was slightly thrown back, and he wore a look of gaiety which surprised me. The citizen asked if the children were mine. I replied that they were my nieces. He congratulated me on their beauty. Marie made him a small nosegay which he stuck in his buttonhole. He asked her name to remember her when the flower had faded. The poor child gave her surname as well, whereupon Robespierre's face instantly changed. He said to me in a dry and haughty voice. "You are——?" I bowed. For a few seconds he was thoughtful, evidently struggling with a repulsion which he could not master. At length he bent down, kissed the children very tenderly, called his dog, and went away without looking at me.—*From "Diary of Charles Henri Sanson—State Executioner."*

LONDON ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

From the "Prince de Ligne's Letters."

"I have been still more surprised with London than with Venice. I could imagine a city in the midst of the sea. Only fancy that a sudden inundation converts every street into a canal, and you have an idea of Venice. But broad and commodious footways, splendid shops, an uncommon cleanliness everywhere, illuminated walks, where there are concerts and games, and no police-officers; magnificent gardens, a river which enhances their admirable pomp and variety; in short, whatever can be contrived for the most brilliant and best-regulated fête, is found every day in London, at four or five different places. An air of indifference, freedom, and splendour, elegant phaetons, a whole town in full trot, fine horses, beautiful girls, excellent fruit—does all this suggest a single motive for cutting one's throat?"

THE DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER.

One of the most charming books of travel I have added to my circulating library this year has been Lady Theodora Guest's "Round Trip in North America" (Stanford). Lady Theodora is so observant and eloquent about wild birds and wild flowers, and the illustrations from her own hand are very graceful. It is interesting, besides, as showing what an American railway king does who wishes to entertain English aristocrats, *carte blanche*. Lady Theodora is a very big wig, and a very old patroness of mine. It is a good many years ago since she was first brought into my shop by her brother—the tall, clean-shaven, singular, modest man who has the Duchy of Westminster and the largest rent-roll of any subject in the British Empire.

* * * *

The mention of the fact that Lady Sherbrooke has presented to the British Museum the two volumes of the Sydney, N.S.W., Atlas for 1844 and 1845, during which "Bob Lowe" was its editor, recalls the literary brilliance of the makers of New South Wales. Sir Henry Parkes—the Gladstone of New South Wales—who has so often been its Premier, has written some true poetry. His old opponent, John Dunmore Lang, the Presbyterian minister, who was for so many years Her Majesty's opposition, was also a poet, and wrote one memorable poem. Another Premier, William Charles Wentworth, the greatest of all Australian born politicians, was also the first poet of any note in Australia; and the Hon. William Foster, whose choruses in his "Midas" are some of the finest Australian lyrics, was likewise a Premier of New South Wales, and the author of "Ranolf and Amolua"—the greatest of all poems written in the Antipodes. Alfred Domett was Premier of another Australian colony—New Zealand.

* * * *

It is not generally known that the money which enabled the late Lord Sherbrooke to embark in English politics came from money judiciously invested in Sydney City property. "Bob Lowe" was a leading barrister and politician in Sydney. Journalism was only his third string.

* * * *

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who has written "The Holy Estate: a Study in Morals," in conjunction with Captain Thatcher, is associated with Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin in the editorship of the *Humanitarian*, and was formerly private secretary to Lord Dunraven. The book is apparently to be a sort of cross between Mr. Wilkins' highly successful novel, "The Green Bay Tree"—of which To-Day was the first to give the key as to the identity of the political personages—and "The Gadsbys," for Captain Thatcher, who was formerly attached to the Vice-regal Staff at Simla, is understood to have devoted his part of the work to a satire of Indian society. Whatever Mr. Wilkins does is good. As in "The Green Bay Tree," the work of the two authors will be printed in different types.

* * * *

The Tower Publishing Company are bringing out immediately "Loraida: a Romance of the Sahara," by Mr. William Le Queux, of whose "Great War of 1897," which has had the honour of being made the subject of articles both by Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley, they have sold over 9,000 copies. Mr. Le Queux, who lives in a charming little flat not far from my shop, constantly drops in to see me. Oddly enough, though he is such a very patriotic Englishman, he is the son of a Frenchman, and bears strong evidence of his French parentage in his face. He made a special journey over the Sahara at great personal risk to collect the materials for his book, which will be of the most thrilling kind. Like Mr. G. A. Sala, he started first as an artist.

My friend Mr. Edward Arnold tells me that he is about to bring out a book on mountaineering by Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the President of the Alpine Club. Mr. Freshfield is principally responsible for a mountaineering work not so well known as it should be—the conversion of the late Duke of Rutland's kitchen garden on the heights of Campden Hill (which adjoined his own house) into about the most charming old-fashioned garden in London. The expense of laying out this garden and the privilege of using it he shares with his neighbours, among whom is the artist, Mr. Alfred Hunt, R.I., whose wife and daughter write such charming novels.

* * * *

I have had to re-order "Into the Highways and Hedges," by F. F. Montresor (Hutchinson and Co.), a most realistic and natural story, which is already in its third or fourth edition. The character of Barnabas Thorpe is very strongly depicted, and, as the author says in his preface, it is such men as he who fight for ideals who are the saving element in this world, and leave their mark on all generations.

* * * *

In mentioning the handsome little edition of "Roderick Random," published by Messrs. Gibbings and Co., and edited by Mr. George Saintsbury, a most important page of my manuscript went astray. Messrs. Gibbings and Co., I hear, rely principally for the sale of the book on Mr. Frank Richards' admirable illustrations, which have a good deal of the grace of Mr. Robert Sauber's. And he is the most graceful artist we have in depicting eighteenth-century scenes.

* * * *

The *Literary World*, in its excellent "Table Talk," informs its readers that the *Field* newspaper, which last week had fifty pages of advertisements, was purchased by its present proprietor for two hundred and fifty pounds. Very likely, for the popularity of the *Field* was the creation of the present head of the firm, Mr. Horace Cox. It was his genius made it, as it has made the *Queen*, which cost him a hundred pounds less than the *Field*. And the whole of the money has been made in the cleanest and kindliest way. No man was ever injured or over-reached by Mr. Cox. He has never tried to get the advantage of anyone. The papers have succeeded in such a marvellous way because the *Field* was exactly what men wanted, and the *Queen* exactly what women wanted. Mr. Cox had an instinct for gauging "the average man and woman."

* * * *

As there seems to be such a mistaken idea upon the subject, I think I ought to point out that my old patron, Mr. George Robert Sims, the well-known dramatist, whose "Dagonet Abroad" is just announced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is a much younger man than one would suppose from his long-established reputation. He is barely forty-eight years old, was born in London, and educated at Bonn. His first book that made any stir, "The Dagonet Ballads," came out about sixteen years ago.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. S. (St. Ann's).—The photographs were reproduced by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Gale and Polden, 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C. They would answer all inquiries.

J. M.—Are not you mistaken in supposing that the book is the work of one man? "My First Book" contains accounts of the first books of well-known authors. It is published by Chatto and Windus.

R. F. W. (Ayton).—Your best plan would be to send a list of the books, with full particulars, to Mr. Tregaskis, 232, High Holborn, W.C.

Max (Bath).—I have had dealings with the agent you mention, and have always found him perfectly straightforward.

FEMININE AFFAIRS.

Dear Nell,—The Editor of To-Day, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, has just organised a competition that I know you will go in for, if he should eventually extend it to the Colonies. For the present, it is only open to competitors in Great Britain, as the list closes at the end of May. Read on, my dear, and see how tempting, how very tempting, it is.

The lucky woman who secures the greatest number of annual subscribers to To-Day, and clinches the matter firmly by forwarding their subscriptions for one year to the office of the journal (provided the number of subscriptions sent by the winner does not fall short of twenty), shall have the sum of twenty guineas placed to her credit with one of the best West-end firms. Fancy a twenty-guinea gown just for asking a few friends to become subscribers to such a capital paper as To-Day! Minna, who has wanted a new riding habit for at least four years, and has never been able to afford herself one, is going in for it hot and strong. The firms with whom arrangements have been made are Jay, Redfern, Liberty, Lewis and Allenby, Redmayne and Russell, and Allen. Is not this what you would call a very inviting competition?

And there is yet more of it. Should the candidature prove a very strong one, and the subscriptions secured be very numerous, there will be a second prize given of a smart gown, or coat, or other article of dress, to the amount of fifteen guineas. This will be a second prize, and one extremely well worth going in for.

The annual subscription amounts to 11s., and the full address of To-Day Office is Howard House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The competition will be closed on May 25th, and the result announced in the number of To-Day, dated June 8th.

Just in time to get a delicious frock for Ascot! I know such heaps of girls who will go in for it, and all the while they are collecting promises and exacting performances from their friends in the shape of sums of 11s., they will be arranging in their thoughts exactly the sort of dress they are going to buy for twenty guineas.

The intending competitors must send in their names to "Susie" at the Office of this journal not later than the first week in May; and in order to facilitate the competitors' efforts as much as possible, printed forms containing list of premium books, and the other advantages, will be sent to all who desire them.

For I must not forget to tell you that each person whose annual subscription is sent into To-Day Office will receive a book, a free insurance policy, and other advantages, for particulars of which I must refer you to the last page of the paper, or to the above-mentioned form. Altogether, an enticing programme, is it not?

And oh, my Nell! how truly sweet the gowns of this year are! Miss Dorothy Dorr wears a very up-to-date one in "Delia Harding," the new play at the Comedy. The skirt is dark green fancy crêpon, and the back of the bodice is the same, but the sleeves were in a large, though rather faint check of grey, with lines of green crossing it. Pieces of this are set into the shoulder seams, entirely covering the front and ending, fichu fashion, in points at the wrist, whence fall long sash ends over the dress to the feet. A box-pleat of the green crêpon and a square collar of the same are the novel feature of the gown.

NEW REDFERN DRESS.

Every woman in the audience falls in love with Miss Marion Terry's tea-gown in the second act. It is pale blue, the part that shows in front being brocaded in a large, free, Japanese design in palest gold, that glitters as though it were real metal. Over the whole of the rest flows a cloud of white crêpon, striped with silk, and thin enough to show the blue through the white. At the back this is draped in a very novel way, two points of the crêpon being caught up at about three yards distance from each other, and fastened in under the soft blue collar. The crêpon between hangs in a kind of bernouse, and the rest of the fulness floats out like wings when the graceful wearer moves about the stage in her gentle, harmonious fashion. The sleeves, so important a part of any gown, are most particularly effective in this instance. They are double, one pair being made to cover the arms, though not dragged inartistically tight, as are too many sleeves. The others hang square and loose over the outer arms, but are caught in at the wrist, so that all this cloudy looseness is moved with every gesture.

And the material? It is too intensely lovely, Nell. Fancy the lightest and most cobwebby of fine silk muslin, printed all over the surface in large, soft roses

With the Japanese Troops

JAMES CREELMAN, the American War Correspondent, in his dispatch to New York, dated PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 24, 1894, writes:

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and leaves of pale gold; an airy fabric, and yet rich with colour, the true buttercup yellow of the precious metal. Through them, when Miss Terry raises her arm, can be seen the vivid blue of Lake Como, and the white, sunlit villas of the opposite shore.

One touch more adds a wide zone of deep Indian red velvet about the waist, embroidered in gold in a strange, cabalistic design, that looks like language of some sort. Over this pass the long, wing-like draperies at the back, extending into a train that is not too long for grace.

A perfectly lovely gown!

I send you an illustration of a new Redfern dress.—This smart costume, suitable for races, is made of pale gray crêpon, the yoke, straps and waistband being in cloth of the same shade, embroidered in steel sequins and beads. The skirt is much gored and cut very full, except just below the waist, on the sides and in front. The folds are skilfully arranged to fall harmoniously about the form, with no appearance of artificial methods of distension. The large picture hat is in black straw, the brim draped with black chiffon. The trimming consists of ostrich tips and a bird of Paradise aigrette. The crown is surrounded by a bandeau in gold and powder blue tinsel.

White cloth coats are to be the chic thing this spring; and for lapels on coats of tan or fawn or biscuit white cloth is to be the smartest and most fashionable material. Later on it will be white satin with yellow or tan-tinted lace over it. I believe this will be a tan and yellow season, with abundant relief of white everywhere about one's costume, and no scarcity of black satin ribbons for trimming.

How do you like this? Tan crêpon blouse with black satin, box-pleated, square collar going off over the tops of the arms and slightly rounded at the back; edged with a narrow gold trimming, the box-pleat to have three gold buttons?

I think it would be lovely, and it could be worn with any dress.

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Please applaud my idea in your next if you approve of it.—Your affectionate SUSIE.

P.S.—The description of the pretty ball dress illustrated last week was unfortunately omitted. The gown was designed by Madame Beddoes, 11, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The skirt is in pale green and pink brocade, made very full and gored, but quite untrimmed. The bodice is a most artistic composition of brocade, small pink daisies, yellow lace and chiffon. One sleeve is in pale green satin, and the other in white chiffon veiled with yellow lace.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTISTIC.—I should advise a scheme of sage-green, pink and pale blue for the two rooms—bedroom and dressing-room. Has your wood-panelling any prominent moulding? If so, have the flat part painted sage and the moulding a warm cream colour. This will give effect to the paper, which should be sea-blue or sky-blue, with a design of almond blossom all over it, the blossom all a flush of pink, and the stems dark brown. The short window-blinds should be a warm cream colour to match the moulding. Butter muslin prettily frilled would be just the thing, and it is very inexpensive. Tie it back with pink or blue ribbons. The long curtains may be cretonne in a design harmonious with that of the wall-paper; or art muslin would be still prettier, especially in summer. The quilt should match the curtains, and be lined with pink or blue silk or sateen. Do not have a down quilt. Doctors disapprove of them, as they are not pervious. Or if you have one treat it as merely ornamental, and take it off the bed at night. You ask what to put behind the washstand to preserve the paper from splashes. A nicely painted splash-screen would be the best, one with lilies and bulrushes growing out of water. This would be a good contrast with the pinky bloom of the almond blossom. Do not have a frieze, as your rooms are not lofty—it would make them look still less so. Have a four inch border to your paper just under the cornice. Is it not fortunate that there are such pretty papers to be had now at very low prices?

MOLLY.—You must wear black satin ribbon round the waist of your pink gown. It will not only set off the colour, but also make your figure look its best. Ribbon sashes are worn now, about four inches wide. Tan gloves will go nicely with it. Your leghorn hat should be trimmed with white wings and pink roses, a large bow of black satin ribbon being tied on one side. To make the hat becoming, it should have the brim lined with black or dark green velvet.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

A GOOD RÉCHAUFFÉ.—Mince about two pounds of cold mutton, if underdone so much the better. Season it with pepper and salt. Soak two slices of stale bread or toast in a basin of warm milk; beat into it a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, a teaspoonful of chopped onion and half that quantity of chopped parsley, and a dessertspoonful of curry powder. Add the minced mutton, and mix all these ingredients well together. Roll them into small oval shapes, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry them in boiling fat.

A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR (a Dutch recipe).—Dissolve three pounds of sugar-candy in three quarts of good brandy or whiskey. Throw in six ounces cloves, quarter-pound cinnamon, half-pound chopped Tangerine peel, and quarter-pound whole ginger. Mix these well, so that the spirit will penetrate the mass. Leave it in a deep jar for a month, giving it a good shake every day. Strain it afterwards through a jelly-bag.

DE OMNIBUS.

[*Owing to the temporary indisposition of the Conductor, the Editor has been compelled this week, though with some reluctance, to entrust this column to Mr. Hankin.*]

WELL, and it was about time too. 'Ere 's my mite bin firin' in at me week arter week, an' it's on'y the square thing as I shud 'ave my chawnce ter talk back. And if yer awsts me whort I thinks of 'im, I'll tell yer strite. 'E's a bloomin' sack o' pertiters, that's whort 'e is. Nutthink moves 'im. 'E ain't gort no more sperrit an' life in 'im nor a 'alf-cooked sossidge. 'Ere's things 'appenin' every dye as is enough ter mike a man's blood bile, and 'e don't as much as regawd 'em. Look at the scandilus corndishun of the libur mawkit in this benighted Hingland of ars. Look at the millyings of honest, awd-wukkin' tilers as 'asn't gort nutthink ter do nor nutthink ter eat. Look at the shimeful luckshry and extrevigawnce of these bloated and bestial hupperclawses. Look at the hopen and disgriceful immeralerties of the errystorckracy. As fur this so-called Royal Fam'ly—[*In the interests of the paper it has been thought advisable to omit what Mr. Hankin has to say on the subject of the Royal Family.*] Well, and whort does my mite do? Nutthink; 'e don't trouble 'isself; 'e lets things slide. If theer was a bloomin' earthquike ter-night, devastitin' the 'ole of the Metrolopus, you'd find 'im a settin' on the top of the rooins a-smokin' of 'is ole clye pipe, jest as if nutthink 'ad 'appened. As fur as matters of public hinterest is concerned, 'e don't seem ter have no more feelin's than a bloomin' oyster. Sick'nin', I calls it. I belongs ter the pawty o' progress, and I ain't ashimed of it. I don't call myself a Lib'rul, cos I goes a sight further nor any of your poosilanermus Roseberies would dare ter go. I sees the banner of libutty wivin' in the distance, like some bright staw ter beckun of us honwuds. Thet's whort I says—honwuds and hever honwuds. Do awye with the berriers as stands in ar wye. Darn with the capitulists! Darn with the Chuch! hover with the landlords! Bust that effete and ridickerlus institooshun, the 'Ouse of Lords! Them is my opinyuns, put short. Them is the things as ararses the enthoosiastic surport of ev'ry troo and hearnest reformer. Ah, it ain't horftun as I gits a chaunce of expressin' of my voos with the sime publicerty as they deserves. The retrergressive pawty is give up to a conspirercy ter silince and put darn anythink of the kind. If I sent a letter ter the *Times* noosepiper, would it be put in? No. If I was ter stand hup in 'Yde Pawk, and leckshur on the vices of the hupperclawses, would the hupper-clawses gather rarnd ter 'ear themselves rebooked an' castergited? Never. The reformer in my persishun in life cawn't git anyone ter give 'im a fair 'earin.

* * * *

My mite's darn with the lumbager, which 'as took 'im in the back, and mide 'is langwidge unprintable. 'E 'as 'is points, yer know. Steady sort o' man 'e is, and dependerble. But 'e ain't a reformer, and 'e ain't no use in awgymunt. I've talked to 'im some nights fur an 'ar at a time, and at the end of it farnd 'im fawst asleep with the pipe dropped art of 'is marth. Whort can yer do with a man like thet? Nutthink. 'E don't tike no interest in the burnin' perlitikil questshings of the dye. Yer caunt rarse 'im an' inspire 'im ter acshing. As I says, 'e's a bloomin' ole sack o' pertiters. As fur 'is libellous remawks abart me, I treats 'em with the corntempt they deserves. And I'm gled ter have the oppertoonity of showin' the public 'ow totally onfounded they is.

THE CASE OF "THE PASSPORT" AND "VANITY FAIR."

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.

I SHALL bring evidence before you, gentlemen of the jury, that the audience, on arriving at Terry's Theatre on the first night of *The Passport*, under the management of Mr. Dana, received with their programmes a printed slip, signed by those well-known and highly-esteemed dramatists, Mr. B. C. Stephenson and Mr. William Yardley, admitting their indebtedness to a popular American novelist for one incident in their play. Now, what is the novel, and what is the incident? Is it a novel incident at all? I will tell you.

A certain Colonel Savage wrote a very remarkable and readable book called "My Official Wife," which had an enormous popularity both in America and England. The incident is this:—

A certain English diplomatist is on his way to St.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A Gentleman sends, post-free, particulars of a really genuine and inexpensive treatment. Hundreds of cases effectually cured. Address T. D. Kempe, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London

WHO'S WHO? Is he reliable? Is the Company a genuine or a bogus one? Do you want to know? If so send 2s. 6d. to the Investors' Protection and Information Agency, 22, Budge Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Petersburg to visit some political friends. He had intended to travel with his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and had consequently secured in Paris a passport for two—a man and a woman. But he went alone. Arrived at the Russian frontier, he is accosted by a beautiful woman in great distress, who informs him that she has lost her own passport, and is bound to get into Russia somehow. Taken off his guard, he consents to a pious fraud, he takes her under his protection. This make-belief wife he introduces to his friends, Russian and English, as his wife, and when in Russia discovers to his horror that he has been assisting a Nihilist of the most notorious kind, well-known to the foreign police, whose mission is to murder the Czar. Now this is the pivot or peg of the novel of Colonel Savage. But this is not all. The American author has dramatised his own novel. He has had it copyrighted in England. It has, I understand, been performed in America, and the English rights of the play have been sold to Mr. Edmund Routledge, the well-known publisher. We now come to *The Passport*. Again a man travelling to Russia on business. Again an Englishman with a double passport for self and wife. Again the restaurant on the Russian frontier. Once more the mysterious female who wants to get into Holy Russia. Encore the introductions. But there the similarity between the plays and the book ends altogether. There is no more Russia, no more Nihilist plot, no attempt at the assassination of the Czar, but merely a matrimonial and domestic complication arising out of the difficulty with the passport and the Russian frontier. In fact the plot of "My Official Wife" is wholly in Russia. The plotting of *The Passport* is three parts in England.

The question then, gentlemen, which you will have to discuss under his lordship's direction is, "How does Mr. Edmund Routledge stand in the matter?" "How far does the acknowledgment of a borrowed incident on a printed slip entitle a dramatic author to use as a pivot of a play an incident that has before been used as a pivot of an existing novel and also an existing play, the latter having been copyrighted in this country?"

I will now direct your attention to the case of *Vanity Fair*, the new play at the Court Theatre, which has restored the welcome name of Mr. G. W. Godfrey to our list of dramatic authors. I have heard, and you also have heard, a great deal about the late William Makepeace Thackeray, and even of the worthy John Bunyan in this connection.

For the life of me I cannot find a trace of them, and I am sure that some of Mr. Godfrey's jokes would entitle the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" to turn in his Bedford grave with pious horror.

The title of the play is no doubt a good one for a sketchy work that does not profess to be more than a caricature, but if people go to the Court to enjoy the racy fun of Mrs. John Wood, and expect to find either Becky Sharp or Mr. Worldly Wiseman, they will be disappointed. I could have wished also that Mr. Godfrey had been advised to revise his text before production, and to have boldly cut out the character played by Mr. Vane Tempest. It is no fault of the actor, but we do not want to be deliberately reminded of a certain class of dramatic dialogue which is offensive to the public at large, and, least of all, to recall the inventor of it.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

The air is full of rumours of injunctions and immediate legal proceedings in connection with the disputed incident in *The Passport*, but I, for one, in the deliberate interests of the healthy public who like a good play, hope that nothing will be done to interfere with the genuine success of the clever work of Mr. William Yardley and Mr. B. C. Stephenson. We have not at the present moment so many bright and well-written comedies that we can afford to kill at its birth the work that has so successfully inaugurated Mr. Dana's management. Who could afford to miss the character of the New Official Wife, played with such delightful sense of humour by Miss Gertrude Kingston, one of the best things she has ever done in recent times, notwithstanding her clever performance in *Rebellious Susan*? Nor do I believe that Mr. Yorke Stephens and Mr. George Giddens have ever acted better. You will find here what is so seldom found on the English stage, "ensemble." The actors and actresses are not treading on one another's toes and heels, but are working in artistic harmony.

And now with regard to my learned friend's suggestion about the borrowed incident. I would seriously ask this very pertinent question: Is it not possible that both Colonel Savage, the author of "My Official Wife," and the authors of *The Passport* borrowed what I will call the Russian frontier incident from a common source? How, if it can be proved, that it existed previously in a French novel, a French play? Such extraordinary coincidences have been heard of before in dramatic literature. Anyhow, every effort should be made to effect some sort of compromise by which *The Passport* already circulated should be allowed to carry authors, artists, and managers over the frontier of success.

With all due deference to my learned friend, I cannot see why Mr. G. W. Godfrey should be judged for doing what he certainly has never done. I do not see any trace on the playbills of any allusion to Thackeray or Bunyan. I can only see the title of *Vanity Fair*, which was certainly used by the great English satirist and the great Bedford Baptist. Mr. Godfrey calls his play what it most certainly is—"a caricature," clever, sharp, amusing, often, no doubt, acid and caustic. Few caricatures exist without these qualities. But, gentlemen, when you hear, as you will hear, that the plot of *Vanity Fair* is trivial almost to commonplace when you are gravely told that aristocrats are not necessarily snobs; that rowdy music-hall songs are not sung in Mayfair drawing-rooms; that the duke made up as Dizzy is as impossible a character as is the outrageous cad represented as a South African millionaire by Mr. Anson; that some of the sentiments of the supposed well-bred ladies of society made you shudder—then remember, I say, that Mr. Godfrey calls his play a "caricature," and remember also that caricatures are as a rule exaggerations and unavoidably out of drawing. But at the same time, gentlemen, do not forget that the leading character of *Vanity Fair*, a fashionable but vulgar woman, who believes she is a bigamist, is played by Mrs. John Wood, and played by her with an accent and a force of humour entitled to the very highest praise and consideration. Mrs. John Wood's single performance of the unintentional bigamist, her flow of animal spirits, her marvellous sense of witticism, and her undoubted power of carrying a whole play on her shoulders to success, ought to fill the Court Theatre for the rest of the season. Mrs. John Wood has never done anything finer in her life than her address to the judge from the Old Bailey dock in the dream scene borrowed from a well-known original.

THE JUDGE.

I need scarcely remind my learned friend, the counsel for the defence in connection with *The Passport* case, that assertions and conjectures are not argument, and that in a Court of Law we want proof. I am aware that both Mr. B. C. Stephenson and Mr. Yardley are very familiar with the French stage, and if they can prove that the Russian frontier incident exists in a French play or French novel, and is therefore common property, then, of course, *The Passport* need not be torn or disfigured. It is a delicate and difficult matter, but the rights of authors and proprietors must be respected.

In the matter of *Vanity Fair* it has been proved to my satisfaction that the play wants considerable curtailment. I should, therefore, advise the strong abridgment or even absolute elimination of the character of Bertie Rosevere, played by Mr. Vane Tempest, for a reason that will be patent to all regular playgoers, and also a vigorous curtailing of the dream scene, but not one word of Mrs. John Wood's speech.

The List of Applications will open on Monday, the 29th April, and close on or before Tuesday, the 30th April, 1895, at 4 p.m. for Town, and the following Morning for the Country.

Louise & Co., Limited,

("MADAME LOUISE,")

Consisting of Five Separate Businesses in Regent-street, Oxford-street, Brompton-road, and elsewhere.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

CAPITAL - - - - £163,000,

Divided into 80,000 Cumulative 5½ % Preference Shares of £1 each, 80,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, 3,000 Founders' Shares of £1 each

The Preference Shares will be entitled out of the profits to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st February and 1st August in each year, and they will also be entitled to rank in respect of Capital and Dividend on the Property and Assets of the Company in priority to the Ordinary and Founders' Shares. The first Dividend will be calculated from the due dates of the Instalments.

After payment in each year of a Dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, the surplus profits, subject to the provision of a Reserve Fund, will be divisible in equal moieties between the holders of the Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

It is not in contemplation to create any Debenture Debt or Mortgages, so that the Preference Shares will be the first capital charge upon the undertaking.

45,350 Ordinary Shares and 37,000 Preference Shares have already been applied for by the Directors and their friends, employees, and others, and applications at par for the remaining Preference and Ordinary Shares may be lodged with the Company's Bankers, payable as follows :—**5s. per Share on Application, 5s. per share on Allotment, and 10s. on the 1st of June, 1895.**

DIRECTORS.

D. H. EVANS, 314, Oxford-street, W., Chairman.
R. W. BURBIDGE, Wraxhall, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.
JAMES BOYTON, 6, Vere-street, W.
J. B. THOMPSON, 266, Regent-street, W., Managing Director.

BANKERS.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 21, Lombard-street, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.

JOHN PRUST AND CO., 37, Throgmorton-street, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

ALFRED R. GERY, 2, Vere-street, W.

SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND OFFICES.

THOMAS NEVELL, 26, Leadenhall-buildings, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern and extend the prosperous and well-known business of Bonnet Makers and Milliners, carried on under the styles of—

LOUISE AND Co., 266, 268, Regent-street, W. } At Regent-Circus, corner
MARGUERITE, 234, Oxford-street, W. } of Regent-street and Oxford-street.

LOUISE AND Co., 210, 210A, Regent-street, W.
LOUISE AND Co., 59, Brompton-road, S.W.
THE BONNET BOX, 74, 75, High-street, Shoreditch, E.

The principal branches of the business are situated in Regent-street and Oxford-street, two of the busiest thoroughfares of the West End of London; they have for many years been firmly established in public favour, and enjoy a world-wide reputation for novelty of design and excellence of taste.

The business was founded upwards of twenty-five years ago by Mrs. E. A. Thompson (known as "Madame Louise"), who has, with the active support of her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Webb, and her son, Mr. J. B. Thompson, developed it from comparatively small proportions until it has reached its present foremost position in the trade; the profits made in the business, as shown hereunder, and the fact that the name of the firm has become a household word in fashionable circles, clearly indicate that the management is conducted on a sound commercial basis.

The success of the firm is in a large measure due to the principle adopted of keeping stock representing the very latest designs of fashions and of the best quality only, which has the double advantage of securing the customers' approval, and of avoiding loss through deterioration in condition. The turnover having reached very large dimensions, the stock-in-trade is, on an average, sold more than twenty times in the course of a year, and is therefore always fresh and clean.

The great vitality of the business and the existing capabilities of expansion, point to its becoming, with continued judicious management, still more successful in the future, and this view is confirmed by the striking success and rapid development attained by other retail businesses which, after their conversion into Joint Stock Companies, have almost invariably experienced a considerable addition of public support.

The main premises, on which the business is conducted, consist of a number of conveniently adapted and luxuriously appointed shops in exceptionally favourable positions in the West End, and a reference to the sketches accompanying the Prospectus will be of interest, as showing the extent of the frontages and character of the premises. Considerable sums of money have been expended in adapting same to the requirements of the business, and, with the exception of the Shoreditch premises, they are efficiently provided throughout the buildings with Fixtures, Fittings, Electric Light and other modern appliances necessary for expeditiously carrying on the large trade.

The valuable and extensive leasehold premises in Regent-street, Oxford-street, and High-street, Shoreditch, to be acquired by the Company are held for unexpired terms varying from about 25¾ years to 10½ years, and those in Brompton-road for about 2½ years, at a total annual rental of £3,560. A part of the premises in Regent-circus was sub-let many years ago at a rental of £400 per annum, until March, 1899. This site is in one of the best trade centres in the whole of London, and will, so soon as available, form a most valuable addition to the Company's premises

Mrs E. A Thompson, the founder of the business, as well as Mrs. Webb, have entered into an Agreement with the Company to continue the active management of the business for a term of not less than three years, whilst Mr. J. B. Thompson has, under a similar Agreement, joined the Board as Managing Director, their total remuneration having been fixed at £1,000 per annum, payable out of the Company's net profits exceeding £10,000, so that they will receive no remuneration until the Ordinary Shareholders have received at least 7 per cent. per annum.

The other members of the Board are also all practical business men connected with other successful trading establishments.

The existing arrangements with the experienced staff of Assistants will also be continued, and it is proposed to make a judicious and liberal allotment of the Company's Share Capital to applications received from the staff, as well as from customers, so that they will have a direct interest in the increasing prosperity of the business.

As the business is carried on almost entirely for cash, practically no bad debts are incurred; the average losses during the last four years have been less than £60 per annum.

Messrs. Viney, Price, and Goodyear, the well-known Chartered Accountants, have examined the books and accounts of the business, which have been very carefully kept, and their certificate as to profits earned is as follows —

99, Cheapside, London, E.C., 20th April, 1895.

The Directors of Louise and Co. (Limited).

DEAR SIRS,—We have acted for some years as Accountants to the firm of Louise and Co., and have prepared their Annual Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Accounts

We certify that the Profits of the Businesses carried on at the following establishments, viz., Nos. 210 and 210A, Regent-street, Nos. 266 and 268, Regent-street, No. 234, Oxford-street, No. 59, Brompton-road, during the four years ending 23rd February, 1895, and including also the shop at Nos. 74 and 75, High-street, Shoreditch, for four years ending 31st December, 1894, have been as follows :—

Year 1891, ending 23rd February,	1892	.....	£10,629	0	9
,, 1892, ,, 23rd ,,	1893	.....	11,384	13	5
,, 1893, ,, 23rd ,,	1894	.....	13,438	3	8
,, 1894, ,, 23rd ,,	1895	.....	13,699	7	9

In these accounts due provision has been made for Depreciation of Leases, Fixtures and Furniture, and for Bad Debts. Interest on Capital and Remuneration of Partners employed in the Business, have not been charged against the Profit. We also certify that during the above four years the Cash Sales have averaged 88½ per cent. of the total turnover.

We are, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
VINEY, PRICE, & GOODYEAR, Chartered Accountants.

The price to be paid for the whole of the valuable leasehold properties, including the stock-in-trade, the goodwill of the business, the fixtures, fittings, furniture, house linen, electric lighting, and other goods, chattels, and effects connected with the business, has been fixed by the Vendors, who, as promoters, make a profit, at £157,500, payable as to one-half in cash and one-half in Ordinary or Preference Shares or cash, or partly in cash and partly in shares at the option of the Company.

The financial year of the business closed on the 23rd February last, and the business, together with the benefit of all contracts made and profits accruing as from that date, less interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the purchase money up to date of completion, will be transferred to the Company. It has been further agreed that the Book Debts outstanding at the date of the stock-taking on the 23rd February last are to be collected by the Company for account of the Vendors, who will, on the other hand, discharge all liabilities up to the same date.

The turnover of the business in the current year is considerably ahead of the corresponding period last year.

It is intended, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, to open other establishments in neighbourhoods where their want is felt, and the Directors have no reason to doubt that these additions, conducted on principles which have proved so successful, will add materially to the Company's income.

It is also intended to carry out a plan which has for years been considered and matured by Mrs. Thompson, of extending the scope of the business by adding a high-class dressmaking department, and there are many circumstances in the conditions of the present business which augur well for the success of such new departure.

Taking the net profits of £13,699 as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay—

5½ per cent. interest on £80,000 Preference Shares	..	..	£4,400
7 per cent. interest on £80,000 Ordinary Shares	..	..	£5,600
Total	..	..	£10,000

Leaving a surplus of £3,699 for management expenses, additional dividend and reserve.

It will thus be seen that the present net income covers the amount required for payment of interest on the Preference Shares nearly three times over.

With the influx of trade from the above extensions, the Directors hope that an annual net profit sufficient to pay 12 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary Shares may soon be anticipated, which, with the publicity given to the business by its conversion into a Joint Stock Company, and the direct interest of employees and customers in its prosperity, should be further increased, when a more prosperous condition of business returns after the period of depression through which trade generally has passed.

The following approximate present Market quotations are an indication of the appreciation in which investments in similar successful retail businesses are held :—

	Ordinary Shares.	Preference Shares.
Harrod's Stores (Limited), formed in 1889	£1 Shares 70/- — 75/-	Nil.
D. H. Evans and Co. (Limited), formed in 1894	£1 Shares 45/- — 47/6	£1 Shares 25/- — 27/6
J. R. Roberts' Stores (Limited), formed in 1894 ..	£1 Shares 27/6 — 30/-	£1 Shares 23/9 — 25/-
John Barker and Company (Limited), formed in 1894 ..	£1 Shares 45/- — 50/-	£5 Shares £6 5/-

The Founders' Shares have all been applied for, and will be allotted in full to the Vendors or their nominees, who have guaranteed the subscription of the Capital required by the Company, so that the Company will commence its business with the whole of its capital assured.

Application will be made for a settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange.

Applications for Ordinary and Preference Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the London and County Banking Company (Limited), 21, Lombard-street, E.C., or their Branches, with a remittance for the amount of the deposit.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, from the Bankers, and from the Solicitor.

London, 26th April, 1895.

IN THE CITY.

ANOTHER DRUG STORE DEAL.

Some little time ago we warned the public against applying for shares in Lewis and Burrows' Drug Stores, Limited. This, as our readers will remember, was a Company with a capital of £100,000 brought out for the purpose of acquiring, amalgamating, and working eleven drug stores in different parts of London. We have now a more ambitious issue in the shape of the Chemists' Co-operative Society, Limited. Instead of a capital of £100,000, we have one of £200,000; instead of eleven drug stores to be taken over forty have been acquired, and the option given of thirty-six others; instead of net profits of £6,905 we have net profits of £22,905, and instead of £65,900 taken by vendors, they are to receive £122,500. But in the one case as in the other the deal ought not, in our opinion, to commend itself to the public.

In commenting upon this issue our able contemporary the *Financial Times*, observes: "If the Chemists' Co-operative Society enables the public to get good drugs and medicines below the present exorbitant charges, it will not have lived in vain." But *are* the present charges exorbitant in the class of shops with which the Company proposes to compete? We do not think so. The Company's drugs are to be sold "on the co-operative principle for cash at prices which, whilst below those charged by ordinary chemists and druggists, will yield a fair return for the capital invested." In other words, these drugs are to be sold at "Store" prices. That this is the correct inference from the words we have quoted may be gathered from another part of the prospectus, where we are told that good profits are to be earned by "businesses carried on under good and enterprising management," and that a notable proof of this is to be found in the Army and Navy Co-operative Society.

The fallacy of this reasoning is apparent. The managers of the Army and Navy Stores have done more than anybody else to bring down the price of drugs. In days gone by chemists charges were exorbitant, and we see the result in the disappearance of Corbyn and Stacey from Cheapside. Even now there are a good many chemists, controlling well-established businesses, and fortified by a good connection, who make fair profits upon their sales. But if the Army and Navy Stores relied upon their drugs department theirs would be a case of buying and selling and living by the loss. It is very doubtful whether the drug department of the Army and Navy Stores covers expenses, save indirectly by bringing general customers to the Stores. It is certain that the chemists who sell—as the Company under discussion will have to sell—at store prices find it extremely difficult to make a living profit. From being one of the most profitable the chemist's and druggist's business is becoming one of the least profitable of trades.

The prospectus gives the average net profit of each of the businesses to be taken over at £310, and the average purchase price at £1,610, that is to say over five years' purchase of net profits is to be paid for each shop. This includes "valuable leases, goodwills, the extensive shop and other fittings, fixtures, plant, and the stocks in trade, proprietaries, and trade marks." But as to the market value of these things there is nothing to guide us except a certificate which is as unsatisfactory as it is possible for such a document to be. We quote it *in extenso* that the public may judge for themselves:—

> We have examined the accounts of forty chemists' businesses in London and [the provinces] set forth in the accompanying schedule, and beg to report to you as follows:—
>
> We found it was not the practice to take stock, but from the books and accounts submitted to us, supplemented by information furnished by the proprietors, we find that the aggregate of the sales during the period examined amounted to £173,543, and that the profit thereon, after payment of rent, rates, taxes, and the other usual outgoings, amounted to £42,374, being at the rate of twenty-four per cent.
>
> The sales for the last complete year of the above-mentioned businesses amounted to £43,789, and the profits to £11,905.
>
> In arriving at these profits, the salaries of managers or assistants, where employed, have been deducted, but no charge has been made for the services of the proprietors, nor for interest on capital.

"It was not the practice to take stock." Is it the practice of "high-class pharmacies and stores"—to quote the prospectus description of these concerns—to dispense with stock-taking? We should be greatly surprised to have an answer in the affirmative from competent authority. But let us proceed. From the "books and accounts" submitted to them, and from "information furnished by the proprietors," Messrs. Kemp, Ford, and Co. have been able to find that, over an unnamed period, the profit was at the rate of twenty-four per cent. As for "the sales for the last complete year," whenever that may have been, they are no guide without further information, not to be found in the prospectus. And this certificate, such as it is, only applies to the forty shops actually purchased. About the other thirty-six there is no information. Yet of the £23,905, estimated net profit, £11,000 is to be attributed to these thirty-six shops!

We notice one pleasant difference between the estimates of this Company and those given by Lewis and Burrows' Drug Stores, Limited. There is no trash about the reduction of management expenses. It is frankly admitted that the "salaries of managers" and "administration expenses" will cost £10,000. But if you take £10,000 from £22,905—the estimated profits of the forty shops—you have only £12,905, and that will not meet 7 per cent. on £100,000, give a reasonable dividend to £100,000 ordinary share capital, and leave something for reserve. So a further profit has to be found, and this is to be got to the tune of £12,000 "from the employment of the balance of the share capital." Apparently, other sites are to be purchased, and drug stores opened. For example, the shop and basement of "a handsome corner building about to be erected by the vendors" at 24 and 25, King William Street, are to be used for the purpose of a drug stores. Well, it may be when the "handsome corner building" has been erected it will be found as easy to build up a good drug store business on the site as to put up the building itself, but that is purely hypothetical, as is nearly everything else connected with this ambitious drug store deal.

As for the Board they are all very worthy gentlemen, but we have yet to learn that any one of them knows much about drugs, unless it be Dr. Clark, who in distant days may have written prescriptions.

LOUISE AND CO., LIMITED.

The public appetite for drapery companies grows upon what it feeds on. Some five or six drapery companies have been brought out during the last six or eight months, and in every case the shares have been applied for several times over. The last issue, that of T. R. Roberts, Limited, was applied for six or eight times over. Many applicants had their cheques returned, being unable to get even a small proportion of the shares they asked for. Nor is it surprising that at a time when investors are once more ceasing to appreciate the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents.—or what stands for them in these days—sound drapery companies are eagerly welcomed by the public. During the last few days two of the companies recently formed have been able to present a statement of affairs which has borne out prospectus promises, whilst the shares of these various companies all stand at a substantial premium, and some of them at a very large one.

Encouraged by the success of the flotations to which we have referred, the great millinery establishment in Regent Street so well known as "Louise" is about to become "Louise and Co., Ltd." The businesses to be taken over by the Company of this name include, besides "Louise" of Regent Street, four other well-known millinery establishments. These businesses are now to be worked by one management, and the directorate of the Company is a strong and practical one. Mr. D. H. Evans, of D. H. Evans, Ltd., is the chairman, whilst Mr. Burbidge, of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., and Mr. Thompson, one of the proprietors, are also on the Board; and Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Webb, the other two partners, remain as manageresses.

The profits of the amalgamated businesses show, as certified by Messrs. Viney, Price and Goodyear, steadily improving results. In 1891-2 they were £10,629; in 1892-3, £11,384; in 1893-4, £13,438; and in 1894-5, £13,699. The capital of the Company is to be £163,000, divided into 80,000 Cumulative Five-and-a-half per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each, 80,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and 3,000 Founders' shares. Assuming the profits to remain at last year's figures—and the prospectus anticipates considerable improvement from conversion and amalgamation—they would be sufficient, after meeting the Preference dividend, to pay 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and leave a surplus of £3,699. The Preference shares of this issue seem, therefore, an exceptionally safe and desirable investment. It should be pointed out that, contrary to what might be supposed to be the practice with such businesses as those under notice, 80 per cent. of the trade done by the establishments to be known in future as "Louise and Co., Limited," is a cash business.

Louise and Co., Limited, is brought out under the auspices of Mr. W. Mendel, of Messrs. André, Mendel and Co., who has been responsible for the formation of nearly all the recent drapery companies, beginning with Harrod's Stores, Limited, to which we refer above. We are informed that more than half the share capital of Louise and Co., Limited, has already been applied for by directors, employés and their friends, and it may be safely assumed that the applications for the shares now offered will be greatly in excess of the number of shares available for distribution. Be that as it may, we note with pleasure that there is to be a *pro rata* allotment. That is as it should be.

LORD DUDLEY AND THE PUBLIC.

We have received the following letter from another shareholder in the Round Oak Iron and Steel Works, Ltd.:—

> As a considerable shareholder in this Company I feel that I ought to express to you my thanks for the very able article which appears in your last issue.
>
> It is, at any rate, some satisfaction to those who were deluded into subscribing for shares, and who must naturally have believed that the fact of the vendor being a man occupying a very high position in society must necessarily be a guarantee of the absolute honesty and veracity of all statements contained in the prospectus, to find that, notwithstanding the quietude which has attended the winding-up of the Company, the public will still have an opportunity of forming an opinion as to the commercial acumen displayed in its flotation.
>
> Your article will not have been written in vain if it only serves to put too credulous people on their guard.
>
> I can only endorse what your correspondent has written. I may, as a sufferer myself, feel more strongly than I should do; but I am sure, that whatever promoters or vendors may think, the average shareholder will agree with me in wondering that such things can be.

If Lord Dudley can read that letter without feeling some shame we shall be surprised.

We have also received the following letter from a Dunbar correspondent:—

> As a holder of thirty shares in Earl Dudley's Round Oak Iron Works. I was most pleased to read your remarks in last week's issue of To-Day, Could not the shareholders combine, and make the vendors disgorge?

The following letter touches the action of the Company in another direction. It comes from a Darlington correspondent:—

> Seeing the paragraph in To-Day, headed "An Earl and His Collieries," I should like to inform you of the treatment I received at the hands of the management of "The Earl of Dudley's Round Oak Iron and Steel Works, Limited."
>
> This Company bought from me early last year scrap iron to the value of about £35, agreeing at the same time to supply me with their manufactured iron to that value in lieu of making a cash payment.
>
> I forwarded the specification of the iron I required, and received an invoice stating that the iron was ready for despatch, and they were only waiting for my cheque in payment, I thereupon pointed out that the iron was already paid for, and that I did not intend to pay twice for it.
>
> After a great deal of correspondence, in which they made repeated promises of settling at an early date, I received from the liquidator this month a cheque for £17, being 10s. in the £ in settlement of my account.

JUSTICE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Referring to our remarks upon a recent libel case at Johannesburg, a correspondent sends us the following amusing extract from a letter he has just received from a friend at Johannesburg:—

> It was great fun at dinner-time. We have a paper out here called *The Critic*, and Henry Hess, the editor, had been libelling Judge De Corte. De Corte had Hess up in court for it, and Hess was sentenced to two months. We were having dinner, when De Corte came in. He had just finished his soup when a mob of some hundreds outside began cheering Hess and hissing De Corte. They shouted, "Send De Corte out and we will make short work of him." Hearing this he got so frightened that he bolted out of a side-door as fast as he could. He is a short, fat pompous little man, and generally walks very slowly. It seemed so funny to see him rushing upstairs, that everybody laughed at him. He came such a cropper on the way up, and this made them laugh all the more.

This man—Judge—Corte seems to have "come a cropper" in more ways than one.

The official notification that all bargains in the shares of Australia, Limited, have been cancelled is what was hoped for rather than expected. The Stock Exchange men who got bitten did not deserve the faintest sympathy, and the manliest of them admitted it. Their object was to make money, and they did not care a brass farthing whether they injured the Company or not in the process. Instead of making money they lost, and, losing, whined. Nevertheless, and putting them out of the question, cancelment was desirable, and the sooner the whole unfortunate episode is forgotten the better for all concerned.

TO-DAY'S BLACK LIST.

Gordon and Co., 8, Tyfe Street, Fore Street, E.C.—Our attention has been directed to the conduct of persons trading as Gordon and Co. In a circular sent out by this firm it is stated that they are "clearing an enormous stock of general merchandise goods that were thrown on the Company's hands through delay and damage done while in their charge," that this stock consists of ironmongery, feather beds, woollen cloths, etc., and that all of it is offered 75 per cent. below first cost. Further on in the circular it is stated that the representatives of the Company "will call with samples, when the goods can be seen and purchases made."

We learn from our correspondents that these canvassers call, and this is what follows:—

> At my neighbour's, Mrs. ——'s, the agent produced samples of towels, etc., he was endeavouring to sell, and she, thinking the thing was genuine, gave him orders to the value of 13s.
>
> These goods were to follow four days later, when payment could be made for them. The agent next produced several pieces of cloth of the shoddy order, two or three of which she bought and paid for. For this rubbish, worth about 10s., she gave 25s., on the understanding that he would make her a present of two pairs of blankets and three pairs of kid gloves. To another lady who bought a piece of "cloth" the generous agent promised two pairs of kid gloves, dress lining, shot silk, military braid, and buttons, and all for 8s.—the promised articles were to come with the goods on order four days later. But as fourteen days have now passed and they are not yet to hand it does not require a great stretch of imagination to suppose that they will never arrive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Johannesburg Consolidated. J. H. B. (Moseley).—The Company has valuable properties, and we expect to see the quotation higher, but before you buy for investment we advise you to read what we have written in the past on the constitution and management of this Company. **Canadian Pacifics.** J. N. (Perth).—(1) Better hold for a time; they may recover within the time you name to the quotation you give; it is not unlikely. (2) We cannot advise purchase of the shares of either of the other two Companies you name. **Outside Broker.** E. B. (Barmouth).—We have no information, bad or good, respecting the person you name. Better go to a member of the House. **The West Australian Loan and General Finance Corporation.** J. S. (Cork).—The Company was brought out on December 4, 1894. Your reply from the secretary was what might have been expected. If you can sell, sell. If not, we do not see how you are to escape liability for calls. **Gambling Touts.** Telegraphist (Manchester). We can understand your annoyance at such circulars being sent to you to your business address, but you have surely nothing to fear from your official superiors if you do *not* "dabble in racing matters." It is always best to be frank, and we advise you to tell your chief that these circulars are sent to you, presumably because you once won a lottery prize, but that you have no dealings with the people who send them "**New Great Money Lottery.**" Lottery (Manchester).—Have nothing to do with it. **The Towell (Swaziland) Estate and Gold Exploration Company.** Railway Engine (Belfast).—We suppose you mean the Toweli (Swaziland) Estate and Gold Exploration Company. As yet, only prospecting has been carried on. In 1893 the total expenditure was £2,252, leaving a cash balance on December 31st, 1893, of £1,213, sundry debtors nil, sundry creditors £356. We have no later information. **Hoover Gold Mining Company, Limited.** W. L. T. (Mumbles).—No value. You say you bought in 1889. There has been no dividend since 1885, when 10 per cent. was paid. Operations have been practically suspended. **Lisbon-Berlyn.** T. W. S. (Forfar).—Not suitable for your purpose. **John Noble, Limited.** Garland (Sheffield).—We do not know enough about it to advise you. **Mysore Reefs.** H. R. T. (Dublin).—Impossible to say. Very speculative.

INSURANCE.

Six Life Offices. W. (Bournemouth).—All the offices named can pay 20s. in the £, but more than that is wanted on a with-profit policy. No. 6 is unable to pay bonuses. No. 1 has disappointed large numbers of its policyholders. Nos. 2 and 5 are moderate. Nos. 3 and 4 will serve you very well. Probably the system of No. 4 will suit your circumstances best of all. **Contingent Annuity.** W. Ritchie. — The Atlas or English and Scottish Law would meet your requirements. A special rate would have to be quoted, so you should write the Company direct. **Mutual Life Office.** Reader (Gloucester).—The changes made in the staff are all in the right direction, and even thus early good results have accrued. The "memorandum regarding the proposed amalgamation" gives the members no information of importance. The practical questions are:—Are the National policyholders to pay their present rate of premiums (which on the whole are lower than those of the Mutual) and receive the same rate of bonus; or is the National business to be kept in a separate section and charged with a *pro rata* share of expenses? And is the directorate to be increased in number, and expenses thus run up? The National business is inferior in several respects to that of the Mutual, and unless due allowance be made for that we advise you to vote against the amalgamation. **Endowment Policy.** Auld Reekie.—We do not expect the first-named office to give much in the way of bonuses; the second-named is much better. **Mutual of New York.** A. F. W.—Some agents are like some lawyers, they are capable of saying anything to the detriment of their opponents. **Sun or Prudential.** M. J. I.—Which is the better *for you* depends upon the nature of the contemplated transaction. Tell us what it is and we shall be happy to give you an opinion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Hour," Limited. G. W. (Warrington)—Probably the interpretation you put upon the offer is the correct one; but, as we have said before, the proper person to communicate with is the Secretary of the Company, who will no doubt give you all the information you require. **Rothwell Association, Limited.** G. M. (Glasgow).—If you will send us the whole of the correspondence we will advise you. **Patent Coke Frame.** W. A. H. (Hampton Hill).—We are glad to hear that the frame is making headway. We take note of what you say about the other matter. **Empire Music Hall, Limited.** Sharer of Shares.—We do not recommend the investment. **Loan of £100.** Amateur (Pwllheli).—Have nothing to do with the person whose circular you sent us. **The Water Companies.** E. C. (Derby).—We are flattered by your good opinion. For the rest we do not know whether or not the London water companies have done worse things than can be alleged against municipal authorities, but we do know that if individuals acted as some of these companies act towards the public they would be called thieves. **Provident Association of London.** G. B. (Hammersmith).—Your papers have been safely received, and shall be dealt with next week. **Transfer of Shares.** E. J. (Brighton).—It is necessary to return the transfer for office purposes. You should hold the certificate. **Dealing with Investors.** —— (Shipley).—Your letter received and noted. **City of Paris Bonds.** Omega.—You have omitted your name and address. The answer to questions 1 and 4 is in the affirmative. As to 2 and 3 you would probably run little risk in buying at present prices. **British Farmers' Association.** L. E. S. (Nunhead).—We do not know enough about it to accept the responsibility of recommending you to foreclose. The Company was registered in 1893, and quarterly dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. were paid in April and July of that year, but we are not aware that any have been paid since. **The United Kingdom, etc., Accountancy Offices.** L. E. H. (Bristol).—Yes, the charge for correspondence, having regard to the small amount collected, seems very high; but we suppose there is a good deal of trouble in getting in these small debts.

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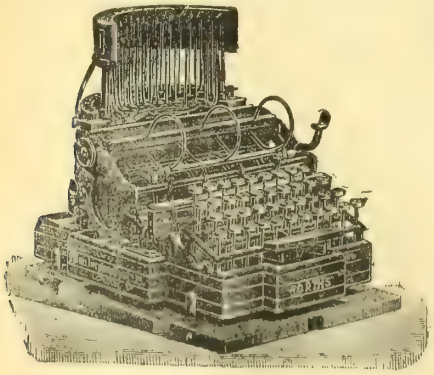

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TO-DAY.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Serials will not appear in Book Form until Six Months after their conclusion in TO-DAY.

Mr. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General, takes up a very sensible and understandable attitude. He is quite ready to receive deputations from any class of employees in the Post Office who consider that they have grounds for complaint, either as regards their remuneration, their prospects, or the conditions of their work. But he declines to allow such deputations to be accompanied either by members of Parliament or by *any person not in the employment of the Post Office.* Every business man must agree with Mr. Morley that to waive this rule would be to render discipline impossible throughout the Department. There would be two authorities at the head of the Post Office — Mr. Morley and some energetic agitator or agitators, who would be seeking to use the Post Office employee as a ladder to notoriety. Besides, what question is there between a chief and those under him that cannot be argued out and settled by the parties directly concerned, and what possible end could outside interference accomplish but to render Mr. Morley's position untenable?

But have I not heard of private firms who have also objected to discuss quarrels between themselves and their employees through the medium of outside agitators, and have I not seen those firms denounced as enemies of God and man in every Radical paper throughout the kingdom? Will the journals that are so indignant at the Ben Tilletts and Kier Hardies not being allowed to regulate every business in the country from Land's End to John o' Groat's, kindly say what they think about Mr. Morley's attitude? And will Mr. Morley's Ministerial *confrères,* who are always willing to denounce from the platform any individual employer who objects to having the management of his business taken out of his hands by some paid labour leader, reconcile their past expressions with Mr. Morley's manly stand upon this question?

Wheeling informs me that the Marquis of Queensberry is an ardent cyclist, and prefers that exercise to horse riding—at all events to horse riding as enjoyed in London, where, dressed up in a top-hat and a frock-coat, one solemnly trots a demure hack up and down a mile of carefully prepared road with a policeman at every hundred yards to see that one does not break into a hand-gallop. I am also informed that Mr. A. J. Balfour is learning a bicycle, and I know that duchesses on wheels swarm round Regent's Park. I shall be curious to see how the high-class society journalist deals with this new departure. The *World* was never tired of alluding to every man who rode a bicycle as a "cad on castors." According to *Punch* all cycles were sacred to 'Arry.

The papers "written by the upper-classes for the upper-classes" will have to execute a change of front. Knowing him as I do in the flesh, and meeting him occasionally in an Aerated Bread shop, the grandiloquent attitude in print of the journalistic snob always annoys me, so that I greatly enjoy seeing him made ridiculous. Now for the next season or so we shall read of nothing but the grace, beauty, and wealth of bicycle riders, and shall be told that no one rides a horse but grocers' boys and drapers' assistants. By-the-way, bicycling is the one sport I can think of that has worked upward. In all other directions our amusements have come down to us from the classes. In this case the aristocracy seem to be learning a useful lesson from the people.

Last week I commented on the folly of allowing uneducated teetotal fanatics to give to Board school children false information on the subject of alcohol. This week a correspondent tells me that the Halifax School Board has before it an application from the Trades and Labour Council for permission to give lectures to the children, showing the advantages of trade combinations. Was anything more idiotic ever heard of? And how much further is such nonsense to be permitted to spread? What are the Socialists and the Anarchists doing that they do not demand the right to teach the noble gospel of dynamite throughout the Board schools of the kingdom? Is not Mr. Grant Allen to be allowed to lecture the children on the advantages of doing it? Where is the Vegetarian Society and the Anti-Tobacco Society? A fig for such old-fashioned studies as A, B, C, and twice two are four! To teach such conventional claptrap was evidently not the object for which the Education Act was passed; it was to create audiences upon which half-baked idiots could practice their precious twaddle. But what have the parents to say to it all?

In reference to this matter, however, it is only right to do justice to Archdeacon Brooke, the chairman of the School Board Committee. Archdeacon Brooke told the Board that he remembered himself being one of the deputation who asked for permission for the so-called lecture on alcohol to be given. But the Archdeacon is a thinking man, and he has since been "asking himself where this is to end." He confessed—I am quoting from the newspaper report—"after a careful consideration, that he should be best pleased if the School Management Committee were instructed, once and for all, not to allow any outside lecturer to give addresses on any subject within school hours. He did not see,

unless something of the kind was done, where in the name of fortune they were to find any firm ground upon which to stand." Canon Gordon, who backed up the Archdeacon, remarked that "the greatest enemies to temperance were teetotallers, who endeavoured to force their fads down other people's throats. It was clear that Mr. Hatch (my readers will remember Mr. Hatch, the great scientific lecturer) was attempting to introduce into their schools a party question under the cover of a scientific lecture. He stated that, so far from being a scientific lecture, Mr. Hatch's lecture was most unscientific, and he denied the competence of Mr. Hatch. 'The children should be instructed in what was true, not in what was false." All of which goes to prove that things right themselves in this world, and that when folly has reached a certain height sensible men begin to see the necessity of speaking out in the cause of truth.

The English crowd is by a long-accepted journalistic tradition orderly and good-tempered. I hope that this is the case. I believe that, as a general rule, it is the case. But there have been a good many indications recently that there is also a distinct disorderly element abroad. Some of these indications may be gathered from the police reports. But there have been many other cases which have not found their way into the police-courts, as they should have done. I am told that on Hampstead Heath last Bank Holiday there was a gang of foul-mouthed, cowardly young blackguards about armed with sticks. They were not eager for a fight in the ordinary sense of the term. What they wanted was for their gang of about a dozen to set on to one man, or, at the most, a couple. They got what they wanted. Sticks were used, and one man's head was broken. The police were not there at the time. I do not blame the police. Hampstead Heath is a big place, and the police cannot be everywhere at once. When the police are not there, and this disorderly element shows itself, it would be no bad thing if the orderly part of the crowd took the work of the police into their own hands.

The Hon. S. Holland, Lord Knutsford, and Messrs. F. Targart, W. Harrison, C. Horsley, W. Hunter, H. Mott, F. Tendron, H. Whiting, N. Whiting are the directors of the Grand Junction Waterworks Company, and Mr. J. Goodwin is their secretary. I presume that these gentlemen consider themselves honourable men. In their private dealings, I take it, they do not seek to put money in their pockets that has no right to be there. Then why should these gentlemen in their collective capacity as the board of a company take six pounds seventeen shillings and a penny from Mr. S. H. Moore, of 48, Amyand Park Road, Twickenham, which they know is not due to them, which they acknowledge has been charged by them in error, and to which they have no shadow of claim? The gentlemen whose names I have mentioned admit that they over-assessed the value of Mr. Moore's house, and on this false assessment they estimated his water-rate. For six years Mr. Moore paid the unjust demands made by these gentlemen, and they pocketed their share of the money. Then he discovered their injustice. They were compelled to acknowledge it and to reduce the rate. Mr. Moore thanked them for this tardy piece of honesty, but suggested that they might return the money wrongfully charged during the past six years.

But Lord Knutsford, the Hon. S. Holland, and their fellow directors replied, in effect, that it was not their custom to part with money that they had once pocketed, however unjustly they might have obtained it. Mr. Moore sought the protection of the law. Had a tradesman served him such a shabby trick he would have recovered the money, of course, instantly; but the Water Acts have been framed with a view to these little exigencies, so Lord Knutsford and the rest of the honourable gentlemen can jingle their share of Mr. Moore's six pounds seventeen shillings and a penny in their pockets and laugh at him. I trust that when it comes to buying these water companies the public will not forget the class of men with whom they are bargaining. Lord Knutsford, the Hon. S. Holland, and the other directors have evidently their own ideas of honesty and fair dealing, and the same measure of justice that they mete out should certainly be meted back to them. When one is doing business with sharpers a little sharp practice is fit and proper.

It is not often that the Born Fool finds a new occupation. Sometimes he discharges a revolver at his nearest relations in the mistaken belief that it is not loaded, sometimes he dresses up as a ghost and frightens a child into a fit, sometimes it suits his humour better to ring a fire alarm when there is no fire, and sometimes—one cannot be thankful enough for it—he goes to look for a gas-leak with a lighted candle and finds it, or discovers by practical experience that the information that the ice is dangerous is after all correct. He likes to test information of any kind. If a seat is marked "Wet Paint," he at once sits on it to see if it is really wet. Tell him your dog is vicious, and he at once teases it to see if you are right, and brings an action against you afterwards. But it is not often that he thinks of anything new, and for that reason a specimen of his kind at Liverpool is to be congratulated. This specimen conceived the bright idea of calling at houses, stating that he was a detective, and warning the householders that burglars would probably attack their premises. As a sample of helpless, hopeless Born-Foolishness, this would be difficult to beat. Of course, he was let off with a reprimand; there was no intentional wickedness about his action—only bland, bleating, purposeless Born-Foolishness. The Born Fool is always let off, and probably does much more harm in the world than the Born Knave.

It is a pity we cannot have more frequently a little war to draw our eyes away from the eternal contemplation of the parish pump, and to remind us that this world is a field for the development of other qualities than selfishness and self-seeking. A war would draw Englishmen together, and give to the nation what it is much in need of—ideals. At present our whole energies are occupied with spiteful quarrels among ourselves, and our ideal citizen is the successful City trickster. The tale of Captain Baird's rescue by Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch—even if no other brave story had reached us from the lonely Chitral fort—will do more to create and form character among Englishmen than all the words of wisdom and morality ever spoken. It will fire our

young men's pulses with thoughts that could never be gathered from the records of peace. This is the lesson of battles that our sentimentalists forget. War brings bloodshed and cruelty in its train, as also did Christianity, but it is the greatest teacher that has ever been sent to lift mankind from the mere level of a perambulating stomach.

It would really seem as if certain of the self-appointed labour leaders were people with some secret spite against the British workman, planning diabolically to injure him. A Mr. John Groh is now urging the cabdrivers of London to strike. He knows that they have suffered terrible loss through their former strike of less than twelve months ago; he knows that the best season for them is coming on. The more thoughtful among the drivers assembled called out, "We don't want to strike, and we won't!" This was loudly cheered. A Mr. W. H. Thorpe, who is the secretary of this union for the injury of cabdrivers, said that many drivers had openly stated that if a strike were declared they would still take their cabs out. This also was greeted by cries of "So we will!" an interruption that was again cheered. Mr. Thorpe then hinted that any driver so doing would be considered a "blackleg." I think we know by this time what that threat, coming from a unionist official, means. It means outrage and possibly murder by organised gangs. Is it not becoming monstrous that one or two men about whose status no one seems to know anything should have it in their power to drive men against their will into a strike, and to bring misery and wretchedness upon a whole trade?

"When people thought proper to mix up purely secular matters with a quasi-religious meeting," said Mr. De Rutzen, "this was the sort of disturbance likely to occur." This disturbance occurred at the Hall of the People's League while Mr. Lees was behaving "precisely"—to use Mr. Lees' own words—"as Christ would have behaved if He had been there." But a Mr. Polkinghorne seems to have thought not. At all events Mr. Polkinghorne created a disturbance, and hence the trouble. Mr. Lees follows the example of a good many people much more eminent than himself. He cloaks secular matters under the disguise of religion, and then is surprised at consequent disturbances. I would draw the attention of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes—the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes as I believe he calls himself—and other political firebrands of his stamp to the magistrate's remarks upon this case.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lady Henry Somerset and the Women's Convalescent Home.

I wish to be fair to Lady Henry Somerset, and therefore publish her somewhat late explanation.

During my absence in America several paragraphs appeared in your newspaper with regard to the withdrawal of my name from the Convalescent Home at Southend-on-Sea. As the facts were entirely misrepresented, and I have ascertained the true position since my return to England, I am sure you will allow me to answer the various charges that have been brought against me, and against members of the society of which I have the honour to be president.

The patient who was sent to this convalescent home was a girl of the name of Waghorn. Instead of being a "woman of property," as you describe her, "without friends or relations," she had been supported by the charity of ladies at Tunbridge Wells, and was placed in this particular home at their expense. She came of a family addicted to drink, and had been an inebriate herself. For a period of ten months she had been in two inebriate homes, the last of which was managed by the Salvation Army. She left the latter because the home was diverted from its original purpose and turned into a house of rest for workers. The Committee of the British Women's Temperance Association was therefore at a loss to know where to send her. The girl was in bad health, and suffered from epileptic fits, and Mrs. Fothergill, President of the Committee, seeing my name as a patroness of the Convalescent Home at Southend-on-Sea, resolved to write and ask whether she could be admitted there. She told them of Charlotte Waghorn's condition, and added that she needed watching as she was addicted to drink. On receiving an affirmative reply the girl was taken to Southend-on-Sea from Tunbridge Wells by Miss Jacob, who was delighted with the appearance of the home, the beautiful view, and the healthy air; but Miss Jacob was somewhat startled in passing through the dining room, to see that beer had been served, as she imagined that this would not be the case. She counted about nine glasses on the table, and knowing what a difficulty this would prove to Charlotte Waghorn, she thought of taking the girl back with her, fearing the temptation might be too strong; but, on second thoughts, she believed that the authorities would so guard her that she might safely leave her. About three days after her arrival in the home, Charlotte Waghorn wrote to Miss Jacob a letter that she thought right to place before her committee. Waghorn told her that the girls were in the habit of driving out together, and that she had accompanied a party in this way; that they had stopped at several public-houses, although she herself had drunk nothing but lemonade. The ladies naturally felt that such temptations were not likely to be resisted long by a girl as weak in mind and body as Charlotte Waghorn, and Miss Jacob was sent to the Convalescent Home to bring away the girl who had then resided there five days. On arriving she found the matron absent, but had an interview with a substitute who was taking charge of the home for the time being. She told her the errand on which she had come, and although she ascertained from her that Charlotte Waghorn had not had any intoxicating drink, she justly observed that it was a very great temptation to her to be in a place where others were habitually using it. When Miss Jacob told Charlotte Waghorn that she had come to fetch her, the girl said she "was sorry," as she was happy there; but Miss Jacob said she was afraid to leave her where she would be in any temptation. Waghorn was not only given to intemperance, but was also, as I have explained, subject to fits of epilepsy, which rendered her a particularly difficult patient to deal with. At Miss Jacob's request she went upstairs to pack her portmanteau, but after waiting for her some time, as she did not appear, Miss Jacob went upstairs with the person in charge to look for her. She was not in her room but they found her in one of the servants' rooms talking to another girl. Miss Jacob spoke somewhat sharply to her, as she was in a condition, mental and physical, that rendered it necessary to arouse her. The girl shed a few tears, but went quietly to pack her box, and left the house in orderly silence. On the way home she admitted to Miss Jacob that although the girl next to her at table had milk, the one just beyond her was drinking beer, and that for a time the desire for drink had come upon her so strongly that she felt almost as though she must snatch the glass. She added that she wished they did not drink it at meals, as she was happy there, and would have liked to have stayed. During Miss Jacob's conversation with the person in charge, she mentioned to her that Charlotte had told her that very afternoon that some of the girls had come home the worse for drink. The woman shrugged her shoulders and said, "We cannot control them when they are out." The statement that the girl was "hunted like a fugitive slave," that she "protested screaming," and was "dragged from the Convalescent Home," is absolutely untrue. Neither brute force nor threats were used, and it is easy to obtain evidence from the girl herself that this was not the case. It is not likely that if such a statement were not utterly unfounded Charlotte Waghorn would now be corresponding in affectionate terms with Miss Jacob, who is accused of having treated her in this manner, thanking her as she does for her untiring patience and kindness to her, and telling her that what she most desires is to be able in some manner to requite her goodness.

Miss Jacob was well known in Marylebone, and for twenty-two years worked with the Rev. Donald Fraser, and for eighteen years she had the entire charge of the infant school. She had been working for two years with the Committee of the British Women's Temperance Association in Tunbridge Wells. Her testimony, therefore, has at any rate the weight of being given by a woman of the highest reputation.

After the removal of Charlotte Waghorn Mrs. Fothergill wrote to me to say that she had sent her to the home purely on the understanding that it was likely to be a Temperance Home, seeing that my name stood as one of the patronesses, that the girl had been a drunkard, and had been placed in danger and temptation. Being in America, and not able to ascertain details, I took for granted that she had given way to drink again, and in writing to the secretary at the Southend Home, I stated it in this manner. I find, however, that I was mistaken in thinking that drink had been offered at the home to this particular patient.

The imputation that I was unable to answer the charges brought against me, and therefore sought refuge in America as being a "convenient hiding place," would be monstrous if it were not utterly ridiculous. I withdrew my name from the Southend Home because I felt that if the managers have so little knowledge of the right treatment of a patient suffering from alcoholism, as to believe that they can safely keep her in a convalescent hospital managed on such lines, they exhibit a lack of the ordinary experience possessed by the most unlearned on the physiological aspects of the Temperance question. It can only, therefore, be the grossest ignorance that could characterise my action, as does the writer in To-Day, as "the old spirit of the stake and the thumbscrew modified by the necessity of modern law."

The managers of the Convalescent Hospital had, Mrs. Fothergill assures me, full knowledge of the difficulties of the case, and therefore ought not to have accepted the care of such a patient, knowing full well that neither their rules nor their arrangements made it possible for them to guard her from temptation during her stay at Southend-on-Sea.

Owing to the exertions of excellent women, instead of "a life being wrecked," as Mr. Frewer described the girl's future in a letter addressed to me, a life has been saved, for the girl is doing well, thanks to the untiring kindness of her friends.

For the benefit of those who may have forgotten the details, I should mention that the charges against Lady Henry Somerset were—(1) That she withdrew her support from a deserving charity because it was not conducted in accordance with her teetotal fad. (2) That she accused the people at the Convalescent Home with having given drink to the girl Waghorn knowing her to be a dipsomaniac, which the Convalescent Home people denied. (3) That the British Women's Temperance Association, of which Lady Henry Somerset is the head, had acted tyrannically towards the girl Waghorn, treating her as though she were their private property, and not a free-born woman. If Lady Henry Somerset considers that the above letter is a satisfactory reply to these charges, I envy that lady her powers of consolation. Her further charges brought forward in this letter against the Convalescent Home seem to me to be even graver than the first charge brought, which is now withdrawn. This driving about, stopping at public-houses, and coming home intoxicated requires explanation.

W. S.—Will you kindly communicate with Mr. F. Scott, Temple Chambers, 33, Brazennose Street, Manchester.

A. F. W.—"Nuttall's Standard Dictionary" gives the following definition of the word "Jesuit": "(1) One of the Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1534. (2) A crafty person, an intriguer." I did not make the English language; I take it as I find it.

F. H.—The story you tell is a sad one, and I sympathise both with you and with the lady. But for all the sorrow you may both be suffering now you must bear in mind that it is you yourselves who are to blame. It is a law of nature that sin, sooner or later, brings punishment of some sort. You are suffering your punishment sooner, and it is right that you should bear it. As for the future, I should leave time to guide you to a certain extent. This woman is easily led. She left her husband at your pleading; now she refuses to have anything further to do with you at her brother's instigation. There may come a time when she may refuse to listen any further to her relations, and decide for herself. I do not see what else you can do but wait. If you think that her relations are wronging you, you must remember that you have deeply wronged them and others. Speaking as a man of the world, I should, of course, consider it best for you both that you should marry after the divorce proceedings. But, as I have said, your trouble now is simply your payment of your debt to the law, and you have no right to cry out.

H. writes me concurring with my recent remarks upon the subject of Trial by Jury. Law Student, while admitting that in some civil cases the decision might better be left to the judge, maintains that the jury is essential in matters criminal, but even here the jury is often led away from justice by its sentiment.

Quiver thinks that a man should be allowed to smoke his pipe or drink his glass without being denounced by his goody-goody fellows, and refers to a case where a Sunday-school superintendent solemnly held forth against the evil of smoking. Some men would find evil in looking at a sunset.

Proposed Torture of Halifax Board School Children.—I thank the many correspondents who sent me information. I have dealt with the matter in Editorial Notes.

D. S. L.—You quite mistook the meaning. If you read the paragraphs again you will see there is no suggestion of comparison between Parnell and Oscar Wilde. The comparison was between the hypocrisy of the public in both cases. Your insurance question will be answered in the City column.

B. C. C.—I cannot take notice of anonymous letters.

J. C. S. (Glasgow), and Emigrant.—I quite agree with the opinions in your letters. You would get all information by applying direct to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

Spes.—Legal answers can only be given to those who subscribe direct to this office.

Novocastrian.—The question is a legal one, and too technical to be answered by a layman. See answer to "Spes."

W. T. B. is troubled because I admire "Esther Waters." He can see no artistic merit in the book, but thinks this may be owing to want of discernment on his part. I am inclined to agree with him.

A. N. A. T. K. H.—I received your second letter, and it afforded me much interest of a painful kind. But I see no point in it to which a public reply could serve a useful purpose. To my thinking the thing is a disease of the mind that could easily be put away by anyone with a strong will, who determined to do so before the poison had become too ingrained in their nature. The roots of humanity spring from hidden depths that we know little of, but my experience teaches me that in these personal matters our volition is always equal to our needs. At one point in our lives our vices and our wills hang trembling in the balance. At that period a little effort of the soul will give the victory. Inertness will allow it to pass away from us for ever. It is a pleasant and comfortable theory among those who have fallen that their temptations, either of circumstance or nature, are stronger than those of other men. I am convinced that in most men the two extremes are equally poised. To the men of strong passions is given a strong will. The weak man is given less evil to fight against.

S. B. D. sends me a cutting from a Belfast paper containing a suggestion by the Rev. S. A. Brenan, that people discovered under the influence of strong drink should receive so many lashes of the cat. The Rev. S. A. Brenan makes no suggestion as to what punishment should be meted out to parsons under the influence of strong folly.

H. D.—I am quite at one with you in thinking that young people should be urged to keep away from alcohol in any shape, and if the Band of Hope people confined themselves to this simple usefulness, no one could have a hard word to say against them. But read some of their speeches and tracts, and you will see good reason for attacking their extravagant nonsense. I read the report of the libel action against the Rev. John Wakeford, but I could not see that the club was proved guilty of any immorality. As to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, there are, of course, two sides to every question. You repeat the argument that has always been used against the proposal. I sympathise rather with the argument used on the other side, and you would not have me ashamed to recommend a course of action that I approve of. There is no moral question here at all; the whole argument centres round expediency.

H. H. (Eastbourne) draws my attention to the advertised indignation of the incumbent of Emmanuel Church against such godless things as battles of flowers.

Professional Sport.—I am glad to find that my paragraph attacking the growing professionalism in sport has evidently had some good effect. Of course I spoke as the counsel for the prosecution, not as a judge. No one who has noticed can doubt that the tendency is towards our young men giving up healthy exercise themselves and being content with watching hired players. And this decadence is not to be arrested by mealy-mouthed regrets. It is the beginning of the end of manliness throughout the country. As to the attacks made upon me by a few of the less reputable sporting papers, that is as one expected. These papers live by professionalism in sport, and they scent danger to their pockets from attacks upon the system. Many correspondents seem to doubt the fact that Scotsmen ever play in English clubs against Scottish clubs. If they want instances of this I can give plenty. My paragraph did not refer to the international match between England and Scotland, but to ordinary club matches. As showing the absurdity to which professionalism has reduced football, take the recent match at the Crystal Palace. In this we have J. Reynolds, who used to play for West Bromwich in this match, now playing for Aston Villa, that club having bought him over.

M. E. M. and Others.—You will find that Randolph has returned. He will be glad to know that he has been so widely missed.

W. H. L. L.—See answer to "H. D." There is certainly need for reform in the liquor trade. I have many ideas of my own on this subject—so have most men. But while these wild, fanatical teetotallers rant it is impossible for mere common-sense to attempt to make itself heard. When they cease talking to men and women as if they were children, some of us would like to say a word or two as sensible people.

H. S.—Many thanks for your kind and encouraging letter T. H.—The page was the result of a bad stereo. I thank you for drawing my attention to it. E. T. K.—A fortnight's residence is required with an ordinary license. North Roader writes agreeing with our exposure of the methods employed by a portion of the cycling press. J. W.—I agree with you that there are a good many deaths by gluttony, but we do not start a society for total abstinence from food. E. S.—Thank you for your interesting letter, many points of which I have noted. J. R. L.—I thank you for your letter, but the matter seems to have been very fully dealt with by the Scotch papers. Ciren.—The speeches made at these teetotal meetings are invariably foolish. It is too wearying to continue reading them. J. McK.—Your Rev. Mr. Hobson is evidently a minister of the old school. I am glad to see that he does not believe in the regeneration of mankind through the assistance of the police.

(Several answers are unavoidably crowded out this week.)

Advice Free.—To those of our readers interested in Patents for Inventions see last page.

Tobacconists (commencing). Write for Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d, Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Est 1866.—Advt.

THE RUMINATIONS OF RANDOLPH.

My dear Dick,—Your anxiety to hear more about the "Queensberry Association" is shared by an overwhelming number of your fellow countrymen. I have received letters, some containing very startling statements, from all parts of the kingdom, and I have forwarded them to the proper quarter, where they will be attended to. Before long I shall, I hope, be able to give you a list of the "Queensberry" Committee. Next week, so I understand, the official address of the hon. secretary will be advertised.

I thought that I had made the precise objects of the Association clear last week, but as you seem to be still in doubt, let me repeat that, so far as I am aware, the Association does not for a single instant propose to agitate for a crusade of persecution. It desires to help those who wish to break away from and abandon evil connections, and who very frequently are threatened and terrified into the repetition of acts that they bitterly repent. As the natural development of this policy, the Association will direct its first and most vigorous endeavours against the procurers who have pandered to vice by seeking high and low for fresh victims wherewith to gratify the depraved and vitiated appetites of debauched voluptuaries. You, a healthy, decent man, living in the country, can but dimly realise the kind of corruption that has recently emanated from certain reeking nests of all that is horrible in the metropolis. They have been perfectly well-known to the police, but the policy of silence has granted them immunity from disturbance. The result of that policy we have all seen. And now what the Association fears is the timidity of the Treasury. The authorities have practically been compelled to investigate one scandal; but, if they are allowed to do so it seems certain that they will drop its necessary corollaries when once it is over. It is the determination of the Association that this shall not be. In its opinion, the time is ripe for vigorous and decisive action, and for the expression of public opinion. How far the Association will succeed in its endeavours no man may say. I do not pretend to prophecy. I shall, however, I believe, be able soon to place the latest circular of the Association *in extenso* before you.

Meantime, I may tell you that you will not have any chance just yet of seeing *The Importance of Being Earnest* in the provinces. Fred Latham had booked a tour for it, but he will fill the dates with Henry Arthur Jones's new play about to be produced at the St. James's.

I have received a long and very interesting letter concerning the *Morocco Bound* tour in Holland. It contains many grave and remarkable statements, but as F. Harris has commenced an action for libel against the *Weekly Sun* in this connection, I feel that it would be perhaps improper and unfair to print the letter just now. But I may say that I have had an interview with Mr. H. Pierson, of the original *Morocco Bound* Syndicate, who informed me that he intended to take legal steps to uphold the injunction that he obtained against Harris and Chamberlyn. As I said before, this matter seems more than ever to demand the attention of the Actors' Association.

As you take an interest in strange coincidences, let me draw your attention to one that is, I believe, without parallel on the stage. Three farcical plays have just been produced—*Fanny* at the Strand, *The Passport* at Terry's, and *Vanity Fair* at the Court. They every one turn on the supposed existence of an unseen person, who is really dead before the curtain rises; and the result of this supposed existence in each case is comic bigamy. In *Fanny* Professor Bixley believes that his first wife is dead, and he marries Grace Damer. But Captain O'Brien is deceived into believing that Fanny is still alive. He tells the professor, who believes that he is a bigamist. In *The Passport*, Mrs. Darcey believes that Mr. Darcey died and was buried in Paris. She marries George Greenwood, and is told by Coleman that he has seen her first husband alive. She instantly assumes that she has committed bigamy. In *Vanity Fair*, Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg, after her marriage with Mr. Brabazon-Tegg, is told by the blackmailing Feltoe that her first husband, Jim Crump, is alive, and the coincident arrival of a long-delayed letter, seems to demonstrate beyond doubt that she also has committed bigamy. In development and situation the plays are wholly unlike, but the central situation in each is ludicrously similar. The fact that all are of the same class and have all been produced within the month, adds to the strangeness of the coincidence. And what is even more remarkable, not a single critic has noticed it!

I have heard nothing about the next play at the Comedy yet, but I saw Pinero in its neighbourhood yesterday, and as Carr is credited with having a Pinero play up his sleeve, perhaps we shall see what we shall. Pinero, however, has been far from well lately, and has been averse for work, and Carr, I know, had some idea of letting his theatre until the autumn, so we may after all have to wait a little for the new excitement. I expect, too, that Pinero, like most practical dramatists, prefers an autumn production to any other. The heat of summer and the numerous outdoor attractions and amusements have often killed a play that might have enjoyed a decent run in the cold weather.

Our weather, by the way, is just now very treacherous. Alma Stanley's voice has been very shaky, Marie Tempest has been out of the bill at Daly's, Florence St. John has caught a bad chill, and May Yohe, under the imperative orders of Dr. Simon, is compelled to take a month's rest. She is not even allowed to speak off the stage, but has to express herself only in writing. During her absence, her part in *Dandy Dick Whittington* will be played by Millie Hylton. One of my contemporaries makes this latter announcement in curious terms. It says: "Miss Hylton has kindly consented to appear as Dick." Why "kindly consented"? Isn't she going to be paid for it? We shall hear of somebody "graciously condescending" to accept a salary next!

The latest addition to the list of managers will be Arthur Bourchier—that is, if he can get a theatre in September. He proposes to start with an adaptation of *Monsieur le Directeur*. The amiable Arthur should come as a boon and a blessing to dramatic authors, for he recently gave it as his opinion that fair terms for a comic opera were *thirty per cent. of the gross!* If he pays anything equivalent to that for his comedies or dramas I am afraid that he won't remain in management long. W. S. Gilbert and the late Alfred Cellier together only got twelve per cent. of the gross of the *Mountebanks*, and even those terms were considered high.

Like yourself, I noticed that the Wednesday matinée of *Mrs. Ebbsmith* was first postponed a week, and then abandoned. But I do not know why. I fancy that the holiday season has affected the business. Such a gloomy tragedy is not the sort of show to attract Easter excursionists, and, at the same time, Easter generally drives a heap of stall people out of town. These things together may have induced a falling-off in patronage. Mrs. Campbell will stay with Hare for the present. Tree, I understand, will not claim her until he produces *Trilby*, an American version of Du Maurier's book, which he purchased in the States. This production, of course, depends on how far the revival of *John-a-Dreams* succeeds. Miss Calhoun will eventually take Mrs. Campbell's place, until Hare starts on his tour round the world in November.

Passing the Garrick the other night I noticed that Bashford was assisting young Compton with the duties of acting-management. This I am told, though I can't for the life of me see why, portends the eventual return

to management of the Bancrofts—somewhere. It can't be at the Garrick, for Hare has let his theatre to Willard. As a fact, I believe Bashford merely represents at the Garrick the interest owned by the Bancrofts in the production of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*—an interest that they acquired from Hare before the piece came out. They were probably all the more eager to get it because they had the opportunity of buying the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* before it was offered to Alexander, but they let the chance slip through their fingers. I hear on good authority that W. S. Gilbert has been invited to write a play for them, but it is difficult to credit the rumour, for a topsy-turvy extravagance would scarcely suit them, and immediately after *Brantingham Hall* Gilbert is said to have sworn, by all his gods, that he would never attempt serious work again.

Did you notice that in the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday last Clement Scott, in his own signed column, was betrayed into a common error concerning the age of Billy Terriss, whom he spoke of as being fifty years old? Anybody visiting Somerset House can discover that Terriss was born in the Circus Road, St. John's Wood, on the 20th of February, 1849. He is therefore only forty-six. His first engagement was with the Bancrofts at the old Prince of Wales Theatre in the year 1870. This seems a long time back to the average playgoer, I know. But dates are dates, and I fail to understand why Billy is ever alluded to as a kind of beautiful theatrical Methuselah. You will see Billy in a new sort of part in the Chambers-Lumley drama at the Adelphi in August. The popular hero usually has not a single vice. He is positively incorruptible. But in the new play the hero will begin almost as a bold, bad man, and he will be saved from himself by the ennobling and elevating influence of the heroine.

Whatever the difficulty was—that is, if there ever was any difficulty—about the licensing of Claude Carton's new play, *The Home Secretary*, it has been overcome. Possibly certain allusions that it contains to anarchy and dynamite may have been considered undesirable, or rather impolitic, in a serious play. I feel sure, however, that Carton is much too experienced and skilful a dramatist to have treated even the most ticklish subjects in a manner likely to give public offence.

Mr. Radford, the new Censor, is evidently determined to exercise the duties of his office thoroughly. Certain comments were made in the *World* last week on the exceedingly sultry nature of *Fanny* at the Strand, and "W. A." expressed his surprise that the farce had been licensed. Promptly Mr. Radford made an unexpected and unknown visit to the theatre. I happened to be there myself on the same evening, and knowing him by sight, I watched to see the effect produced on him by the entertainment. Like any other ordinary man about town he appeared to enjoy himself unreservedly, and he laughed as long and as heartily as the most delighted member of the audience. I do not approve of the Censorship, as you know. But if we must have a Censor, it is eminently a matter for congratulation that we have one who judges independently for himself, and does not act on hints, whispers, and private letters, let alone prejudiced criticisms. Mind, I don't say that "W. A." was prejudiced against this play as a play, but he does not like the form of entertainment, and while pleading the cause of the partisan he seemed to forget what the effect might be financially on a couple of innocent and guileless authors. "W. A," as a fact, says that because the Censor has licensed *Mrs. Ebbsmith* on the one hand, and *Fanny* on the other, he ought to license everything. Possibly he ought. But why blame him for doing what you want in one instance because he has not done what you want in some other instance. His conduct may seem inconsistent to you. But surely half a loaf is better than no bread? It is better to rejoice over the licenses we have than to pine over the refusals we know not of.—Your affectionate Cousin,

Randolph.

CLUB CHATTER.

What has become of Mr. John Hawke? The racing season is now more than a month old, and everything has drifted back into the old familiar rut. At Epsom the hill was dotted with flags and banners bearing bookmakers' names, you could hear the odds shouted half a mile off, lists were openly displayed in Barnard's ring, and the only sign of any antagonistic feeling was supplied by the harmless old gentlemen who for years have lined the road to the course and given away tracts connecting perdition with gambling. If Mr. Hawke takes no action over Epsom, we have heard the last of the maddest, merriest movement of the present day.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the Epsom week was the win of Cornbury, ridden by Covey, who acknowledges sixty summers, and who scaled 6st. 7lb. He rode the horse with remarkable judgment, came back to the weighing-in room blushing like a bride, and answered questions in a stammering, bashful voice. Old Covey furnishes an interesting study. The life of a jockey is one that necessitates strain on brain and muscle, involves abnormal abstention from food and drink, and compels him to defy rain, hail and snow in the thinnest of garments on the emptiest of stomachs. Still they live to a good old age, as witness Fordham, Cannon, Woodburn, and Osborn.

I once knew a strong, healthy, well-conditioned young fellow who entered for the Methuselah Stakes on a faddist nomination. Up till then he had lived like an ordinary man, enjoying a smoke, a drink, and allowing himself to be disturbed at the card-table by the morning sun without any particular resentment. One day he felt a trifle out of sorts and consulted a friend, who, in his turn, warned him that drink was at the bottom of it. He believed him and knocked off every form of alcohol. He got no better, all he did get was the reputation of being a nuisance to himself and to everybody else.

As he felt worse he went to another man, who convinced him that smoking was only one remove from imbibing cyanide of potassium. He believed him, and became more miserable than ever. Indeed, he seemed to cultivate sorrow after this. He refused to go to theatres because there might be germs of disease in the atmosphere; he discarded meat food of every description because he had seen that most animals died of pneumonia or typhus; he adopted some weird and inexplicable garments because they represented hygienic principles; he let his beard grow, although he had not enough hair to make a respectable show, in order to protect his throat; and he finished up with some strange notion about washing.

He had read in some German paper that we died because the pores of the skin were not kept open incessantly, and so the retarded matter decayed and brought about dissolution. He washed himself morning, noon, and night after that. Hot, cold, Turkish, douche or sponge baths were all accepted, and he seemed to spend the time that he was not washing in searching for new life prolongers. Friends reasoned with him that he would be lonely and lost in outliving all his friends, but he could not see it, although he admitted that his past was a thorny one, because every time he knocked something off on the advice of one, he was assured by an equally high authority that the something was necessary to life.

The last I heard of him was that he had been sent to Madeira in a broken-down state, and with some homely advice from the family doctor. This reminiscence was caused by Covey, who seems to me to prove that exercise, modest living and plenty of enjoyment—for when

they get the chance jockeys take things very easily—are about the best conditions under which to live to a ripe and healthy old age.

Year by year the grumbling at Epsom concerning the arrangements is getting louder and louder, and Mr. H. M. Dorling will, if he is the wise man so many credit him as being, seriously consider the situation. The paddock is without a number board, and the rings cannot be mentioned in the same breath as those at Kempton, Sandown, Hurst Park, Lingfield, and other south country meetings, whilst the members of the fourth estate find it no easy task to describe a race.

The One Thousand Guineas is the only classic race that has ever been walked over for. This was in 1825, when, of the eight entries, the Duke of Grafton's Tontine was the only one to go to the post.

As usual the One Thousand Guineas has a much more open appearance. Float may—by the book—have a chance second to none, but fillies during the interval make such improvement—or else lose all the form they once possessed—that one cannot with confidence assign the prize to Mr. Cooper's filly.

Bad luck has dogged Col. North's efforts in connection with racing this season. Not a race fell to the colonel's share at Epsom, and nothing pleases the burly financier more than winning a good prize at the town of salts. What racing has cost the colonel since he first registered his colours it is difficult to say; certain it is, however, that the prize-money and bets does not wipe off half of the expenses.

With the comment that it is "comic and also instructive," a correspondent sends me a cutting from the *Liverpool Courier*, dealing with the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Latimer, of the Trinity Baptist Chapel of Colne. It seems that one or two of the young ladies who sang in the choir appeared nightly in the chorus of a theatre in a neighbouring town, and wore—well, the parson described it as a garment where petticoats were discarded. He called the deacons together with a view to expel the girls, but to his sorrow he found the deacons were not born fools, and declined to join in any such action, and they remain while the parson has resigned. Mr. Latimer should write to the artists who portray celestial subjects. Their treatment must annoy him.

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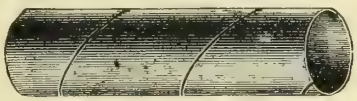

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Two benefit performances were given on Wednesday and Thursday last to the veteran prestidigitateur, Dr. Lynn, at the Prince's Hall, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Teck and a committee. Dr. Lynn, with his clever sleight-of-hand illusions, was supported by the following well-known artists: Miss Vane Featherstone, Miss May Pinney, Miss Clara Addison, Miss Kitty Loftus, Messrs. Arthur Roberts, Templar Saxe, Maurice Farkoa, R. A. Roberts, Jolly John Nash, and Reginald Leyland, who scored a great success in his musical sketch, "The Italian Opera," and who was rewarded with a double encore.

CRICKET NOTES.

From the time of the opening match at Lord's until the beginning of September lovers of the great summer pastime will have plenty to interest and excite them. With so many more counties showing improvement, the programme each year becomes heavier and heavier, and in the all too short cricket season so much has to be got through, that it is difficult to see how room will be found for the fixtures of an Australian team in another summer.

In the coming season the county championships will have quite a fresh interest, as, according to the ruling of

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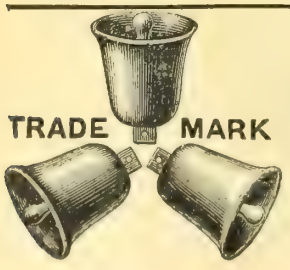

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the Marylebone Club, fourteen teams compete for it, instead of nine. It was impossible to disregard the claims of Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Essex, Leicestershire, and Hampshire, but it remains to be seen whether these counties will be able to justify their position in the championship competition; and as the Marylebone Club hold quite a free hand in the matter, it is quite likely that in another season one or two of these counties may find their own level, and fail to get on the eight home and home matches necessary for participating in the championship.

The cricket public are a conservative body, and may take some little time before they get used to the new state of affairs, as the system will be by no means so clear to follow as when nine counties all played exactly the same number of matches. I have grave doubts as to whether Essex and Leicestershire will be able to hold their own in the higher class of matches on which they are entering, and whether Hampshire, depending mainly on amateur talent, will be able sufficiently often to put their best eleven into the field. However, doubts like this will only tend to increase the interest in cricket during the coming season, which promises to be quite as eventful and business-like as any of its predecessors.

In about another week Mr. Stoddart's team, who have been so distinguishing themselves in Australia, will be back with us again, and they may be sure of the heartiest welcome; but it is a great pity that no match has been arranged either at Lord's or the Oval for them to oppose another eleven of England. As it is, Mr. Stoddart's men do not appear as a team until the second match of the Hastings week in September, when the interest in cricket is almost at an end, and when the result of the game cannot mean very much. What our public would like to know is how far Mr. Stoddart's team represented the strength of this country, and whether there was another eleven left behind capable of defeating them.

It is a matter of regret that Lord Sheffield's well-meant and thoroughly sportsmanlike intention of arranging a welcome home of Mr. Stoddart's team should have fallen through; but in declining the invitation the English captain in Australia probably had no other course open to him. He knew, which we had no means of doing at the time, that Mr. Ford, Mr. MacLaren, and Mr. Gay were not coming home with the others, so that he could not have put a side into the field on the suggested date, May 13th. More than that, he may have been actuated by a feeling that it would be unwise to risk the reputation of the remarkable tour by the possibility of a defeat from another team of England when his men had only been four or five days off a long sea voyage. It is to be hoped that something in the way of a social public welcome will be arranged to Mr. Stoddart's team on their return, as no body of men has more thoroughly and honourably upheld the *prestige* of English cricket in the Colonies.

Cricket practice has already begun in earnest at the two Universities, and the first match at Cambridge takes place next Monday. Considering the number of old "Blues" available, the chances are all in favour of Oxford repeating their victory of last year, for at the present time it is hard to understand where Cambridge are likely to find any new bowlers. In batting, the light blues have great hopes of C. E. M. Wilson, last year's captain at Uppingham. This young cricketer, who is Yorkshire born, has had a remarkable school reputation, second only to A. P. Lucas and D. Q. Steel, at Uppingham; and last year, though handicapped by illness, he headed the batting averages with 44·2, making 354 runs in eight completed innings.

The Major.

THE WIFE OF THOMAS HARDY.

When Thomas Hardy compromised with his parents, who were desirous that he should enter the Church by choosing the profession of ecclesiastical architect, he doubtless did not think that his work would lead him to the spot where he would meet the woman who was destined to become his wife. But it was while he was pursuing his profession in the restoration of a church in Devonshire that Mr. Hardy met the woman whom he married.

Mrs. Hardy was the daughter of Mr. Altersoll Gifford, a Devonshire solicitor, and was a most devoted daughter to both her father and mother, the greatest sorrow of her life having been the death of the latter. Mrs. Hardy's devotion to her mother was not greater than was that of Mr. Hardy, who had always been to her a loving son.

Up to the time of his meeting with Miss Gifford Mr. Hardy had never written a book, and it may be interesting to know that, when the moment came for a decision between the two professions, Mrs. Hardy advocated his relinquishment of architecture for the field of literature, with how much wisdom events have since proven. Mrs. Hardy is of the greatest assistance to her husband in his literary work, and as an earnest of her interest and faith in him made a copy for him for his publisher of his first novel, "Desperate Remedies."

Mrs. Hardy lives what almost may be called an ideal life; from December until May she presides with grace and dignity over their charming home at Dorchester, which Mr. Hardy himself designed, and which he named "Max Gate." Max Gate is one of the most interesting houses in England. Over the doors in the halls are illustrations from Mr. Hardy's stories, arranged in a frieze, and on the walls are pictures of Balzac, George Sand, and other literary celebrities. In the library are skeletons of ancient warriors, spear-heads and arrows, and many bookcases filled with rare and valuable books. From the drawing-room windows may be seen the beautiful scenery of Wessex, so rich in suggestions. The drawing-room walls are covered with original drawings by Du Maurier, Alfred Parsons and Herkomer, beside many exquisite water-colours, the work of the mistress of Max Gate. From May until August the Hardys occupy a flat either at Kensington or Bayswater, where they enjoy the pleasures of London society, and the rest of the year they seek rest and repose either in Scotland or on the Continent. Mrs. Hardy is very fond of travel, and always accompanies her husband on his Continental rambles. While at their Dorchester home Mrs. Hardy spends much of her time painting in water-colours. She sketches very cleverly, and finds material ready to her hand in the exquisite scenery which surrounds her home. A portion of each day is devoted specially to Mr. Hardy; she acts as his amanuensis, keeping a record of the characters that appear in his novels and the local prototypes (if any) from which they were drawn. She is very fond of outdoor life and is Mr. Hardy's constant companion in his walks along the Dorchester lanes and hedgerows, the descriptions of which lend so much charm to his novels. In appearance Mrs. Hardy is striking; her hair is dark and slightly tinged with grey; her eyes are also dark. She is dignified and very graceful, and looks as though she might be the wife of some ecclesiastical dignitary.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE RED COCKADE.

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

CHAPTER XV.

AT MILHAU.

MET with many strange things on that journey. I found it strange to see, as I went, armed peasants in the fields; to light in each village on men drilling; to enter inns and find half a dozen rustics seated round a table with glasses and wine, and perhaps an inkpot before them, and to learn that they called themselves a Committee. But towards evening of the third day I saw a stranger thing than any of these I was beginning to mount the valley of the Tarn which runs up into the Cevennes at Milhau; a north wind was blowing, the sky was overcast, the landscape grey and bare; a league before me masses of mountain stood up deep blue. On a sudden, as I walked wearily beside my horse, I heard voices singing in chorus; and looked about me in astonishment. The sound, clear and sweet as fairy's music, seemed to rise from the earth at my feet.

A few yards farther, and the mystery explained itself. I found myself on the verge of a little dip in the ground, and saw below me the roofs of a hamlet, and on the hither side of it a crowd of a hundred or more, men and women. They were dancing and singing round a great tree, leafless, but decked with flags: a few old people sat about the roots inside the circle, and but for the cold weather and the bleak outlook, I might have thought that I had come on a May-day festival.

My appearance checked the singing for a moment; then two elderly peasants made their way through the ring and came to meet me, walking hand in hand. "Welcome to Vlais and Giron!" cried one. "Welcome to Giron and Vlais!" cried the other. And then, before I could answer, "You come on a happy day," cried both together.

I could not help smiling. "I am glad of that," I said. "May I ask what is the reason of your meeting?"

"The Communes of Giron and Vlais, of Vlais and Giron," they answered, speaking alternately, "are to-day one. To-day, Monsieur, old boundaries disappear; old feuds die. The noble heart of Giron, the noble heart of Vlais, beat as one."

I could scarcely refrain from laughing at their simplicity; fortunately, at that moment, the circle round the tree resumed their song and dance, which had even in that weather a pretty effect, as of a Watteau fête. I congratulated the two peasants on the sight.

"But, Monsieur, this is nothing," one of them answered with perfect gravity. "It is not only that the boundaries of communes are disappearing; those of provinces are of the past also. At Valence, beyond the mountains, the two banks of the Rhine have clasped hands and sworn eternal amity. Henceforth all Frenchmen are brothers; all Frenchmen are of all provinces!"

"That is a fine idea," I said.

"No son of France will again shed French blood!"

"So be it."

"Catholic and Protestant, Protestant and Catholic will live at peace! There will be no law-suits. Grain will circulate freely, unchecked by tolls or dues. All will be free, Monsieur. All will be rich."

They said more in the same tone, and with the same naïve confidence; but my thoughts strayed from them, attracted by a man, who, seated among the peasants at the foot of the tree, seemed to my eyes to be of another class. Tall and lean, with lank black hair, and features of a stern, sour cast, he had nothing of outward show to distinguish him from those round him. His dress, a rough hunting suit, was old and patched; the spurs on his brown, mud-stained boots were rusty and bent. Yet his carriage possessed an ease the others lacked; and in the way he watched the circling rustics I read a quiet scorn.

I did not notice that he heeded or returned my gaze, but I had not gone a hundred paces, after taking leave of the two mayors and the revellers, before I heard a step, and looking round, saw the stranger coming after me. He beckoned, and I waited until he overtook me.

"You are going to Milhau?" he said, speaking abruptly, and with a strong country accent; yet in the tone of one addressing an equal.

"Yes, Monsieur," I said. "But I doubt if I shall reach the town to-night."

"I am going also," he answered. "My horse is in the village."

And without saying more, he walked beside me until we reached the hamlet. There—the place was deserted—he brought from an outhouse a sorry mare, and mounted. "What do you think of that rubbish?" he said suddenly as we took the road again. I had watched his proceedings in silence.

"I fear that they expect too much," I answered.

He laughed; a horse-laugh full of scorn. "They think that the Millennium has come," he said. "And in a month they will find their barns burned and their throats cut."

"I hope not," I said.

"Oh, I hope not," he answered cynically. "I hope not, of course. But even so Vive la Nation! Vive la Revolution!"

"What? If that be its fruit?" I asked.

"Ay, why not?" he answered, his gloomy eyes fixed on me. "It is everyone for himself, and what has the old rule done for me that I should fear to try the new? Left me to starve on an old rock and a dovecote; sheltered by bare stones, and eating out of a black pot! While women and bankers, scented fops and lazy priests prick it before the King! And why? Because I remain, sir, what half the nation once were."

"A Protestant?" I hazarded.

"Yes, Monsieur. And a poor noble," he answered, bitterly. "The Baron de Géol, at your service."

I gave him my name in return.

"You wear the tricolour?" he said. "Yet you think me extreme? I answer that that is all very well for you; but we are different people. You are doubtless a family man, M. le Vicomte, with a wife——"

"On the contrary, M. le Baron."

"Then a mother, a sister?"

"No," I said, smiling. "I have neither. I am quite alone."

"At least with a home," he persisted, "means, friends, employment, or the chance of employment?"

"But now?" I said, startled by his tone of passion.

"Ay, now," he answered, grimly, "it is going to be different. It is going to be otherwise, unless these black crows of priests put the clock back again. That is why I

"IN THE EYES OF THE LAW I DO NOT EXIST!"

"Yes," I said, "that is so."

"Whereas I—I," he answered, growing guttural in his excitement, "have none of these things. I cannot enter the army—I am a Protestant! I am shut off from the service of the State—I am a Protestant! I cannot be a lawyer or a judge—I am a Protestant! The King's schools are closed to me—I am a Protestant! I cannot appear at Court—I am a Protestant! I—in the eyes of the law I do not exist! I—I, Monsieur," he continued, more slowly, and with an air not devoid of dignity, "whose ancestors stood before kings, and whose grandfather's great-grandfather saved the fourth Henry's life at Coutras—I do not exist!"

am on the road."

"You are going to Milhau?"

"I live near Milhau," he answered. "I have been from home. But I am not going home now. I am going farther—to Nîmes."

"To Nîmes?" I said, in surprise.

"Yes," he said. And he looked at me a trifle grimly, and did not say any more. It was growing dark; the valley of the Tarn, along which our road lay, fertile and pleasant to the eye in summer, wore at this season, and in the half-light, a savage and rugged aspect. Mountains towered on either side; and sometimes, where the road drew near the river, the rush-

ing of the water as it swirled and eddied among the rocks below us, added its note of melancholy to the scene. I shivered. The uncertainty of my quest, the uncertainty of everything, pressed upon me. I was glad when my companion roused himself from his brooding, and pointed to the lights of Milhau glimmering here and there on a little plain, where the mountains recede from the river.

"You are doubtless going to the inn?" he said, as we entered the outskirts. I assented. "Then we part here," he continued. "To-morrow, if you are going to Nîmes—but you may prefer to travel alone."

"Far from it," I said.

"Well, I shall be leaving the east gate—about eight o'clock," he answered, grudgingly. "Good-night, Monsieur."

I bade him good-night, and leaving him there, rode into the town; passing through narrow, mean streets, and under dark archways and hanging lanthorns, that swung and creaked in the wind, and did everything but light the squalid obscurity. Though night had fallen, people were moving briskly to and fro, or standing at their doors; the place, after the solitude through which I had ridden, had the air of a city; and presently I became aware that a little crowd was following my horse. Before I reached the inn, which stood in a dimly-lit square, the crowd had grown into a great one, and was beginning to press upon me; some who marched nearest to me staring up inquisitively into my face, while others, farther off, called to their neighbours, or to dim forms seen at basement windows, that it was he!

I found this somewhat alarming. Still they did not molest me; but when I halted they halted too, and I was forced to dismount almost in their arms. "Is this the inn?" I said to those nearest to me; striving to appear at my ease.

"Yes! yes!" they cried, with one voice, "that is the inn!"

"My horse——"

"We will take the horse! Enter! Enter!"

I had little choice, they flocked so closely round me; and, affecting carelessness, I went in, thinking that they would not follow, and that inside, I should learn the meaning of their conduct. But the moment my back was turned they pressed in after me and beside me, and almost sweeping me off my feet, urged me along the narrow passage of the house, whether I would or no. I tried to turn and remonstrate; but the foremost drowned my words in loud cries for "M. Flandre! M. Flandre!"

Fortunately M. Flandre was not far off. A door towards which I was being urged opened, and he appeared. He was an immensely stout man, with a face to match his body; and he gazed at us for a moment, astounded by the invasion. Then he asked angrily what was the matter. "Ventre de Ciel!" he cried. "Is this my house or yours, rascals? Who is this?"

"The Capuchin! The Capuchin!" cried a dozen voices.

"Ho! ho!" he answered before I could speak. "Bring a light."

Two or three bare-armed women whom the noise had brought to the door of the kitchen fetched candles, and raising them above their heads gazed at me curiously. "Ho! ho!" he said again. "The Capuchin is it? So you have got him."

"Do I look like one?" I cried angrily, thrusting back those who pressed on me most closely. "Nom de Dieu! Is this the way you receive guests, Monsieur? Or is the town gone mad?"

"You are not the Capuchin Monk?" he said, somewhat taken aback I could see by my boldness.

"Have I not said that I am not? Do monks in your country travel in boots and spurs?" I retorted.

"Then your papers!" he answered curtly. "Your papers! I would have you to know," he continued puffing out his cheeks, "that I am Mayor here as well as host, and I keep the gaol as well as the inn. Your papers, Monsieur, if you prefer the one to the other."

"Before your friends here?" I said contemptuously.

"They are good citizens," he answered.

I had some fear, now I had come to the pinch, that the commission I carried might fail to produce all the effects with which I had credited it. But I had no choice, and ultimately nothing to dread; and after a momentary hesitation I produced it. Fortunately it was drawn in complimentary terms and gave the Mayor, I know not how, the idea that I was actually bound at the moment on an errand of state. When he had read it, therefore, he broke into a hundred apologies, craved leave to salute me, and announced to the listening crowd that they had made a mistake.

It struck me at the time as strange, that they, the crowd, were not at all embarrassed by their error. On the contrary, they hastened to congratulate me on my acquittal, and even patted me on the shoulder in their good humour; some went to see that my horse was brought in, or to give orders on my behalf, and the res presently dispersed, leaving me fain to believe that they would have hung me to the nearest *lanterne* with the same stolid complaisance.

When only two or three remained, I asked the Mayor for whom they had taken me.

"A disguised monk, M. le Vicomte," he said. "A very dangerous fellow, who is known to be travelling with two ladies—all to Nîmes; and orders have been sent from a high quarter to arrest him."

"But I am alone!" I protested. "I have no ladies with me."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Just so, M. le Vicomte," he answered. "But we have got the two ladies. They were arrested this morning, while attempting to pass through the town in a carriage. We know, therefore, that he is now alone."

"Oh," I said. "So you only want him now? And what is the charge against him?" I continued, remembering with a languid stirring of the pulses that a Capuchin monk had visited Father Benôit before his departure. It seemed to be strange that I should come upon the traces of another here.

"He is charged," M. Flandre answered pompously, "with high treason against the nation, Monsieur. He has been seen here, there, and everywhere, at Montpellier, and Cette, and Albi and as far away as Auch; and always preaching war and superstition, and corrupting the people."

"And the ladies?" I said smiling. "Have they too been——"

"No, M. le Vicomte. But it is believed that wishing to return to Nîmes, and learning that the roads were watched, he disguised himself and joined himself to them. Doubtless they are dévotes."

"Poor things!" I said, with a shiver; every one

seemed to be so good-tempered, and yet so hard. "What will you do with them?"

"I shall send for orders," he answered. "In his case," he continued airily, "I should not need them. But here is your supper. Pardon me, M. le Vicomte, if I do not attend on you myself. As Mayor I have to take care that I do not compromise—but you understand?"

I said civilly that I did; and supper being laid, as was then the custom in the smaller inns, in my bedroom, I asked him to take a glass of wine with me, and over the meal learned much of the state of the country, and the fermentation that was at work along the southern seaboard, the priests stirring up the people with processions and sermons. He waxed especially eloquent upon the excitement at Nîmes, where the masses were bigoted Romanists, yet the Protestants had a following, too, with the hardy peasants of the mountains behind them. "There will be trouble, M. le Vicomte, there will be trouble there," he said. "Things are going too well for the people *la bas*. They will stop them if they can."

"And this man?"

"Is one of their missionaries."

I thought of Father Benôit, and sighed. "By the way," the Mayor said abruptly, gazing at me in moony thoughtfulness, "that is curious, now!"

"What?" I said.

"You come from Cahors, M. le Vicomte?"

"Well?"

"So do these women; or they say they do. The prisoners."

"From Cahors?"

"Yes. It is odd now," he continued, "but when I read your commission I did not think of that."

HE DREW HIS STICK ACROSS THE BARS OF THE GRILLE.

I shrugged my shoulders impatiently. "It does not follow that I am in the plot," I said. "For goodness sake, M. le Maire, do not let us open the case again. You have seen my papers, and——"

"Tut! tut!" he said. "That is not my meaning. But you may know these persons."

"Oh!" I said; and then I sat a moment, staring at him between the candles, my hand raised, a morsel on my fork. A wild extravagant thought had flashed into my mind. Two ladies from Cahors? From Cahors, of all places? "How do they call themselves?" I asked.

"Corvas," he answered.

"Oh! Corvas," I said, falling to eating again, and putting the morsel into my mouth. And I went on with my supper.

"Yes. A merchant's wife, she says she is. But you shall see her."

"I don't remember the name," I said.

"Still, you may know them," he rejoined, with the dull persistence of a man of few ideas. "It is just possible that we have made a mistake, for we found no papers in the carriage, and only one thing that seemed suspicious."

"What was that?"

"A red cockade."

"A *red* cockade?"

"Yes," he answered. "The badge of the old Leaguers."

"But," I said, "I have not heard of any party adopting that."

He rubbed his bald head a little doubtfully. "No," he said, "that is true. Still, it is a colour we don't like here. And two ladies travelling alone—alone, Monsieur! Then their driver, a half-witted fellow, who said they had engaged him at Rodez, though he denied stoutly that he had seen the Capuchin, told two or three tales. However, if you will eat no more, M. le Vicomte, I will take you to see them. You may be able to speak for or against them."

"If you do not think that it is too late?" I said, shrinking somewhat from the interview.

"Prisoners must not be choosers," he answered, with an unpleasant chuckle. And he called from the door for a lanthorn and his cloak.

"The ladies are not here, then?" I said.

"No," he answered, with a wink. "Safe bind, safe find! But they have nothing to cry about. There are one or two rough fellows in the clink, so Babet, the goaler, has given them room in his house."

At this moment the lanthorn came, and the Mayor having wrapped his portly person in a cloak, we passed out of the house. The square outside was utterly dark, such lights as had been burning when I arrived having been extinguished, perhaps by the wind, which was rising, and blew keenly across the open space. The yellow glare of the lanthorn was necessary, therefore, but though it showed us a few feet of the roadway, and enabled us to pick our steps, it redoubled the darkness beyond; I could not see even the line of the roofs, and had no idea in what direction we had gone or how far, when M. Flandre halted abruptly, and, raising the lanthorn, threw its light on a greasy stone wall, wherein, set deep in the stone-work, a low iron-studded door frowned on us. About the middle of the door hung a huge knocker, and above all was a small grille.

"Safe bind, safe find!" the Mayor said again, with a

fat chuckle; but, instead of raising the knocker, he drew his stick sharply across the bars of the grille.

The summons was understood and quickly answered. A face peered a moment through the grating; then the door opened to us. The Mayor took the lead, and we passed in, out of the night, into a close, warm air reeking of onions and foul tobacco, and a hundred like odours. The gaoler silently locked the door behind us, and then, taking the Mayor's lanthorn from him, led the way down a grimy, low-roofed passage barely wide enough for one man. He halted at the first door on the left of the passage, and threw it open.

M. Flandre entered first, and, standing while he removed his hat, for an instant filled the doorway. I had time to hear and note a burst of obscene singing, which came from a room farther down the passage; and the frequent baying of a prison-dog that, hearing us, flung itself against its chain, somewhere in the same direction. I noted, too, that the walls of the passage in which I stood were dingy and trickling with moisture, and then a voice, speaking in answer to M. Flandre's salutation, caught my ear, and held me motionless.

The voice was Madame's—Madame de St. Alais'!

It was fortunate that I had entertained, though but a second, the wild, extravagant thought that had occurred to me at supper; for in a measure it had prepared me, and I had little time for other preparation, for thought, or decision. Luckily, the room was thick with vile tobacco smoke, and the steam from some linen that was drying by the fire; and I took advantage of a fit of coughing, partly assumed, to linger an instant on the threshold after M. Flandre had gone in. Then I followed him.

There were four people in the room besides the Mayor, but I had no eyes for the frowsy man and woman who sat playing with a filthy pack of cards at a table in the middle of the floor. I had only eyes for Madame and Mademoiselle, and them I devoured. They sat on two stools on the farther side of the hearth; the girl with her head laid wearily back against the wall, and her eyes half-closed; the mother, erect and watchful, meeting the Mayor's look with a smile of contempt. Neither the prison-house, nor danger, nor the companionship of this squalid hole had had power to reduce her fine spirit; but as her eyes, passing from the Mayor encountered mine, she started to her feet with a gasping cry, and stood staring at me.

It was not wonderful that for a second, peering through the reek, she doubted. But one there was there that did not doubt. Mademoiselle, at the sound of her mother's cry, had sprung up in alarm, and for the briefest moment we looked at one another. Then she sank back on her stool, and I heard her break into violent crying.

"Hallo?" said the Mayor. "What is this?"

"A mistake, I fear," I said hoarsely, in words I had already composed. "I am thankful, Madame," I continued, bowing to her with ceremony, and as much indifference as I could assume, "that I am so fortunate as to be here."

She muttered something and leaned against the wall. She had not yet recovered herself.

"You know the ladies?" the Mayor said, turning to me and speaking roughly and with a tinge of suspicion in his voice. And he looked from one to the other of us sharply.

"Well," I said.

"They are from Cahors?"

"From that neighbourhood."

"But," he said, "I told you their names, and you said that you did not know them, M. le Vicomte?"

For a moment I held my breath; gazing into Madame's face and reading there anxiety, and something more—a sudden terror. I took the leap—I could do nothing else. "You told me Corvas—that the lady's name was Corvas," I muttered.

"Yes," he said.

"But Madame's name is Corréas."

"Corréas?" he repeated, his jaw falling.

"Yes, Corréas. I dare say that the ladies," I continued with assumed ease, "did not in their fright speak very clearly."

"And their name is Corréas?"

"I told you that it was," Madame answered, speaking for the first time, "and also that I knew nothing of your Capuchin monk. "And this last," she continued earnestly, her eyes fixed on mine in passionate appeal—in appeal that this time could not be mistaken—"I say again, on my honour!"

I knew that she meant this for me. "Yes, M. le Maire," I said, "I am afraid that you have made a mistake. I can answer for Madame as for myself."

The Mayor rubbed his head.

(To be continued.)

ON THE UMPIRE'S BOAT.

BY

E. S. GREW.

PUBLIC enthusiasm in the Ratcliff Cross and Metropolitan Grand Regatta perhaps has been tempered by the weather, which has enveloped the river and the murky wharves in drizzle; but it is certain that Ratcliff and the Metropolis are present in numbers depressingly small. The spectators on shore, few of whom have thought the occasion sufficiently important to put on collars, can all find room on the causeway leading across the mud to the water's edge; and the men in the warehouses by the stone stairs have not stopped their usual task of raising sacks of produce from the barges and lowering them again. A steam tug is smoking a little way off shore, and the last boatload of passengers intending to follow the race is just putting off from the causeway to it. Some delay is caused by the band. The band—made up of a cornet, a flute, and a harmonium, suspiciously like an accordion—presently hurries down the causeway, wiping its mouth; and stumbles on board; and the bystanders shove our boat off imploring us for 'evin's sake not to tike and run aw'y with the fust prize.

As the boat swings round the barges into the current, the bow oar leans forward to inquire of Stroke, in tones sufficiently confidential to be heard all over the boat, what he thinks 'ud be the right thing to arsk these gentlemen for putting of them on board the *Ich Dien*. Stroke takes a quarter of an inch of pipe stem from his mouth to give himself opportunity for deliberation, and says that he'll leave it to the gents. Overcome by this mark of confidence, the gents preserve an enthusiastic silence. Bow repeats the offer, "I'll leave it to your bloomin' benevolence, gents," he says; and the cornet, as an impartial outsider, observes that if we

made it up to a quart between us, that 'ud be abaht the thing. Bow leans on his oar. "Ho," he says, with ironic politeness, "you would, would yer! Well, then another time you want to git on the *Ich Dien* pr'aps you'll take your bloomin' custom elsewhere." While Bow and Cornet are still exchanging words, we bump against the side of the *Ich Dien*, and a voice from the deck enjoins us to "Come on, come on!" Are we (asks the voice) agoin' to see the adjectived race, or are we going to wait for 'Enley Regatta. So we climb on deck; the paddles begin to slap at once; and the shore boat drifts down stream, with Bow standing up in it and trying to tell the Cornet what he really thinks of him.

On deck a crowd of gloomy sportsmen is endeavouring to keep up its spirits by a little friendly betting. There is not much doing in this way; but a thriving trade is going on in the cabin, where, according to a fly spotted placard, the best spirits are supplied at popular prices. They seem to be popular with the Cornet, who comes up in a minute or two and resumes a broken conversation about somebody's 'orse.

"'Im and 'is 'orse," continues the Cornet, "was standin' outside the 'Ope and Anchor.' 'Well, Mr. K.,' say I, ''Ow are yer?' ''Ow are you?' says 'e. 'That 'orse o' yours is a looking well,' I says. 'Ah,' says he. 'What might you feed 'im on,' says I. 'Tater peelings,' says 'e. 'What else?' says I. 'Ay,' says 'e. 'Why don't you give him watercreese?' says I. Why, bust me (the Cornet explains) if you couldn't see through the 'orse. 'Ave you ever see ole Kinsey's 'orse! 'E was like my pore ole father's tortershell Tom. Did——"

"'Ere, 'ere," says the voice which had interrupted the Cornet before. "Bust torkin', go on blowin'!"

"Right," says the Cornet with great cheerfulness, "What'll you 'ave, Mr. Dorson?"

"Oh, anythink, anythink, so long as it 'as got some toon in it. Let's," suggests Mr. Dawson, "have something lively."

So after a preliminary canter, the band, with a ready sense of appropriateness, breaks into "Tom Bowling," and Mr. Dawson—ex-10-stone champion and sole collector and manager, as you may see by reference to the small bills—can be heard descending the stairs to stir up the refreshment department.

The friendly betting, invigorated by the noise of the band, also stirs up a little; and a sporting gentleman who wears his hair excessively short, and who looks a good sort of companion to have in a rough and tumble, raises a foggy voice to say, "Ten to one Curley! I'll lay six to four Welsey—'oo's goin' to 'ave a bet."

"Ten to one Curley," he repeats pursuasively to a young fellow wearing a pink ribbon in his covert-coat, pink being the distinguishing colour of Curley. "Tike it in arf crahns."

"D'ye think," asked Curley's supporter sardonically, "that I've got anythink to give aw'y?"

The gentleman with short hair retorts that he is not giving away nothink himself. Fact is he wants to make a bit. "I've got a few shillings belonging to these gentlemen here," indicating some of his fellow passengers, who grin feebly, "which I expeck as I shall have to keep. Look 'ere," he says in a burst of generosity, "I'll tike ten to one meself!"

"Oh, chuck it," says the covert-coat irritably. "'Ave a bet with somebody else. You know who I want to win. Aint there anybody else to bet."

"Well, there aint many," replies the layer of odds, with reproachful candour, "blow me if it mightn't be a something Sunday school."

The promulgation of a sweepstake at a bob a head somewhat restores our character for sporting feeling, and occupies the rest of the time in getting to the Tower Bridge, where the race is to be started. When we get there the race is still a long way from beginning, for the marshalling of the scullers and the cutters which are to guide them is a tedious business. The *Ich Dien* bumps restlessly against the granite buttresses of the bridge, and the crowd which has been attracted by the appearance of the racing shells and the cutters into believing that something was going to happen, becomes persuaded that it must have been mistaken, and gradually thins off. At last, however, all the sculling boats and all the cutters get into position. The steamer steadies herself under the span of the bascules for a moment, sets off her whistle in a piercing blast; and the sculling boats spring away in a hard struggle for the lead. As they converge, the throng of sportsmen who are crowding the bows of the *Ich Dien*, and who are striving to stand on one another's heads in their anxiety to see, gives out a composite yell of encouragement and advice to all the scullers. Inasmuch as the sculling boats are at the time nearly a quarter of a mile ahead it is not likely that the advice is of very much use.

Presently the cox of one of the steering cutters deftly guides Pink (who is Curley) right across the way of a tug coming up stream. Pink sees his mistake, and struggles to put it right; runs the sculling boat into a dumb barge, and gives up the race. Pink's observations (if any) we cannot hear; but his backer on the steamer is an effective substitute.

"What d'ye call that?" he shouts as we steam by the drifting cutter. "Steerin'? Puttin' the man all over the river—you—you bat-eyed cuckoo! You oughter be drahnded, you——"

The coxswain replies with some remarks which may be offered in polite excuse for his awkwardness. We cannot hear them, though he seems to be making great efforts to make himself understood.

Gradually the struggle between the remaining boats becomes less severe. The scullers settle into professional order. But the throng in the bow of the *Ich Dien* never relaxes its efforts; and continues to shout itself dry over its favourites, though for all the use it is the scullers might as well be on the Paramatta. The Cornet, alone careless of the race, is engaged in a single-handed struggle with the "Song that reached my Heart," and a backer, who wears a blue ribbon, but who does not *look* to belong to a total abstinence league, remarks rather unkindly to a friend that if that young chap goes on miking that blighted row he'll do hisself a injury.

As we again approach Ratcliff Stairs, which is the winning-post, the Second Boat, which is Yellow, begins to go away from Blue (who is easily last), and to gain a little on Red, who leads. A reinvigorated yell breaks from the bow of the *Ich Dien* and Mr. Bill Dawson (ex-champion and sole manager) comes aft to tell the band to get ready for playing, "See the Conquering Hero"—which it does prematurely.

Yellow's effort dies away, and Red passes the post an easy three lengths ahead, thereby becoming the winner of a purse, vaguely described as "of sovereigns," and a handsome suit of clothes made to measure, the gift of Mr. Pinkerton (tailor, of No. 35, Gravel Street, Shadwell); Yellow is second; Blue a bad third; Pink coming on.

The excitement aroused by the finish subsides quickly; and the crowd itself subsides almost as quickly into the refreshment cabin. The sweepstake is divided and drunk, and the amateur bookmaker says, after paying out that he is just abaht arf a crahn in over this job. The winner comes on board, and some of the crews of the cutters. Among them—presently—the coxswain of the cutter which brought Pink's share in the race to so unfortunate a conclusion. He comes to explain the circumstances to the young man in the covert-coat.

"Could I 'elp it?" he asks. "Gorblimey, wot was I to do? 'Ere I was doin' my best, and then you comes and insults me!"

"Well," retorts the Covert Coat, "well—wot of it? I was only orferin' a opinion. Can't I make a remark—can't I say nothink!"

The Cornet, refreshing himself after the labours

the day, has resumed his experiences of domestic animals to the Flute. "There was that white little fox terrier dorg as I 'ad. A good little dorg he were till I lorst him. Well, one d'y as I was going down to Poplar with the tug I saw Charley Dunk a standin' on 'is barges with a dorg by 'im. 'What's yeer, Charley,' I shouts. 'What's yeer,' says he. ''Ow are you comin' up?' says I. 'Like a 'ouse on fire,' says 'e (you know 'is way). Well, as I speaks, the dorg he had with him jumps overboard. I didn't know what dorg it was, but 'e must have reco'nised my voice. ''Ere,' I says to my mate, 'bust me if there aint a dorg swimmin' after us.' 'Where,' says he. 'There,' says I. 'So there is,' says 'e, and the dorg swum us orl the way. Well, they put me alongside at the wharf, and I just jumps ashore. The dog he didn't see me git ashore, you know, 'e thought I was on the tug, and as the tug went away from the shore, ther 'e went after it again! I called to 'im. ''Ere,' I says, 'good dorg, good dorg!' and he turns round at my voice. I reco'nised him at once. It was my little fox terrier dorg. And then bust me just as 'e turns round 'e sinks. 'E was done. I tell yer they 'ad to 'old me back, or I should ha' gone in arter 'im. I should. So help me I——"

"Order, order," says a voice, "Gentlemen, all! I have a toast to propose which I am sure you will all in this plice receive. The toast I have is our old and trusted friend Mr. Bill Dawson, ex-champion. I'm sure you don't any of you want no words of mian, so I will only say 'May 'e live long and prosper, may 'is 'eart be ever green, and 'is 'ead ever ditto! 'May 'e—May 'is 'eart—well,'" says the bookmaker, suiting the action to the word, "'ere's 'is jolly good 'ealth, anyway!"

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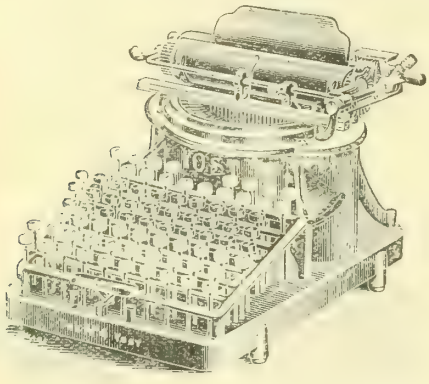

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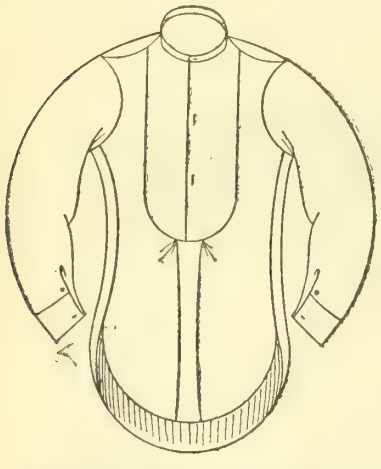

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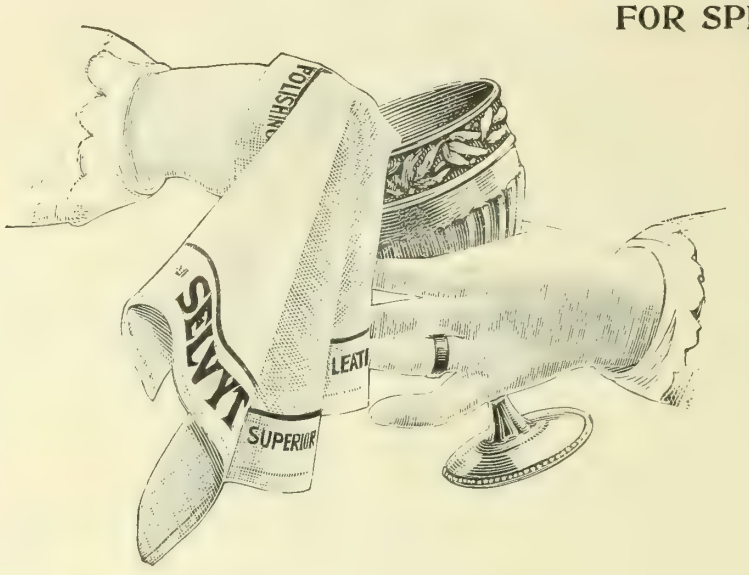

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AN ART STUDENT.

By GEORGE MOORE.

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

I.

A formal avenue of trim trees led out of the town of Melun. But these were soon exchanged for rough forest growths; and out of cabbage and corn lands the eruptive forest broke into islands, and the plain was girdled with a dark distant belt of forest.

She lay back in the fly, tasting in the pure air the joy of returning health, and she thrilled a little at the delight of an expensive white muslin and a black sash, which accentuated the smallness of her waist. She liked her little brown shoes and brown stockings, and the white sunshade, through whose strained silk the red sun showed.

At the cross roads she noticed a still more formal avenue, trees planted in single line and curving like a regiment of soldiers marching across country.

The white-washed stead and the lonely peasant scratching like an insect in the long tilth were painful impressions. She missed the familiar hedgerows which make England like a garden; and she noticed that there were trees everywhere except about the dwellings; and that there were neither holly bush or sunflowers in the gaunt white village they rolled through—a gaunt white village which was not Barbizon. The driver mentioned the name, but Mildred did not heed him. She looked from the blank white walls to her prettily posed feet, and heard him say that Barbizon was still a mile away.

It lay at the end of the plain, and when the carriage entered the long street, it rocked over huge stones, so that Mildred was nearly thrown out. She called to the driver to go slower; he smiled, and pointing with his

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whip, said that the hotel Mademoiselle wanted was at the end of the village on the verge of the forest.

A few moments after, the carriage drew up before an iron gateway, and Mildred saw a small house at the bottom of a small garden. There was a pavilion on the left and a numerous company were dining beneath the branches of a cedar. Elsie and Cissy got up, and dropping their napkins ran to meet their friend. She was led in triumph to the table, and all through dinner she had a rough impression of English girls in cheap linen dresses, and of men in rough suits and flowing neckties.

She was given some soup, and when the plate of veal had been handed round, and Elsie and Cissy had exhausted their first store of questions, she was introduced to Morton Mitchell. His singularly small head was higher by some inches than any other; bright eyes, and white teeth showing through a red moustache, and a note of defiance in his open-hearted voice made him attractive. Mildred was also introduced to Rose Turner, the girl who sat next him, a weak girl with pretty eyes. Rose already looked at Mildred as if she anticipated rivalry, and was clearly jealous of every word that Morton did not address to her. Mildred looked at him again. He was better-dressed than the others, and an air of success in his face made him seem younger than he was. He leaned across the table, and Mildred liked his brusque but withal well-bred manner. She wondered what his pictures were like. At Daveau's only the names of the principal exhibitors at the Salon were known, and he had told her that he had not sent there for the last three years. He didn't care to send to the vulgar place more than he could help.

Mildred noticed that all listened to Morton; the conversation grew lively and Mildred was sorry to leave the table. But Elsie and Cissy wanted to talk to her, and they marched about the grass plot, their arms about each others' waists; and while questioning Mildred about herself, and telling her about themselves, they frequently looked where their lovers sat smoking. Sometimes Mildred felt them press

HE SAID THE HOTEL SHE WANTED WAS AT THE END OF THE VILLAGE.

her along the walk which passed by the dining table. But for half an hour their attractions were arrayed vainly against those of cigarettes and *petits verres*. Rose was the only woman who remained at table. She hung over her lover, desirous that he should listen to her. Mildred thought, "What a fool! We shall see presently."

The moment the young men got up Cissy and Elsie forgot Mildred. An angry expression came upon her face, and she went into the house. The walls had been painted all over—landscapes, still life, nude figures, rustic and elegiac subjects. Every artist had painted something in memory of his visit, and Mildred sought vaguely for what Mr. Mitchell had painted. Then, remembering that he had chosen to walk about with the Turner girl, she abandoned her search, and leaning on the window-sill, watched the light fading in the garden. She could hear the frogs in a distant pond, and thought of the night in the forest, of the night amid millions of trees, and stars.

Suddenly she heard some one behind her say:

"Do you like being alone?"

It was Morton.

"I'm so used to being alone."

"Use is a second nature, I will not interrupt your solitude."

"But sometimes one gets tired of solitude."

"Would you like to share your solitude? You can have half of mine!"

"I'm sure it is very kind of you, but—" It was on Mildred's tongue to ask him what he had done with Rose Turner. She said, instead: "And where does your solitude hang out?"

"Chiefly in the forest. Shall we go there?"

"Is it far? I don't know where the others have gone!"

"They're in the forest; we walk there every evening; we shall meet them."

"How far is the forest?"

"At our door. We're in the forest. Come and see. There is the forest," he said, pointing to a long avenue. "How bright the moonlight is, one can read by this light."

"And how wonderfully the shadows of the tall trunks fall across the white road. How unreal, how phantasmal, that grey avenue shimmering in the moonlight."

"Yes, isn't the forest ghost-like? And isn't that picturesque?" he said, pointing to a booth that had been set up by the wayside. On a tiny stage, a foot or so from the ground, by the light of a lantern and a few candle ends, a man and woman were acting some rude improvisation.

Morton and Mildred stayed; but neither was in the mood to listen. They contributed a trifle each to these poor mummers of the lane's end, and it seemed that charity had advanced them in their intimacy. For without hesitation they left the road, taking a sandy path that led through some rocks. Mildred's feet sank in the loose sand, and very soon it seemed to her that they had left Barbizon far behind. For the great grey rocks and the dismantled tree-trunk which they had come upon suddenly, frightened her, and she could hardly bear with the ghostly appearance the forest took in the stream of glittering light which flowed down from the moon.

She wished to turn back. But Morton said that they would meet the others beyond the hill, and she followed him through great rocks, filled with strange shadows. On the hill-top the pines stood in rows, making it seem like a shrine; and the round yellow moon looked through. The forest was still as death. She could almost count the needles in the pines, so clear was the sky.

"We must go back," she said.

"If you like."

But at that moment, voices were heard coming over the brow of the hill.

"You see, I did not deceive you. There are your friends. I knew we should meet them. That is Miss Laurence's voice; one can always recognise it."

"Then let us go to them."

"If you like. But we can talk better here. Let me find you a place to sit down."

Before Mildred could answer, Elsie cried across the glade,

"So there you are."

"What do you think of the forest?" shouted Cissy.

"Wonderful," replied Mildred.

"Well, we won't disturb you . . . we shall be back presently."

And like ghosts they passed into the shadow and mystery of the trees.

"So you work in the men's studio?"

"Does that shock you?"

"No, nothing shocks me."

"In a studio a woman puts off her sex. There's no sex in art."

"I quite agree with you. There's no sex in art, and a woman would be very foolish to let anything stand between her and her art."

"I'm glad you think that. I've made great sacrifices for painting."

"What sacrifices?"

"I'll tell you one of these days when I know you better."

"Will you?"

The conversation paused a moment, and Mildred said:

"How wonderful it is here. Those pines, that sky, one hears the silence; it enters into one's very bones. It is a pity one cannot paint silence."

"Millet painted silence. The 'Angelus' is full of silence; the air trembles with silence and sunset."

"But the silence of the moonlight is more awful. It really is very awful! I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what? there's nothing to be afraid of. You asked me just now if I believed in Daveau's, I didn't like to say; I had only just been introduced

SHE WAS LED IN TRIUMPH TO THE TABLE.

to you; but it seems to me that I know you better now. . . . Daveau's is a curse. It is the sterilization of art. You must give up Daveau's and come and work here."

"I'm afraid it would make no difference. Elsie and Cissy have spent years here, and what they do does not amount to much. They wander from method to method, abandoning each in turn. I am utterly discouraged, and made up my mind to give up painting."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. One of these days I shall find out my true vocation."

"You're young; you're beautiful—"

"No! I'm not beautiful, but there are times when I look nice."

"Yes, indeed there are. Those hands, how white they are in the moonlight." He took her hands. "Why do you trouble and rack your soul about painting? A woman's hands are too beautiful for a palette and brushes."

The words were on her tongue to ask him if he did not admire Rose's hands equally, but remembering the place, the hour, and the fact of her having made his acquaintance only a few hours before, she thought it more becoming to withdraw her hands, and to say,

"The others do not seem to be coming back. We had better return."

They moved out of the shadows of the pines, and stood looking down the sandy pathway.

"How filmy and grey those top branches! did you ever see anything so delicate?"

"I never saw anything like this before. This is primeval. . . I used to walk a good deal with a friend of mine in St. James' Park."

"The park where the ducks are, and a little bridge. Your friend was not an artist."

"Yes, he was, and a very clever artist too."

"Then he admired the park because you were with him."

"Perhaps that had something to do with it. But the park is very beautiful!"

"I don't think I care much about cultivated nature."

"Don't you like a garden?"

"Yes, a disorganized garden; a garden that has been let run wild."

They walked down the sandy pathway, and came unexpectedly upon Elsie and her lover. They were sitting behind a rock. Elsie did not know where Cissy was. But at that moment voices were heard at the bottom of the glade.

"So there you are—we've been looking for you."

"Looking for us indeed," said Mildred.

"Now, Mildred, don't be prudish, this is Liberty Hall. You must lend us Mr. Mitchell, we want to dance."

"What, here in the sand!"

"No, in the Salon. . . Come along, Rose will play for us."

II.

MILDRED was the first down. She wore a pretty *robe à fleurs*, and her straw hat was trimmed with tremulous grasses and cornflowers. A faint sunshine floated in the wet garden.

A moment after Elsie cried from the doorstep,

"Well, you have got yourself up. We don't run to anything like that here. You're going out flirting. It's easy to see that."

"My flirtations don't amount to much. Kisses don't thrill me as they do you. I'm afraid I've never been what you call 'in love.'"

"You seem on the way there, if I'm to judge by last night," Elsie answered, rather tartly. "You know, Mildred, I don't believe all you say, not quite all."

A pained and perplexed expression came upon Mildred's face, and she said:

"Perhaps I shall meet a man one of these days who will inspire passion in me."

"I hope so. It would be a relief to all of us. I wouldn't mind subscribing to present that man with a testimonial."

Mildred laughed.

"I often wonder what will become of me. I've changed a good deal in the last two years. I've had a great deal of trouble."

"I'm sorry you're so depressed. I know what it is. That wretched painting, we give ourselves to it heart and soul, and it deceives us as you deceive your lovers."

"So it does. I had not thought of it like that. Yes, I've been deceived just as I have deceived others. But you, Elsie, you've not been deceived, you can do something. If I could do what you do! You had a picture in the Salon. Cissy had a picture in the Salon."

"That doesn't mean much. What we do doesn't amount to much."

"But do you think that I shall ever do as much?"

Elsie did not think so, and the doubt caused her to hesitate. Mildred perceived the hesitation, and said:

"Oh, there's no necessity for you to lie. I know the truth well enough. I have resolved to give up painting. I have given it up."

"You've given up painting! Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, I feel that I must. When I got your letter I was nearly dead with weariness and disappointment—what a relief your letter was—what a relief to be here!"

"Well, you see something has happened. Barbizon has happened, Morton has happened."

"I wonder if anything will come of it. He's a nice fellow. I like him."

"You're not the first. All the women are crazy

about him. He was the lover of Mérac, the actress of the Français. They say she could only play Phèdre

"WELL, YOU HAVE GOT YOURSELF UP."

when he was in the stage-box. He always produced that effect upon her. Then he was the lover of the Marquise de la—de la Per—I can't remember the name."

"Is he in love with anyone now?"

"No; we thought he was going to marry Rose."

"That little thing?"

"Well, he seemed devoted to her. He seemed inclined to settle down."

"Did he ever flirt with you?"

"No; he's not my style."

"I know what that means," thought Mildred.

The conversation paused, and then Elsie said,

"It really is a shame to upset him with Rose unless you mean to marry him. Even the Impressionists admit that he has talent. He belongs to the old school, it is true, but his work is interesting all the same."

The English and American girls were dressed like Elsie and Cissy in cheap linen dresses; one of the French artists was living with a cocotte. She was dressed more elaborately—somewhat like Mildred, Elsie remarked, and the girls laughed, and sat down to their bowls of coffee.

Morton and Elsie's young man were almost the last to arrive. Swinging their paint-boxes they came forward, talking gaily.

"Yours is the best-looking," said Elsie.

"Perhaps you'd like to get him from me."

"No, I never do that."

"What about Rose?"

Mildred bit her lips, and Elsie couldn't help thinking, "How cruel she is; she likes to make that poor little thing miserable. It's only vanity, for I don't suppose she cares for Morton."

Those who were painting in the adjoining fields and forest said they would be back to the second breakfast at noon, those who were going farther, and whose convenience it did not suit to return, took sandwiches with them. Morton was talking to Rose, but Mildred soon got his attention.

"You're going to paint in the forest," she said. "I wonder what your picture is like. You haven't shown it to me."

"It's all packed up. But aren't you going into the forest? Unless you're going with Miss Laurence or Miss Clive, you might come with me. You'd better take your painting materials; you'll find the time hang heavily if you don't."

"Oh, no, the very thought of painting bores me."

"Very well, then. If you are ready we might make a start; mine is a mid-day effect. I hope you're a good walker. But you'll never be able to get along in those shoes and that dress—that's no dress for the forest. You're dressed as if for a garden party."

"It is only a little *robe à fleurs*. There's nothing to spoil, and as for my shoes, you'll see I shall get along all right unless it is very far."

"It is more than a mile. I shall have to take you down to the local cobbler and get you measured. I never saw such feet."

He was oddly matter-of-fact. There was something naïve and childish about him, and he amused and interested Mildred.

"With whom," she said, "do you go out painting when I'm not here? Every Jack seems to have his own Jill in Barbizon."

"And don't they everywhere else? It would be damned dull without."

"Do you think it would? Have you always got a Jill?"

"I've been down in my luck lately."

Mildred laughed. "Which of the women here has the most talent?"

"Perhaps Miss Laurence. But Miss Clive does a nice thing occasionally."

"What do you think of Miss Turner's work?"

"It's pretty good. She has talent. She had two pictures in the Salon last year."

Mildred bit her lips. "Have you ever been out with her?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Because I think she likes you. She looked so very miserable when she heard that we were going out together—just as if she were going to cry. If I thought I was making another person unhappy I would sooner give you—give up the pleasure of going out with you."

"And what about me? Don't I count for anything?"

"I must not do a direct wrong to another. Each of us has a path to walk in, and if we deviate from our path we bring unhappiness upon ourselves and upon others."

Morton stopped and looked at her; his stolid, childish stare made her laugh, and it made her like him.

"I wonder if I am selfish?" said Mildred, reflectively. "Sometimes I think I am, sometimes I think I am not. I've suffered so much; my life has been all suffering. There's no heart left in me for anything. I wonder what will become of me. I often think I shall commit suicide. Or I might go into a convent."

"You'd much better commit suicide than go into a convent. Those poor devils of nuns! as if there wasn't enough misery in this world. We are certain of the misery; if we give up the pleasures, I should like to know where we are."

Each had been so interested in the other, that they had seen nothing else. But now they stood in an open space, where every tree was torn and broken. Great trunks had been splintered, branches strewed the ground, and saddest sight of all, was the charred spectre of a great oak or elm, out of whose mournful branches two black crows flew, and settled among the rocks.

"But you're not going to ask me to climb those rocks," said Mildred. "There are miles and miles of rocks. It is like a landscape by Marten."

"Or Salvator Rosa. Climb those rocks! You couldn't. I'll wait until our cobbler has made you a pair of boots. But look back. Isn't it wonderful?

"IT IS LIKE A LANDSCAPE BY MARTEN.'

that desolate region of blasted oaks and sundered rocks. Yet in a few minutes I'll show you some lovely underwood." They had walked a very little way when he stopped and said: "Look! don't you call that beautiful?" and, leaning against the same tree, Morton and Mildred looked into the dreamy depth of

"You asked me just now if I ever went to England. Do you intend to go back, or do you intend to live in France?"

"That's my difficulty. So long as I was painting, there was a reason for my remaining in France, now that I've given it up—"

SHE HAD BROUGHT A BOOK TO READ.

a summer wood. The trunks of the young elms rose straight, and through the pale leafage the sunlight quivered, full of the impulse of the morning. The ground was thick with grass and young shoots . . . Something ran through the grass, paused, and then ran again.

"What is that?" Mildred asked.

"A squirrel, I think. . . . Yes, he's going up that tree."

"How pretty he is, his paws set against the bark."

"Come this way, and we shall see him better."

But they caught no further sight of the squirrel, and Morton asked Mildred the time.

"A quarter-past ten," she said, glancing at the tiny watch which she wore in a bracelet.

"Then we must be moving on. I ought to be at work at half-past. One can't work more than a couple of hours in this light."

They passed out of the wood, and crossed an open space, where rough grass grew in patches. Mildred opened her parasol.

"But you've not given it up."

"Yes, I have. If I don't find something else to do, I suppose I must go back. That's what I dread. We live in Sutton. But that conveys no idea to your mind. Sutton is a little town in Surrey. It was very nice once, but now it is little better than a London suburb. My brother is a distiller. He goes to town every day by the ten minutes past nine, and he returns by the six o'clock. I've heard of nothing but those two trains all my life. We have ten acres of ground, gardens, greenhouses, and a number of servants. Then there's the cart—I go out for drives in the cart. We have tennis parties—the neighbours, you know, and I shall have to choose whether I shall look after my brother's house, or marry and look after my husband's."

"It must be very lonely in Sutton."

"Yes, it is very lonely. There are a number of people about, but I've no friends that I care about. There's Mrs. Fargus—"

"Who's Mrs. Fargus?"

"Oh, you should see Mrs. Fargus; she reads Comte, and has worn the same dinner dress ever since I knew her—a black satin, with a crimson scarf. Her husband suffers from asthma, and speaks of his wife as a very clever woman. He wears an eye-glass, and she wears spectacles. Does that give you an idea of my friends?"

"I should think it did. What bores they must be!"

"He bores me, she doesn't. I owe a good deal to Mrs. Fargus. If it hadn't been for her I shouldn't be here now."

"What do you mean?"

They again passed out of the sunlight into the green shade of some beech-trees. Mildred closed her parasol, and swaying it to and fro amid the ferns, she continued in a low, laughing voice, her tale of Mrs. Fargus, and the influence that this lady had exercised upon her. Her words floated along a current of quiet humour, cadenced by the gentle swaying of her parasol, and brought into relief by a certain intentness of manner which was peculiar to her. And gradually Morton became more and more conscious of her; the charm of her voice stole upon him, and once he lingered, allowing her to get a few yards in front, so that he might notice the quiet figure, a little demure, and intensely itself, in a yellow gown. When he first saw her, she had seemed to him a little sedate, even a little dowdy, and when she had spoken of her intention to abandon painting, although her manner was far from cheerless, he had feared a bore. He now perceived that this she at least was not—moreover, her determination to paint no more announced an excellent sense of the realities of things, in which the other women—the Elsies and the Cissys—seemed to him to be strangely deficient. And when he set up his easel, her appreciation of his work helped him to further appreciation of her. He had spread the rug for her in a shady place, but for the present she preferred to stand behind him, her parasol slanted slightly, talking, he thought very well, of the art of the great men who had made Barbizon rememberable. And the light tone of banter in which she now admitted her failure, seemed to Morton to be just the tone which she should adopt, and her ridicule of the Impressionists, and, above all, of the Dottists, amused him.

"I don't know why they come here at all," he said, "unless it be to prove to themselves that nature falls far short of their pictures. I wonder why they come here. They could paint their gummy tapestry stuff anywhere."

"I can't imagine your asking them what they thought of Corot. Their faces would assume a puzzled expression; I can see them scratching their heads reflectively. At last one of them would say: 'Yes, there is *Chose*, who lives behind the Odéon—he admires Corot. *Pas de blague*, he really does.' Then all the others in chorus: 'He really does admire Corot; we'll bring him to see you next Tuesday.'"

Morton laughed loudly, Mildred laughed quietly, and there was an intense intimacy of enjoyment in her laughter.

"I can see them," she said, "bringing *Chose, le petit Chose*, who lives behind the Odéon and adores Corot, to see you; bringing him, you know, as a sort of strange survival, a curious relic. It really is very funny."

He was sorry when she said the sun was getting too hot for her, and she went and lay on the rug he had spread for her in the shade of the oak. She had brought a book to read, but she only read a line here and there. Her thoughts followed the white clouds for a while, and then she admired the man sitting easily on his camp-stool, his long legs wide apart. His small head, his big hat, the line of his bent back, amused and interested her. A couple of peasant women came by, bent under the weight of the faggots they had picked, and Mildred could see that Morton was watching the movement of these women, and she thought how well they would come into the picture he was painting.

Soon after he rose from his easel, and walked towards her.

"Have you finished?" she said.

"No, not quite, but the light has changed. I cannot go on any more to-day. One can't work in the sunlight above an hour and a half."

"You've been working longer than that."

"But haven't touched the effect! I've been painting in some figures — two peasant women picking sticks; come and look!"

III.

THREE days after, Morton finished his picture. Mildred had been with him most of the time. And now lunch was over, and they lay on the rug under the oak tree talking eagerly.

"Corot never married," Morton remarked, as he shaded his eyes with his hand, and asked himself if any paint appeared in his sky. There was a corner on the left that troubled him. "He doesn't seem to have ever cared for any woman. They say he never had a mistress."

"I hear that you have not followed his example."

"Not more than I could help."

His childish candour amused her so that she laughed outright, and she watched the stolid, childish stare which she liked, till a longing to take him in her arms and kiss him came upon her. Her voice softened, and she asked him if he had ever been in love.

"Yes, I think I was."

"How long did it last?"

"About five years."

"And then?"

"A lot of rot about scruples of conscience. I said, I give you a week to think it over, and if I don't hear from you in that time I'm off to Italy."

"Did she write?"

"Not until I had left Paris. Then she spent five-and-twenty pounds in telegrams trying to get me back."

"But you wouldn't go back."

"Not I; with me, when an affair of that sort is over it is really over. Don't you think I'm right?"

"Perhaps so. . . But I'm afraid we've learnt love in different schools."

"Then the sooner you relearn it in my school the better."

At that moment a light breeze came up the sandy path, carrying some dust on to the picture. Morton stamped and swore. For three minutes it was damn, damn, damn.

"Do you always swear like that in the presence of ladies?"

"What's a fellow to do when a blasted wind covers up, smothers your picture in sand?"

Mildred could only laugh at him, and while he packed up his canvases, paint-box, and easel, she thought about him. She thought that she understood him, and fancied that she would be able to manage him. And convinced of her power she said aloud, as they plunged into the forest,

"I always think it is a pity that it is considered vulgar to walk arm-in-arm. I like to take an arm. . . . I suppose that we can do what we like in the Forest of Fontainebleau? But you're too heavily laden—"

"No, not a bit. I should like it."

She took his arm, and walked by his side with a sweet caressing movement, and they talked eagerly until they reached the motive of his second picture.

"What I've got on the canvas isn't very much like the view in front of you, is it?"

"No, not much. I don't like it as well as the other picture."

"I began it late one evening. I've never been able to get the same effect again. Now it looks like a Puvis de Chavannes—not my picture, but that austere hillside, that large space of blue sky and the wood-cutters."

"It does a little. Are you going on with it?"

"Why?"

"Because there is no shade for me to sit in. I shall be roasted if we remain here."

"What shall we do? Lie down in some shady place?"

"We might do that. . . . I know what I should like."

"What?"

"A long drive in the forest."

"A capital idea. We can do that. We shall meet some one going to Barbizon. We'll ask them to send us a fly."

Their way lay through a pine wood, where the heat was stifling; the dry trees were like fire-wood scorched and ready to break into flame, and their steps dragged through the loose sand. And when they had passed this wood, they came to a place where the trees had all been felled, and a green undergrowth of young pines, two or three feet high, had sprung up. It was difficult to force their way through; the prickly branches were disagreeable to touch, and underneath the ground was spongy with layers of fallen needles hardly covered with coarse grass.

Morton missed his way, and his paint box and canvases had begun to weigh heavy when they came upon the road they were seeking. But where they came upon it, there was only a little burnt grass, and Morton proposed that they should toil on until they came to a pleasanter place.

The road ascended along the verge of a steep hill, and at the top they met a bicyclist, who promised to deliver Morton's note. There was an opening in the trees, and below them the dark green forest waved for miles. It was pleasant to rest — they were tired. The forest murmured like a shell. They could distinguish here and there a tree, and their thoughts went to that tree. But, absorbed though they were by this vast nature, each was thinking intensely of the other. Mildred knew she was near the moment when Morton would take her hand and tell her that he loved her. She wondered what he would say. She did not think he would say he loved her, he would say, "You're a damned pretty woman." She could see he was thinking of something, and suspected him of thinking out a phrase or an oath—appropriate to the occasion. She was nearly right. Morton was thinking how he should act. Mildred was not the common Barbizon art student whose one idea is to become the mistress of a painter, so that she may learn to paint. She had encouraged him, but she had kept her little dignity. Moreover, he did not feel sure of her. So the minutes went by in awkward expectancy, and Morton had not kissed her before the carriage arrived.

She lay back in the fly, smiling, Morton thought, superciliously. It seemed to him stupid to put his arm round her waist, and try to kiss her. But sooner or later, he would have to do this. Once this rubicon was passed he would know where he was. . . . As he debated the forest drew his attention. The tall trunks rose branchless for thirty or forty feet, and Mildred said that they were like plumed lances.

"So they are," he said, "like plumed lances. And how beautifully that beech bends, what an exquisite curve, like a bent lance, like a lance bent in the shock of the encounter."

The underwood seemed to promise endless peace, happy life amid leaves and birds, and Mildred thought of a duel under those tall trees. She saw two men fighting to the death for her. A romantic story begun in a ball-room, she was not quite certain how. Morton remembered a drawing of fauns and nymphs. But there was hardly cover for a nymph to hide her whiteness. The ground was too open, the faun would

soon overtake her. She could better elude his pursuit in the opposite wood. There the long branches of the beech swept the heads of the ferns, and in mysterious hollows ferns made a mysterious shade, places where nymphs and fauns might make noonday festival.

"What are you thinking of?" said Mildred.

THE LARGE GREEN SNAKE CURLED ROUND HIS ARM.

"Of fauns and nymphs," he answered. "These woods seem to breathe antiquity."

"But you never paint antiquity."

"I try for the spirit of antiquity. But Millet got it. Do you know the peasant girl who has taken off her clothes to bathe in a forest pool? Her sheep wander through the wood. By God! . . . I should like you to see that picture."

At the corner of the *carrefour* the serpent-catcher showed them two vipers in a low flat box. They darted their forked tongues against the wire netting, and the large green snake which he took out of a bag curled round his arm, seeking to escape. On questioning him they learnt that the snakes were on their way to the laboratory of a vivisectionist. This dissipated the mystery which they had suggested, and the carriage drove in silence down the long forest road.

"We might have bought those snakes from him and set them at liberty."

"We might have, but we didn't."

"Why didn't we?"

"What would be the good? . . . If we had he would have caught others."

"I suppose so. But I don't like the idea of that beautiful snake, which you compared to me, being vivisected."

The forest extended like a great temple hushed in the beautiful ritual of the sunset. The light that suffused the green leaves overhead glossed the brown leaves underfoot, marking the smooth ground as with a pattern. And, like chapels, every dell seemed in the tranquil light, and leading from them a labyrinthine architecture without design or end.

Mildred's eyes wandered from the colonnades to the underwoods. The forest seemed to her like a great green prison, and she watched the scraps of blue that appeared through the thick leafage, and longed for large spaces of sky, for a view of a plain, for a pine-plumed hill-top.

Once more she admired, once more she wearied of these forest aisles, and was about to suggest returning to Barbizon, when Morton said,

"We're nearly there now. I'm going to show you our lake."

"A lake? Is there a lake?"

"Yes, there's a lake—not a very large one, it is true, but still a lake—on the top of a hill, where you can see the forest. Under a sunset sky the view is magnificent."

The carriage was to wait for them, and a little excited by the adventure, Mildred followed Morton through rocks and furze bushes. When it was possible she took his arm, and once, accidentally or nearly accidentally, she sprang from a rock into his arms. She was surprised that he did not take advantage of the occasion to kiss her.

"Standing on this flat rock we're like figures in a landscape by Wilson," Mildred said.

"So we are," said Morton, who was struck by the truth of the comparison. "But there is too much colour in the scene for Wilson—he would have reduced it all to a beautiful blue, with only a yellow flush to tell where the sun had gone."

"It would be very nice if you would make me a sketch of the lake. I'll lend you a lead pencil, the back of an envelope will do."

"I've a water-colour box in my pocket, and a block. Sit down there, and I'll do you a sketch."

"And while you are accomplishing a work of genius I'll supply the levity, and don't you think I'm just the person to supply the necessary leaven of lightness? Look at my frock and my sunshade."

Morton laughed, the conversation paused, and the water-colour progressed. Suddenly Mildred said,

"What did you think of me the first time you saw me? What impression did I produce on you?"

"Do you want me to tell you, to tell you exactly?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"I don't think I can."

"What was it?" Mildred asked in a low affectionate tone, and she leaned towards him in an intimate, affectionate way.

"Well, you struck me as being a little dowdy."

"Dowdy! I had a nice new frock on. I don't

think I could have looked dowdy, and among the dreadful old rags that the girls wear here."

"It had nothing to do with the clothes you wore. It was a little quiet, sedate air."

"I wasn't in good spirits when I came down here."

"No, you weren't. I thought you might be a bore."

"But I haven't been that, have I?"

"No, I'm hanged if you're that."

"But what a charming sketch you're making! You take that ordinary common grey from the palette, and it becomes beautiful. If I were to take the very same tint and put it on the paper it would be mud."

Morton placed the sketch against a rock, and surveyed it from a little distance. "I don't call it bad, do you? I think I've got the sensation of the lonely lake. But the effect changes so rapidly. Those clouds are quite different from what they were just now. I never saw a finer sky, it is wonderful. It is splendid as a battle."

"Write underneath it, 'That night the sky was like a battle.'"

"No, it wouldn't do for my sketch."

"You think the suggestion would overpower the reality. . . . But it is a charming sketch. It will remind me of a charming day, of a very happy day."

She raised her eyes. The moment had come. He threw one arm round her, and raised her face with the other hand. She gave her lips easily, with a naturalness that surprised and deceived him. He might marry her, or she might be his mistress, he didn't know which, but he was quite sure that he liked her better than any woman he had seen for a long time. He had not known her a week, and she already absorbed his thoughts, and during the drive home he hardly saw the forest. Once a birch, whose faint leaves and branches dissolved in a glittering light, drew his thoughts away from Mildred. She lay upon his shoulder, his arm was affectionately around her, and looking at him out of eyes whose brown seemed to soften in affection, she said,—

"Elsie said you'd get round me."

"What did she mean?"

"Well," said Mildred, nestling a little closer, and laughing low, "haven't you got round me?"

Her playfulness enchanted her lover, and when she discreetly sought his hand, he felt that he understood her account of Alfred's brutality. Her tenderness in speaking of Ralph quickened his jealousy.

"My violets lay under his hand, he must have died thinking of me."

"But the woman who wrote to you, his mistress, she must have known all about his love for you. What did she say?"

"She said very little. She was very nice to me. . . . She could see that I was a good woman. . . ."

"But that made no difference so far as she was concerned. You took her lover away from her."

"She knew that I hadn't done anything wrong, that we were merely friends."

The conversation paused a moment, then Morton said:

"It seems to have been a mysterious kind of death. What did he die of?"

"Ah, no one ever knew. The doctors could make nothing of his case. He had been complaining a long time. They spoke of over-work, but——"

"But, what?"

"I believe he died of slow poisoning."

"Slow poisoning! Who could have poisoned him?"

"Ellen Gibbs."

"What an awful thing to say. . . . I suppose you have some reason for suspecting her?"

"His death was very mysterious. The doctors could not account for it. There ought to have been a post-mortem examination." Feeling that this was not sufficient reason, and remembering suddenly that Ralph held socialistic theories, and was a member of a sect of socialists, she said, "Ralph was a member of a secret society. . . . He was an anarchist; no one suspected it, but he told me everything, and it was I who persuaded him to leave the brotherhood."

"I do not see what that has to do with his death by slow poisoning."

"Those who retire from these societies usually die."

"But why Ellen Gibbs?"

"She was a member of the same society, it was she who got him to join. When he resigned it was her duty to——"

"Kill him! What a terrible story. I wonder if you're right?"

"I know I'm right."

At the end of a long silence Morton said,

"I wonder if you like me as much as you liked Ralph."

"It is very different. He was very good to me."

"And do you think that I shall not be good to you?"

"Yes, I think you will," she said, looking up, and taking the hand which pressed against her waist.

"You say he was a very clever artist. Do you like his work better than mine?"

"It was as different as you yourselves are."

"I wonder if I should like it?"

"He would have liked that," and she pointed with her parasol towards an oak glade, golden-hearted and hushed.

"A sort of Diaz, then?"

"No, not the least like that. No, it wasn't the Rousseau palette."

"That's a regular Diaz motive. It would be difficult to treat it differently."

The carriage rolled through a tender summer twilight, through the whispering forest.

———

IV.

At the end of September the green was duskier, yellow had begun to appear; and the crisped leaf, falling through the still air, stirred the heart like a memory.

The skies which rose above the dying forest had acquired gentler tints, a wistfulness had come into the blue which was in keeping with the fall of the leaf.

There was a scent of moisture in the underwoods, rills had begun to babble; on the hazel-rods leaves fluttered pathetically, the branches of the plane-trees hung out like plumes, their drooping leaves making wonderful patterns.

In the hotel garden a sunflower watched the yellowing forest, then bent its head and died.

The great cedar was deserted, and in October Morton was painting chrysanthemums on the walls of the dining-room. He called them the flowers of twilight, the flowers of the summer's twilight. Mildred watched him adding the last sprays to his bouquet of white and purple bloom.

The inveigling sweetness of these last bright days entered into life, quickening it with desire to catch and detain some tinge of autumn's melancholy. All were away in the fields and the forest; and though little of their emotion transpired on their canvases, they were moved, as were Rousseau and Millet, by the grandeur of the blasted oak and the lonely byre standing against the long forest fringes dimming in the violet twilight.

Elsie was delighted with her birch, and Cissy considered her rocks approvingly.

"You've got the beauty of that birch," said Cissy. "How graceful it is in the languid air. It seems sad about something."

"About the pine at the end of the glade," said Elsie, laughing. "I brought the pine a little nearer. I think it composes better."

"Yes, I think it does. You must come and see my rocks and ferns. There's one corner I don't know what to do with. But I like my oak."

"I will come presently. I'm working at the effect; the light will have changed in another half-hour."

"I've done all I can do to mine. It would make a nice background for a hunting picture. There's a hunt to-day in the forest. Mildred and Morton are going to see the meet."

Elsie continued painting, Cissy sat down on a stone, and soon lost herself in meditations. She thought about the man she was in love with; he had gone back to Paris. She was now sure that she hated his method of painting, and, finding that his influence had not been a good one, she strove to look on the landscape with her own eyes. But she saw only various painters in it. The last was Morton Mitchell, and she thought if he had been her lover, she might have learnt something from him. But he was entirely taken up with Mildred. She did not like Mildred any more, she had behaved very badly to that poor little Rose Turner. "Poor little thing, she trembles like that birch."

"What are you saying, Cissy? Who trembles like that birch."

"I was thinking of Rose, she seems dreadfully upset. Morton never looks at her now."

"I think that Morton would have married her if Mildred hadn't appeared on the scene. I know he was thinking of settling down."

"Mildred is a mystery. Her pleasure seems to be to upset people's lives. You remember poor Ralph Hoskin. He died of a broken heart. I can't make Mildred out; she tells a lot of lies. She's always talking about her virtue. But I hardly think that Morton would be as devoted to her as he is if he weren't her lover. Do you think so?"

"I don't know; men are very strange."

Elsie rose to her feet. She put aside her camp-stool, walked back a few yards, and looked at her picture. The motive of her picture was a bending birch at the end of the glade. Rough forest growth made clear its delicate drawing, and in the pale sky, washed by rains to a faded blue, clouds arose and evaporated. The road passed at the bottom of the hill, and several huntsmen had already ridden by. Now a private carriage with a pair of horses stood waiting.

"That's Madame Delacour's carriage, she is waiting for Mildred and Morton."

"The people at Fontainebleau?"

"Yes, the wife of the great Socialist deputy. They're at Fontainebleau for the season. M. Delacour has taken up the hunting. They say he has a fine collection of pictures. He buys Morton's pictures. It was he who bought his 'Sheepfold.'"

Elsie did not admire Morton's masterpiece as much as Cissy. But they were agreed that Mildred might prove a disintegrating influence in the development of his talent. He had done no work since he had made her acquaintance. She was a mere society woman. She had never cared for painting; she had taken up painting because she thought it would help her socially. She had taken up Morton for the same reason. He had introduced her to the Delacours. She had been a great success at the great dinner they had given last week. No doubt she had exaggerated, but old Deydier, who had been there too, had said that every one was talking about *la belle et la spirituelle Anglaise.*

The girls sat watching the carriage stationed in the road at the bottom of the hill. The conversation paused, a sound of wheels was heard and a fly was seen approaching.

The fly was dismissed, and Mildred took her seat next to Madame Delacour. Morton sat opposite. He settled the rug over the ladies' knees, and the carriage drove rapidly away.

"They're late for the meet," said Cissy.

And all the afternoon the girls listened to the hunting. In the afternoon three huntsmen crashed through the brushwood at the end of a glade, winding the long horns they wore about their shoulders. Once a strayed hound came very near them. Elsie threw the dog a piece of bread. It did not see the bread, and, pricking up its ears, it trotted away. The horns came nearer and nearer, and the girls were affrighted lest they should meet the hunted boar and be attacked. It must have turned at the bottom of the hill. The horns died through the twilight, a spectral moon was afloat in the sky, and some wood-cutters told them that they were three kilomètres from Barbizon.

When about a mile from the village they were overtaken by the Delacours' carriage. Morton and Mildred bade Madame good-bye, and walked home with them. Their talk was of hunting. The boar had been taken close to the central *carrefour*, they had watched the fight with the dogs, seven of which he had disabled before M. Delacour succeeded in finally despatching him. The edible value of boar's head was discussed, until Mildred mentioned that Madame Delacour was going to give a ball. Elsie and Cissy were both jealous of Mildred, but they hoped she would get them invited. She said that she did not know Madame Delacour well enough to ask for invitations. Later on she would see what could be done; Morton thought that there would be no difficulty, and Elsie asked Mildred what dress she was going to wear. Mildred said she was going to Paris to order some clothes and the conversation dropped.

At the end of the week the Delacours drove over to Barbizon, and lunched at L'Union. The horses, the carriage, liveries, the dresses, the great name of the Deputy made a fine stir in the village.

"I wonder if she'll get us invited," said Elsie.

"Not she," said Cissy.

But Mildred was always unexpected. She introduced Monsieur and Madame Delacour to Elsie and Cissy, she insisted on their showing their paintings, they were invited to the ball, and Mildred drove away, nodding and smiling.

Her dress was coming from Paris; she was staying with the Delacours until after the ball; so, as Cissy said, her way was nice and smooth and easy—very different indeed from theirs. They had to struggle with the inability and ignorance of a provincial dress-maker, working against time. At the last moment it became clear that their frocks could not be sent to Barbizon, that they would have to dress for the ball in Fontainebleau. But where? They would have to hire rooms at the hotel, and, having gone to the expense of hiring rooms, they might as well sleep at Fontainebleau. They could return with Mildred; she would have the Delacours' carriage. They would all four return together; that would be very jolly. The hotel omnibus was going to Melun to catch the half-past six train. If they went by train they would economise sufficiently in carriage hire to pay their hotel expenses, or very nearly.

Morton agreed to accompany them. He got their tickets and found them places, but they noticed that he seemed a little thoughtful, not to say gloomy.

"Not the least," as Elsie said, "like a man who was going to meet his sweetheart at a ball."

"I think," whispered Cissy, "that he's beginning to regret that he introduced her to the Delacours. He feels that it is as likely as not that she'll throw him over for some of the grand people she will meet there."

Cissy had guessed rightly. A suspicion had entered into his heart that Mildred was beginning to perceive that her interest lay rather with the Delacours than with him. He had not engaged himself to Mildred for any dances, partly because he wished to see if she would reserve any dances for him. This ball he felt would prove a turning-point in his love-story. He suspected M. Delacour of entertaining some very personal admiration for Mildred; he would see if his suspicion were well founded; he would not rush to her at once; and, having shaken hands with his host and hostess, he sought a corner whence he could watch Mildred and the ball.

The rooms were already thronged, but the men were still separated from the women; the fusion of the sexes, which was the mission of the dance to accomplish, had hardly begun. Some few officers were selecting partners up and down the room, but the politicians, their secretaries, the prefects and the sub-prefects had not yet moved from the doorways. The platitudes of public life were written in their eyes. But their formality was occasionally broken by the sight of some young girl's fragility or the paraded charms of a woman of thirty. The men lowered their eyes; each feared that his neighbour had discovered thoughts in him inappropriate to the red ribbon which he wore in his buttonhole.

"A cross between clergymen and actors," thought Morton, and he indulged in philosophic reflections as he walked through the rooms. It seemed to him that the military had lost its prestige in the boudoir. Nothing short of a Continental war could revive it, the actor and the tenor never did more than to lift the fringe of society's garment. The curate continues a very solid innings in the country; but in town the political lover is in the ascendant. "A possible under-secretary is just the man to cut me out with Mildred . . . They'd discuss the elections between kisses." . . . He sought Mildred in the whirl of the waltz, and saw her struggling through the crowd with a young diplomatist, Le Comte de la Ferrière.

She wore white tulle laid upon white silk. The bodice was silver fish-scales, and she shimmered like a moon-beam. Then she laid her hand on her dancer's shoulder, moving forward with a motion that permeated her whole body. A silver shoe appeared, and

HE SAW HER STRUGGLING THROUGH THE CROWD WITH A YOUNG DIPLOMATIST.

Morton thought, "Oh, what a vanity, only a vanity, nothing more; but what a delicious and beautiful vanity!"

The waltz ended, some of the dancers passed out of the ball-room, and Mildred was surrounded. It looked as if her card would be filled before Morton could get near her. But she stood on tip-toe, and looking over the surrounding shoulders, cried that she would keep the fourteenth for him. "Why did you not come before?" she asked, smiling, and went out of the room on the arm of the young Comte.

At that moment, M. Delacour took his arm, and asked when would the picture he had ordered be finished. Morton hoped by the end of next week, and the men walked through the room, talking of pictures. On the way back they met Mildred. She told Morton that she would make it all right later on. He must now go and talk to Madame Delacour. She had promised M. Delacour the next dance.

M. Delacour was fifty, but he was straight and thin, and there was no sign of grey in his black hair, which fitted close and tight as a skull-cap. His face was red and brown, but he did not seem very old, and Morton wondered if it were possible for Mildred to love so old a man.

Madame Delacour sat in a high chair within the doorway, out of reach of any draught that might happen on the staircase. Her blonde hair was drawn high up in an eighteenth-century coiffure, and her high pale face looked like a cameo or an old coin. She spoke in a high clear voice, and expressed herself in French a little unfamiliar to her present company. "She must have married beneath her," thought Morton, and he wondered on what terms she lived with her husband. He spoke of Mildred as the prettiest woman in the room, and was disappointed that Madame Delacour did not contest the point.

When Cissy and Elsie came whirling by, Cissy unnecessarily large and bare, and Elsie intolerably pert and middle-class, Morton regretted that he would have to ask them to dance. And when he had danced with them, and the three young ladies Madame Delacour had introduced him to, and had taken the Comtesse in to supper, he found that the fourteenth waltz was over. But Mildred bade him not to look so depressed, she had kept the cotillion for him. It was going to begin very soon. He had better look after chairs. So he tied his handkerchief round a couple. But he knew what the cotillion meant. She would be always dancing with others, and that others would always be dancing with him. The cotillion proved as he expected. Everything happened, but it was all the same to him. Dancers had gone from the dancing room, and returned in masks and dominoes. A paper imitation of a sixteenth-century house had been brought in, ladies had shown themselves at the lattice, they had been serenaded, and had chosen serenaders to dance with. And when, at the end of his inventions, the leader fell back on the hand-glass and the cushion, Mildred refused dance after dance. At last the leader called to Morton; he came up certain of triumph, but Mildred passed the handkerchief over the glass and drew the cushion from his knee. She danced both figures with M. Delacour.

She was covered with flowers and ribbons, and, though a little woman, she looked very handsome in her triumph. Morton hated her triumph, knowing that it robbed him of her. But he hid his jealousy as he would his hand in a game of cards, and when the last guests were going, he bade her good-night with a calm face. He saw her go upstairs with M. Delacour. Madame Delacour had gone to her room; she had felt so tired that she could sit up no longer, and had begged her husband to excuse her, and as Mildred went upstairs, three or four steps in front of M. Delacour, she stopped to arrange with Elsie and Cissy when she should come to fetch them; they were all going home together.

Morton knew that his jealousy was unwarranted, but he could not rid himself of it—it choked, it blinded and sickened him all that night and the following day. Mildred knew it, and as they drove home she encouraged and cajoled with her eyes. Morton knew that the differences which separated Mildred from other women, and which attracted him so violently, were merely superficial, that the day would come, sooner or later, when she would seem as common as other women. He knew that, in the meantime, she would perplex and fret his life, bringing nothing real into it. He knew these things well enough, but he also knew that he would act in contradiction to his reason, in obedience to some occult force, which he could neither explain nor control. Her personality buzzed in his life now empty as a bladder. "This is God-damned madness," he thought. But reason evaporated like a little cloud, and he grew happier as he abandoned himself to his instinct.

They were to meet that evening, before dinner, in the garden, and, as he waited for her, he watched a lurid October sky. His heart leaped when her demure little figure appeared on the gravel walk; they walked in silence to the paling at the end of the garden, and stood looking at the shining fields. They spoke first of the landscape effect which seemed to them very early English—Morland and Crome suggested themselves. And while the enamel-coloured landscape impressed itself upon her, she asked herself if she loved him. She was moved to lay her hand upon his arm, and as she spoke kindly, she drew him out of the reserve in which he had taken refuge. Presently he began to swear; that was always a good sign, and she smiled when he said:

"These flirtations are blasted rot. Either you love me or you don't!"

"What flirtations?"

"Delacour, La Ferrière, that black-moustached officer, that clean-shaven diplomatist. Which do you like the best? Try to make up your mind, and then go for him. In that way you'll get something out of your love story. But half hours with each in turn is

like so much dram drinking, wanderings from bar-room to bar-room—a bad whisky here, a middling whisky over the way, a vitriolic drink round the corner."

"But I don't do these things. I only love you."

"Then why do you apologise for not seeing more of me at the ball?"

A little dark cloud gathered between her eyes. She did not answer. She too was acting in contradiction to her reason. For her liking for Morton was quite real; there were moments when she thought that she would end by marrying. But mysterious occult influences, which she could neither explain nor control, were drawing her away from him. She asked herself what was this power which abided in the bottom of her heart, from which she could not rid herself, and which said "Thou shalt not marry him." She asked herself if this essential force was the life of pleasure and publicity which the Delacours offered her. No, she knew that this was not so; but she had to admit that she was drawn to this life, and that she had felt strangely at ease in it. In the few days that she had spent with the Delacours, she had, for the first time in her life, felt in agreement with her surroundings. She had always hated that dirty studio, and still more its dirty, slangy frequenters.

And she lay awake a great part of the night thinking. She felt that she must act in obedience to her instinct, whatever it might cost her, and her instinct drew her towards the Delacours and away from Morton. But her desire for Morton was not yet exhausted, and the struggle between the two forces resulted in one of her moods. Its blackness lay on her forehead, between her eyes, and in the influence of its mesmerism she began to hate Morton. As she put it to herself, she began to feel ugly towards him. When they met, she gave her cheek instead of her lips, and words which provoked and wounded him rose to her tongue's tip, she could not save herself from speaking them, and each day their estrangement grew more accentuated.

She came down one morning nervously calm, her face set in a definite and gathering expression of resolution. Elsie could see that something serious had happened. But Mildred did not seem inclined to explain, she only said that she must leave Barbizon at once—that she was going that very morning, that her boxes were packed, that she had ordered a carriage.

"Are you going back to Paris?"

"Yes; but I don't think I shall go to Melun. I shall go to Fontainebleau. I'd like to say good-bye to the Delacours."

"This is hardly a day for a drive through the forest, you'll be blown to pieces."

"I don't mind a little wind. I shall tie my veil a little tighter."

They walked round the windy garden, and Mildred admitted that she had quarrelled with Morton. But she would say no more. She declared, however, that she would not see him again. Her intention was to leave before he came down, and, as if unable to bear the delay any longer, she asked Cissy and Elsie to walk a little way with her. The carriage could follow.

The wind was rough, but they were burning to hear what Morton had done, and, hoping that Mildred would become more communicative when they got out of the village, they consented to accompany her.

"I'm sorry to leave," said Mildred, "but I cannot stay after what happened last night. Oh dear me," she exclaimed, "my hat nearly went, that time. I'm afraid I shall have a rough drive."

"You will, indeed. You'd better stay," said Elsie.

"I cannot. It would be impossible for me to see him again."

"But what did he say to offend you?"

"It wasn't what he said, it was what he did."

"What did he do?"

"He came into my room last night."

"Did he! Were you in bed?"

"Yes; I was in bed, reading. I was awfully frightened. I never saw a man in such a state. I think he was mad."

"What did you do?"

"I tried to calm him. I felt that I must not lose my presence of mind. I spoke to him gently. I appealed to his honour, and at last I persuaded him to go."

"What do you say?"

"I at last persuaded him to go."

"You're an odd girl," shouted Cissy. "I don't believe there's another like you."

"We can't talk in this wind," screamed Elsie. "We'd better go back."

"We shall be killed," cried Cissy, starting back in alarm, for a young pine had crashed across the road, not very far from where they were standing, and the girls could hear the wind, trumpeting, careering, springing forward; it rushed, it leaped, it paused, and the whole forest echoed its wrath.

When the first strength of the blast seemed ebbing, the girls looked round for shelter. They felt if they remained where they were, holding on to roots and grasses, they would be carried away.

"Those rocks," cried Cissy.

"We shan't get there in time, the trees will fall," cried Elsie.

"Not a minute to lose," said Mildred. "Come!"

And the girls ran through the swaying trees, at the peril of their lives. And as they ran the earth gave forth a rumbling sound, and was lifted beneath their feet.

It seemed as if that subterranean had joined with aerial forces, for the crumbling sound they had heard, as they ran through the scattered pines, increased; it was the roots giving way; and the pines bent, wavered, and fell this way and that. But about the rocks, where the girls crouched, the trees grew so thickly that the wind could not destroy them singly; so it had taken the wood in violent and passionate grasp, and was striving to beat it down. But under the rocks all was quiet, the storm was above in the

branches, and, hearing almost human cries, the girls looked up, and saw two great branches interlocked like serpents in the agony of battle.

In half an hour the storm had blown itself out. But a loud wind shook through the stripped and broken forest; lament was in all the branches, the wind forced them upwards, and they gesticulated their despair. The leaves rose and sank like cries of woe adown the raw air, and the roadway was littered with ruin. The whirl of the wind still continued, and the frightened girls dreaded lest the storm should return, overtaking them as they passed through the avenue.

The avenue was nearly impassable with fallen trees, and Elsie said,

"You'll not be able to go to Fontainebleau to-day."

"Then I shall go to Melun."

As they entered the village they met the carriage, and Mildred bade her friends good-bye.

UNDINE.

Drawn by Hal Hurst.

AT THE BALL.

"DO COME AWAY, PAPA; REMEMBER WHAT MAMMA SAID."

LONDON
FLOWER GIRLS.

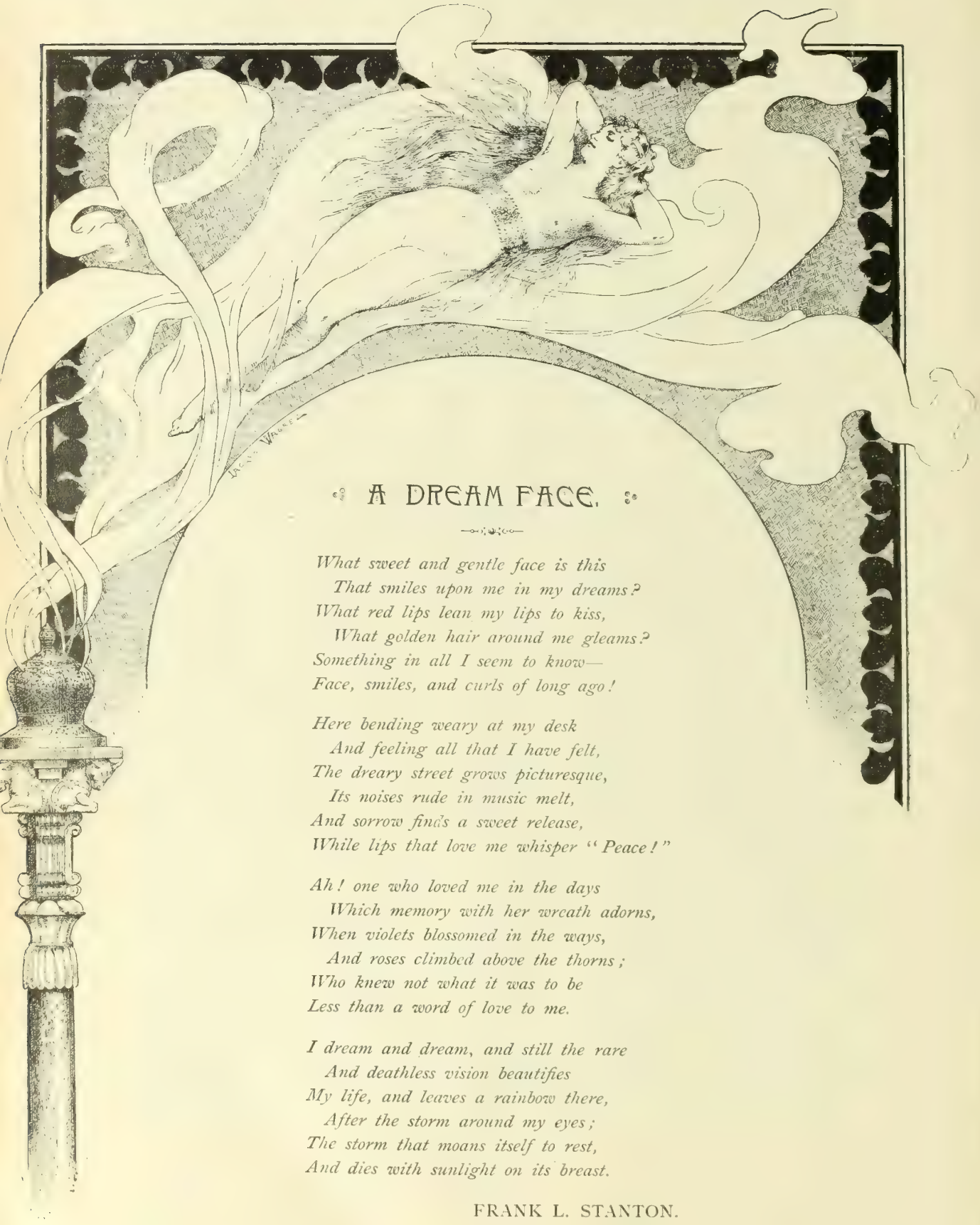
Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

AFTERNOON
TEA.

Drawn by R. Sauter.

A BACCHANTE.

Drawn by ***Trevor*** *Haddon.*



A DREAM FACE.

What sweet and gentle face is this
That smiles upon me in my dreams?
What red lips lean my lips to kiss,
What golden hair around me gleams?
Something in all I seem to know—
Face, smiles, and curls of long ago!

Here bending weary at my desk
And feeling all that I have felt,
The dreary street grows picturesque,
Its noises rude in music melt,
And sorrow finds a sweet release,
While lips that love me whisper "Peace!"

Ah! one who loved me in the days
Which memory with her wreath adorns,
When violets blossomed in the ways,
And roses climbed above the thorns;
Who knew not what it was to be
Less than a word of love to me.

I dream and dream, and still the rare
And deathless vision beautifies
My life, and leaves a rainbow there,
After the storm around my eyes;
The storm that moans itself to rest,
And dies with sunlight on its breast.

FRANK L. STANTON.

GRISETTES.

Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

A MORNING CALL. *By R. Sauber.*

TEA-TABLE TALK.

By JEROME K. JEROME.

Illustrated by L. Baumer.

"It doesn't suit you at all," I answered.

"You're very disagreeable," said she; "I shan't ever ask your advice again."

"Nobody," I hastened to add, "would look well in it. You, of course, look less awful in it than any other woman would; but it's not your style."

"He means," explained the Minor Poet, "that the thing itself, not being pre-eminently beautiful, it does not suit—is not in agreement with you. The contrast between you and anything approaching the ugly or the commonplace, is too glaring to be aught else than displeasing."

"He didn't say it," replied the Woman of the World; "and besides it isn't ugly, it's the very latest fashion."

"Why is it," asked the Philosopher, "that women are such slaves to fashion? They think clothes, they talk clothes, they read clothes; yet they have never understood clothes. The purpose of dress, after the primary object of warmth has been secured, is to adorn, to beautify the particular wearer. Yet not one woman in a thousand stops to consider what colours will go best with her complexion, what cut will best hide the defects or display the advantages of her figure. If it be the fashion, she must wear it; and so we have pale-faced girls looking ghastly in shades suitable to dairymaids, and dots waddling about in costumes fit and proper to six-footers. It is as if crows insisted on wearing peacocks' feathers on their heads, and rabbits ran about with donkeys' tails fastened on behind them."

"And are not you men every bit as foolish?" retorted the Girton Girl; "sack coats come into fashion, and dumpy little men trot up and down in them, looking like butter-tubs on legs. You go about in July melting under frock-coats and chimney-pot hats, and, because it is the stylish thing to do, you all play tennis in stiff shirts and stand-up collars, which is idiotic. If fashion decreed that you should play cricket in a pair of top-boots and a diver's helmet, you would play cricket in a pair of top-boots and a diver's helmet, and dub every sensible fellow who didn't, a cad. It's worse in you than in us; men are supposed to think for themselves, and to be capable of it, the womanly woman isn't."

"Big women and little men look well in nothing," said the Woman of the World. "Poor Emily was five foot ten and a half, and never looked an inch under seven foot whatever she wore. Empires came into fashion, and the poor child looked like the giant's baby in a pantomime. We thought the Greek might help her, but it only suggested a Crystal Palace statue tied up in a sheet, and tied up badly; and when puff-sleeves and shoulder-capes were in and Teddy stood up behind her at a water-party, and sang, 'Under the spreading chestnut-tree,' she took it as a personal insult and boxed his ears. Few men liked to be seen with her; and I'm sure George pro-

posed to her partly with the idea of saving himself the expense of a step-ladder; she reaches down his books for him from the top shelf."

"I," said the Minor Poet, "take up the position of not wanting to waste my brain upon the subject. Tell me what to wear, and I will wear it, and there is an end of the matter. If Society says, 'Wear blue shirts and white collars,' I wear blue shirts and white collars. If she says, 'The time has now come when hats should be broad-brimmed,' I take unto myself a broad-brimmed hat. The question does not interest me sufficiently for me to argue it. It is your fop who refuses to follow fashion. He wishes to attract attention to himself by being peculiar. A novelist whose books pass unnoticed, gains distinction by designing his own necktie; and many an artist, following the line of least resistance, learns to let his hair grow instead of learning to paint."

"The fact is," remarked the Philosopher, "we are

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the mere creatures of fashion. Fashion dictates to us our religion, our morality, our affections, our thoughts. In one age successful cattle-lifting is a virtue; a few hundred years later company-promoting takes its place as a respectable and legitimate business. In England and America Christianity is fashionable, in Turkey, Mohammedanism; and "the crimes of Clapham are chaste in Martaban."

In Japan a woman dresses down to the knees, but would be considered immodest if she displayed bare arms. In Europe it is legs that no pure-minded woman is supposed to possess. In China we worship our mother-in-law and despise our wife; in England we treat our wife with respect, and regard our mother-in-law as the bulwark of comic journalism. The stone age, the iron age, the age of faith, the age of infidelism, the philosophic age, what are they but the passing fashions of the world? It is fashion, fashion, fashion wherever we turn. Fashion waits beside our cradle to lead us by the hand through life. Now literature is sentimental, now hopefully humorous, now psychological, now new-womanly. Yesterday's pictures are the laughing-stock of the up-to-date artist of to-day, and to-day's art will be sneered at to-morrow. Now it is fashionable to be democratic, to pretend that no virtue or wisdom can exist outside corduroy and to abuse the middle classes. One season we go slumming, and the next we are all socialists. We think we are thinking; we are simply dressing ourselves up in words we do not understand for the gods to laugh at us."

"Don't be pessimistic," retorted the Minor Poet; "pessimism is going out. You call such changes fashions; I call them the footprints of progress. Each phase of thought is an advance upon the former, bringing the footsteps of the many nearer to the landmarks left by the mighty climbers of the past upon the mountain paths of truth. The crowd that was satisfied with *The Derby Day* now appreciates Millet. The public that were content to wag their heads to *The Bohemian Girl* have made Wagner popular."

"And the play lovers, who stood for hours to listen to Shakespeare," interrupted the Philosopher, "now crowd to music-halls."

"The track sometimes descends for a little way, but it will wind upward again," returned the Poet. "The music-hall itself is improving; I consider it the duty of every intellectual man to visit such places. The mere influence of his presence helps to elevate the tone of the performance. I often go myself!"

"I was looking," said the Woman of the World, "at some old illustrated papers of thirty years ago, showing the men dressed in those very absurd trousers, so extremely roomy about the waist, and so extremely tight about the ankles. I recollect poor papa in them; I always used to long to fill them out by pouring in sawdust at the top."

"You mean the peg-top period," I said. "I remember them distinctly myself, but it cannot be more than three-and-twenty years ago at the outside."

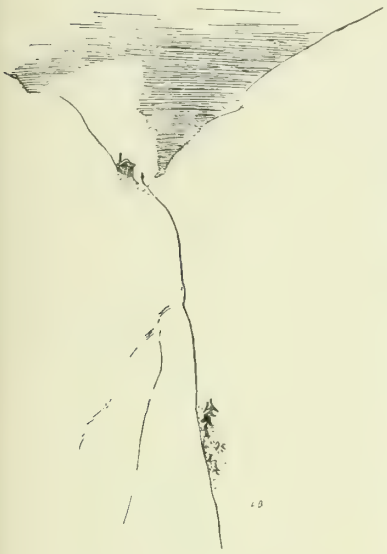
"That is very nice of you," replied the Woman of the World, "and shows more tact than I should have given you credit for. It could, as you say, have been only twenty-three years ago. I know I was a very little girl at the time; I think there must be some subtle connection between clothes and thought. I cannot imagine men in those trousers and Dundreary whiskers talking as you fellows are talking now, any more than I could conceive of a woman in a crinoline and a poke bonnet smoking a cigarette. I think it must be so, because dear mother used to be the most easy-going woman in the world in her ordinary clothes, and would let papa smoke all over the house. But about once every three weeks she would put on a hideous old-fashioned black silk dress, that looked as if Queen Elizabeth must have slept in it during one of those seasons when she used to go about sleeping anywhere, and then we all had to sit up. 'Look out, ma's got her black silk dress on,' came to be a regular formula. We could always make papa take us out for a walk or a drive by whispering it to him."

"I can never bear to look at those pictures of bygone fashions," said the Old Maid, "I see the bygone people in them, and it makes me feel as though the faces that we love were only passing fashions with the rest. We wear them for a little while upon our hearts, and think so much of them, and then there comes a time when we lay them by, and forget them, and newer faces take their place, and we are satisfied. It seems so sad."

"I wrote a story some years ago," remarked the

Minor Poet, "about a young Swiss guide, who was betrothed to a laughing little French peasant girl."

"Named Suzette," interrupted the Girton Girl. "I know her. Go on."



"Named Jeanne," corrected the Poet, "the majority of laughing French girls, in fiction, are named Suzette, I am well aware. But this girl's mother's family was English. She was christened Jeanne after an aunt Jane, who lived in Birmingham, and from whom she had expectations."

"I beg your pardon," apologised the Girton Girl, "I was not aware of that fact. What happened to her?"

"One morning, a few days before the date fixed for the wedding," said the Minor Poet, "she started off to pay a visit to a relative living in the village, the other side of the mountain. It was a dangerous track, climbing half-way up the mountain before it descended again, and skirting more than one treacherous slope, but the girl was mountain born and bred, sure-footed as a goat, and no one dreamed of harm."

"She went over, of course," said the Philosopher; "those sure-footed girls always do."

"What happened," replied the Minor Poet, "was never known. The girl was never seen again."

"And what became of her lover?" asked the Girton Girl. "Was he, when next year's snow melted, and the young men of the village went forth to gather edelweiss, wherewith to deck their sweethearts, found by them dead, beside her, at the bottom of the crevasse?"

"No," said the Poet; "you do not know this story, you had better let me tell it. Her lover returned the morning before the wedding day, to be met with the news. He gave way to no sign of grief, he repelled all consolation. Taking his rope and axe he went up into the mountain by himself. All through the winter he haunted the track by which she must have travelled, indifferent to the danger that he ran, impervious apparently to cold, or hunger, or fatigue, undeterred by storm, or mist, or avalanche. At the beginning of the spring he returned to the village, purchased building utensils, and day after day carried them back with him up into the mountain. He hired no labour, he rejected the proffered assistance of his brother guides. Choosing an almost inaccessible spot, at the edge of the great glacier, far from all paths, he built himself a hut, with his own hands; and there for eighteen years he lived alone.

"In the 'season' he earned good fees, being known far and wide as one of the bravest and hardiest of all the guides, but few of his clients liked him, for he was a silent, gloomy man, speaking little, and with never a laugh or jest on the journey. Each fall, having provisioned himself, he would retire to his solitary hut, and bar the door, and no human soul would set eyes on him again until the snows melted.

"One year, however, as the spring days wore on, and he did not appear among the guides, as was his wont, the elder men, who remembered his story and pitied him, grew uneasy; and, after much deliberation, it was determined that a party of them should force their way up to his eyrie. They cut their path across the ice where no foot among them had trodden before, and finding at length the lonely snow-encompassed hut, knocked loudly with their axe-staves on the door; but only the whirling echoes from the glacier's thousand walls replied, so the foremost put his strong shoulder to the worn timber, and the door flew open with a crash.

"They found him dead, as they had more than half expected, lying stiff and frozen on the rough couch at the farther end of the hut; and, beside him, looking down upon him with a placid face, as a mother might watch beside her sleeping child, stood Jeanne. She wore the flowers pinned to her dress that she had gathered that morning, when their eyes had last seen her. The face was the girl's face that had laughed back to their good-bye in the village nineteen years ago.

"A strange steely light clung round her, half illumining, half obscuring her, and the men drew back in fear, thinking they saw a vision: till one, bolder than the rest, stretched out his hand and touched the ice that formed her coffin.

"For eighteen years the man had lived there with this face that he had loved. A faint flush still lingered on the fair cheeks, the laughing lips were still red. Only in one spot, above her temple, the wavy hair lay matted underneath a clot of blood."

The Minor Poet ceased.

"What a very unpleasant way of preserving one's love!" said the Girton Girl.

"When did the story appear?" I asked. "I don't remember reading it."

"I never published it," explained the Minor Poet. "Within the same week two friends of mine, one of whom had just returned from Norway and the other from Switzerland, confided to me their intention of writing stories about girls who had fallen into glaciers and been found by their friends long afterwards, looking as good as new; and a few days later I

chanced upon a book, the heroine of which had been dug out of a glacier alive three hundred years after she had fallen in. There seemed to be a run on ice maidens, and I decided not to add to their number."

"It is curious," said the Philosopher, "how there seems to be a fashion even in thought. An idea has often occurred to me that has seemed to me quite new; and, taking up a newspaper, I have found that some man in Russia or San Francisco has just been saying the very same thing in almost the very same words. We say a thing is 'in the air'; it is more true than we are aware of. Thought does not grow in us. It is a thing apart, we simply gather it. All truths, all discoveries, all inventions, they have not come to us from any one man. The time grows ripe for them, and from this corner of the earth and that, hands, guided by some instinct, grope for and grasp them. Buddha and Christ seize hold of the morality needful to civilisation, and promulgate it, unknown to one another, the one on the shores of the Ganges, the other by the Jordan. A dozen forgotten explorers, *feeling* America, prepare the way for Columbus to discover it. A deluge of blood is required to sweep away old follies, and Rousseau and Voltaire, and a myriad others are set to work to fashion the storm clouds. The steam-engine, the spinning-loom is 'in the air.' A thousand brains are busy with them; a few go farther than the rest. It is idle to talk of human thought; there is no such thing. Our minds are fed as our bodies with the food God has prepared for us. Thought hangs by the way-side, and we pick it and cook it, and eat it, and then cry out what clever 'thinkers' we are!"

"I cannot agree with you," replied the Minor Poet; "if we were simply automata, as your argument would suggest, what was the purpose of creating us?"

"The intelligent portion of mankind has been asking itself that question for many ages," returned the Philosopher.

"I hate people who always think as I do," said the Girton Girl; "there was a girl in our corridor who never would disagree with me. Every opinion I expressed turned out to be her opinion also. It always irritated me."

"That might have been weakmindedness," said the Old Maid, which sounded ambiguous.

"It is not so unpleasant as having a person always disagreeing with you," said the Woman of the World. "My cousin Susan never would agree with any one. If I came down in red she would say, 'Why don't you try green, dear? every one says you look so well in green'; and when I wore green she would say, 'Why have you given up red, dear? I thought you rather fancied yourself in red.' When I told her of my engagement to Tom she burst into tears, and said she couldn't help it. She had always felt that George and I were intended for one another; and, when Tom never wrote for two whole months, and behaved disgracefully in—in other ways, and I told her I was engaged to George, she reminded me of every word I had ever said about my affection for Tom, and of how I had ridiculed poor George. Papa used to say, 'If any man ever tells Susan that he loves her, she will argue him out of it, and will never accept him until he has jilted her, and will refuse to marry him every time he asks her to fix the day.'"

"Is she married?" asked the Philosopher.

"Oh, yes," answered the Woman of the World; "and is devoted to her children. She lets them do everything they don't want to."

ON THE SURFACE.

By Mrs. Williamson.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

Part I.—*A Tragedy in a Cottage.*

It was a great disappointment to the Rev. Lionel Mayhew, when all his high hopes and the honours he had won at Oxford only resulted — and that after some disquieting delay—in an offer of a curacy at West Wootton. The curacy was by no means a poor one, viewed from a mercenary standpoint, but Mayhew had had dreams of converting a hardened aristocracy by impassioned stirring addresses, somewhere in the heart of Mayfair, and he was for some time discontented with the idea of casting his rhetorical pearls before a congregation of unlettered country bumpkins. That he did not at once refuse it was due, in the first instance, to that great factor in our destinies, want of money, and when hesitation yielded to motives of expediency, he gradually became resigned to his fate. He was young, his future was still on the knees of the gods; and, after all, it was just as well that his novitiatory sermons should be preached in comparative private.

West Wootton was scarcely more than a village; there would have been insufficient occupation for the Rector even without his newly-acquired curate, had it not been that several outlying hamlets also came under his care, while the lord of the manor, who was very rich, and his wife, Lady Marleden, a childless woman with charitable fads, spared no expense or pains in making their property an ideal dwelling-place. The fact that West Wootton was three miles from the nearest railway station, and half a day's journey from town, had kept it primitive; and the kindly teaching of the grey-haired Rector and his gentle wife might well—if humanity were not always stronger than training—have kept it pure. While he was being driven down a grassy lane towards the Rectory gates on the day of his arrival, it had struck the young curate, who was romantic and enthusiastic, as well as ambitious, that this was a spot where preaching and praying would be almost supererogatory works. A mingled scent of heather and of wholesome brine swept across the downs from the high hills, on the other side of which was the sea; the picturesque ivy-clad church, the comfortable cottages and neat well-stocked gardens, all spoke of a freedom from want—and want is the strongest of all temptations to sin. The whole air seemed full of harmony, and that rarest of common-place virtues—content. Nor did experience tend to alter the curate's first impression. The first evening of his arrival he dined with the Rector, and afterwards sat with him on the verandah smoking, while the Rector's wife, a pretty, faded woman of about five-and-thirty, crooned old Scotch ballads at the piano, and from the village green there floated intermittent sounds of merriment and conversation. Later on the Rector walked with him to his lodgings, which were near the church, and almost opposite the school-house.

"You will find it dull here at first, after the stir of Oxford life," he said kindly.

The young man hastened to cordially dissent from the suggestion, and his somewhat stereotyped comparison of the little village to the Garden of Eden made his companion smile, not very brightly.

"An Eden not without its share of original sin. But we'll talk over village matters, village troubles to-morrow. I will show you round the place myself, and introduce you to my right hand, the schoolmaster —Enoch Grey."

They parted with a warm hand-shake and good night; but for some time after he had returned to his room, Mr. Mayhew sat by his open window looking out into the quiet night and drinking in the sweet fresh air.

The village was in utter darkness. He had not seen a light as he walked through it; but now, as his glance fell upon the long range of buildings which stretched immediately before him, he found that at one end of the school-house, in an upper window, there was a gleam of midnight oil. It was flickering feebly long after his own light was put out.

The next morning the Rector unburdened himself of a trouble which was evidently weighing heavily upon his mind. It was a very ordinary story; but occurring in the midst of so well-ordered and rightly virtuous a community, it had caused considerable stir. Ellen Hyason, the only daughter and support of a blind mother, had—to use a euphemistic phrase —got into trouble, and instead of confessing who was her partner in iniquity, was obstinately determined to bear all the blame herself, so that even when the one black sheep was expelled—and it was decided that whatever happened she must leave the village — another would remain among them undetected.

The story had exceptionally sad circumstances. The poor blind woman had believed in her daughter

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to the very last, in spite of the rumours, which were first whispered, then openly stated as actual facts, confirmed suspicions. It was the feeble wailing of a

THE CHILD CLUNG DESPERATELY TO HER KNEES.

new-born infant which had at last convinced her of her daughter's shame. Then she refused to be consoled, and indeed her trouble seemed more than she could bear. Lady Marleden had declared that the girl should not remain in the village to contaminate others by a bad example, and she had the power of enforcing her decision; moreover, the blind woman was dependent on Ellen's exertions, and no one now would give her work. The baby had died soon after its birth, so nothing stood in the way of her earning a living elsewhere, and the Rector had found her employment in London. He was going there this morning to say so, but dreaded Mrs. Hyason's lamentations when she heard that the parting from her daughter was not only inevitable but near.

"It is a relief to me to have some one with whom I can talk the matter over. I cannot discuss such questions with my wife," said the Rector, with old-fashioned reverence for the sex.

"And Mr. Grey?" began his curate, not without malice, for the schoolmaster's virtues and many uses had been too persistently impressed upon him.

"Ah, well, you see Grey is a little disposed to be too harsh upon those who have not the same training, or perhaps I should say the same instinctive uprightness, as himself. He thinks that sympathy with sin, however well-meant, is a stumbling-block in the way of those who are making painful efforts to be righteous. And no doubt he is right, no doubt he is."

"Yet we have some reason to believe, sir, that mercy is a divine attribute."

"Quite so, Mr. Mayhew, divine, but not exactly human. These simple country folk cannot argue obscure points. Right is right with them; and wrong must be severely punished here that it may be forgiven hereafter. We must not confuse their orthodox views on such subjects. If you will come with me now we can settle the matter."

On their way through the village they came upon the schoolmaster, a pleasant, good-looking man of middle age, with a frank, outspoken manner, and with a genius for organization that was rather thrown away on the uncomplicated mechanism of his present position. It was at once apparent to the curate that though Enoch Grey had been little more than a year in the place, he was the moving spirit in all its small events. He was not only schoolmaster, but churchwarden and head of the various village societies, of which the Temperance Guild, a special hobby of Lady Marleden's, was chief. That the Rector depended upon him for everything was plain; and he looked a little downcast when Grey refused to accompany them to the cottage.

"There is nothing I can do to help you. You know my views upon the subject, sir. I think the

sooner the girl is sent away the better; but then I am thinking selfishly of my own interests so far as my school is concerned. It is scarcely six months ago since Ellen was one of my most promising scholars, and the other girls don't forget it. They talk about her, and about what has happened. You can't prevent it, of course; but it is most undesirable in every way."

The schoolmaster's remarks were unexceptionable on the score of morality and truth, yet when the Rector and his curate found themselves in Mrs. Hyason's cottage, both were equally inclined to err upon the side of pity. The blind woman's grief was heart-breaking, and the child—for Ellen Hyason was little more than a child, scarcely seventeen, with brown curly hair still falling on her shoulders, and pretty frightened blue eyes—knelt beside her, burying her face in her knees and sobbing piteously.

The curate, as a stranger, stood apart. It was the Rector who tried to comfort and to reason with them, but without much success: and it was he who presently suggested that if only Ellen would name her betrayer, he might be made to reinstate her in the good opinion of the village by the only reparation in his power.

"D'ye hear, Ellie? Milady and the Rector'll make him marry ye if ye'll only tell his name. Why should ye spare him instead of me, your mother, who'll pine and die without ye? Ellie, speak, my girl! for your poor blind mother's sake, speak up and tell us."

But the girl only shivered and sobbed. When the Rector added his entreaties she murmured, in a half-broken, weary voice, that she had taken her oath on the bible not to tell.

"A mighty poor Christian to use the bible so for his own ends!" cried the poor mother; but the Rector, recognising the sacredness of such an oath, however obtained, ceased his efforts to persuade her.

"Have you all you want for the journey, for the necessary clothes?" he asked her kindly, and in reply was told how Mrs. Grey had brought them five sovereigns the day before, begging them to tell no one, but to use it for whatever the child wanted.

"I did not think the woman was so human," blurted out the Rector, with a bitterness that struck his curate with surprise.

"I was bound to tell you, sir, lest you'd think the money was ill come by," added Mrs. Hyason, the tears still streaming from her sightless eyes.

"Quite right, quite right! No doubt it was Grey himself who sent it, and he never likes his generous deeds made known."

When the two men left, a few moments later, the blind woman's weeping had ceased. She was more concerned in soothing the child, who clung desperately to her knees, crying out she could not leave her, she could not face the world alone, in passionate appeal, that rose to frenzy as she realised that all her pleading was in vain. As the parting had to be, it was merciful to let it happen soon. The very next day the girl set out to walk to the station, a bundle in her hands, and behind her a boy who was carrying her small tin box.

The whole village turned out to watch the dramatic departure. It was, unfortunately, a Saturday afternoon. The men had left off work earlier, and the children were all out of school. At every door, except the school-house—which never showed signs of life from outside—there was an idle, curious group of women. Ellen Hyason had to run the gauntlet of them all; her downcast face crimson with shame, and wet with hot repentant tears.

One idler, then another, followed in her track, until

HER LAST WORDS HAD PUZZLED HIM.

at last a crowd was round her, and remarks first made in coarse jest at her misfortune, gradually became bitter and ominous in tone. A thoughtless youngster threw a stone at her tin box, and her frightened backward glance, as she heard the sharp rattle behind her, encouraged others to do likewise. Soon there was a storm of stones flying wildly, some wide of their mark; and the child's anguished, terrified screams, instead of awakening pity seemed to stir up that

latent cruelty which is so easily brought to the surface in a vulgar, half-educated crowd. Who knows how the scene might have ended if, at that moment, the Rev. Lionel Mayhew had not come to the rescue? He was riding through the village, and, looking up the road he had arrived by, he saw the excited gathering upon the hill that led past the cemetery to the station. A few questions to the villagers, who stood stolidly by, and he realised its meaning. Putting spurs to his horse he was alongside with Ellen Hyason in a few moments, and, having dispersed the hostile crowd with an authoritative, stern reproof, he had escorted her to the station and seen her into her train.

Her last words in reply to his offer to do anything for her in the village had puzzled him. He thought over them again and again as he rode back to West Wootton.

"Be good to my poor mother, sir, and Mrs. Grey," she had implored him; and he lost himself in subsequent conjectures as to why the wife of the prosperous schoolmaster should be in need of clerical aid. Was it the natural human sympathy of one weak woman with another that had prompted her appeal? Remembering with what scornful emphasis the Rector had mentioned her name, he was inclined to think this the true solution of the problem.

The following day, in the evening, the curate preached his first sermon, and the events of that week had so far coloured his thoughts that his text was, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more," and his address was an earnest exhortation towards Christian charity and love.

The young man's evident inexperience, the almost effeminate smartness of his dress, his college mannerism and affectations, and a slight lisp that was quite unaffected, were all against him with his new parishioners; but his feelings were so deeply moved that he could not fail to preach well. His words had an obvious effect upon his hearers. Some were crimson with shame, while the Rector looked uneasy and annoyed, and the schoolmaster did not attempt to hide his disapproval of sentiments that were calculated to raise the sinner on a pedestal above those who had shown an honest, if intolerant, hatred of sin.

The faintest accent of defiance crept into the preacher's voice; he was conscious of a strong antagonism, and presently, as his glance was again unwillingly attracted towards the schoolmaster, it chanced to fall on a woman who sat next to him. She was the only other occupant of his pew, and therefore presumably his wife; a woman whom he guessed at thirty, shabbily dressed, but still distinguished-looking, and most indomitably proud, if he could judge by the expression, or rather the want of expression, in her face. Though the preacher himself was stirred by his own pathos as he thought of that poor child driven out ignominiously and with gibes from her home, this woman remained unmoved, immovable. Her face was cold with a clear pallor that was probably her habitual complexion; her clear grey eyes, half veiled by heavy helmet lids, were bright and tearless; her beautiful mouth was curved into what would have seemed like contempt in one less determinedly dead to all emotions. The black gown she wore was plain to severity, and the hair that might have been her glory was concealed under a big bonnet; her bare hands lay in her lap, palms upward. She scarcely seemed to breathe, she scarcely seemed alive, so fixed and passive were her features.

This then was Mrs. Grey.

PART II.—*A Farce in a Churchyard.*

FROM the moment that he first saw her the curate was fascinated by the identity of the schoolmaster's wife. That cold, white face had stirred his interest strangely. He was longing to see her again, to read the riddle of her unsympathetic aspect and dead pallor. The same night, although it was Sunday, that solitary light burned late in the school-house; but now he watched it with more curiosity and left his curtains undrawn so that he could see when it was put out. The church clock had boomed one before the window was in darkness. Who was it, he wondered, who sat up so late? Surely not the schoolmaster, whose ruddy face and stout figure were in no way suggestive of vigils; yet if it were the schoolmaster's wife, what was she doing, what could she be doing night after night when all else were sleeping?

The problem haunted him. The following day he made his first call at the school-house in the hope of solving it, and with Ellen Hyason's mysterious words still ringing in his ears:

"Be good to Mrs. Grey."

He was half-inclined to smile at the idea. She seemed so self-restrained and strong; so independent of any aid or interference. If his comparatively eloquent discourse in the pulpit had not moved her he could hope nothing from his ordinary conversation, which was crude, boyish, and devoid of *savoir faire*. When it came to the point he almost dreaded the meeting. It was almost a relief when, having knocked several times at the door and received no reply, he was obliged to come to the conclusion that she was out. There was apparently no servant at the school-house. Mr. Mayhew had seen Enoch Grey lock the door behind him once when he came out, and he supposed Mrs. Grey had done the same.

Later in the day, however, he met her. It was dusk. He had just come from the blind widow's house, and feeling a little overwhelmed by her tearful, grateful thanks for his goodness to her daughter, he was hurrying along, not looking where he went. He saw a tall figure in black come out of the beer-house; but until

he was quite near he did not see that it was Mrs. Grey.

He stopped abruptly, and introduced himself, then blushed violently as he found that she was carrying a foaming jug of beer as well as a parcel which, if circumstantial evidence justify suspicion, was certainly a bottle of some spirits.

"Will you allow me to carry—it—for you," he stammered out with awkward politeness, which was met with a determined "No, thank you," as Mrs. Grey made a movement to go on.

Her manner plainly indicated his dismissal. It needed no words to convince him that nothing in her eyes would so well become him as his immediate departure; but he was resolute to know her better, and walked on beside her explaining how he had been to call upon her that day, and found her out.

"I hope you will allow me to call again," he persisted perseveringly; and looked in her face for some encouragement, as none was forthcoming in speech. He could only see her face in profile; and now that the first painful blush of embarrassment or shame had died away it was once more very white and of an almost forbidding beauty. It reminded him of a Medusa he had seen in a gallery at Rome. Even her bright reddish hair lent itself to the resemblance. Fluffed out with a comb it might have formed a golden aureola around her head. As she wore it carelessly drawn back, the tight natural waves looked like ringlets, like serpents. At last she spoke. Her voice was as cold as ice and sullen with resentment.

"It is better you should understand at once, sir, that we receive no visitors and make no acquaintances. We wish for none."

"But surely, Mrs. Grey—your husband—those are not his opinions; and my position——" faltered out the young man in confusion.

"I was speaking for myself," she answered with frigid composure; and deliberately walked away from him, dignified and stately in spite of what she was carrying, in spite of her displeasure.

The curate was left *planté là*, more curious than ever and more interested.

What did it all mean? There was the husband, a pleasant, sociable fellow notwithstanding his apparently severe opinions, and surely well off for a man in his position; yet his wife was allowed to do her own house-work and even such menial and degrading errands as that on which he had just now surprised her. What did it all mean?

He took an early opportunity of speaking to his Rector on the subject, and was somewhat taken aback at the way in which that gentleman received his news.

"Do you mean to say that you have visited Mrs. Grey? Was not that a little indiscreet, knowing nothing about her antecedents—or her present conduct?"

"It happened that I met Mrs. Grey in the road. I had called and found her out. Is there any reason I should not speak to her? Is there——" with a perceptible hesitation as he remembered the pale proud face and stately bearing, "Is there anything against her?"

The Rector also hesitated, but only for a moment

"I have never questioned Enoch Grey, and he is naturally reticent upon the subject. There can be no doubt that she is a woman with a story. I should deeply regret that she had ever found her way to West Wootton if it were not for the inestimable services of her husband; and after all, she keeps apart from the rest of the village. She does no actual harm."

"She has scarcely time to do harm or good, I should think. The school-house is more than one woman's work. Why does the schoolmaster keep no servant and allow his wife to go out for his beer?"

"My dear Mayhew, Enoch Grey is a strict teetotaler," remonstrated the Rector mildly.

"I think you must be mistaken, sir. When I met Mrs. Grey last night she had a jug of beer in one hand and what looked suspiciously like a bottle of spirits in the other. She was just coming out of the 'George.'"

The Rector looked grave.

"You may depend upon it, that is the trouble. The woman drinks. They have always said so in the village, but until now I have not believed it. Grey has often said to me that he has more expenses than he can well meet; and this accounts for the poor fellow's eagerness for extra work. You may depend upon it he sits up half the night to do me this neat copying and all my accounts."

He touched a pile of MSS. on the table, and the curate could not help noticing the clean clerkly hand and the care with which they were written, knowing at the same time that the Rector was right, that they were the result of patient midnight toil. His respect for the schoolmaster increased. Since he had known him he had never heard a word of complaint issue from his lips. He was always pleasant and cheery, ready to do anything that was required of him, whether or no it came within the limits of his work. The whole village liked and esteemed him; but while he was a universal favourite, his wife was as generally shunned and condemned.

"All the same," declared the curate, tenaciously, "if this woman has erred, if she is erring still, there is the more reason why we should not neglect her. She should not surely be left to herself to go to the bad utterly if she chooses. She goes to church. That is a good sign, sir."

"Mr. Grey must insist upon that. She is bound in consequence of his position to conform with the outward usages of religion and respectability. May I ask, Mr. Mayhew, if you were well received when you spoke to her yesterday?"

The curate reluctantly dissented.

"But then," he added, "I was a stranger, and she was naturally embarrassed by the circumstances under which I met her."

"Let me tell you my experiences," said the Rector, with patience and rather forced politeness, "and then perhaps you will exonerate me from the charge of neglecting even the least deserving of my parishioners. At first sight I was favourably impressed with Mrs. Grey. I mistook her sullenness for sorrow. I thought that her husband, with his naturally sunny nature, might not have made allowance for what was perhaps in her a constitutional tendency to gloom. I called on her three times. Each time I knocked and rang in vain, though on the last occasion I had seen her through the window as I passed. She resolutely refused me admittance. Once or twice I and my wife have addressed her in the street, and she has answered with deliberate rudeness. Since then we have thought it kinder—kinder to Enoch Grey, to whom we owe consideration—to leave her alone."

"No doubt you are right. I beg your pardon, sir, if I have seemed to think otherwise," said the curate, hastily, and let the matter drop.

From that day forth Mayhew no longer watched the upper school-house window. When he met the schoolmaster's wife he took off his soft felt hat and bowed with an almost exaggerated deference of demeanour; but he never spoke, and as he never looked her full in the face he was never quite certain if she returned the courtesy or no. If she moved her head it was the most frigid of gestures; if she showed any sign of recognition it was the slightest lightening of her usually dull, apathetic expression. For a while he wondered what trouble had driven such a woman to drink and perhaps to other evil courses; then the pressure of new interests, new experiences chased her altogether from his mind.

HE TOOK OFF HIS SOFT FELT HAT AND BOWED.

In the meantime he had become reconciled to his rural surroundings. Lord and Lady Marleden had taken a great fancy to him. They showed him all the civility they could, and it was probable that they would bring their powerful influence to bear upon his future fortunes. As for the Rector and his wife they treated him with invariably kind consideration; and in Enoch Grey he had found a congenial companion, who, though he could not enter into the various phases of the newest mode of thought, displayed a sensible appreciation of the curate's views, and appeared pleasantly impressed with the idea of his ultimate greatness. Often in the evening they met to play chess, and when the game was over they sat and discussed the current events. Then the schoolmaster would cross the road to his house. He would open the door with his own key, and disappear into the darkness. There was never any sign of light or life at any of the front windows, except at that small upper one, where a lamp glowed steadily from nine o'clock till after midnight.

One night, when the schoolmaster was expected at the curate's room, he did not turn up; and the next morning the village was ringing with the news that he was seriously ill. There had been one or two isolated cases of diphtheria in the neighbourhood, and he had somehow caught the disease.

Without a moment's hesitation Mayhew picked up his hat and crossed the road to the school-house. The door was open; the doctor was just coming out, and the curate waited to hear his opinion.

It was very unfavourable. The man's constitution was quite undermined, his robust appearance had not been a sign of good health; he was, in fact, the worst possible subject for this fell disease. He would perform the usual operation, and apply the usual remedies, no chance should be omitted; but he declined to hold out any hope of his patient's recovery.

"The case is a most virulent one. I should not advise you to run any unnecessary risks. Mr. Grey is quite unable to appreciate spiritual comfort. He is in a state of utter collapse."

"Who is with him now?" asked the curate.

"His wife. She seems a very capable person, whatever her faults. She has declined all aid."

Not accepting the well-meant advice, nor waiting for permission, the curate mounted the stairs as the doctor departed.

Even at such a moment natural curiosity asserted itself. Looking round him as he passed upstairs Mayhew found everything, though scrupulously plain and inexpensive, spotlessly clean. On the first floor a bedroom door was wide open; and an involuntary inward glance showed him where the sick man lay prostrate, with closed eyes, while beside the bed stood Mrs. Grey bending over him and arranging fresh pillows under his head.

The curate stepped forward to help her, but no words passed between them. Scarcely conscious of his presence, and with no acknowledgment of his help, the woman moved about her work with characteristic quietude and calm. Presently she brought out a brandy bottle, and with a hasty reference to the timepiece on the table, she poured several spoonfuls down his throat.

Mr. Mayhew felt impelled to interfere.

"Are you doing this under medical advice? It seems a large amount of stimulant for any one un-

accustomed to spirits. Did the doctor know that your husband was a total abstainer?"

A queer half smile touched the stern lips, and instantly faded.

"It will not hurt him," she said coldly. Presently she spoke again as the curate sat down on a chair near the bed. "Is it worth while running such a risk?" she asked. "He is quite unconscious of your presence. The Rector has been here, and will come again to-night."

"I am not afraid of infection. It is not right that you should be alone. I will stay until some one else comes," was the whispered reply.

She made no further objection. For a moment there had been an almost motherly kindness in her eyes as they rested on the good-looking young man, with his dandified, yet chivalrous, air; but the expression was only momentary. She subsided at once into her usual stony coldness. When the doctor came she held his instruments for him, and remained perfectly unmoved throughout the operation.

It was painful to see her so self-possessed and unemotional when her husband was dying. Had he been a perfect stranger she could not have displayed less feeling. Her actions were mechanical, and, though naturally deft, never tender. No sign of love was in her eyes, no tear of sorrow. She omitted no detail of service; but she added nothing to the cut-and-dried duties of a hospital nurse.

When the man died at midnight the two clergymen, who had both felt a sincere liking for him, and the doctor, who had been very interested in his case, were, for a moment, motionless and sympathetically silent. It was the dead man's wife who came forward to close his eyes, and draw the sheet over his face.

In the meantime signs of the schoolmaster's popularity had not been lacking. His neighbours had made constant inquiries as to his condition; the more prosperous of them had sent offerings of fruit and flowers, and more solid invalid fare. When the school-house window-blinds were drawn down, and the news of his death was noised abroad, there was the usual buzz of sympathetic curious gossip, but nearly every one had something good to say about him. A few were mute, respecting the tried proverb, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." It struck the curate oddly that poor blind Mrs. Hyason, who had no one except himself to tell her what was going on, was the only one whose comments could have been construed into a condemnation.

"It were a sudden death, indeed, with no time for repentance or grace. But God's ways be wonderful; they be not our ways," she remarked, and then relapsed into that apathetic sadness which had become habitual since she lost her daughter.

The day of the funeral dawned brightly. Everyone was passing to and fro with flowers, and all had free access to the school-house, though Mrs. Grey was not visible, and there were rumours that she would not appear at all. These rumours, however, were false. When the coffin, covered with wreaths, was borne out of the house, she followed it. There was a horrified murmur among the women when they saw that she wore her usual black dress, with no veil, nor even a rag of crape about her. Most of the men did not notice anything strange in her attire, and Mayhew, who was very quick-sighted, attributed the omission to the unconventionality which had always been noticed in her conduct. No one expressed an audible opinion, and the procession moved on—first the coffin, carried by four men, all in decent black, with crape hat-bands and black gloves, then the widow in her rusty gown, with a simple black straw bonnet, walking splendidly erect, her uncovered face upturned, not shrinking from the sunlight, nor attempting to evade the inquisitive glances that assailed her; lastly the school-children, in twos and threes, all carrying white flowers. What was it that made the curate suddenly remember another procession winding up that same hill when Ellen Hyason was sent out of the village, and these same people, so sympathetic and religious-minded now, accompanied her with overt acts of cruelty and brutal jeers?

When they reached the churchyard the crowd gathered in a circle round the grave, and the Rector began the ceremony with an address. With tears in his eyes he dwelt on the dead man's blameless life since he had lived amongst them, his sympathy, unvarying brightness, his charity, which was always at war with his hatred of sin, and the many good deeds he had left behind him as an example for all men to follow. He spoke so movingly, and with such real feeling of the loss he and all of them sustained, that some of the women were weeping, and the children clustered closer together and were sobbing, stirred by some dim idea that they had never valued their schoolmaster aright. Only the schoolmaster's widow never winced, never sighed, nor dropped a tear. Like a statue without sight or power of hearing she stood by, her features like a marble mask, her eyes stone cold. When the Rector went on to speak of the bereaved wife, she smiled, and the smile which everybody saw, and which lingered so long that at last it seemed carved upon her lips, remained a mocking comment upon the ensuing panegyrics. From that moment all that the Rector said sounded like pungent sarcasm, a travesty of praise instead of a simple honest testimony to the dead man's worth. There were no longer any tears. That terrible smile, at such a time, at such a place, had dried them all, and if the children sobbed now it was from fear.

The Rector's address came to a sudden awkward end. In face of that silent contempt all eloquence was vain; what had seemed too tragic was a farce. His voice shook painfully as he began the impressive funeral service; but it gained in strength and firmness as he proceeded, without an interruption. The coffin was lowered in the grave, and as the solemn words, "*We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to*

earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain resurrection to eternal life," there was a momentary pause while the school children came forward and cast flowers into the open grave. One child standing close to the widow threw some white roses into her hand. For the first time the woman seemed moved. A sudden impulse caused her to step to the verge of the grave and drop them in, one by one, with her own hands.

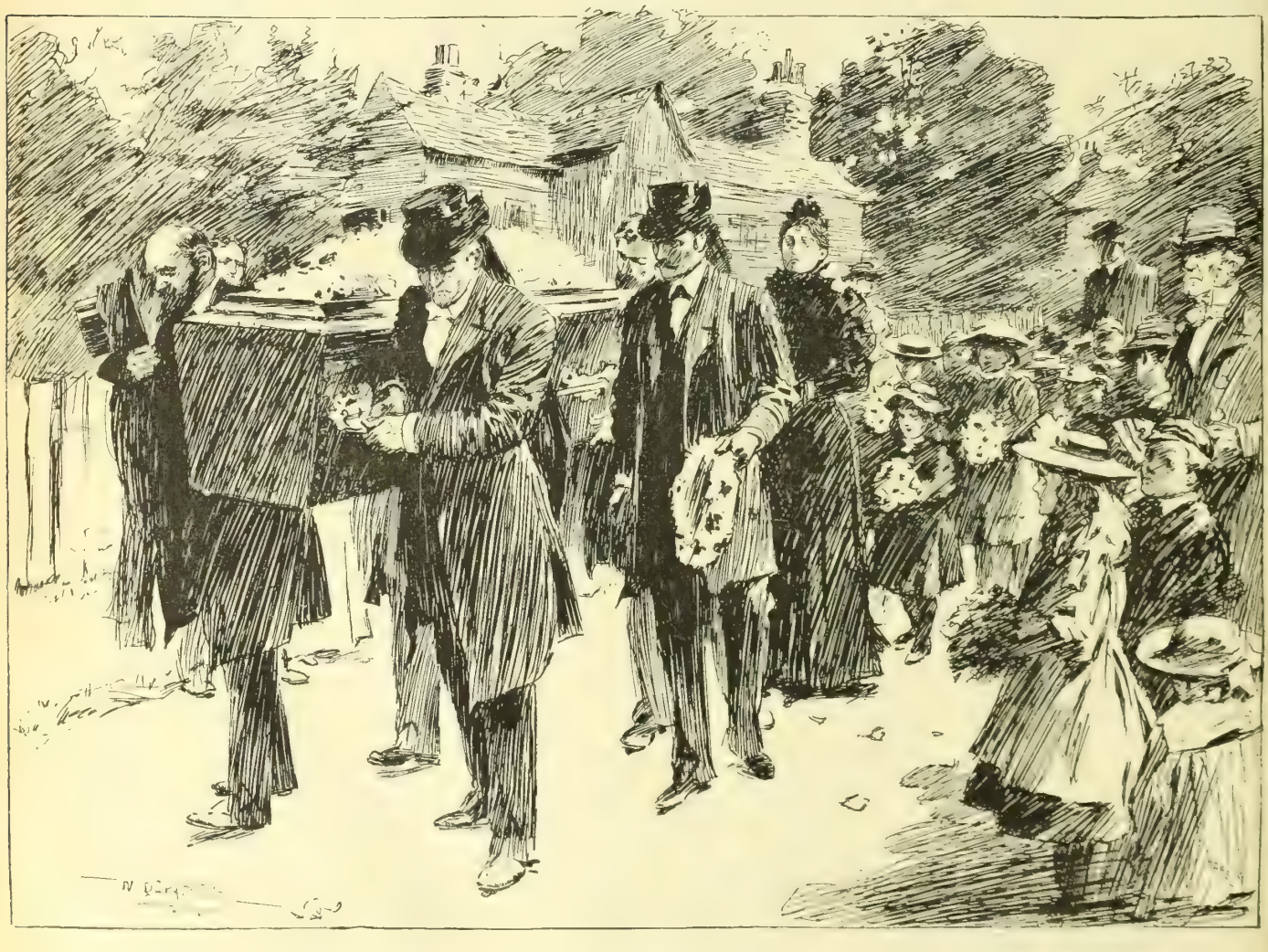
"God forgive him," she said slowly, and the intensity of her tone made every accent clear and full of meaning; then as all looked on aghast at this odd sequel to what had gone before—the full procession, the laudatory address, the offerings of flowers, the tears—she said again, "God forgive him! He was a bad man."

* * * *

The case between the schoolmaster and his wife was never decided. For a few days after her husband's funeral Mrs. Grey was not seen. Rumour said that she had left the village, and at last the authorities took it upon themselves to discover whether the house was vacant, so that preparations might be made for the schoolmaster's successor. All the lower rooms were empty, but when they came to an upper attic—that same room where the curate had so often seen a burning light in early morning hours—there, on a small bed, the schoolmaster's wife was found lying dead.

She had been stricken with the fatal illness to which her husband succumbed; and she had not cared to call for help. Beside her, on the floor, stood a jug of water and a cup; on a table in the centre of the room was the Rector's last sermon in rough manuscript, with some neatly copied sheets spread out beside it. A few sheets had fluttered to the floor, for the window was wide open, and the rain was beating in now upon the bed, where the dead lay, as always, white and silent.

She had spoken once, and the sad inopportune words had seemed to sweep away the fine web of circumstantial evidence which, it might be hypocrisy or malice, had woven round her to isolate her from her fellows, but whether she spoke truth or not no one ever knew.



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His name, in sooth,
Was Thomas Henry Jones,
But known to folks
That loved his jokes
As funny "Brudder Bones."

A minstrel boy,
He was the joy
Of all who heard him sing;
Both rich and poor
Did him adore,
And clapped like anything.

He loved a girl—
"A gem, a pearl,"
He called her with a smile;
Her name was Jane
(I thought her plain,
She was not quite my style).

But she preferred,
So she averred,
A man named Richard Green,
Who used to jump,
And bang and thump
Upon the tambourine.

And Richard Green
With Jane was seen
Upon one Sunday night,
By T. H. Jones
(Who played the bones).
He challenged Green to fight.

Said Tom to Dick,
"Come on, be quick,
I'm thirsting for your gore!
And tell you straight
My fighting weight
Is thirteen stun and more."

Said Green to Jones,
"I'll break your bones,
Sure as my name is Green."
Said Jones, "You try,
I'll black your eye,
And bust your tambourine."

Green made a dash
Those bones to smash,
Jones rushed forth to the fray;
And as for Jane
(I thought her plain),
She fainted right away.

When Jane came round
Her voice she found
And screamed as ladies do,
And Jones and Green
Were marched between
Two gentlemen in blue.

And both next day
Had fines to pay—
They thought it was a shame;
In discontent
To Jane they went
For comfort, and got blame.

And you may guess
At their distress
When you have further read,
For henceforth Jane
(I thought her plain)
Walked out with X. Y. Z.

G. D. LYNCH.

CLOTHED WITH AIR

CELLULAR HIRTS AND UNDERWEAR.

CELLULAR AERTEX CLOTH is composed of small cells, in which the air is enclosed, and warmed by the heat of the body. A perfect non-conducting layer is thus formed next the skin. Owing to the CELLULAR construction, this cloth is much lighter and better ventilated than ordinary fabrics, and is easier to wash. CELLULAR AERTEX CLOTH is made in Cotton, Silk, Silk and Cotton, Silk and Wool, and Merino.

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Manchester	H. R. Freeborn, 13, Cross Street.
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THE
CELLULAR TENNIS SHIRT.

Serves well without a Fault.

Specially made for Tennis, Cycling, Golf, Cricket, &c. Prices from 4/6 to 24/-.

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THE
SUBSTITUTE
FOR
STAYS.

HIGH AND LOW NECK.

4/11, 6/11, *8/6, 12/9, &c.

* Specially recommended (with extra side bones).

Can also be had with the "PLATINUM" UNBREAKABLE BUSKS, instead of buttons, 1s. extra.

LACES DOWN BACK.

Explanatory Pamphlet Free, or Samples sent on approval through a Draper.

HERTS, SON & CO., Ltd.,
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Factory—Ridgmount Street, W.C.

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PULVERMACHER

Electric Dry Belts, Bands, and Batteries

Have stood the test of Medical and Scientific authority for the past Fifty Years. They are to-day the recognised curative in cases of Pains in the Back, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Sleeplessness, General Weakness, Nervous Debility, Anæmia, Epilepsy, Partial Paralysis, General Depression, Asthma, Neuralgia, and kindred troubles. For children in delicate health the results are marvellous.

THE BELT & SUSPENSOR, 60/-,

conveys the electric current direct to the organs, restoring lost power by gradually imparting tone, strength, vigour. All appliances guaranteed to send current through the body.

ELECTRICITY WILL CURE WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

Recommended by Her Majesty's Physicians, and the most eminent medical authorities. Send for Pamphlet, Post Free. No Charge for Consultation.

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194, REGENT STREET, W.

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COOL & SWEET. **FLAKE**
ANTI-NICOTINE TOBACCO.
EXCEEDINGLY MILD.

After numerous experiments and many years of careful study, I have discovered a means of extracting from Tobacco, without the aid of Chemicals, almost every particle of Nicotine and objectionable matter, while retaining all its natural fragrance and aroma, so that those who cannot smoke a pipe under ordinary circumstances can smoke this Tobacco with pleasure, as it tastes mild and soft on the palate, and leaves no unpleasantness.

NO MORE IRRITATION of the TONGUE, THROAT, and LUNGS AFTER SMOKING.

To be had from all First-Class Tobacconists.

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Woman's Newest Crusade
'BILTOR'

PRIZE MEDAL,
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SEND POST-CARD FOR A PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

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No unpleasant smell of stale tobacco in your room or breath. No burning of the tongue; positively the coolest pipe; always clean and inoffensive.

No reservoir of saliva and tobacco juice in your pocket. No irritation to the salivary glands or the throat. No absorption into the system of the tobacco poisons.

No waste of tobacco—it is estimated that a 6d. box of fifty cartridges saves 1s. 3d. in tobacco, an illustrated proof of which will be found on each box.

THE OLD TIRESOME CLEANING OF THE PIPE A THING OF THE PAST.

The pipes apparently are like an ordinary pipe, and not cumbrous, and lighter than any other of the same size, owing to the stem and mouthpiece being hollow.

A SPECIES OF FILTERING PAPER.

Ask for "BILTOR" (stamped on each pipe and cartridge), and buy no other.

Our Guaranteed Pipe from 3/6, including 50 Cartridges.

Ordinary Briar from 1/6 and 2/-, with 50 Cartridges.

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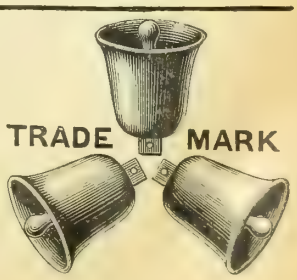
IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH!

Three Bells Cigarettes.



J. & F. BELL, GLASGOW.

THE ARROWMAKER.

After the crisis of the red battle, when the Asts, beaten on the high thorn ridge, had given way and run headlong in panic, their conquerors, the Usts, gathered on the long bloody eastern slope and screamed their howling chant of victory.

They were fierce and hairy, lightly fur-clad, long-armed and prognathous, small-eyed and small-headed, but their muscles were like iron. As their ancestors had done, they stooped. When their young cubs played gibbering on the morain of the great high glacier, they ran at times on all fours, swift as animals, as young wolves. But now the savage mothers and their offspring were camped in the high pine forest, expectant of the news and of food.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" sounded the chant, and closed in a wavering circle, the warriors beat club against club, and waved their bows above their heads. Their arrows were spent, their bark-and-skin quivers were empty, and they sang hideously of the slain and of mutilations, and the flesh of their enemies, and the coming night's orgie, the reward of victory. For these were the ancestors of men, and men themselves capable of bravery, being all brave and brutal, capable of forethought, for they were fighters, capable even then of much that should hereafter grow to something beautiful, capable of all save mercy, which was not yet born of the womb of Time.

When the monotonous and oddly-intervalled chant was done and the day was dying, and the sun was aflame over the specks in the far distance that marked the running Asts, the Usts separated and spread exulting upon the battlefield, which was thick with dying and dead. But the dying were not many; the fighting had been close and fierce and hand to hand. In a few bloody moments, there were no dying, no, not even of the Usts themselves. For the living even yet saw not only the sun red, but the sky was still tinged with blood; there was the colour of battle in their twinkling deep-set eyes. Even the white snow overhead seemed bloody, so they slew even their own. And then they mutilated the dead Asts hideously, and played fantastic tricks that made some chuckle grossly. For they were now men, not animals, and this was a place for invention, that marked them from the simpler beasts. Some they spitted, and some hung head downwards from the wind-bowed trees, and some they rent in pieces. But first they drew out the arrows. For these were still good. Were they not the choice carved work of their great artist and lame warrior, the Dog, who earned his right to live by aiding them to slay men and the mammoth? They were good arrows and they drew them out.

But when they came to their own dead, which they left uncarved and unmarked, the young warrior who first drew out an arrow exclaimed loudly, and they gathered about him. It was such a beautiful arrow, not rough like the Dog's, but almost smooth; at the point polished and very keen, and fitted to the shaft with a cunning hollow. They had seen none like to it before.

"The maker of the Asts' arrows is greater than the Dog," said the warriors, and they quarrelled about possessing them. Two were slain ere the dispute was settled.

When the red sun was gone, they started, heavily laden, for their camp. The dew was heavy at the verge of the pines. In the dank and heavy thick-brushed forest it dropped like pattering rain. Above, where barren rocks jutted out, it congealed in silver, shining against the clear-cut crescent moon. But as the night deepened, the moon dipped, and the mountains grew sharper, whiter, and blacker still. A stray drift of cloud chilled over the silent peak, and as it fell in snow, the rocks gleamed suddenly. Then the moon went out, and its light of faint silver ran up to the highest peak. It seemed to leap higher yet, but that was only a star risen above it, shining in the lucid serene of heaven.

As they went, the Usts chanted, and the glad women heard and came to meet them to take the dead burdens. Then they were close to their camp, and the red fire in the hidden hill hollow. They yelled as they came down the trodden slope, and called for the old Dog, who came out limping. He was older than any there; for forty summers had reddened his nose and his patch of bare cheek, forty winters had grizzled his coat and thatch of matted hair. But he had been a great warrior, and was strong even yet. Before a running mammoth, prickly with arrow and spears, had trodden on his leg, he was the swiftest of his tribe, the wisest and most cunning. He had wrought at his new trade, fearing the end, glad that there was much flesh in the camp by the dead mammoth; but he had done well. Yet now they taunted him.

"Behold," said they, "the Arrowmaker of the Asts is greater than the Dog."

He took an arrow, and, sitting down by the fire, pondered savagely over it. It was beautiful; better than his own, much better; so much finer, that he hated the Asts' arrowmaker more than the whole tribe of Asts. It seemed so bitter a thing. He was greatly troubled by it, and his brain grew bloody of thought. The envy of the artist pricked him.

"There shall be no Arrowmaker among them," he said, and he gave the warrior ten arrowheads for that one. He sat down again and ate with the others, but ate less than they, for he was angry; and when they were still lying in a heap, snoring like pigs on a summer morning in a fat land, the old lame devil was afoot. He took a club, his bow and arrows, and the Ast's arrow and a lump of burnt flesh. He travelled towards the land of the setting sun, the way the Asts had fled; he marked blood once or twice, and then he came to a dead enemy. On him he found two fine arrows. With them he carved the dead man's face, and went limping onwards.

His lameness made the long way so long, that only on the second day did he come where he reckoned his enemy among his enemies would be. Then he found they had moved further west, and he followed their tracks cautiously, cursing as he went.

(*Continued on page* 52.)

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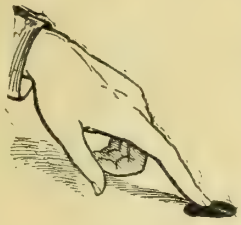
Touches the Spot.

CURES ALL PAINS.



FOR

RHEUMATISM,

TOOTHACHE,

PILES,

ECZEMA,

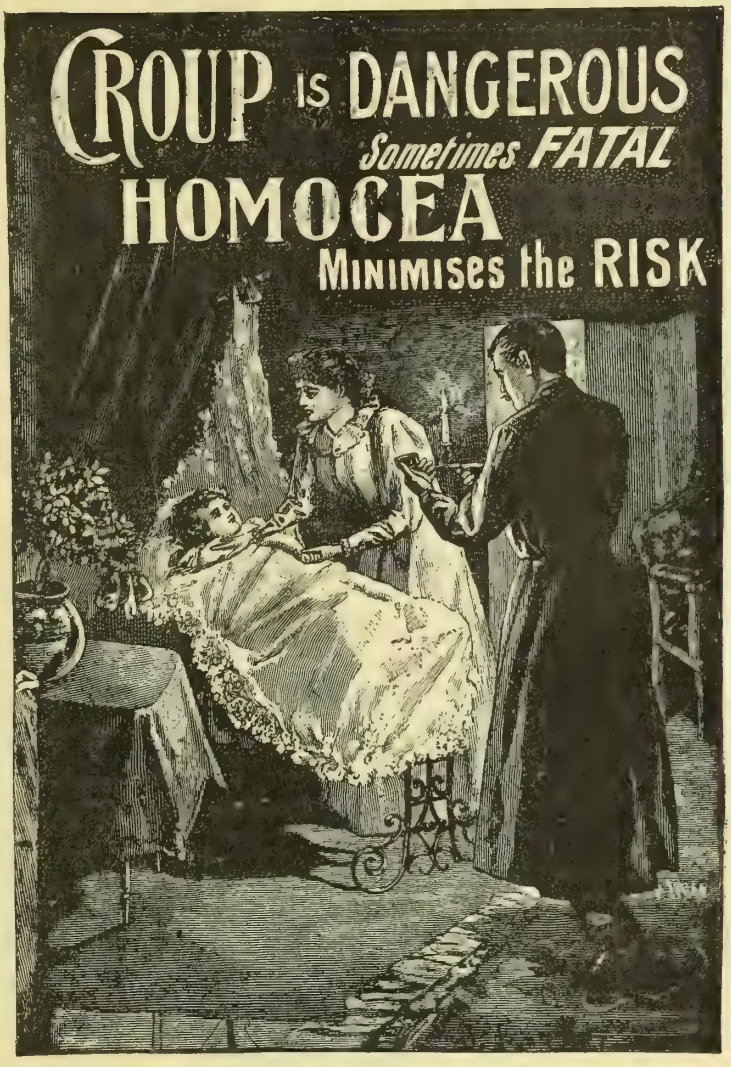
BURNS,

SPRAINS,

STRAINS,

BRUISES,

&c.



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ULCERS,

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BOILS,

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SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

A LADY WRITES: "I have to thank you for the service of your valuable HOMOCEA, for I can testify with truth it saved the life of my dear baby. It had bronchitis and whooping cough severely after measles. . . . I sent for some, and rubbed it thoroughly on baby's chest, back, and soles of its feet, and in ten minutes the dear little lamb could take nourishment, and is now doing well."

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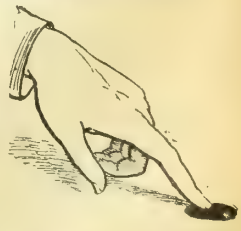

Only quite recently has this marvellous remedy been before the public. During this short time the marvellous cures that have been effected, and the shoals of important testimonials that have been received, have been absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world. Homocea forms a medicine chest in itself, and is absolutely invaluable in every household.

SAFE. SIMPLE. SPEEDY. SURE.

HOMOCEA is sold by Dealers in Medicine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or can be had direct from HOMOCEA & HIPPACEA CO., LTD., 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD, post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Postal Orders preferred. London Depot: HOOPER, Chemist, 43, King William Street, E.C. Indian Depot (Wholesale and Retail): 2nd Line Beach, Madras, F. M. Bowden, Agent.

On the third day, at nightfall, he saw a red eye or flame stare at him through the brush. He lay hidden till the grey dawn dimmed it, and then crawled out through the frosted grass to look about him. The day before, his meal was done and he was very hungry. But by broad day he had almost circled the camp, marking at the last a likely place for the maker of arrows to come for flints. He made a little grass nest in a neighbouring thicket, and waited patiently like a very cunning wild beast. But the pains of famine struck him through, and each time he dozed and dreamed, he saw a dead Arrowmaker and a red tongue of fire licking the flesh.

At noon, when the sun was warm, he saw one of the Asts' children come his way. This was almost as good as if the Arrowmaker had come; in some ways, he grunted hungrily, a good deal better. Soon after he felt stronger, though he had no fire, and he was ready to wait even the waning of the moon as he lay hidden and crouching.

On the third day of his long waiting, he saw a tall, young Ast come ambling towards the little flinty hill; and the Dog's heart beat fiercely as the saliva gathered on his thin lips. Was this the Arrowmaker? It could not be so young a man, he thought. But in a little while his eyes glittered, and his corded muscles ridged themselves heavily, for this Ast was chipping flint on the hillock, working dexterously. The Dog watched, and learnt something.

As he stayed and waited, he doubted whether he should slay this Ast with his own arrow or not. At last he plucked out the sharpest and smoothest of the three, and in a moment it was buried in the Ast's heart. The young maker grunted and fell over, biting the gravel, breaking his sharp teeth on a flint. Then the Dog drove an arrow of his own make through his rival. He desired to chant victory, but he only crawled out alert and watchful.

When he came to the Arrowmaker he was quite dead, so the Dog only stamped on him, and lapped his blood. Then he cut his mark on the low forehead, three lines like an arrow, and he drew the weapon out of the rival artist's heart. His own had pierced him through and through.

"It was quite good enough," said the Dog.

THE DICTATOR OF COW CREEK.

Now the way Willy Baxter came by his reputation, which overlapped Oregon into Washington, Idaho, Nevada, and California, was twofold; he was an almighty shot, a very emperor of the six-shooter, whether at a tin can or a live man, and he killed Jeffreys, who had slain Graham Long, who had knifed John S. Silver, who had sent Myron G. Thomas to his long home and his much longer account. And as some savages believe they inherit the courage of their slain foes, so in the West, though a man may be esteemed for a mere killing, it is better if he kills one who is not innocent of blood, but better still if he slays a "bad" man; and best of all if he settles one whom even bad men fear. And the killing of Jeffreys was a desperate enterprise, as those who have heard of it know, and to his death Willy Baxter bore the marks of it upon him. And at Cow Creek mining camp, he was an acknowledged Dictator; he was *arbiter elegantiarum* and universal referee. He knew the rules of the game.

He was a tall man, long and thin, but as tough as an axe-handle and as sharp as a well-ground axe. His general aspect was mild, but there was no deception about him. For every one knew him. To strangers he was pure courtesy, but his name exacted courtesy in return. The time was long past when he required to kill; a word was enough.

And under his rule the Creek community earned the respect of good men and bad. If any one was killed there, it was known as a general rule that he

(*Continued on page* 54.)

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And have the Largest Sale in the world.

LIPTON *CONTROLS THE TEA MARKET.*

Has paid in duty for his week's clearance of Tea the largest cheque ever received by Her Majesty's Customs, London, viz.:

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Per **1/7** *lb.*

Rich, Pure, & Fragrant,

Per **1/-** & **1/4** lb.

Also packed in 5, 7, *and* 10*lb. Patent Fancy Air-tight Canisters, and delivered Carriage Paid for an extra* 1*d. per lb., to any address in Great Britain.*

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OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS OF LIPTON'S TEAS SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE.

A MAN.

When a man goes to furnish a house, or any part of one, nine times out of ten he goes where some woman tells him to—with her generally. THAT SHOWS JUDGMENT.

A WOMAN.

When a woman goes to furnish a house, or any part of one, she goes: First, where the best assortment is to be found; second, where the qualities and prices are the best; third, where the terms are most accommodating. THAT SHOWS EXPERIENCE.

A CHILD.

When a child goes to buy an article he or she goes where no advantage is taken in selling or forcing a sale. THAT SHOWS FAITH.

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is what brings our customers to us, what keeps them as patrons, and is what we offer to all.

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3 yards by 2½ yards	10s.	6d.	3 yards by 3 yards	13s.	6d.
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3 yards by 3½ yards	14s.	6d.	3½ yards by 4 yards	£1 1s.	0d.
3 yards by 4 yards	£1 1s.	0d.	4 yards by 4 yards	£1 4s.	0d.
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The signature of "Stenhouse & Co." on each bottle is a proof of 10 years' maturity of the Finest Blend of the Finest Whiskies Scotland has given to benefit mankind.

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Twenty Years with **BRAND & CO.**, MAYFAIR, W., and Nephew of the late original H. W. BRAND.

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A Delicious Condiment

MANUFACTURER OF THE ORIGINAL

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CAUTION.—Avoid Cheap and Worthless Imitations.

SAUCE!"

and Rare Digestive.

NOTICE.—A Sample Bottle will be sent (POST FREE) on receipt of name and address, mentioning this Journal, ***52, ACRE LANE, BRIXTON, S.W.***

deserved it. The very sheriff of the county recognised this.

"It's not law mebbe that Willy Baxter goes in for," said he, "but, Sirree, it's justice mostly. He saves me a right quart of the trouble, and the state a lot of expense. I just tot up the list of killed and go over it with Baxter when we meet. I'm not a man to stand on the ceremony of my office. He satisfies me every time."

For if any one got killed when Willy was off, when he came back he held a sort of inquest. If the killer knew he was out of it, if it was not a square deal, if it was a put-up job, if there was a want of fair warning or equal provocation, the live man lighted out and was not heard of again. But if all things were fair, and the verdict was "Serve him right," though Willy shook his head at the irregularity, he was never hard on the living, and saw that the dead had a decent funeral.

Cow Creek was then a hot spot for gambling, and the gambling element was a hard one to drive. It took Willy to do it, but he kept them in order. From their point of view, he held the highest cards, and the six-shooter in his hip pocket was a joker that of itself stood for a straight flush.

It was Sunday in Cow Creek, and things were humming. In the Oregon House, Tom Sibley and Austin Folsom were running a little game of poker between themselves. "And for them two to play poker is a hint to death to walk in," said Jack Hart, who knew them both; "Sibley don't love Folsom, and Folsom's got his knife into Sibley. There are scores to settle between 'em, and one cross word will be fulminate on rackarock and look out, hell, for visitors."

But the men played and drank even unto the time when the sun set beyond the hills, and save a little odd growling nothing was done—yet there was plenty of time. And it came.

"I'll see you, and go just one dozen better," said Folsom, shoving over the chips.

"You can't; the limit's ten, and you know it," cried Sibley.

Folsom flared up. Thrusting out his chin, he repeated his words.

"One dozen better."

"I'll rake over the two extra into my pile, if you don't pull 'em out," said Sibley.

"You'll what?" asked Folsom. And with that Sibley took the two chips with his left hand.

In a second both men were on their feet, and their guns were out. The bar-tender and Hart each grabbed a wrist apiece, and nothing being done that moment, they started arguing.

"It ain't no manner of use, Hart," said Folsom, "jes lemme go. He took my chips, I've a dead right to kill him. It was no sort of a square deal to do as he done. I'll open him up for prospecting——"

"You'll do thunder," said Sibley. And then Willy came in. A boy had run to the American Hotel the moment the row started, and Baxter came back at a trot. Both gamblers looked relieved.

"Now I'm here, let 'em go," said Willy, coolly, and the bar-tender let go Sibley while Hart released Folsom. "Now's what's the trouble? Can't I get a minute's peace?"

And Folsom explained his point at length. "And now you've heard it, Willy, say ain't I right? Isn't this a fair fight?"

Then Willy turned to the other gambler. After his account, he interrogated Hart and the bar-tender. He looked thoughtful for a moment, as his decision wavered. But presently his aspect changed.

"No, Austin, no," he remarked, softly. "If you wait, you may get a chance some other time, but from all I've heard o' the circumstances of the case, and from all the evidence laid before this Court, you ain't entitled to no kill on this deal."

And the fighters sheathed their guns.

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SPRAINS,
SORENESS,
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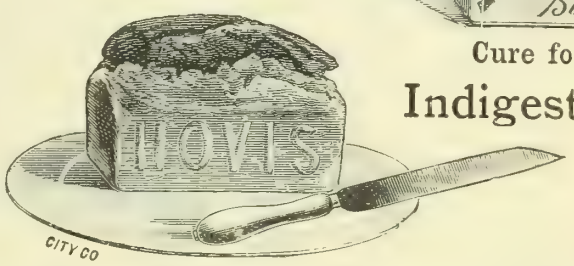

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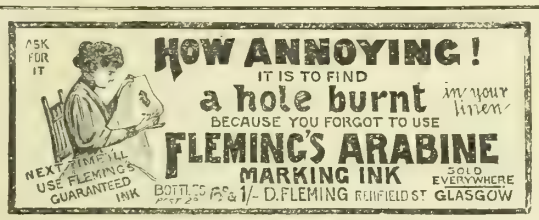

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